

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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"DON'T YOU WANT THE CIGARETTES?"

[See "The Handsome Humes," page 45.]

HARPER'S

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European Edition.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1893.

VOL. XXVI.—*EUROPEAN EDITION.*

VOL. LXXXVII.—*AMERICAN EDITION.*

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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVII. JUNE, 1893. No. DXVII.

AN ARTIST'S SUMMER VACATION.

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

WHEN a merchant leaves his counting-room, a lawyer his briefs, a judge the bench, or a physician his patients, for the recreation which modern civilization has decreed that it is wise a busy man should have during at least a part of the heated period of summer, he, be he the one or the other, usually tries to get as far as possible from the persons or things that recall the actual business of his life. He wishes that the change shall be as complete as possible, and between him and the work which has made him weary he puts seas and mountains, or flees to the fastnesses of far woods in which only the most primitive modes of life are possible. There is a wisdom in this that is self-evident. But there are other workers to whom this is not possible, and for whom it would not be desirable. I do not allude to those who, to make both ends meet, must struggle day in and day out all the year through. A holiday time and a change of scene would doubtless be just as well for such as for those who have won some of the richer prizes. I allude to that class to whom their work is their life, and the giving up of the one means the giving up of the savor of the other. Among such may be classed the miser, the inventor, the poet, and the artist. No holiday time can seduce the miser from his hoard; but as he is neither lovely nor respectable we will pass him by. An inventor cannot stop turning things over in his mind, nor can a poet put off singing his songs, whatever the season. Such gifts are vocations that will not suffer neglect; the man who creates takes his work with him wherever he goes—for him there is no holiday time, no summer vacation. An artist is like to these, but at the same time different. He makes much of his vacation—of the time when he shall be in the woodlands, by the rocky streams, in fragrant meadows, or by the sounding sea. His summer vacation is the summer-time of the grasshopper, and also of the frugal ant and busy bee. He delights in the never-ceasing poetry of earth, and fixes much of it on his canvas for his winter's store. His summer vacation is his busiest and his happiest time, and upon the work then done he not infrequently finds his inspiration for the remainder of the year.

Last summer I had opportunities for watching, during his vacation, one of the most distinguished artists that we have. His days were so full that I sometimes wondered that he did not look fatigued. And yet this was his vacation. Down on the southern shore of Long Island, where heather-covered hills of sand stretch from the encroaching bays to the open sea, he had pitched his tent, and was busy with his delightful work. His tent was not of a primitive sort, like that a nomad uses, but a charming and substantial house, designed by a brother artist, Mr. Stanford White. There, in the Shinnecock Hills, Mr. William M. Chase, president of the Society of American Artists, made his summer home and spent his summer vacation. And the purpose of this article is to show what he did during his three months' absence from town, and, in some measure, how he did it. Prosaic people, who when they would enjoy themselves must shut up shop, will probably learn from what I tell them that which will make them envy the temperament and vocation of the men whose work is recreation and whose recreation is work.

It was not mere chance that took Mr. Chase to the Shinnecock Hills, where he has spent the last two summers, nor was it the beauty of the surrounding

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SUMMER HOUSE AND STUDIO.

country, the clearness of the skies, or the opaqueness of the soft and genial air that primarily induced him to go thither, where in all probability he will be found vacation after vacation for many years to come. At Southampton, the old Puritan town whose sailors were famous whalers and fishermen in a time that is past, many of New York's fashionable folk have had summer homes for several years. This city colony was started some fifteen or sixteen years ago, and has grown rapidly. It was these colonists who discovered the beauties of the Shinnecock Hills, a series or cluster of sand mounds once wooded with heavy trees, but now covered with coarse grass and a bunchy growth very nearly resembling the Scotch heather that lends so much color to the Highland hill-sides. Roads were put through the hills, and presently villas were built here and there on these little knolls. Among the first to build in the Shinnecock Hills was Mrs. Hoyt, a daughter of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase. Mrs. Hoyt, a woman of great energy and practical ability, has been prominent in the movement to make the Shinnecock Hills attractive to others. She is herself an amateur artist, and quickly perceived the great advantages of the locality for the study of nature out-of-doors. She therefore conceived the idea of establishing there a summer art school, and being ambitious, as she says, she aimed high, and invited Mr. Chase to take charge of the school. With many doubts as to the success of the undertaking, Mr. Chase accepted the invitation, and began with a class in the summer of '91. This was continued during the past summer, and now the school from very modest beginnings has become an established institution, and bids fair to be known long and favorably in the American world of art.

Therefore one of the occupations of the

vacation of this artist was to teach a class which numbered nearly a hundred pupils. Such duties fully occupied two days each week, with work that seemed to me to be very hard indeed, and sufficient to satisfy any man, however ambitious and energetic, during a holiday season, when for most men a half-day's employment now and then is quite enough. Of this school work I shall have something to say presently; meantime let us see what Mr. Chase did in his own studio during the long bright days of his vacation from the city. When his house —a frame and shingle structure in what is called the Colonial style—was finished, he set up his easel in the north room on the ground-floor. This had been specially planned for a studio, and has all the advantages of light, so necessary for an artist's work. His first picture here, as a kind of consecration of his new and charming summer house, was a portrait of his mother. With Mr. Chase's portraits we have long been familiar. If there ever is any measure of failure in any of them, it must be because he was unable to become interested in or be in sympathy with his subject. No portrait-painter, I fancy, has ever quite been able to overcome such difficulties. Mr. Chase does not pretend to such ability. I recall his having asked me, when I had mentioned a man of note with whom he had once been well acquainted, "Is his wife still alive?" I thought this a very curious inquiry, and showed some surprise, whereupon he explained that the gentleman had given a commission years ago to paint his wife. The artist met the lady. He did not decline the commission, for he did not see how he could do it without causing pain and giving offence, but for years he has kept out of the gentleman's way for fear that the subject of the portrait would come up again. But in making the portrait of his mother the artist was at his best, for, even apart from the sympathetic affection natural towards the subject, the lady herself has a face that would inspire any one who admired beauty and character. Venerable rather by the calm, the peacefulness, and repose of her features than by any weight of years, Mr. Chase's mother, with folded hands, looks from the canvas as though a benediction were on her lips and approval of her gifted son in her eyes. This portrait, which, I trust, may be seen in many exhibitions, for it



SUMMER STUDIO.



IN THE SHINNECOCK HILLS.

cannot fail to give pleasure to those fortunate enough to see it, was started and finished between two of my visits, and already another picture was begun. When Mr. Chase explained to me his scheme as he had blocked it out, I was struck with the difficulties that were in his way. The summer before he had painted a sand hill covered with heather, in which a little girl dressed in red was sitting. To the right and beyond the hill, which was in the left foreground, was the water of Peconic Bay, which stretches towards the sea east of the Shinnecock Hills. His scheme for the second picture of the summer was to have his wife sitting before the picture just described, her attention from an examination of the picture just arrested by a remark from some one behind her, and she turning to reply. Here, it will be perceived, was to be in the background a framed picture within a picture, the painted gold of the frame of the pictured picture coming very close to the actual gold of the actual picture, while in the figure were to be at once action and repose, and between the figure in the foreground and the picture in the background a definite sense of distance. A week later, when I went into the studio, the picture was finished, and, even though he never do anything better than this, this one picture would place him among the masters. Mr. Chase has long been fortunate in being at once a painters' painter and a people's painter, and nothing that he has ever done shows better why he should deserve this dual popularity than the work of which I have just spoken. While the painters will appreciate the technique and wonderful skill of execution, the people will admire the beauty of the picture as a picture, and read aright the plain story that it tells. Many painters scoff at what may be called the literary value of a picture, and Mr. Chase may be one of such; but, surely, from whatever stand-point, this story-telling value cannot detract from a work of art if nothing be sacrificed to it.

While these two pictures were being made in the studio, that is, before they were finished, Mr. Chase had made two open-air studies, for the days in July down on Long Island last summer were so bright and pleasant that it was impossible to keep inside of the house for long at a time, even to work. One of these might appropriately be called "Flying Clouds," for that name would be entirely descriptive of the picture. There is flat ground, covered with the coarse sea-grass characteristic of salt-water marshes, coming right to the feet of the spectator, and then in a blue sky are large and small clouds that seem actually to be in motion. They fly, wind borne, nor seem to dim the luminous light of a perfect summer day. This study is full of poetry, poetry that would have escaped a lesser hand than his who fixed it on this canvas. Another out-door study of these two weeks was a sketch of the artist's house, with a little girl in the roadway that climbs the hill and leads to the front door. We who have not the gift to make pictures, when we build new houses, or even hire

them, must employ some one to sketch them for us or to set up a camera in front. Here is another advantage the artists have. They can make valuable souvenirs of what-

On a neck of land between the Shinnecock and Peconic bays is a State reservation, where live the rapidly expiring remnants of the Shinnecock tribe of Indians,



THE ARTIST'S MOTHER.

ever pleases them. Here were four pictures made during two weeks. And this rate was maintained during the whole vacation, so it will be seen that my suggestion that an artist's summer is like that of the busy bee was not entirely inapt.

from whom, in 1640, a band of Puritans from Massachusetts, for sixteen coats, a few bushels of corn-meal, and other considerations which were soon forgotten, bought the territory upon which the Southampton colony settled. These Ind-

ians—now half-breeds, for there is a considerable admixture of negro blood—are semicivilized, and exist by farming in a slovenly fashion and by doing chores, but are, nevertheless, very picturesque. Naturally, with such material close at hand, an artist would use some of these people as models. The one sketch of this kind that I most distinctly recall to have seen in Mr. Chase's studio was the head of a girl. In the features was to be seen a curious blending of the two types, Indian and African, which in their purity are worth the doing to those who love color and its effects in brightening the dwelling-places of man.

Another out-of-door study is that of a lady and child in the grass of a sand hill, with Peconic Bay in the background. This sketch was taken almost in front of Mr. Chase's house, and, indeed, nearly all of the summer sketches were made close by. The advantage of living in such a place is that all an artist has to do is to take out his easel and set it up anywhere, and there in front of him is a lovely pic-



NEAR SHINNECOCK BAY.

not very similar. There were the high cheek-bones common to both races, the straight hair and straight nose of the Indian, and the full thick lips of the negro, while the gay, bright colors of the headdress suggested both negro and Indian taste. With such a subject Mr. Chase could not fail to make both an interesting and beautiful picture. In this one he has done more than escape failure, for the picture, beyond its value as a study of an interesting type of humanity, has great decorative qualities, and without such qualities no pictures ever seem much ture. Prosaic eyes do not see these pictures, but prosaic eyes are only half open anyway. I remember one day in a walk with Mr. Chase to have met a very excellent man who had lived all his life in the neighborhood, as his fathers for two centuries and a half had done before him. The constant sketching of the landscape by the art students of the school, it may be said, has never ceased to be a source of surprise to the simple country people, who have never found anything to admire in the Shinnecock Hills themselves, or the creeks and bays made by



A STUDY.

the rising tides. To them the Shinnecock Hills have always been rather unlovely, as they are not fertile, and the sandy roads of even a few years ago made travel very hard across them. The proper use for the hills not having been found, they were thought of little value; and even now, when they have been put to good use, and property for villa sites fetches high prices, the country people continue to wonder. There is something concrete, something tangible, about paying $250 an acre for land that was formerly not worth more than $2 50. They understand the purely material side of such transactions in property; but this eternal sketching—that baffles them still. So this excellent man, who doubtless had inherited much of the New England "I-want-to-know" curiosity, asked Mr. Chase, "What is it you find worth painting down here?" Mr. Chase is a man of rare self-possession, else he could not stand up, as I have seen him, before a hundred charming young ladies and talk to them of their work as though they were toddling children and



FLYING CLOUDS.

he a gray-haired grandsire. But this question of the excellent man staggered him completely. He said something in a stammering way, but soon recognizing the utter futility of an attempt to make the native look at the country-side from an artist's point of view, changed the subject to a local tradition of which he pretended curiosity. This was rather a curious incident of our walk, as, for several miles back, Mr. Chase had been pointing out pictures to me and painting them in his mind. In a walk of an hour and a half the artist's eyes had seen enough of beauty to keep ten men busy for fifty years, while in over fifty years the eyes of the other man had seen nothing. "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Another interesting picture of the summer was a pastel study of the hallway of the artist's house with a group of his family. The hall makes a picturesque entrance to the house and studio. It rises through both stories to the roof, and a railing running all around from the head of the stairway forms a gallery on the second floor. Pictures and tapestries hang on the walls, and a large stone fireplace for logs is on one side. As the front door opens to a visitor, an Æolian harp tinkles a welcome till the door is shut again. Then the visitor sees that he is not in the conventional house, but in one designed for picturesque effects in furnishings. It must not be supposed that considerations for ease and comfort have been lost sight of in the plan or in the furniture. Fortunately beauty and comfort in such things are not incompatible. Almost any artist with the ability to make an interior study would have been glad to sketch this hall, so it was inevitable that Mr. Chase should do it. A portrait of the artist's wife sitting before a spinet was also completed during the summer. This painting containing a portrait has an added value on that account, but it is a beautiful picture in itself, and as such

would be highly prized by any lover of beauty in art. But I cannot enumerate all of the pictures that Mr. Chase made during the summer vacation. Beyond those I have mentioned there were six or eight landscapes, and one large figure piece, called "On the Beach." This was probably the most ambitious work of the summer.

Of the landscapes, there is one that is particularly notable, and to my mind entirely satisfactory. When it comes to be exhibited I shall expect to see larger crowds before it than landscapes usually attract. The foreground is the same grass and heather before spoken of, and sitting in this a lady and a child—the lady in white with a pink hat, and the child in pink with a white hat. An open parasol lies beside them, and this, too, is pink and white. In front of the two figures, which are not merely sketched in, but finished with care and nicety as to details, is a scrub oak that seems, because its foliage mingles with the heather and grass, more like a clump of bushes than a tree. Beyond and in the distance is the Peconic Bay, with a cluster of bath-houses, and still beyond is Robbin's Island. Over all is a cloudless summer sky. No one could give any idea by mere description of the poetic beauty of this lovely picture, and I shall not try to do more than thus briefly tell of some of the



SHINNECOCK INDIAN GIRL.



HALL OF THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

things the painter has put on his canvas as parts of one of the most finished compositions it has ever been my good fortune to see.

I have in what I have written accounted in some measure for two-thirds of Mr. Chase's vacation. The real business of the summer is yet to be told of. He went to Shinnecock Hills, as before pointed out, to take charge of the art school that Mrs. Hoyt and her associates had founded there. To this school he gave two days each week, Mondays and Tuesdays. These classes are for open-air study, and it is presumed that those who enter the school at Shinnecock have mastered the rudiments and know something of the first principles of both drawing and painting. It is intended that there the students shall study nature itself. Except on rainy days, and they were so few last summer as scarcely to count, all of the work was done in the open air, and each pupil made a sketch or so every day. On the mornings of Mondays the sketches of the week before were taken to the studio of the Art Village, and there exhibited for Mr. Chase's criticism. For greater convenience there was placed on one side of the large studio an easel with two sides, both of which were covered with sketches. While the teacher was busy with the sketches on one side, those with which he had finished on the other were taken off and replaced by others, and so on until all the work of the week before had been gone over. In front of the easel, and filling nearly all the rest of the room, were the pupils, some sitting on camp-stools, some sitting on the floor, and others standing against the walls. Of these pupils there were nearly a hundred, and never did teacher or lecturer have a more attentive audience. They seemed to accept what he said with the entire trust and faith that little children have in their parents. Perceiving this, I could but recall what a little tot once said to me when I questioned the accuracy of a statement he had made. "God knows it's so," he said, "'cause my father said so." Such unquestioning faith places upon the teacher a heavy responsibility, but as Mr. Chase is no heretic in art he probably feels that his burden is not heavy.

In the class were students of all degrees

of proficiency, and it was therefore necessary for the critic to identify the maker of each sketch before he passed judgment. A sketch that would have been excellent for a beginner would have been quite poor for a student much more advanced, and therefore to know which pupil had made a sketch was very necessary. Otherwise he might very often have said most discouraging things, and this, he has told me, is not his policy as a teacher. On the contrary, he encourages all who seem to be in earnest, for, strange to say, those who in the beginning seem the most unlikely to succeed very frequently accomplish the best results. We sometimes hold that to draw, to paint, and to make pictures that are worth while is the result of some inexplicable, God-given power that comes of itself, and cannot be acquired. There are those in the art world who believe this so thoroughly that they do not believe that art should be taught by teachers, but that each artist should teach himself. Of such Whistler is conspicuous, and in that charming way of his, of which he treated in his essay *On the Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, he once said to Mr. Chase, "The only thing I have against you is that you teach." This does not appear to have disturbed our teacher much, for he still holds it to be his duty to encourage the plodders, for it is his experience that some of them develop the very best talent.

When the maker of a sketch has been identified, Mr. Chase goes on rapidly and frankly, but kindly, to tell wherein it is good and wherein bad. As he looks at a picture he seems to thoroughly understand all of the difficulties that the student encountered. To one he would say, "I fear you do not paint with a full brush"; to another, "You must let me see your brushes, I fear you have not a good assortment"; to another, "The light must have changed while you were at work on this study," and so on. The young lady to whom the remark was made about the changing light took it quite seriously, and answered, "You remember that morning when the storm came up suddenly at half past five?" Mr. Chase did not remember, for he had not been studying a sunrise that morning, but that was the time when the light had changed.

In some other canvas he would see evidences of distress and labor. "You were tired when you did this?" he would



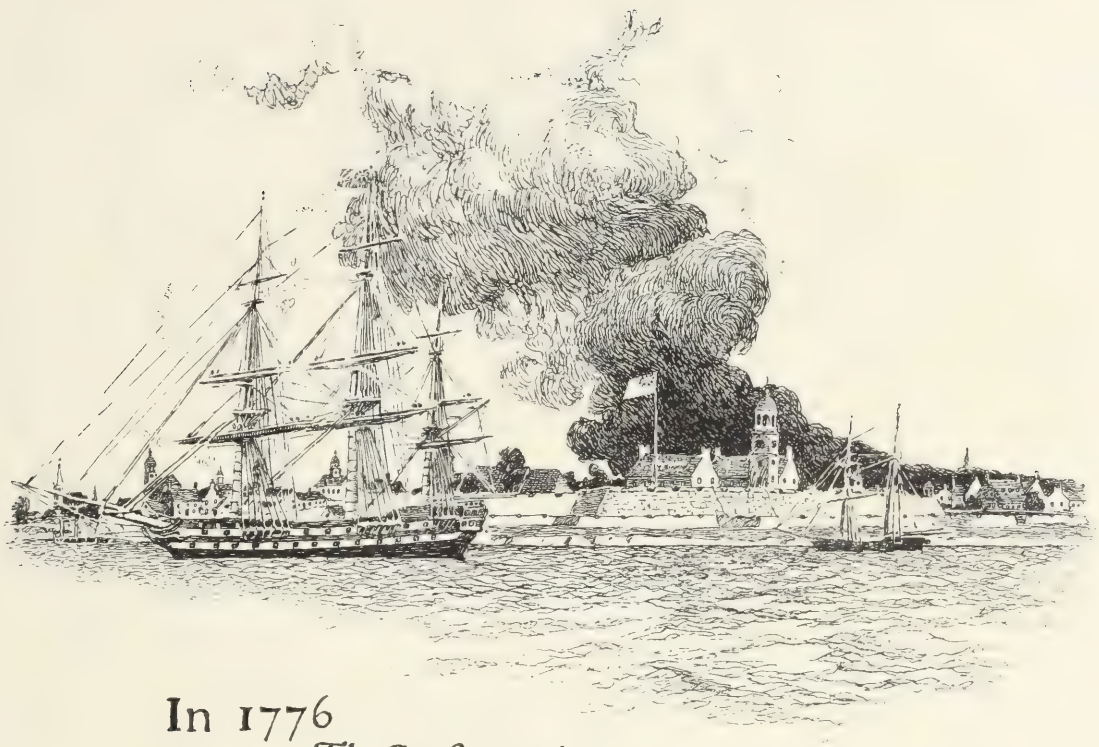
A FAIRY TALE.

ask, and the student would confess that she had had a headache and had forced herself to work. To such a one he would counsel moderation, and say that it was wrong to work when tired or ill. "Two hours at once is enough," he said. To another, who did not strike out boldly enough, but seemed timid, he advised greater courage. "This," he said, "is well done, but lacks force. It is as though you were whispering what you wished to say instead of speaking out aloud." With nearly all the studies of figures he found one fault. In drawing the eyes, one of them nearly always seemed to be crowding the nose and the other running away from it. This, it must be confessed, is a very serious fault, but let any reader examine the eyes and noses of his family portraits, and, if they be not the work of masters, it will be found that the fault is very common indeed. It usually took the teacher about three and a half hours to look at and criticise the studies that were brought for his inspection. The whole time was full of interest, and no one seemed to get tired, not even Mr. Chase. I spent three such mornings there with great pleasure, and I could not help thinking how very interesting and profitable it would be if some competent person, Mr. Chase for instance, could go through the pictures of an exhibition and criticise each one while it was on view, and just as it was done in this school. Most artists hold that art criticism of the kind we get when each new exhibition is opened is entirely valueless, and I believe that most readers go even further, and think, if they do not say so, that such criticism is entirely meaningless. But with the picture on view, and the critic a person who knows what he is talking about, it is a different thing. A man who is master of his subject can hardly fail to be interesting. When the lecture or criticism was over, the master requested the students to set up their easels in the afternoon in the neighborhood of the Art Village, so that he could visit each one while at work.

This Art Village of which I have spoken several times is the outgrowth of the school, and consists of a half-dozen or more picturesque little frame cottages about the Studio. In these some of the students live, but there is not nearly room enough for all. The others live in the farm-houses on the outskirts of Southampton, and at what is known as the Art Club. The village and its cottages belong to the school, which in all probability before it opens again will be an incorporated company. The Art Club occupies a house put at its disposal by Mr. Parrish. It is a club certainly, but not entirely a self-governing club, as new members are not chosen in the ordinary way. Mrs. Hoyt passes on the qualifications of applicants. Last summer there were some thirty members of the club, which was a centre of social gayety. When the next season begins there will be more cottages in the Art Village, and also a restaurant, at which students can get suitable food at reasonable rates.

On the Tuesdays of each week Mr. Chase and the class would go off to some place in the neighborhood and spend the day. The students would select their subjects, put up their easels, and go to work as soon as they had arrived. In a little while the teacher would begin a round of visits, stopping awhile with each sketcher, commending what was good, correcting faults, and making suggestions. This was in continuation of the work of the Monday afternoons, and on the same lines. Probably in practical results it was of more value than the Monday morning criticisms, as each student, for a little while at least, had the entire attention of the master. Usually each student would make two studies during the day—one in the morning and one in the afternoon. If there were sixty students the teacher would therefore have to advise, correct, and assist in making one hundred and twenty sketches each Tuesday of his vacation. These students were all enthusiastic—that is a characteristic of art students, I believe—and therefore the enthusiasm of the teacher was always kindled. This prevented the work from being drudgery. Instead of that it was a pleasure, and a day on the hills, in the woods, or by the sea was to Mr. Chase like a picnic frolic, and in its way as beneficial to his health as the sports so dear to the average masculine heart.

The work that most men do is full of weariness, and they tug on their loads as a horse against his collar when climbing a hill. Such men have reason to envy those whose callings make their work so great a pleasure that vacation-time entails only a change of scene with the continuation of the occupation in a new field.



In 1776
The Conflagration.

H.P.

THE EVOLUTION OF NEW YORK.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

Second Part.

V

NEW YORK suffered greater hardships during the fight for Independence than fell to the lot of any other American city. It lost more than half of its population; it lost the whole of its commerce; the great fire of 1776, followed by the fire of 1778, laid a full fourth of it in ashes; it was occupied by the enemy uninterruptedly from almost the beginning of hostilities until after peace was declared.

When the issue was joined between the colonies and the mother-country, the dominant sentiment here was that of loyalty. This was natural. In New York, as in the Virginia and Carolina plantations, the early establishment of large landed estates had created a class of rich gentlefolk with whom loyalty was a logical instinct. The abstract convictions, as well as the material interests, of this class were in favor of the maintenance of royal authority. It is not surprising, therefore—even in view of the vast stupidities of administration on the part of the home government which made colonial life almost unendurable—that many an honest gentleman of that period found himself awkwardly tangled in the ethics of honor while deciding between his duty to his country and his duty to his King. Rather is it surprising that the verdict of the gentle class was given with so little reservation for the patriotic side. Naturally, also, the commercial class—having vested interests to defend against the perils incident to revolution—was disposed toward loyalty. At that time about one-tenth of

all the foreign commerce of the British American colonies was centred at this port; the trade inward and outward was increasing steadily and largely; even though the colonies should be in the end successful, a war with England meant an immediate collapse of business and a great money loss. And yet, with all this daunting loom of disaster—whereof the foreboding was more than justified by the event—no other American city espoused the cause of independence with a blither energy than did New York.

Until the actual outbreak of hostilities, the prosperous expansion of trade and the growth of the city continued without interruption; and then, as suddenly as the coming of tropical night—with the arrival of the British army of occupation, September 15, 1776—a blight settled over everything and was not lifted for more than seven years. Only four days after General Howe's entry came the calamity of the great fire: which swept over the region between Whitehall and Broad streets as far north as Beaver; thence, sparing the western side of the Bowling Green, over both sides of Broadway to and including Trinity Church; and thence, sparing the western side of Broadway but burning down to the river, to and including the southern side of Vesey Street —leaving behind it a broad furrow of desolation three-quarters of a mile long. Two years later, another fire reduced to wreck almost the whole of the block south of Pearl Street between Coenties and Old slips. Through all the dreary time of the English occupation these many blocks of ruins remained as the fire had left them. No reason existed for rebuilding; and, no matter how strong a reason there might have been, no money for rebuilding was obtainable. This visible material wreck fittingly represented the wreck which had overtaken the city's most vital interests. Trade with the interior and coastwise practically was cut off; and, with the destruction of these its natural feeders, the foreign commerce of the port was dead.

When New York was evacuated by the British troops, November 25, 1783, the condition of the city was miserable to the last degree. Streets which had been opened and partly graded before the war began had been suffered to lapse again to idle wastes; the wharves, to which for so long a while no ships had come, had crumbled through neglect; public and private buildings, taken possession of by the military and used as barracks, as hospitals and as prisons, had fallen into semi-ruin; along all the western side of the town was the wreck left by the fire. In this dismal period the population had dwindled from upwards of 20,000 to less than 10,000 souls; the revenues of the city, long uncollected, had shrunk almost to the vanishing-point; the machinery of civil government had been practically destroyed. In a word, without the consoling glory of having suffered in honorable battle, the city was left a wreck by war.

The brilliant rapidity with which New York revived from what seemed to be its dying condition affords a striking proof of its inherent strong vitality. Within three years from the date of the evacuation the former population had been regained, and within five years more a farther increase of 10,000 had made the total 30,000 souls. Commerce, likewise, had returned to and then had passed its former highest limit. Public and private enterprise once more had been fully aroused. In every way the energetic life and the material prosperity of the city had been more than regained.

Before the Revolution, the filling in of the East River front had been carried forward as far as Front Street. Immediately upon the revival of commerce this work was taken in hand again—the more readily because the increasing size of ships called for deeper water at the wharves—and South Street was created. At the same time, new streets were laid out east and west of the Bowery; even Broadway, at last, began to show some signs of becoming an important thoroughfare; the streets leading out of Broadway to the North River were graded, and some of them were paved—but this region, then and for a long while afterward, was the worst quarter of the town. What tended, however, most of all to give to the city an air of fully restored vitality was the erection of new buildings on the sites so long covered by the desolate wreckage of the two fires.

Yet, for all its real prosperity—indeed, because of its prosperity—the draggled, transitional New York of that flourishing time must have been a vastly disagreeable place of residence. Not only was it ugly because of its crudeness and its harsh

contrasts; it was a dangerous town to live in because of the frequent presence of epidemic disease. The prevalence of smallpox—Dr. Jenner's discovery still being a little below the surface—was not chargeable to any defect in the crudely organized system for protecting the public health; yellow fever, however, was a practically preventable disease which partly through ignorance and partly through carelessness was suffered to work great havoc here. When "a large and respectable committee of the citizens, of the physicians, and of the corporation," investigated the cause of one of the yellow-fever epidemics, about this time, they reported that the spread of the fever was encouraged (as well it might be!) by "deep damp cellars, sunken yards, unfinished water lots, public slips containing filth and stagnant water, burials in the city, narrow and filthy streets, the inducement to intemperance offered by more than a thousand tippling-houses, and the want of an adequate supply of pure and wholesome water."

But the New-Yorkers of that day—having great faith in the glorious future of their city, and being blessed with strong noses and stout hearts—rose superior to rawness and ugliness and (excepting when they died of them) to pestilence-breeding bad smells. Mangin's map, 1803, shows the extent to which—under the stimulus of a vigorously reviving commerce and a rapidly increasing population—they were disposed to discount their future. Actually, three-fourths of the impressive-looking city plotted on this map is pure prophecy: whereof there was but little fulfilment for near a score of years, and some of it never was fulfilled at all! In this brave showing of projected streets almost the only real streets—above Anthony and Hester—are those of the little group in the northwest corner, about the State prison, comprising Greenwich Village. Brannan and Bullock streets (the last-named blessedly changed to Broome, later) were laid out; the present Stuyvesant Street, Astor Place, and Greenwich Avenue were in existence as a continuous system of lanes; the Amity Street of the map (not the existing Amity Street) was another lane—of which a trace still may be seen in the oblique court leading off from the east side of South Fifth Avenue below Third Street; and Greenwich Street—from Duane northward—was in existence as the main road to Greenwich, and was in great vogue as a fashionable drive. All the rest of these fine-looking streets were but enthusiastic projects of what was expected to be in the fulness of time.

Meanwhile, the tendency of development still was along the eastern side of the island. The seat of the foreign trade was the East River front; of the wholesale domestic trade, in Pearl and Broad streets and about Hanover Square; of the retail trade, in William, between Fulton and Wall. Nassau Street and upper Pearl Street were places of fashionable residence; as were also lower Broadway and the Battery. Upper Broadway, paved as far as Warren Street, no longer was looked upon as remote and inaccessible; and people with exceptionally long heads were beginning, even, to talk of it as a street with a future—being thereto moved, no doubt, by consideration of its magnificent appearance as the great central thoroughfare of the city upon Mangin's prophetic map.

The substantial facts of this hopeful period justified a good deal of spread-eagle prophecy. Between the years 1789 and 1801 the duties on foreign goods imported into New York increased from less than $150,000 to more than $500,000; the exports increased in value from $2,500,000 to almost $20,000,000; the tonnage of American vessels in the foreign trade ran from 18,000 to 146,000, and in the coasting trade from below 5000 to above 34,000 tons. In the same period the population had doubled—increasing from 30,000 to 60,000 souls. While its commerce thus constantly augmented, and while its borders constantly expanded to accommodate its quickly increasing population, New York buzzed with the activity of a vast hive of exceptionally enterprising and successful bees.

VI.

By far the most important improvement belonging to the last decade of the eighteenth century—though one of such magnitude that more than a decade of the nineteenth century had passed before it was completed—was the filling in of the Collect,* or Fresh Water pond.

Primitively, a marshy valley extended

* The name Collect was a corruption of the Dutch Kalch-hook, meaning lime-shell point, given to a shell-covered promontory, and later transferred to the pond itself.



A PRIVATEERSMAN ASHORE.

across the island from about the present Roosevelt Slip to where now is the western end of Canal Street. Nearly midway in this valley was the Collect: whereof the original outlet was a stream flowing into the East River across the low-lying region which still is called "the Swamp." As the city advanced up the shore of the East River, the Swamp was drained; and, before the Revolution, the radical improvement was effected of drawing off the overflow of the Collect in the other direction—that is to say, by a drain cut through the salt marshes to the North River. Later, this drain, on the line of the present Canal Street, was deepened sufficiently to drain the salt marsh and so to convert the western end of the valley into meadow-land. But the pond, a barrier in the way of the uniform expansion of the city northward, still remained.

Three principal plans for dealing with the Collect were held under advisement at different times. One was to make a dock of it by cutting navigable canals east and west to the rivers; another was to use it as a source of water supply for the city; and still another was to fill it in by cutting down and casting into it the near-by hills. The very great depth of the pond —so great that in early times it was reputed to be bottomless—caused some delay in deciding upon the heroic plan of filling it in; but eventually, about the end of the last century, this plan was adopted, and practically was completed in the course of the ensuing ten years.

A good deal of sentiment has been wasted, at one time and another, over the extinction of this little lake. Actually, filling in the Collect was the only possible thing to do with it. To have left it under any conditions—even in the midst of a considerable park and with underground communication with tide-water, which was one of the several suggestions made in the premises—would have resulted in the creation of a fever-trap altogether intolerable: precisely such another abiding-place of malaria and bad smells as was the Basin in the city of Providence. But, while the filling in was inevitable, a very great error was committed in using the made land for building sites. Had this unwholesome region been set aside as a public park—abundantly planted with trees which would have sucked up the moisture out of the sodden soil—the city would have made a substantial gain on the double score of beauty and of health. Even yet, a great improvement in the sanitary condition of this low-lying part of the town could be effected by planting the water-loving eucalyptus thickly along its streets.

Before the drainage of the Collect was completed, not only had the seers of that period foreseen the modern city, but a staid and practical commission—doing for New York precisely what we are laughing at the people of Chicago for causing to be done for their city now—had plotted it, as far north as 155th Street, almost as it exists to-day. Indeed, the prophecies of Mangin's map seemed quite sober realities when compared with the prophecies of the map which the Commissioners produced eight years later, 1811; and it is a fact that some parts of the Commissioners' plan still remain unrealized, although more than eighty years have slipped away since the plan was made.

As is shown on Mangin's map, the crookedness of the lower part of the city, south of the Fresh Water, was repeated north of the Fresh Water on a grander scale. In this new region the streets were straight in their several groups, but the groups were so defiantly at variance with each other that wherever their edges came together there was a tangle fit to make a loadstone lose its way; which picturesque confusion was due to the fact that each group had started from a separate base—the shore lines of various parts of the island, different angles of the line of the Bowery, and the lines of Broadway and Christopher Street — and thence had extended until, quite at hazard, they had come together, but had not joined. However, some part of this tangle still was only on paper — many of the plotted streets remaining unopened—and therefore could be corrected before it became a reality; and all of the island north of the present Fourteenth Street practically was virgin territory which could be treated in whatever way seemed most conducive to the public good. These facts being considered, the wise conclusion was reached very early in the present century to correct (so far as this was possible) the existing City Plan, which had been created by a mere patching together of scattered parts for the benefit of private interests, and to make a larger plan —so comprehensive that the growth of the city for a century or more would be

provided for—in the interest of the community as a whole.

To make this rational project operative, an act of Assembly was passed, April 13, 1807, in accordance with the provisions of which Gouverneur Morris, Simeon De Witt, and John Rutherford were appointed "Commissioners of Streets and Roads in the City of New York," with instructions "to lay out streets, roads, and public squares, of such width [saving that no street should be less than fifty feet wide] and extent as to them should seem most conducive to the public good"; to establish upon the ground the City Plan thus created by the fixing of stone posts at suitable points; and to file maps of the plan with the Secretary of State, the County Clerk, and the Mayor; and the act further provided that no compensation could be had for buildings destroyed by the opening of streets when it should be shown that such buildings had been erected after the maps had been filed.

The Commissioners, who were allowed four years in which to prepare their plan and to establish it upon the ground, completed their work in outline within that period: in the year 1811 their report was made and their maps were filed which created the city, north of Houston Street, excepting in the matter of public parks, substantially as it exists to-day. The work of exact location — involving the survey of all the streets, and the placing of "1549 marble monumental stones and 98 iron bolts," as is recorded by the minutely accurate Mr. John Randel, Jun., the engineer in charge of the work—was not completed until about the year 1821.

Unfortunately, the promise of this far-sighted undertaking was far from being fulfilled in its performance. The magnificent opportunity which was given to the Commissioners to create a beautiful city simply was wasted and thrown away. Having to deal with a region well wooded, broken by hills, and diversified by watercourses — where the very contours of the land suggested curving roads, and its unequal surface reservations for beauty's sake alone—these worthy men decided that the forests should be cut away, the hills levelled, the hollows filled in, the streams buried; and upon the flat surface thus created they clapped down a ruler and completed their Bœotian programme by creating a city in which all was right angles and straight lines.

These deplorable results were not reached lightly. The Commissioners, in their stolid way, unquestionably gave their very best thought to the work confided to their indiscretion; they even, by their own showing, rose to the height of considering the claims of what they believed to be the beautiful before they decided upon giving place to the useful alone. Appended to their map are what they modestly style "remarks," in the course of which—after stating that they had "personally reconnoitred" the region with which they were dealing—they declare "that one of the first objects which claimed the attention of the Commissioners was the form and manner in which the business should be conducted; that is to say, whether they should confine themselves to rectilinear and rectangular streets, or whether they should adopt some of those supposed improvements by circles, ovals, and stars which certainly embellish a plan, whatever may be their effect as to convenience and utility. In considering that subject they could not but bear in mind that a city is to be composed principally of the habitations of men, and that straight-sided and right-angled houses are the most cheap to build and the most convenient to live in. The effect of these plain and simple reflections was decisive"—that is to say, the rectangles and straight lines carried the day.

In regard to parks, these excellently dull gentlemen had equally common-sensible views. "It may be a matter of surprise," they write, "that so few vacant spaces have been left, and those so small, for the benefit of fresh air and consequent preservation of health. Certainly if the city of New York was destined to stand on the side of a small stream, such as the Seine or Thames, a great number of ample places might be needful. But those large arms of the sea which embrace Manhattan Island render its situation, in regard to health and pleasure, as well as to the convenience of commerce, peculiarly felicitous. When, therefore, from the same causes, the prices of land are so uncommonly great, it seems proper to admit the principles of economy to greater influence than might, under circumstances of a different kind, have consisted with the dictates of prudence and the sense of duty." Holding these views the Commissioners explained that "it ap-



References

1. Government House	at the Battery	
2. Trinity Church	Broad Way	
3. St. Pauls	"	
4. St. Georges Ch.	Beekman St	
5. St. Marks	Stuyvesant St.	
6. Christ	"	Ann St.
7. Old Dutch	"	Garden St.
8. New	"	Liberty St
9. North	"	William St.
10. Calvinist Reformed Ch.		Nassau St
11. German Lutheran	"	Frankfort St.
12. English Ch. Magazine St.		Gold St
13. Moravian Ch., Fair St.	14. Anabaptist Ch	
14. Scotch Presbyterian Ch.		Cedar St.
16. Seceder Ch.		Nassau St
17. Presbyterian Ch.		Wall St
18.	"	Beekman St
19.	"	Rutgers St.
20. Methodist Ch.		John St.
21.	"	Second St.
22.	"	Duane St
23.	"	Magazine St.
24. French	"	Pine St
25. St. Peters	"	Barclay St
26. Independent Ch.		Broad W.
27. Friends old Meeting House,		Liberty St
28.	new "	Pearl St.
29. Jews Syn., Mill St.	30. City Hall, Wall St.	
31. Jail	32. Bridewell, opp. the Park	
33. Alms House	Chamber St.	
34. State Prison	Greenwich St	
35. College	Robinson St.	
36. Hospital, B'way	37. Library, Nassau St.	
38. Arsenal, Tryon Row.	39. Theatre, Chatham St	
40. Exchange Market	41. Fly Market	
42. Oswego Market	43. Bear Market.	
44. Catherine Slip Market.		
45. New Court House	opposite the Park	

pears proper, nevertheless, to select and set apart on an elevated position a space sufficient for a large reservoir when it shall be found needful to furnish the city, by means of aqueducts or by the aid of hydraulic machinery, with a copious supply of pure and wholesome water"; and that "it was felt to be indispensable that a much larger space should be set apart for military exercise, as also to assemble, in case of need, the force destined to defend the city"—out of which secondary series of considerations came the really magnificent Parade, extending from Twenty-third to Thirty-fourth Street, and from Fourth to Seventh Avenue, that eventually shrunk away into the existing Madison Square. The third large reservation made by the Commissioners, the space for a great market, never got beyond the paper plan; which is the more to be regretted because this particular project, being quite within the range of their capabilities, was admirably well conceived. Union Place—now called, very unreasonably, Union Square—was a sort of geographical accident, which in later times has suffered a great reduction in size. "This Place," wrote the Commissioners, "becomes necessary from various considerations. Its central position requires an opening for the benefit of fresh air; the union of so many large roads demands space for security and convenience, and the morsels into which it would be cut by continuing across it the several streets and avenues would be of very little use or value."

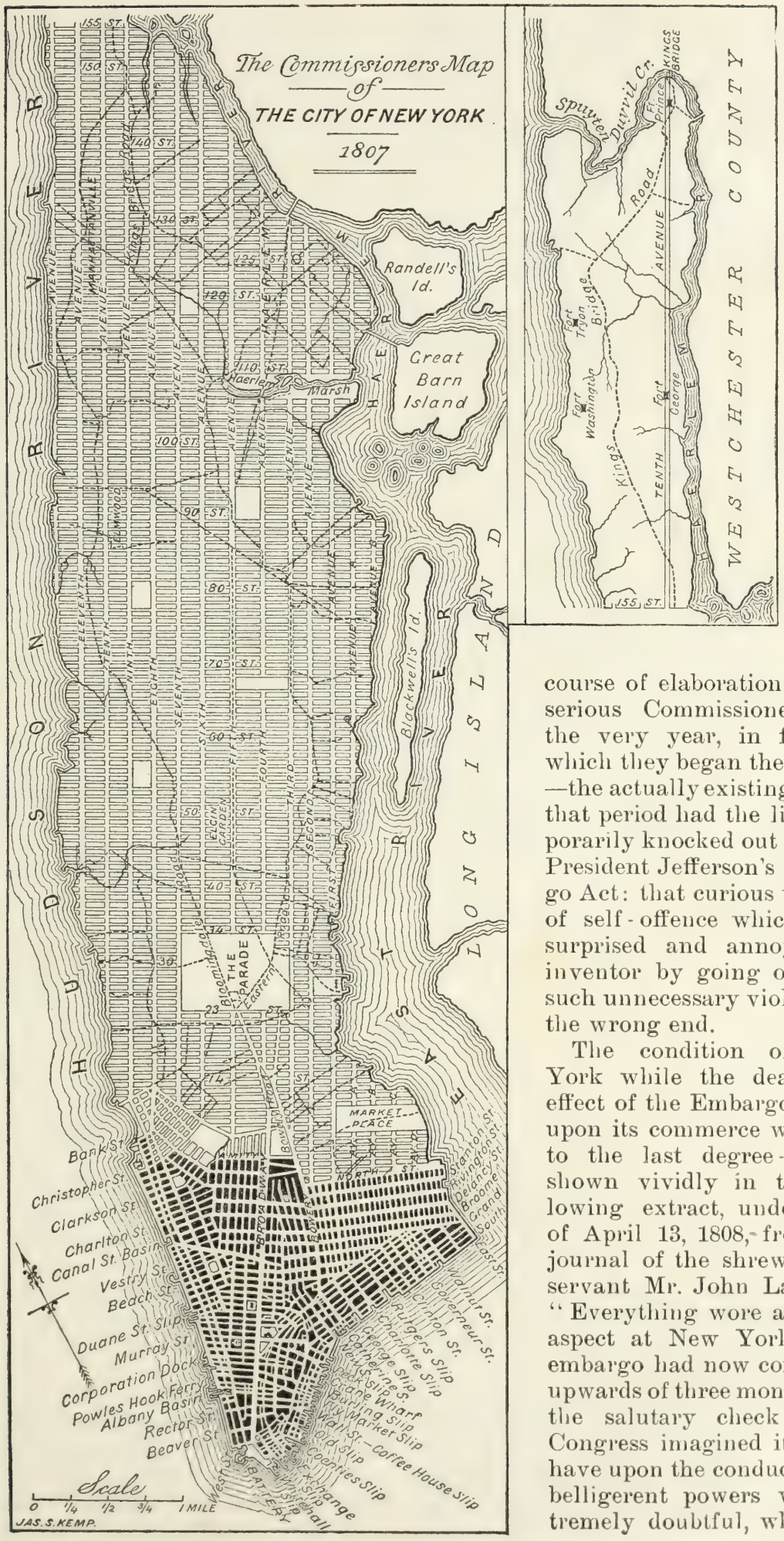
The Commissioners, finally, sum up the result of their labors in these words: "To some it may be a matter of surprise that the whole island has not been laid out as a city. To others it may be a subject of merriment that the Commissioners have provided space for a greater population than is collected at any spot on this side of China. They have in this respect been governed by the shape of the ground. It is not improbable that considerable numbers may be collected at Harlem before the high hills to the southward of it shall be built upon as a city; and it is improbable that (for centuries to come) the grounds north of Harlem Flat will be covered with houses. To have come short of the extent laid out might therefore have defeated just expectations; and to have gone further might have furnished materials for the pernicious spirit of speculation."

Excepting in the laying out of the city upon so large a scale—in which there was a touch of uncommon sense that bordered upon imagination—common-sense of the plainest sort was the dominant characteristic of the Commissioners' plan. Thinking only of utility and economy, they solved their problem—which admitted of so magnificent a solution—in the simplest and dullest way. Yet it is not just to blame them personally because their plan fell so far short of what might have been accomplished by men of genius governed by artistic taste. All that fairly can be said in the premises—and this quite as much in their justification as to their reproach—is that they were surcharged with the dulness and intense utilitarianism of the people and the period whereof they were a part. Assuredly, the work would have been done with more dash and spirit a whole century earlier—in the slave-dealing and piratical days of New York, when life here had a flavor of romance in it, and was not a mere grind of money-making in stupid commonplace ways.

Even on the score of utility, however, the Commissioners fell into one very grave error, for which, the requirements of the case being entirely clear and obvious, there was absolutely no excuse. They were dealing with a long and narrow island, whereon the strong pressure of traffic necessarily would be longitudinal always. Yet, in the face of this most obvious fact, their provision of longitudinal streets was one-third less to the square mile than was their provision of latitudinal streets; and their case is only made worse by the existing proof—the greater width of the avenues—that they did dimly recognize the conditions for which they failed to provide. The city has not yet expanded to the point where the inconvenience arising from this blunder has become sufficiently marked to attract attention. It will begin to be felt very soon after the building of the bridge connecting New York and New Jersey shall have brought the principal railway lines of the country into direct connection, on the left shore of the Hudson, with the principal lines of foreign steamers, with the resulting transfer to that region of the commercial centre of the town.

VII.

While this project of a city, magnificent at least in the matter of size, was in



course of elaboration by the serious Commissioners — in the very year, in fact, in which they began their work —the actually existing city of that period had the life temporarily knocked out of it by President Jefferson's Embargo Act: that curious weapon of self-offence which both surprised and annoyed its inventor by going off with such unnecessary violence at the wrong end.

The condition of New York while the deadening effect of the Embargo rested upon its commerce was trist to the last degree — as is shown vividly in the following extract, under date of April 13, 1808, from the journal of the shrewdly observant Mr. John Lambert: "Everything wore a dismal aspect at New York. The embargo had now continued upwards of three months, and the salutary check which Congress imagined it would have upon the conduct of the belligerent powers was extremely doubtful, while the

ruination of the commerce of the United States appeared certain if such destructive measures were persisted in. Already had 120 failures taken place among the merchants and traders, to the amount of more than 5,000,000 dollars; and there were above 500 vessels in the harbor which were lying up useless, and rotting for want of employment. Thousands of sailors were either destitute of bread wandering about the country, or had entered the British service. The merchants had shut up their counting-houses and discharged their clerks; and the farmers refrained from cultivating their land—for if they brought their produce to market they could not sell at all, or were obliged to dispose of it for only a fourth of its value."

In another part of his journal, Lambert wrote: "The amount of tonnage belonging to the port of New York in 1806 was 183,671 tons, and the number of vessels in the harbor on the 25th of December, 1807, when the embargo took place, was 537. The moneys collected in New York for the national Treasury, on the imports and tonnage, have for several years amounted to one-fourth of the public revenue. In 1806 the sum collected was 6,500,000 dollars, which, after deducting the drawbacks, left a nett revenue of 4,500,000 dollars, which was paid into the Treasury of the United States as the proceeds of one year. In the year 1808 the whole of this immense sum had vanished!"

Fortunately, it had vanished for only a little while. Even under the stress of the Non-intercourse Act, and of the constantly augmenting political ferment, the commerce of New York revived with such energetic celerity that by the time war was declared against England, in the year 1812, the registered tonnage of the port amounted to 266,548 tons—being equal to that of Boston and Philadelphia combined, and nearly double that of any other port in the United States. Under these circumstances, naturally, the war bore more heavily upon New York than upon any other American city; indeed, the reimposition of the Embargo scarcely would have produced here a more calamitous result.

The one redeeming feature of the situation, in a business way, was the chance that the war offered for privateering. But even success in this line of spirited endeavor did not yield unalloyed happiness; for privateering had suffered a decided sea-change in the course of the years which had passed since it had been so much the vogue in these parts. It is true that a good many private armed vessels were fitted out from this port during the war of 1812, and it also is true that—to the great profit of their owners—they mowed a fairly broad swath through the English merchant marine. But public sentiment did not unanimously, as in an earlier time, endorse this energetic method of picking up a living on the high seas. Indeed, not very many years later—the more honest view of the matter, meanwhile, having increasingly prevailed—one of our local historians wrote of these very ventures of 1812–15 in the following vigorous terms: "By this legalized piracy a great amount of property belonging to British subjects was plundered at sea and brought into New York; where for a while the enriched freebooters glittered in their ill-gotten splendor, and exerted a most corrupting influence upon society"!

But the enrichment by sea-theft, even to the extent of glittering splendor, of a few freebooting New-Yorkers did not take the place of the more moderate enrichment of all the merchants of the city by legitimate trade. While the war lasted, New York languished miserably. The projects for new streets, the plans for new buildings, were abandoned. So far from increasing, the population actually was lessened by more than two thousand between the years 1810 and 1813. In 1814 the revenues of the port dropped down to but little more than half a million. This was the low-water mark, and in the very next year—peace having been concluded—the revenues shot up to fourteen millions, as foreign goods were poured into the country to make good the long drain. But so violent a revival of business did more harm than good. The vast importations glutted the market, and for six years there was great uncertainty and fluctuation in the state of trade. Not until the third decade of the century was fairly started did commercial balances adjust themselves and a new era of prosperity begin.

During this fluctuating period the growth of the city was spasmodic; but by the year 1820 substantial advances northward had been made. The most important single piece of work in the scheme of development was the completion of the

deep canal on the line of Canal Street; with the consequent effective drainage of the whole valley lying between the choked Collect and the North River, and the regulation of the streets, previously laid out, on the reclaimed land. Even before this obstacle had been removed, however, the city had passed beyond it. Soon after the return of peace, building began on Broadway north of "the Meadows," and also near Broadway on Spring and Broome streets—being the beginning of the movement that twenty years or so later was to make of this region a highly fashionable quarter of the town. Even the yellow fever of 1822—the last of the serious epidemics of this disease—tended to accelerate the growth of the city northward, for many of the exiles from the lower part of the island retained their suburban homes after the fever had passed. By the year 1824—in which year "more than 1600 new houses were erected, nearly all of them of brick or stone," as is proudly stated by a contemporary chronicler—the lines of the city blocks were advancing close upon Greenwich Village, and Greenwich itself was becoming a populous suburban ward. At the same time a considerable settlement was asserting itself westward of the Bowery. Between these extremes the building of handsome villas was giving a vastly aristocratical air to the heretofore desert reaches of upper Broadway; and in order to invite the farther expansion of this fashionable quarter the old Potter's Field was reclaimed from a wilderness, and then —with the paupers still *in situ*—was transformed into the present Washington Square. By the year 1820 the population of the city had increased to 123,706 souls.

VIII.

New York's destiny as a commercial centre was settled from the start by the fact that the city—therein possessing what all other cities on the Atlantic seaboard lacked—had ample channels of communication with the interior by water.

Without examining closely a large map, it is not easy to estimate how great an extent of territory—down the whole range of coast from the Connecticut to the Shrewsbury River, and remotely inland—can be reached in perfect safety from this city in a sloop of 20 tons. And in our days of railroads it is even less easy to realize that some of these waterways—the Hackensack, for instance—ever could have been of any serious value to the commerce of New York. But before cheap and speedy means of land carriage had been established every one of these small streams —down to those on which even a 10-ton sloop would float—was a channel of trade which appreciably added to the revenues of this town. It was, therefore, as the direct result of the advantages possessed by New York as a centre of domestic distribution that the city gained the leading place in the foreign trade of North America and acquired a registered tonnage of more than 260,000 tons by the beginning of the war of 1812.

But not until after this war was ended did the business conditions here justify the establishment of regular transatlantic lines with fixed dates of sailing—the famous lines of Liverpool packets, for which some few people of old-fashioned tendencies sigh a little as they take passage nowadays in a record-breaking "greyhound," with the full knowledge that that nondescript but spirited animal actually is a frightfully overcrowded and badly kept summer-resort hotel got away to sea.

The pioneer establishment in the Liverpool service was the Black Ball Line, started in the year 1817 by Isaac Wright and Son, Francis Thompson, Benjamin Marshal, and Jeremiah Thompson, with four large ships—as ships went, in those days; that is to say, vessels of between 400 and 500 tons — named the *Pacific*, *Amity*, *William Thompson*, and *James Cropper*, with sailing dates fixed for the first day of each month throughout the year. Four years later, when the business of the country was in an unusually flourishing condition, a second line, the Red Star, was established; also with four ships making monthly departures, but sailing on the 24th of the month. In the same year the Black Ball Line put on four more vessels, sailing on the 16th of the month; and a little later the Swallow-tail Line was started, with four ships, making monthly departures on the 8th. Thus communication was established between New York and Liverpool by a fleet of sixteen vessels, making from each end of the line weekly departures the year round.* Later, regular lines were established to London, Havre, Green-

* For a fuller description of this phase of the development of New York, see "The Old Packet and Clipper Service," by G. W. Sheldon, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1884.

ock and other European ports; while the increase in the coastwise service naturally kept pace with that of the foreign trade.

The point to be here observed is that the weekly service to and from Liverpool —significant of a very great commercial pressure for that period—was established before the natural advantages possessed by New York as a distributing centre had received any substantial improvement; before, indeed, any improvement at all had been effected beyond the opening inland from the various watercourses of ways more or less practicable for freight-wagons and pack-trains. It was, therefore, the demand for the extension of a great business already soundly established which led to the creation of what frequently has been styled the foundation-stone of New York's commercial supremacy—the Erie Canal. In view of the natural geographical advantages possessed by this city, of the intelligent fostering of trade in the early times by the grants of staple right and of the monopoly of flour, it seems a fair inference that this so-called foundation-stone was set in when the building had got up to about the third or fourth floor. But as to the vast importance of the canal to the well-being of New York—without regard to the structural period at which its benefits became operative—there can be no question at all. Again it is necessary to examine carefully a large map in order to arrive at an adequate comprehension of what was done for this city when a waterway was cut from the Hudson River to the Great Lakes.

This large project was not conceived in its entirety: it was an evolution. In the year 1792, under the presidency of General Philip Schuyler, the Western Inland Lock Navigation Company was incorporated for the purpose of opening a communication by canal to Seneca Lake and Lake Ontario and of improving the Mohawk River. Later, at the suggestion of Gouverneur Morris—who in this matter worked for the welfare of the city with an intelligent zeal which he certainly did not manifest when he was helping to lay it out as a checker-board—the grander plan was taken into consideration of opening a canal from the Hudson River to Lake Erie. In the same year that this statesmanlike suggestion was made, 1808, the project was brought before the Assembly by Joshua Forman; an appropriation was granted for a preliminary survey, and the survey was made by James Geddes. The matter then dropped for a year, but was revived energetically in March, 1810—at which time Senator, afterward Governor, De Witt Clinton became associated with it, and thereafter remained its most efficient promoter until the successful end.

For several years the war then going on with England prevented the prosecution of the work; and even after this military matter had been satisfactorily disposed of—it was rather a brilliant little war, so far as we were concerned, with some beautiful fighting in it—the disordered finances of the country caused still longer delay. Not until April 17, 1817, was the whole plan solidified into a legislative act—by which funds were provided for the construction of a canal 363 miles in length, with a surface width of 40 feet, a bottom width of 18 feet, and a water channel four feet in depth. But when the start fairly had been made the work went ahead rapidly. Ground was broken that same year, on July 4th, at Rome, on the middle section; and the excavation and structural work were pushed with such diligence that the canal was opened for traffic in but little more than eight years.

A picturesque celebration of "the wedding of the waters" followed the completion of the work. On the morning of October 26, 1825, the first flotilla of canal-boats bound for the seaboard left Buffalo, starting at the signal of a cannon fired at the Erie in-take. This shot straightway was echoed—guns having been stationed at regular intervals—down the whole length of the new waterway, and thence onward down the Hudson to New York: where, precisely one hour and twenty-five minutes after the first gun had been fired beside the lake, the last gun was fired beside the sea. During another hour and twenty-five minutes the answer from the ocean to the inland waters went thundering onward into the northwest.

And then, at this end of the line, the enthusiasm aroused in so thrilling a fashion had a whole fortnight in which to cool while the boats were crawling eastward. Yet crawling is a dull word to apply to what really was a triumphal progress. It would be more in harmony with the oratorical spirit of the occasion to say that the boats came eastward on



OPENING OF THE ERIE CANAL.

the crest of a wave of popular rejoicing: while all the canal towns burst forth into speeches of glorification by the lips of their local dignitaries, and listened to like speeches from Governor Clinton and Gouverneur Morris and the other migrant statesmen aboard the flotilla; while flags were flying everywhere by day and bonfires were blazing everywhere by night; and while all central New York was vibrant with the uncontrolled violence of countless brass bands.

At five o'clock on the morning of November 4th this fresh-water cyclone completed the last stage of its eventful progress, the run down the Hudson in tow of the *Chancellor Livingston*, and halted off the State prison (at the foot of the present West Tenth Street), while all the bells went off into joy-peals and there was a noble bellowing of guns. Off the State prison (a trysting-place which aroused no disagreeable doubts and dreads in the breasts of the aldermen of that earlier, non-boodling day) the flotilla was met by a deputation of the civic authorities charged with the duty of "congratulating the company on their arrival from Lake Erie," and of conducting them down stream, around the Battery, and up the East River to the Navy-yard; where a thunderous official salute was fired, and the officers of the corporation welcomed the distinguished guests in form. And then, from the Navy-yard, "a grand procession, consisting of nearly all the vessels in port gayly decked with colors of all nations," went down to the lower bay—where Governor Clinton, from the deck of the United States schooner *Dolphin*, about which all the other vessels were grouped in a great circle, poured a libation of the fresh water brought from Lake Erie into the salt water of the Atlantic Ocean—and so typified the joining together of the inland and the outland seas.

Either in dramatic effect or in commercial importance, the only other event in our national history that can be compared with this is the meeting—just forty-four years later—of the locomotives at Promontory Point: and the comparison is the more seemly because the building of the waterway from the Hudson to the lakes was one of the most important of the many acts of preparation which in the fulness of time made the building of the railway from ocean to ocean possible.

IX.

Practically, the building of the Erie Canal completed the material evolution of New York. That is to say, by the year 1825 the essential elements were assembled—a large and mixed population, transportation facilities into the heart of the continent, a foreign trade diffused over the whole globe—which constitute the New York of to-day.

This is far from saying that the city then entered upon, and ever since has continued in the possession of, unalloyed prosperity. Being essentially human, New York has a handsome potentiality of error and a fair average liability to misfortune—both of which attributes have been manifested repeatedly during the past threescore and eight years. In the way of misfortunes, for instance, a most serious one came only ten years after the canal was opened: "the great fire" of December, 1835, which began near the foot of Maiden Lane, burned upwards of six hundred buildings, including the Custom-house and the Merchants' Exchange, and caused a money loss of about twenty millions of dollars: some of which painful facts may be seen recorded to this day on a marble tablet displayed upon the building No. 80 Pearl Street. And in the way of errors, one of great magnitude was committed in this same fourth decade of the century—being an error in which the whole country had a share—when the naïve attempt was made to create unlimited credit on the alchemistic basis of paper declared to be transmuted into gold. The fire of 1835, with its vast consumption of substantial wealth, had its share in precipitating the financial panic of 1836–7; but this same panic surely would have come, and only a little later, even had there been no fire at all. Unfortunately, the lesson of 1837 was utterly wasted; and so also have been wasted the similar lessons of later date—for the disposition to dabble in that form of occult chemistry which seeks to create something out of nothing is so profoundly rooted in the human race that it needs must keep on sprouting until the very end of time.

But while on broad lines the material evolution of New York was completed in 1825, the practical development of the existing city dates from that very year. At that time the population numbered only 166,000, and the utmost stretch of fancy

could not carry the limits of the city proper above Fourteenth Street. Since then the whole of the dwelling portion of New York — excepting comparatively small areas on the east and west sides of the island—has been created anew; and within the same period the region below Fourteenth Street, with the exceptions noted, has been turned over to business purposes, and a great part of it has been rebuilt—notably that portion lying south of where once was the wall—in a fashion that would make the sometime owners of the cabbage patches thereabouts use strong Dutch language expressive of awe! In this period, too, almost everything has been added to New York which distinguishes a city from an overgrown town: an adequate and wholesome water supply; an effective system of lighting; a provision of public parks so ample and so magnificently costly that 'tis fit to make the bones of the economical Commissioners of 1807 rattle a protest in their graves. And also—though these be sore and delicate points to touch upon—something has been done toward providing local transportation, toward properly paving the streets, and even toward keeping the streets clean. All of these improvements, with the others like in kind but less in degree which subsequently came to pass, were in embryo in the year 1825, and needed for their development only favoring conditions and time.

Equally existent in embryo were the developments which were to take place outside of New York but which were to be the very corner-stones of the city's later prosperity: the land and sea transportation service by steam. The ocean service came naturally, in sequence to that which had been expanded to great proportions before the new motive power had been reduced to practical working shape. Being established, the steamship lines had only to grow with the always growing trade. The existing railway service, which makes New York the seaboard terminus of all east-and-west lines, also is the necessary outgrowth of the earlier conditions when this port alone provided ample facilities for ocean carriage to all parts of the world. Possessing this advantage, the opening of the Erie Canal—a clear ten years before railways began seriously to modify the conditions of trade—gave this city a hold upon the business of the interior of the country that never afterwards was lost. And, consequently, when the railway building began in good earnest there was no question as to which of the seaboard cities should be the objective point of the traffic by rail. Whether the lines ended nominally at Baltimore or Philadelphia or Boston, their actual end—to which most of the goods for export must be brought, and from which almost all foreign goods must be received—was New York.



THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

BY ONE OF THE LADIES OF HER COURT.

SO much of a purely imaginative and mendacious nature has been published during the past years concerning the Empress-Queen of Austro-Hungary by persons who have never had the remotest opportunity of obtaining any authentic information about her that it may possibly interest English-speaking readers to learn something of her Majesty's character and mode of life from one who has enjoyed the inestimable privilege of forming part of her immediate circle.

Elizabeth's intense horror of publicity of any kind, her love of seclusion, and her exquisitely beautiful and romantic personality, have all contributed to render her the victim of misrepresentation that is mostly ludicrous and frequently cruel. The public, both in Austria and abroad, are insatiate in their desire to become acquainted with the "*faits et gestes*" of the lovely consort of Francis Joseph, and the newspapers, in order to meet the popular demand, have been forced to resort to the most elaborate literary embroidery on the flimsiest and most transparent of groundworks.

Unfortunately Elizabeth, although regarded as an exceedingly interesting figure, is not one that is popular in the general sense of the word, and hence many of these elaborately spun tissues of falsehood have been of a particularly inconsiderate and painful character. One of the most unfounded of these statements is the one which has recently obtained currency both in Europe and in the United States, to the effect that her Majesty had succumbed to the hereditary curse of the house of Bavaria. This is in no way true. She is not demented, nor has she ever been so, even momentarily. Broken-hearted, bowed down by sorrows which were due to no fault of hers, yes; but not insane, nor even a prey to that melancholia which has been so graphically described by imaginative newspaper writers. The Empress's failure to acquire popularity has been mainly due to her loftiness and great nobility of character. Being remarkably gifted both by nature and education, she has always been quick to perceive the foibles and weaknesses of those with whom she was brought into contact, and too honest to pretend with regard to the same any blindness which she did not feel. Moreover, her extreme delicacy and purity of mind rendered her singularly intolerant with regard to the ordinary delinquencies and indiscretions of a *mondaine's* life. She condemned too openly the intrigues and follies which she could not help seeing around her, and even the mere look of her glorious eyes was sufficient to convey a mute reproach to those whose conscience was not absolutely blameless. To her refined, fastidious, and somewhat satirical taste there appeared to be a sort of vulgarity in intimacies of any kind. Love, as ordinarily understood, was displeasing to her, and no man has been able ever to obtain any atom of influence over her; for whenever they attempted to change from courtiers to open admirers, they found an impassable barrier set between her and them by her intense chilliness of manner. She has been surrounded by all the powers of passion, but never has she granted them more than a cool little smile of compassionate pity, for passions have had no place in her exquisite and complex organism. Sometimes this refusal of hers to understand the feelings which she inspired in men ended tragically, as was the case when young Count H——, a Magyar nobleman, lost his heart to his sovereign many years ago. Tall and well made, and with an exceedingly handsome face on his broad shoulders, Count H—— was a young officer in the Royal Hungarian Body-Guard. He worshipped the Empress with all the ecstasies of a first love, and he was ready to perpetrate the maddest follies in order to win even the faintest smile of recognition. But he never had dared to breathe a word of his feelings to her. One night, however, during a ball at the Castle of Schoenbrunn, while wandering by her side on the moonlit terraces, he forgot all else save his uncontrollable passion. It is true that the exquisite loveliness of the young Empress was sufficient to set on fire the brain of any man, as she stood there illumined by the silvery rays of the harvest-moon, with her Narcissus-like fairness, her great blue-black eyes look-

ing so abnormally large in her delicate face, and her ethereal form clouded in silk-embroidered diamond-studded gauze, with huge emeralds glittering on her hair and bosom. The young officer came nearer to her, and suddenly putting out his arms to clasp her to his heart, murmured words of passionate love. Before, however, he could so much as touch her, she stopped him with a glance so chill and so contemptuous that it seemed to freeze and to magnetize him. He paused a second, trembling from head to foot, then throwing himself wildly at her feet, he buried his face in the perfumed laces of her gown and sobbed out his love.



ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.



MARIE VALÉRIE, ARCHDUCHESS.

Far from arousing a sentiment of pity in her heart, the young man's despair, his words, and his kneeling attitude seemed to her intolerable insults. She did not stop to consider the temptation that had been placed in his way, but drawing aside with a gesture of unutterable disdain, she left him and disappeared into the palace. Two days later, Count H—— was exiled to his great possessions in the far south of Hungary, and during many long and weary years he was kept there by the orders of the Kaiser, to whom Empress Elizabeth had related the incident.

The Emperor, although he has been drawn into many so-called *affaires de cœur*, has never loved but one woman in the true sense of the word, and that woman is his wife. The "anointed of the Lord" are frequently subjected to temptations from which ordinary mortals are exempt, especially when, as in the case of Francis Joseph, they combine in their person good looks, supreme elegance, chivalry, and a marvellous charm of manner. Loyalty on the part of the fair sex towards the sovereign occasionally assumes an exceedingly demonstrative form. They ruffle their feathers and put forth all their charms for the purpose of attracting imperial favor; and when the monarch condescends to bestow a kindly word or even glance in recognition of such manifest efforts to please him, a basis is at once given thereby to the most extravagant stories concerning his alleged intrigue with the fair one in question. These, however, are slanders from which no royal personage of any prominence is exempt. Certainly the Emperor can lay no claim to having lived the life of a saint during his early life. But, according to the French moral, "on prête aux riches" (one lends to the rich), and the exaggeration on the subject is of the most flagrant nature. Indeed, it is materially impossible that one tithe of the adventures ascribed to the Austrian monarch should be true.

The Emperor is a very hard and conscientious worker. Always up and dressed at five o'clock in the morning, he breakfasts in his *cabinet de travail*, and gives the whole forenoon to affairs of the state. Unfortunately, he has been somewhat weak where women were concerned. Women of all ranks and classes have adored him, and he never was able to withstand the charm of this delightful homage. The Emperor is a fine soldier, a keen hunter, a thinker, a scholar, and a satirist. He was ever extremely kind-hearted, but his soft-heartedness with regard to women rendered him involuntarily cruel to the only one he really loved profoundly and completely. Often, at first, Elizabeth was seized by an overpowering fit of anger against him when she saw him guilty of this weakness. She did not blame him openly, for she considered that her marriage vows bound her to obedience and silence. A jealous woman loses ground in her husband's esteem and in her own, and renders herself ridiculous by a ceaseless struggle with her rivals. Too proud to stoop to such a

course of action, the Empress refused even to admit to herself that she was neglected; but, nevertheless, she bitterly suffered. She found help and consolation for the Hungarian Bishop Ronay, who had but shortly completed the education of Archduke Rudolph, and said to him: "I have decided to confide my



FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

in a strong religious feeling, of which, it is true, she very seldom spoke, but to which all her actions pointed. Her choice of a tutor for Archduchess Valérie was an additional proof of her piety. In the beginning of March, 1873, Elizabeth sent daughter's education to you. I want her to be thoroughly cognizant of the Hungarian language. I have prayed with her in Hungarian ever since she was a baby, because I want her to be as little like a German as possible. Teach her to



THE LATE CROWN-PRINCE RUDOLPH.

be a true Christian. We are all in sore need of religious support to go through this life."

Little Valérie was then four years old, and Bishop Ronay continued as her instructor until the year 1883. The Empress was almost always present during the lessons, and followed with unabated interest her little daughter's progress. She herself was an excellent Hungarian scholar, and her teacher, Dr. Falk, the learned editor of the *Pesther Lloyd*, once remarked, while speaking of the lessons he had given her: "A more intelligent pupil could not have been found. She used to make long translations for me so correctly and in so neat a hand that she might have won the first prize at a public school. So anxious was she to advance herself in her studies that during all the time I had the honor of being her teacher I caught her tripping but once. One day, at the commencement of her lesson, she handed me a sheet of paper which looked somewhat untidy, both sides being written upon in pencil. 'Yesterday,' quoth her Majesty, 'I was engaged all day long in granting audiences and in receiving people, and in the evening there was a state concert, which fatigued me so much that I went to bed without thinking of preparing my lesson for to-day. I could not, however, go to sleep without doing some little work, so I tore this page from an almanac which was on a table near my bed, and I wrote on it the translation of one of the stories therein contained. You will therefore have to forgive the appearance of this exercise for the sake of my good intentions.'"

The incidents of her Majesty's early married life, on which history is singularly silent, nevertheless go far to explain her great dislike for Vienna and the Viennese, and her almost passionate love for all that is Hungarian. Of course the story of her betrothal to the Emperor is well known by all. A marriage had been arranged for him with her eldest sister, and the young monarch arrived at the castle of his future father-in-law for the purpose of being officially betrothed. He, however, fell madly in love with Princess Elizabeth, the Cinderella of the ducal family, who was yet in short dresses, and breaking off his engagement with Princess Helen, he married the younger sister.

A far grander alliance had been looked for by the Viennese, who considered that the impoverished family of Duke Maximilian, who was not even a Royal Highness, was unworthy of so great a distinction. Consequently the young Empress was, during the first ten or twelve years of her marriage, treated with coldness—nay, even with disdain—not only by the public and by the haughty and arrogant Austrian aristocracy, but also by the members of the imperial family, and in particular by the Archduchess Sophia, the Emperor's mother. The latter, who was a very talented and strong-minded woman, exercised an enormous influence over her son's mind, and became intensely jealous of her lovely daughter-in-law. Indeed, she went so far as to head the cabals against her, distorting every action of her faultless and noble life. Upon one occasion, when coming down the grand staircase of the palace at Schoenbrunn, the long, sweeping train of the young Empress became entangled around the feet of the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, who had drawn to one side to make room for his sovereign. A few embarrassing minutes under the eyes of the sneering Austrians present elapsed before a separation of church and state could be effected, and twenty-four hours later the grossest distortions of this event

had been circulated throughout scandal-loving Vienna by the friends of Archduchess Sophia. All this the Empress has been unable either to forget or to forgive, and those who have accused her of being heartless, and of preferring her horses and dogs to human beings, but little know the true origin of her reticence and coldness. Not finding true sympathy on the part of those around her, she turned in her sorrow to the noble animals among whom her youth was spent, and who, at least, did not ceaselessly betray and disappoint her.



STEPHANIE AND HER DAUGHTER ELIZABETH.

Many of her detractors allege that she is uncharitable, incapable of human sympathy, and too far above the emotions and needs of mankind. Even if this were true, it would but corroborate my assertion that she is the most poetical and romantic figure among the royalty of Europe. She is a noble woman in the full sense of the word; very silent, very brave and resolute, extremely generous, and perfectly, absolutely truthful in all things, both great and small. No one who has not lived in her closest intimacy can realize her infinite grace, and the pe-

culiar mixture of vivacity and languor which makes her absolutely irresistible. She has the kindest and warmest of hearts for those who know how to reach it, and there is not a mean trait in her nature. She talks well and even eloquently when interested in her subject, and her conversation invariably displays, without any apparent effort, the resources of a very cultivated and extremely learned mind. Moreover, she has a great talent both for painting and music. She plays exquisitely on the zither and organ, and sings with a pathos and expression that never fail to arouse the deepest emotions in the hearts of those who have the privilege of being admitted to hear her. She has been devotedly attached to her children in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, especially so to the late Crown-Prince and to Archduchess Valérie. She bitterly opposed Rudolph's marriage with Princess Stephanie of Belgium, and, as subsequent events have shown, it would have been far better had her wishes in the matter been treated with more regard. Her air of despondency during the ceremonies and the rejoicings which preceded and followed the marriage was noticed by everybody present, and no one could fail to observe her distant and almost repellent attitude towards her future daughter-in-law, and towards the latter's parents, King Leopold and Queen Henrietta of Belgium. The popular festival in the Prater, which was the prelude of the wedding entertainments, was certainly one of the most magnificent sights of the kind ever seen. Thousands upon thousands of people thronged the Prater, and the long road from Schoenbrunn to the entrance of the park was literally lined by row after row of spectators, who had come from all parts of the empire to obtain a glimpse of the Crown-Prince and his bride. The imposing cortége consisted of sixty-two court equipages. In the foremost carriage were the Prince Le Tour et Taxis, Grand Equerry of the empire, and Prince Hohenlohe, the Grand Master of the court. In the second carriage were the Emperor, who wore the uniform of a Belgian colonel, and the King of the Belgians, in Austrian uniform. The other carriages were occupied by the Empress, with the Queen of the Belgians, Crown-Prince Rudolph and his bride, Princess Victoria of Prussia—lately the Empress of Germany—with her brother the Prince of Wales; Prince William of Prussia—the present Emperor of Germany—who wore the uniform of an Austrian captain, with Archduchess Gisela; Prince Leopold of Bavaria, with the Countess of Flanders; the Count of Flanders, with the Grand-Duchess Alice of Tuscany, etc., etc., etc.

Empress Elizabeth wore a steel-gray dress and hat, and looked so young that it was absolutely impossible to believe her to be the mother of the tall, manly, athletic Crown-Prince. It was noticed that during the long drive her Majesty hardly ever spoke to Queen Henrietta, but sat upright in the carriage, bowing right and left with a somewhat vacant and absent-minded expression on her beautiful features. The acclamations of the multitude became deafening as the imperial party reached the Prater Stern, and so dense was the crowd that the Emperor, standing up in the carriage, had to request the people several times to make way. This, however, was of no avail; the enthusiasm had attained such a pitch that his Majesty's loyal subjects literally threw themselves against the horses, climbed on to the carriage steps, and ended by effectually bringing the entire cortége to a standstill. The Emperor, fearing that an accident might happen, gave orders for the carriages to separate, and by turning into various side streets, to reach the park by another way. During the wedding ceremony the Empress completely broke down, giving way to a violent fit of weeping. The Crown-Prince appeared anything but cheerful, and the Emperor was evidently in a very bad humor. Princess Stephanie looked insignificant, homely, and ill at ease. She wore a magnificent dress of heavy white brocade, thickly embroidered with silver in a marvellous design of oak and laurel leaves, myrtle and heather blossoms. The low bodice was covered with silver filigree lace, and she wore a veil which had been presented to her by the city of Brussels, and upon which the arms of Belgium and of Austria were woven in the most exquisitely delicate manner.

During the entire summer which followed her son's marriage the Empress seemed unable to shake off her melancholy forebodings, and it was only when she went to Gödöllö that the free and in-

vigorating country life in a measure restored her peace of mind. Every morning she attended mass as early as five o'clock, and after drinking a cup of black coffee without milk or sugar, she mounted her horse, and accompanied by one of her ladies-in-waiting, galloped off through the magnificent park, which is traversed in every direction by broad sandy avenues. Changing horses several times in the course of the morning, she would remain in the saddle until noon, when, after taking a cold bath, she would sit down with her lady to a simple luncheon, consisting of very rare steak, dry toast, and a glass of Montrose claret. Towards four o'clock her Majesty again went out riding, returning only just in time to dress for dinner. It is useless to say that ten or twelve weeks of such a life were sufficient to exhaust the forces of the strongest lady-in-waiting, who, moreover, was obliged to be perpetually on the *qui vive*, impervious to fatigue, and always in the best of humors. The Empress used to retire at nine or ten o'clock, and then we were accustomed to assemble in the private apartments of Countess Goess, the Grand Mistress of the Robes, and to remain there until two or three o'clock in the morning, laughing, chatting, smoking cigarettes, and even sometimes dancing with the aides-de-camp and gentlemen-at-arms on duty at the castle. The Empress's affection for her ladies-in-waiting very much depended on their skill in horsemanship. To those who rode well, she was exceptionally kind and indulgent, but had no sympathy whatever with those who were not perfect horsewomen.



CARL LUDWIG, ARCHDUKE.

The only trait of vanity which I ever noticed in Empress Elizabeth was the pride she took in her magnificent chestnut hair, which fell below her knees. She used to have it brushed for hours every day, whilst her "reader," Mlle. F——, read to her English, French, or Hungarian novels. Her Majesty was particularly anxious that the dressers who brushed her long tresses should avoid pulling out a single hair. This, of course, was an impossibility, and the unfortunate maid concealed carefully in the pocket of her apron any hair which became entangled in the brush. One day the Empress, happening to glance into the looking-glass, caught sight of the maid concealing a small roll of hair in the above-described fashion. Jumping up from her rocking-chair, her Majesty clutched her attendant by the wrist, and angrily exclaimed:

"I have caught you at last. You are ruining my hair!"

With a presence of mind which would have done honor to an expert diplomat, the maid replied, unhesitatingly: "I implore your Majesty to forgive me. It never happened before. I only wished to

have a few of my sovereign's hairs to put in the locket which my little girl wears around her neck as a talisman."

Whether the Empress believed or not this clever invention, I do not know, but shrugging her shapely shoulders, she resumed her seat, laughing merrily; and the next day she presented her maid with a locket enriched with diamonds, saying, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "I think this is the kind of talisman your little daughter deserves for having such a clever mother."

One of Empress Elizabeth's best friends, and certainly one of the few women with whom the imperial lady is in perfect sympathy, is Archduchess Maria Theresa, her eventual successor as Empress of Austria. This is all the more remarkable as they are absolutely different from each other. Whereas Elizabeth hates to preside at court, and never even attempts to conceal her dislike for society, Maria Theresa is never so happy as when in the midst of a crowd. Her salons at Vienna are thrown open twice a week to receive distinguished men of all parties and all nations. She is an admirable hostess, and possesses to a high degree the royal gift of never forgetting a face or a name, and of never making any confusion of persons. She has an intense love for literature and art, and is one of the most cultivated women I have ever met. In reality, Carl Ludwig's palace is more of a court than the Hofburg, and its *habitués* shrugged their shoulders when the report was spread abroad some time ago that the Archduke was thinking of resigning his rights of succession to the Austrian throne in favor of his son by his former wife. Carl Ludwig himself would certainly not be disinclined to do so. He is morally very much older than his actual age. All his sympathies are with the past, and he has no interest whatever in present affairs, or any confidence in the future.

Archduke Rainer and his wife, Archduchess Marie-Caroline, are the most easy-going and simple of all the members of the imperial family. Empress Elizabeth does not like them much, and accuses them of being *bourgeois*. It is true that Archduke Rainer takes a particular delight in going almost every year to Brighton and to Nice, accompanied by his wife, both preserving the strictest incognito, and behaving like any other couple of *bons bourgeois en villegiature*.

Of all pretty places in this world, Ischl is one of the most beautiful. Whether seen in the glad morning light or at the hour of sunset, it is equally lovely. At night, when the moon slowly rises above the sombre pine forests, and shines on the ripple of the rapid Traun, it is a scene of boundless poetry and magic. Ischl is in no way fast, like Baden or Monaco. It is neither brilliant nor glittering. It is sedate, simple, and decorous; a little old-fashioned, still in a quiet, courtly manner, and this is why Empress Elizabeth likes it so well. When at Ischl the Empress is in her element. She delights in visiting her Sennerins in their high-perched mountain chalets. A practised hunter, she is as sure-footed as a chamois, and enjoys nothing better than to climb the abrupt cliffs of the Attersee shores. For hours together she roams about in the grand woods, under the shade of giant trees, moss-grown with age, and surrounded by a perfect wilderness of green ferns, blue-eyed gentians, and purple cyclamens. Unaided and unattended, except by her lady, she often takes the oars and rows herself on the wonderful blue waters of the Traun and Attersee.

It was not when at the Hofburg at Vienna that the duties of a lady-in-waiting were fatiguing. The Empress used to go out but little, and excepting a ride in the Prater, or an occasional drive during the afternoon in the outskirts of Vienna, the lady-in-waiting's services consisted in merely remaining in a salon adjacent to that of the Empress during the day, and in occupying a seat in her immediate vicinity during the eight o'clock dinner, having charge of her Majesty's gloves, fan, and bouquet. Later on, when Elizabeth retired to her apartments at half past nine or ten o'clock, the lady had to be ready to join her in her evening smoke and chat if sent for.

The Empress not only smokes from fifty to sixty Turkish cigarettes a day, but during the course of the evening she also smokes several terribly strong cigars. This perhaps somewhat unfeminine pastime acts as a sedative on her Majesty's nervous temperament, and has become almost indispensable to her. In spite of all that doctors say to the contrary, this habit has not impaired the pearly whiteness of her lovely teeth.

One of the only public occasions on which the Empress willingly consented

to appear was the races in the Freudenau. From the imperial tribune she would watch the whole performance throughout the afternoon with intense interest. A race day in the Freudenau is one of the prettiest sights imaginable. Carriages are drawn up in long rows around the course, and filled by titled and lovely occupants. Drags with magnificent horses dash up now and again, and the grand stand is one mass of color and excitement.

The Empress's greatest passion was riding, and especially riding to hounds, heedless of wind and weather so long as there was a fine scenting breeze. She adored a hard day 'cross country.

At the close of the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 the Empress took into her service a little Berberine boy named Mahmoud, who had accompanied the Egyptian government mission to Austria, and who had acted as page of the Cairene House, which the Khedive Ismail had caused to be erected in the Prater, and presented to her Imperial Majesty. The little fellow, with his great black eyes, his bright and picturesque dress, and his dusky skin, looked for all the world like one of Barbédienne's enamelled bronzes. The Empress became much attached to the tiny African, and was very kind and gracious to him. When the cruel cold of the Vienna winter affected his lungs, accustomed to the hot winds of the African desert, and when he fell ill with pneumonia, she nursed and tended him with her own fair hands. Mahmoud literally worshipped his imperial mistress, and could hardly bear her out of his sight. This intense devotion, however, had its drawbacks, for he was morbidly jealous of her, with all the unreasoning jealousy of a child and the savagery of some wild little animal. He became the playmate of young Archduchess Valérie, and the horror of Austrian aristocracy knew no bounds when they saw their Empress's favorite child, who looked like a dainty harebell, with her slender figure and bright gossamer skirts, continually in the company of the flat-nosed and thick-lipped African boy. The Empress, on being informed of the indignation which she had unwittingly aroused by her kindness to Mahmoud, whom she was accustomed to describe as "mein kleiner schwarzer Kaefer" (my little black beetle), became imbued with that spirit of defiance which she so often displays where her Austrian subjects are concerned; for she responded to their murmurs by having the two children—the white and the black, the imperial princess and the slave-boy—photographed together, arm in arm! Haughty, patrician, exclusive Vienna lifted its hands to Heaven in indignation, and this one act of hers added thousands to the already large number of Elizabeth's detractors. Many even then began to hint that the Empress was not quite right in her mind, and that her extravagances were certain signs of latent dementia. It was about that time, too, that it became known in Vienna that the Empress was in the habit of spending several hours daily in her private riding-school with Elisa, the celebrated "Hochschulreiterin" (professional equestrienne), who was the star of Renz's circus, and it was rumored that her Majesty was engaged in practising all the feats of a circus rider. As usual, of course, the facts were very much exaggerated and distorted. It is quite true that the Empress, who admired good riding beyond all things, sent several times for Elisa to ride her horses in the riding-school of the Hofburg, and that she herself occasionally attempted "Fahrschule," that is, to ride on one horse and handle the reins of teams of four to eight horses, which she trotted and galloped around the ring ahead of her. But there is no shadow of veracity in the calumnies spread by her enemies to the effect that her Majesty was jumping through hoops, or imitating in any way the acrobatic performances of Renz's *coryphées*.

Ever ready to propagate cruel absurdities concerning her Majesty, the short-sighted, frivolous, and superficial society of the Austrian capital remained blind to her innumerable acts of charity. Often in the early hours of the morning she would glide out of her palace, either at Vienna or Buda-Pesth, to proceed on errands of mercy, accompanied by a trusted and confidential attendant. Elizabeth has never known fear. Alone she penetrated into the darkest, poorest, and roughest quarters—quarters where were huddled together the fierce and half-starved multitudes who make revolutions and who breed anarchy. She was perfectly safe among them. No one knew who she was; but her courage, her gentleness, and her open-hearted generosity caused the wretched creatures whom she visited to regard her in the light of an angel.

They never suspected that the kind lady who succored their cruel need was the cold, proud, and haughty sovereign who was taxed with heartlessness and indifference by both high and low in the great country over which her husband reigns. Numerous families redeemed from misery and suffering, many foul places purged to moral and physical cleanliness, many young people both male and female saved from crime and shame — these were the results of her Majesty's visits to the slums of her empire. She could go unharmed where the police would hardly venture; for the people grew to love her, and would not willingly have hurt a hair of her head. She helped the unfortunate unconditionally, and consoled them as did her namesake, Elizabeth of Hungary, centuries ago.

THE HANDSOME HUMES.

A Novel.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Chapter I.

A COMING OF AGE.

ON a certain night in February a numerous and distinguished company was gradually assembling in the Marie Antoinette room of the Hôtel Métropole, Northumberland Avenue, the occasion being the coming of age of a young man called Sidney Hume. But of all the people arriving or arrived there none presented so striking a figure as the hostess herself, a woman of quite unusual stature, straight as a wand, yet not without the presence and substantiality befitting her years, which lay between the fifties and sixties. Comely of feature, too, with a complexion, almost countrified in its clear fresh tones, that accorded well with the silvery gray of her hair; eyes at once frank and shrewd; a mouth good-naturedly inclined to smile, and showing, when her lips parted, perfect teeth. For this stately dame—looking all the more stately because of her costume of black velvet and old lace, with an occasional gleam of diamonds—was not at all of an austere demeanor; nor yet was she blandly and passively gracious, as might fairly have become her height. The welcome that she extended to her guests had more than a touch of cheerful cordiality in it; there was a quick word here, a humorous glance there; she could maliciously laugh with this one, and instantly alter her face to receive the next—who chanced to be a bishop. Conscious of her great personal beauty, proud of her son, pleased to have her friends come round her, she appeared to be a very happy woman in these auspicious circumstances, and she took no pains to conceal the fact. A slight insistence in her speech—a sort of persuasive downrightness—she may have derived from her Scotch upbringing; otherwise she betrayed no trace of accent, as she chatted with this one and that, obviously in the highest of high spirits.

Meanwhile the young man whose four-and-twentieth birthday had brought these people together was also doing his part—moving about the murmuring room with a slip of names in his hand—giving whispered directions as to who was to take down whom to dinner—furnishing introductions where that was needful—and so forth. He also was tall, and of a well-built, slim figure; his face clean-shaven; his features of a distinctly intellectual cast; his brown hair worn rather long; his eyes grave and attentive; his manner somewhat reserved. He seemed inclined to listen respectfully rather than to talk, especially if the person he was addressing happened to be older than himself; he had not yet acquired that self-confidence, that assurance of success, that knowledge of the world, that gave something of a conquering air to the silver-haired lady who now stood near the door, laughing and talking and welcoming each new arrival. But in the matter of good looks, he was a worthy son of that proud dame: did not he, too, belong to "the handsome Humes"?

By-and-by this reception-chamber—which was filled with a sort of mysterious twilight from rose-shaded lamps and candles—had mustered its complement of guests; and then it was that Sidney Hume gave his arm to a little old lady whose rank entitled her to this prece-

dence, and led the way, the other couples following in due order, the hostess coming last along with the bishop afore-mentioned—the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Wilchester, to wit. Their destination was the drawing-room, which had upon this particular evening been converted into a dining-room; and here indeed was a change from the hushed, mysterious, rose-hued chamber they had just left. This great saloon, with its lofty pillars and branching palms, its white and gold walls and roof, was all ablaze with clusters of electric lights; the long table was a splendor of flowers and silver and crystal; while from behind a screen that stretched across one portion of the apartment came the softly modulated strains of a stringed band. There was some slight confusion in seeking for places, but that was soon over; the music ceased; the guests remained standing; and the bishop—a little pale-faced, nervous-looking man—said grace. Then they all took their seats; and the talk began.

Now most of those people knew each other—many of them, indeed, being near relatives; but here and there were one or two who had not met before; and among these were a couple of young folk who had been introduced to each other in the room above. The man was about eight-and-twenty; of anæmic complexion; with soft dark eyes; and beard and mustache clipped in the French fashion; the young lady whom he had brought down was a rather good-looking lass, with an abundance of fluffy blond hair, a pleasant smile, and a pince-nez. Her companion made sure of her name by glancing at the card on the table; then he started off.

"Do you know many of those here to-night?" he asked.

"It is my business," answered this damsel, with demure eyes, "to know everybody. I am a lady journalist."

He did not seem much alarmed.

"You don't say!" he observed, quietly. "I am, in a fashion, connected with newspapers myself—on the other side. Washington."

"Oh, Washington?" said the young lady, and then she seemed inclined to giggle—which was wrong. "You have a great deal of society in Washington, haven't you? I suppose you might consider Washington the headquarters of American society?"

"Why, yes, I suppose it is," he responded; "especially when Congress is in session. There are plenty of entertainments—and all the Presidential and diplomatic dinners—"

"And does Mrs. Hume understand that you write for the Washington papers?" was the next question—put with perfect seriousness, though there was laughter in the creature's gray eyes.

"Hardly that," said this prematurely old young man with the worn face. "I may have mentioned my paper, but I don't write for it, beyond sending a cable despatch now and again. I am part proprietor, in fact; that is all my connection with journalism. But you said you knew everybody; tell me, then, about our hostess and her son. You see, I merely made his acquaintance in the smoking-room; we had some talk several times; then he introduced me to his mother, and she was good enough to invite me to this dinner. And here I am. But all I know of her is that she is about the most extraordinarily handsome woman I ever beheld—"

"Handsome?" repeated his neighbor. "Did you never hear of 'the handsome Hays'?"

His look confessed his ignorance.

"Not of the three famous beauties—the three tall sisters—who came up from Teviot-side to take all London by storm? You never heard of 'the handsome Hays'—'the beautiful Miss Hays,' as they were called—that all the town ran after, so that they had crowds waiting to see them go into a theatre? Of course it is all ancient history now—five-and-thirty years ago and more; but I've had to get up the particulars — for — yes, for an article I am writing; and besides, I know Mrs. Hume very well—"

At this moment the band behind the white and gold screen began to play "There was a lad was born in Kyle."

"Do you hear that?" the young lady continued. "She is wildly proud of her Scotch lineage; and I shouldn't be surprised if she had chosen nothing but Scotch airs for this evening. Shouldn't be in the least surprised—"

"But you were telling me of the three famous beauties," her companion reminded her.

"Why, this is one of them! There she is. This one was the youngest of the three. And her two sisters were consid-

ered to have done well enough—they both married titles; but it was thought that the youngest had done better than either of them when she captured the Squire of Ellerdale—one of the greatest properties in the north of England. For the truth is they had come to London with nothing but their face for their fortune—and an unbounded pride of race, of course—an old tower on Teviot-side, and a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer all to themselves—"

"So she was one of the three beauties?" the American said, regarding his hostess with something of a curious scrutiny. "I can well understand it."

"Oh, but that was a generation ago," exclaimed this family chronicler with the unbridled flaxen hair. "We don't talk about the handsome Hays now; it is the handsome Humes. Five sons and four daughters—that is something of a family; and all of them remarkably good-looking; and all of them fortunately married and settled, thanks to the engineering capabilities of an extremely astute mamma—all of them, I mean, except this young Sidney, and she'll soon get him fixed when she thinks the time is come. Oh, she is a clever one," continued the young person, whose comments on her hostess were not without a spice of malice. "They call her the most successful woman in England. She is a born manager, shrewd and capable, and doing everything with such an appearance of good-humor that you would never suspect her of schemes. The most successful woman in England? I should think so! One after the other, son and daughter—all prosperously established; and then, instead of remaining in possession of Ellerdale Park, as she might have done, she must needs vacate the premises, so that her eldest son should reign undisturbed as the Squire. Of course that leaves her free too. She can move about—Rome, Naples, Nice—wherever the society is most to her mind. At present she has a house at Henley—"

The band began to play "Loudon's bonnie woods and braes."

"Didn't I tell you?" said this communicative damsel. "We shall have Scotch airs all the evening—though the Humes of Ellerdale are an English family. But where was I in my information? Oh yes, Henley. I said Henley—"

As she paused for a second, he turned and stole an inquiring glance at her. She seemed amused. When she next spoke it was in a lowered voice.

"Don't look just now—while I am talking to you; but in a second or two turn your attention to the lady who is sitting on Sidney Hume's left—"

"I have already noticed her."

"And not recognized her? Haven't you seen her photographs in the shop windows, among the fashionable beauties?"

And indeed it might have been assumed that the lady thus indicated would be able to hold her own in any such collection; for although she was not so striking in appearance as the statuesque dame at the head of the table, she was sufficiently attractive-looking in a younger and slighter fashion. What was visible of her figure—through these intervening flowers—was elegant and graceful; her features were refined; her complexion clear and colorless, with just a touch of make-up; her eyebrows high and well marked; her masses of black hair loosely and effectively arranged. And if there was something about her forehead and mouth that denoted considerable decision of character, that, on the other hand, was softened by the expression of her eyes, which were very beautiful eyes—clear gray with dark pupils, intensified by black lashes: eyes that had an amiable and intelligent look, and were rather given, as one might suspect, to quiet and humorous observation. For the rest, her costume was of pale blue crêpe de Chine, open square at the neck, with a collar of white swan's-down; heavy bands of gold were on her gloved arms; but she wore no ornament round her finely modelled throat.

"Who is she?" asked the American, in an undertone.

"That is Lady Helen Yorke," answered the flaxen-haired maiden, keeping her eyes resolutely fixed upon her plate. "And she is the only daughter—the only child—of the Earl of Monks-Hatton. Would it surprise you to hear that Lord Monks-Hatton has a seat near Henley?"

The young lady (one blushes to confess it) sniggered.

"I don't quite understand—" her companion said.

"Oh, do you think I would make any suggestion?" she protested. "Certainly not! I couldn't think of such a thing. But Lady Helen is a great heiress. And she has refused all sorts of offers—so they

say; and no one knows why; perhaps she has a bit of a temper, and is rather difficult to please. At the same time she'd better look out; she's getting on; seven-and-twenty, I should think. And if she were to take a fancy to one of the handsome Humes? Mind, I don't say anything; only I know that the Monks-Hatton live near Henley—one of their seats; and I know that Mrs. Hume and Lady Helen are great friends; and I perceive, with my own eyes, who it is who is sitting on Sidney Hume's left. For if he had to take down the dowager Duchess because of her rank, there was the other place next him; and a skilfully managing mamma. But perhaps I'm very wicked to suspect such things. And indeed I don't think Sidney Hume is of the marrying kind—from what little I've seen of him. Oh no, for him there's no one like his mother. You could boil down all the women in England into one, and she would be in his eyes nothing to compare with the magnificent mamma. He is just desperately proud of her—"

"And she of him?"

"Oh, I suppose so! Those Humes have been so courted and flattered that they think all the virtues and graces and good looks in England belong to their family by rights."

"Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came," the band played behind the screen; and perhaps it was the gentleness of the melody that interposed to soften the acerbity of this young lady's remarks; at all events, she went on to speak of Sidney Hume himself in quite a friendly and kindly way. She said it was a pity he mured himself up in his college at Oxford. Degrees, honors, fellowships, should be reserved for persons of ungainly physique. Men of heroic mould should come out into the great world, to play their part.

Meanwhile what of the "most successful woman in England," who was seated up there at the head of the table? Surely she must have confessed to herself that this was a very gay and brilliant scene over which she was presiding—the profusion of flowers being especially remarkable: camellias, tulips, hyacinths, primulas, cyclamens, with here and there masses of maidenhair-fern in the tall silver dishes. Radiant light and color; a scented atmosphere; soft music stealing in from time to time; animated talk, with little bursts of laughter: what more could be desired? No wonder that this gracious hostess, when she turned from contemplating the busy table to answer the remarks of the bishop who sat next her, wore a pleased and complacent air!

"My views, bishop, about Sidney?" she said. "I hardly know that I have any—any more than he has himself—the long, lazy boy! Oh no!" she added, instantly correcting herself. "Not lazy—not at all; but the fact is that acquiring knowledge seems to come so easily to him, and he is interested in such a multitude of things, that you would be astonished to find how much he had stored up, in that apparently idle and dawdling way of his. Just an encyclopædia, without taking any trouble about it! And yet what good is it all to him? And even if he were to devote himself to something special, the professions are all overstocked. There's the Indian civil service, no doubt: that offers good prospects for a young fellow who has done as well at his university as Sidney has done—but I fear it is too late in the day—" Here she laughed. "Well, bishop, I must tell you the truth. Sometimes I think that as I have given up all my other sons and my daughters, I should be allowed to keep my single remaining boy to myself. And then again I reproach myself for such a selfish feeling, and think I would rather give him up too, if I could see him comfortably settled. It would only be an additional home for me to visit occasionally; and you know I have so many homes, with all those boys and girls married, that I never can accept half the invitations—"

"You are a fortunate mother-in-law," said his lordship, with a little laugh.

"And as for Sidney," continued Mrs. Hume, in her blithe way. "Who knows what may happen? Do you remember the old ballad, bishop?

> 'Oh, father, oh, father,
> An ye think it fit,
> We'll send him a year
> To the college yet:
> We'll sew a green ribbon
> Round about his hat,
> And that will let them ken
> He's to marry yet.'

Greater wonders than that have happened."

"Ah, I perceive—I perceive," said the bishop, thoughtfully. "And when does Mr. Sidney close his university career?"

"The sooner the better, I should be inclined to say, if only I could get him to tear himself away from his beloved college. I suppose I shall have to bribe him; and the bribe will have to be something Greek. I shall have to promise to help him in hunting for Greek gems, or in excavating some Greek ruin, or in raising a rebellion among the Greeks of some Turkish island. A rebellion—I shouldn't at all wonder if he were to devote this little fortune that now becomes his to some such mad enterprise; and then, after all, I might have to support a beggar son in the end."

Now amid these various plans and projects in connection with this young man's future, that contained in the lines quoted by Mrs. Hume must have sunk into the bishop's mind; and eventually it paved the way for a very pretty little incident. On an occasion of this kind, his lordship remarked to his neighbor, formal speech-making was unnecessary and uncalled-for; still—might not a few words, expressing the good wishes of the company, be permitted? Mrs. Hume smiled most grateful thanks: it had been her own secret desire that the bishop should perform this kindly office, though she had not ventured to say so. Then, as there chanced to be a lull in the traffic of the servants, the bishop got up. There was instant silence. Naturally and inevitably he began by saying he would not make a speech; and forthwith proceeded to make it. It was a clever and incisive little oration, whether it was unpremeditated or not; there was only one Latin phrase in it—about the obligation of maintaining the dignity of an ancient name; and there were some ingenious references to the happy fortune of one who had in his turn inherited certain qualities of character and person that had rendered his family distinguished through more than one generation. Finally, said the good bishop, though he would not touch upon the legal conditions that had constituted this second coming of age, nevertheless Mr. Sidney (as he might be allowed to call him, having known so many older members of the family) had now to be complimented on having fully succeeded to man's estate; and they might be pardoned if they looked forward to yet another important occasion. That occasion would arise when their young friend should present to them his chosen helpmeet and life companion; and she (he was sure) would receive from all of them the same welcome and the same earnest good wishes for all blessings, temporal and eternal, which they were now heartily tendering to himself. Quite an excellent little speech; and when the bishop had finished, the men rose and raised their glasses; there were murmured cries of "Sidney! Sidney!" "Hume! Hume! Good luck to you!" and the like. It may have been a mere coincidence, or it may have been one of the artful wiles of the founder of the feast, but at this moment the band interposed with "Come fye let us a' to the bridal!"

Then young Hume got up. It was an awkward position; but he bore himself modestly, and that bespoke favor. His words, indeed, were few—thanks for their presence and their good wishes, and so forth; but it was thus he wound up:

"His lordship has been good enough to hint of another occasion when I might be able to present to you a helpmeet and companion—a sweetheart, I suppose. But, ladies and gentlemen, I have already chosen my sweetheart. And I dare say that every one thinks that his sweetheart is the incomparable one of all the world—in beauty, and kindness, and accomplishments, and tried affection. At least that is my case—"

"Goodness me!" said the flaxen-haired young lady to her American acquaintance. "Is he going to announce his engagement?"

"That is my case," young Hume continued. "And I cannot do better, ladies and gentlemen, than ask you to be so very kind as to drink her health."

He raised his glass—and bowed low to his mother. It was simply, and naturally, and gracefully done; and it was a great success—much clapping of hands ensuing; while as for Mrs. Hume, though she exclaimed "The rascal," she was immensely delighted; she blushed and laughed like a school-girl—at sight of those upraised glasses; and demanded of the bishop what should be done to a boy that thus made a fool of his old mother.

"Bravo, Sidney!" cried a brother-in-law, who had the look of an M. F. H. about him. "If you stick to them sentiments, you'll save yourself a heap of trouble in this world."

And the nervous little bishop laughed and applauded too, and was quite proud

of his share in the impromptu performance; he said if he had been told beforehand he could not more conclusively have elicited an opinion which did so much honor to both mother and son.

And in due course of time the long and merry evening came to an end; and when the guests, in various groups, had bidden good-by to their hostess and were proceeding to take their departure, Sidney Hume went along to the outer hall to see them off. Thither also, as soon as the room was finally cleared, wandered Mrs. Hume and Lady Helen, the former with her hand placed affectionately within the arm of the latter; and there these two remained as spectators, watching the carriages come up and drive away. Accordingly, when the young man had fulfilled his duty and was returning through the hall, he found the two ladies awaiting him.

"Sidney," said his mother, in her gayly masterful way, "we want you. Helen is coming up to my room to have a little private confabulation over the events of the evening, and you must come too, and get us something in the way of a nightcap, you know, for the sake of our nerves."

"Very well, mother," he said, obediently; and he followed them up the staircase and along the corridor, until they had arrived at Mrs. Hume's sitting-room.

But no sooner were they within this warm and cheerfully lit apartment than it became clear that Mrs. Hume was herself going to be responsible for the snugness and comfort of this little family party—if so it might be regarded. She rang the bell and ordered coffee. She went to a sideboard and produced a bottle of Benedictine, with three liqueur glasses. She had three comfortable arm-chairs drawn in towards the fire. And presently, when she had brought the Benedictine and the glasses over, she took a box of cigarettes—perhaps as a temptation, perhaps as a jest—and offered it to Lady Helen.

Curiously enough, at the very moment that the younger lady received the box into her hands, she happened to glance instinctively towards the tall young man who still stood by the table; and apparently she saw in his face—not disapproval, for that would have been impertinence: what right of criticism or control over her had he? but—an indefinable something that instantly caused her to change her mind. She rose from her chair and put the box on the mantel-shelf.

"How can you bring such a charge against me, Mrs. Hume?" she protested, with laughing indignation. "You only saw me once — for a piece of mischief. Here, Mr. Sidney; don't you want the cigarettes?"

"No, thank you," he said, without drawing near.

"Oh, you need not offer them to Sidney," his mother interposed, as she settled herself in the chair opposite that of Lady Helen. "He wouldn't smoke in the presence of a woman for ten thousand worlds. It's one of his fads."

"It is merely an old-fashioned prejudice, and it hurts no one," he said, in self-defence.

"I am not so sure—I am not so sure," his mother insisted. "I like to see a man smoking; it makes for companionship and sociability. For example, now, at this moment, if you were smoking, you would be seated in this chair between Helen and me, telling us all about the ghost that is playing pranks at St. Mary Hall, showing us your latest treasures—wretched little books that are only rare because of their wrong paging—and so on; instead of which you are lounging over there by the table, taking no notice of us."

It was a direct reproof; and he had been well brought up. He came and took the empty seat between these two: the three of them made a kind of semicircle round the fire.

"Well, I have nothing wonderful to show you," he said. "But I picked up a couple of very good coins to-day; they may interest you." He took them from his waistcoat pocket, and handed one of them, a small gold piece, to his mother. "That is a stater of Philip II. of Macedon—the great time, you know, for coinage—and if you look at the head of Apollo on that one, you will find it perfectly beautiful—something like the head of the Venus of Milo, in fact. The other side? Oh, that is the king driving a *biga*."

And had he no word for the Lady Helen, who sat mute and listening, with perhaps a furtive glance from time to time at the young man himself, at the fine set of his head and shoulders, his somewhat pale intellectual features, and the soft brown of his hair? At last he turned to her, and offered her the other coin.

"That is a bronze of Hadrian," he said, with a certain indifference. "Nothing very uncommon, except, perhaps, as to its condition."

But she appeared to be much interested in the two small figures in classic dress, the one standing and holding out his hand to the other kneeling, with the legend surrounding them, "RESTITVTORI ACHAIÆ." She lingered over this little bit of property, which had come warm from his pocket. "And S. C.," she said, "what does that mean?"

"Senatus consulto—by decree of the Senate," he answered her.

"And P. P.? Not parish priest?" she asked again, venturing to raise her smiling eyes to his.

"Pater patriæ," he responded, as he somewhat carelessly received back both coins. And therewith he rose. "I am afraid I must bid you good-night now," he said to the two women.

"Sidney!" his mother exclaimed. "When I thought we should have a nice quiet little chat all by our three selves! And you cannot be going to bed yet—"

"I have to finish tinkering at the 'Frogs,'" he explained, if that was an explanation.

"Tinkering at the frogs?" she repeated.

"The 'Frogs' of Aristophanes. There is to be a translation accompanying the acting version—the O. U. D. S., you know—and I must send it off by the first post tomorrow morning. So good-night, mother dear." He went forward and kissed her. "Good-night, Lady Helen," he said, shaking hands with the younger woman.

Lady Helen followed him with her eyes—those meditative, inscrutable eyes—as he left the room; and then, when he had actually gone, she sank back in her chair, with some little look of petulant disappointment.

"Bother the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes!" said Mrs. Hume, with admirable good-humor. "But now, Helen dear, you can have your cigarette if you like."

Chapter II.

CROWHURST FARM.

Early next morning Mrs. Hume was up at Paddington station, and she was accompanied by Lady Helen, who had been her guest in town. They were standing at the book-stall when a man approached the taller of the two ladies and said,

"I beg your pardon, madam—"

She turned. He handed to her a glove she had accidentally dropped.

"Oh, thank you very much, very much," she said.

He raised his hat respectfully and passed on, rejoining his companion, with whom he had been walking up and down the platform.

"What an odd-looking man!" observed Mrs. Hume, glancing after him.

"That is a remarkably pretty girl who is with him," said Lady Helen.

Meanwhile those two, unaware that they had attracted any notice or comment, were continuing their idle stroll to and fro, entirely engrossed in each other's talk. The one of them (he who had picked up Mrs. Hume's glove for her) was a powerfully built man, especially about the shoulders; of sallow complexion; dark eyes and hair, the latter with a touch of gray; and short side-whiskers. He was dressed quietly and neatly; and his manner was quiet; indeed, his unobtrusive, almost deprecating demeanor, and his submissive eyes, joined to the firmness of his features and the massive strength of his frame, were somehow suggestive of a bull-dog and the docile placidity of that animal. As for his companion, that was another matter. This young creature—here on a dull and commonplace platform—seemed to be the very incarnation of our English spring-time—the ideal spring-time, that is to say, the spring-time of our lyric poets, the spring-time of waving daffodils and saffron-tinted dawns, of brooks and meads and budding willows, the spring-time of youth and merriment, of gay garlands and jocund sports, of swift glances and sweet kisses and coyness. Not tall she was, yet of a perfect symmetry; her neck slender, the head well poised; her complexion of the rarest freshness—making one think of clambering wild roses, both snow-white and pink; her hair of a light sunny brown, and not so carefully garnered up but that there were stray tags and tangles here and there, especially about the region of the ears; her eyes of a pellucid blue, full of liquid light, very honest and simple of expression, meeting a stranger with frank unconcern, and then instantly withdrawn in maiden bashfulness. The dark man with the submissive expression and the powerful shoulders stooped a little and walked delib-

erately; this fresh-colored, sunny-haired young creature, so light and free of step was she, so erect and easy and lissome of carriage, so blithe and happy and eager of air, looked as though she longed to be away among daisied meadows, with swift running and laughter, and the scattering of blossoms to the April winds.

She nestled close to her father, and her arm was tightly enclosed within his.

"Dodo, I am all shivering with anticipation!" she said, with smilingly parted lips.

"Ah, but you will be disappointed, Nan; you must count on being disappointed," he said, almost anxiously. "The day is dull; everything will look dismal. And I'm afraid we are making the experiment too soon; we should have waited till the end of March, or perhaps even the beginning of May; at present there is nothing out in the garden but snowdrops and crocuses; and the woods are bare—you won't find a single primrose yet; I went looking about everywhere the day before yesterday. If I could only have found one as an encouragement for you—"

"Dodo, I am not going to be disappointed!" she said, interrupting him with a certain wilfulness. "I want to see the spring-time from the very beginning—to watch the very first symptoms of life; there will be a new wonder every day; and you and I must hunt together, you know. Oh, I can tell you, the expeditions I have been looking forward to—"

"Yes, yes, Nan, but you are expecting too much," he said, with the same anxiety. "You won't find things all as well arranged and comfortable as they were at the vicarage, perhaps; you see, you had everything there—"

"Everything—except you, Dodo!" she interposed.

"It's very nice of you to say so, Nan. But—but you must not expect too much of Crowhurst. You will find many things wrong. And it will be a great change for you; you may not like it—"

"Dodo, what are you talking about!" she remonstrated, warmly, "when the very dream of my life has come true at last!"

The guard unlocked the doors; these two entered a carriage, and no one sought to follow; and presently the train was slowly creeping out from the platform. When they got away from the station and its surroundings the daylight whitened somewhat; but it was a long time before they reached the open country; and even then, when there was anything of an extended view, it was a wintry-looking landscape that lay before them—a landscape of gray, green, and black—the silvery gray of a clouded sky, the harsh green of dank pasture, the purple-black of trees and hedges. But was there not also a tremulous gleam of sunshine here and there, a faint glow on some field of golden stubble or along the red furrows of some newly ploughed land? This man, at all events, was eagerly, piteously, trying to persuade himself that those clouded heavens were going to break apart, that those vague shafts of light were growing stronger.

"Oh yes, Nan," he was saying. "I shouldn't wonder if we got a little sunlight, after all, so that your first impression of Crowhurst may not be quite so unfavorable. There is really some sunlight coming through."

"Dodo, it is the very perfection of a spring day!" she insisted. "Don't you feel how soft and mild the air is? And how can you talk of unfavorable impressions, when I am as happy as a bird let out of a cage? Only I wish this train would hurry quick—quick!"

They changed at Twyford, and shortly thereafter reached Henley, which was their destination. On the platform they were met by a grave-looking elderly man, who received instructions about the luggage; then they were free to go.

"That was John, the gardener, Nan," her father explained to her. "I don't know much about his skill as a gardener, but I got an excellent character with him, and he will do any odd thing that's wanted about the house. Now let us see if the boy has brought down the trap for us."

They passed out from the station into the clearer light and air, and presently Miss Anne Summers found herself regarding, with mingled surprise and admiration, an exceedingly pretty little Stanhope phaeton in darkly varnished oak, in the shafts of which was a smallish, clever-looking animal of a light cream-color, with black mane and tail. At the horse's head stood a diminutive tiger in livery—boots, brass-buttoned coat, and tall hat, all very trim and correct, the whole turnout being entirely smart and business-like.

"You don't think, Nan," said the girl's father, rather timidly regarding her—"you don't think—it doesn't occur to you—that there may be a little suggestion of the circus—"

"Oh, how could you imagine such a thing!" she exclaimed, as she stroked the satin-smooth neck of the animal. "He is just a beautiful creature!"

"I'm glad you don't mind," her father said. "It wasn't for his looks I bought him, you know—he has plenty of other qualities, as you will find—and I was a little afraid you might not care for his appearance."

"Why, if there's anybody in England knows better than you, Dodo, what kind of a horse to buy, I should like to know where he is!" she said, as she went on to examine with the greatest curiosity every part of the polished harness—from the rosetted head-piece, the brown leather collar, the brass-tipped shafts, the shining pad-terrets, and so on, right aft to the step enabling the small tiger to jump into his perch.

"I'm glad you don't mind, Nan," he said. "For this is my little present for you—a sort of welcome, you know. It is to be entirely your own—as a kind of amusement—"

"Oh, Dodo, Dodo!" the girl said, in an undertone. "What next?—what next?"

"Get up, then, Nan," he said.

"What? am I to drive?"

"Why not?"

"That will spoil the appearance of the whole thing!"

"Ah, but I know better, Nan. You drive very well—"

"The vicar's pony-carriage!"

"But you have a good style. Oh yes, I know," he said; and he followed her into the trap, as she took up the reins and the whip, while the miniature groom released the horse's head and got in behind. "I know, Nan," he said, as the horse, without any preliminary cantrips, at once went forward into a rapid and easy pace. "You have a good style. Shoulders square; hands low down and well in. I don't like to see people reaching out as if they were driving an American trotter. Why, if the horse did make a mistake, they would be over on the top of him in a second—no chance of recovery!"

"Oh, Dodo, isn't that beautiful?" she cried, looking at what now came into view.

And yet it was only a passing glimpse they got of river-side Henley: the smooth olive-green stream; the low-arched bridge, with a shimmer of silvery sunlight on it, accurately mirrored on the still surface; a few red-tiled houses among leafless trees; the wooded heights above in a pale February mist. There was not a single boat moving anywhere; nor did there seem to be any life about Henley itself, until they turned the corner and drove into the main street.

"It is quite a pretty town in summer-time, Nan," he said, as if deprecating any harsh judgment. "It is my fault, you know, if I have brought you too soon."

"Why, how could you bring me too soon, Dodo?" she responded—"for me, at least. If you only knew—if you could only guess—how I have been looking forward to this day! I think it is too good to be true—I think it will all vanish, and I shall find myself back in the vicarage again, and no Dodo with me at all."

From Hart Street they turned into Bell Street, and so entered upon the Oxford road, and in due time they came in sight of a long stretch of highway which he told her was known far and wide as the Fair Mile—a noble highway indeed, with a wide space of common on each side of it, the common in its turn being bounded by twin rows of magnificent elms. And now the spring day seemed to be really declaring itself. Not only was the air warm and sweet, but the sunshine seemed to gain in strength; the low-lying hill on their right hand shone a dull gold, and along the top of it the leafless woods lay against a sky that had here and there a glimmer of blue. The spirits of this sallow-faced, quiet-looking man seemed to rise a little in view of the cheerful outlook.

"Oh, yes, indeed, Nan," he said to her, "you have a very good style in driving. You sit well; you keep your shoulders square and your hands in. Many's the time I've seen you driving the pony-carriage when you little thought I was looking at you."

"What?" she said, in astonishment. "Do you mean to say, Dodo, you were ever near Chipping Pawlet without coming to see me?"

"Oh, well," he answered her, rather uneasily, "it would not have done, Nan, you know. There were the rules and regulations to be observed. The vicar

and his wife might not have liked it. And I could guess what would happen if I intercepted you; you would have begged for another day at Bristol, whereas the appointed days came frequently enough."

"Ah, did they?" she said. "Not for me, then. I used to look forward to the Bristol day as the one thing to live for; and you always brought fine weather with you, Dodo, for the beautiful woods and the downs. And now there's going to be nothing but Bristol days—it's going to be all Bristol days—seven in a week!"

"I hope they won't tire you, Nan," said he, timidly.

She laughed; the happiness shining in her eyes was sufficient answer.

When they got to The Traveller's Rest—a solitary public-house of white-painted boards—they still held on in the Oxford direction, but after a space they left the main highway, and he directed her, by a series of farm roads, into an upland region of copse and heath and spinney, with undulations of field and pasture, the heights and hollows intersected by hedges and rows of still leafless trees. And at last they came to a fenced-in enclosure which seemed to contain a good deal of green—the green of spruce and pine and ivied stumps; there was a glimpse of red-tiled roofs and chimneys over a tall hedge of box and laurel, then a white gate that the small groom jumped down to open.

"This is Crowhurst, Nan," her father said, regarding her with diffident apprehension. "I'm afraid you'll find it rather lonely—it is rather out of the way, isn't it? But then I thought you could have your choice, you know, for there's plenty of life and gayety at Henley, especially a little later on in the year. I hope you won't find it too secluded."

"Oh, Dodo, it is a perfect Paradise!" she cried.

She walked the horse slowly forward, taking possession with her eyes, as it were, of every feature of the place—the shrubbery, the lawn with its plots of snowdrop and crocus, the red-tiled little porch, the yellow-gray frontage, the white wood-work, the irregular gables, the small out-jutting conservatory, and then the stables and coach-house, apparently evolved out of older farm-buildings, for there was a stain of green on the ruddy roofs, where a brass weather-cock glittered in the sun.

"It is rather shut in on this side, don't you think, Nan?" he said. "There's a better view from the other side of the house; from your window especially there is a very nice view—over the woods and hollows. But come away in."

She followed him into the toy house of which she was to be mistress, and here was a trim little maidservant awaiting them.

"Jane," said he, "run and tell cook to hurry up with luncheon; Miss Anne must be hungry."

And then he began to show her over the place, and she went from room to room with an ever-increasing delight and wonder; for how had he been able to do all this by himself, even to the bowls of daffodils placed here and there? But it was when she entered her own room upstairs that her gladness and gratitude reached their climax. It was not a large room, but it was undoubtedly the best situated of any in the house; there were two windows, one giving a glimpse of the roadway and a plantation of young larch, the other commanding a spacious view southward over the garden and orchard, and over the more distant fields and hollows, and wooded heights that rose into the pale sunshine of the spring sky. These were but externals. When she turned to the fittings and adornments of this chamber—to the prints and drawings, the seven-volume edition of Tennyson in a little bookshelf slung near the bed head, a large illustrated Herrick on the table by the window, the snowdrops and violets placed in glass tubes and dishes on the mantel-shelf, and a hundred similar evidences of thoughtfulness and attentive forecast—she began to recall and to understand the meaning of many a mysterious question that had been addressed to her when he and she were walking on Clifton Down or driving along the Somersetshire lanes. She knew now. Far away back he had been trying to find out what particular things she would like to have in the room that was to be specially her own, and he had forgotten nothing.

"Nan!" he exclaimed, in great alarm—for though she had turned to the window, he could see that tears were running down her cheeks—"Nan! I knew it would be too lonely for you—I knew it; but never mind—we will find some other place—oh yes—we will find some place you will like better."

"Oh, Dodo, Dodo, don't make me ashamed!" she said; and she took his hand in both of hers and kissed it in gratitude. "It isn't that—you know it isn't that; it is because you are so good to me."

"Then you are not—disappointed?"

"Disappointed!" she said, smiling through her tears. "When I cannot find words to tell you how beautiful everything is, and how kind you are to me!"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said he, recovering himself directly. "What a fright you gave me! Well, come away down, Nan. Luncheon must be about ready; I hear Jane coming and going."

So she flung her hat and jacket on the coverlet and followed him down stairs, where she found the dining-room table very prettily laid out, with more daffodils and snowdrops and crocuses, pale purple and white and gold.

"Now which do you think you will have, Nan?" he said, going first of all to the sideboard. "There will be cutlets coming in a moment, with mashed potatoes, and there's a hot steak and kidney pie, with mushrooms. I wasn't quite sure of the fish, you see, in a small inland town, but I must find out about that later on. Or, if you would rather have something cold, here's some pressed beef that looks pretty fair, and there's a fowl, and ham, and a lobster, and a tongue, and there's some endive salad that I think you'll like."

"Dodo," she remonstrated, "if I am going to manage this house, it must be in a very different fashion. What extravagance! Two hot dishes for luncheon! I cannot allow such a thing."

"It's all very well, Nan," he said, doggedly, "but I am not going to have you treated here as you were at the vicarage. No; when I went there I used to think the food was just a little too meagre. And if you don't care to wait for anything hot, well, there are other cold things here—oh yes, a lot of other things; that fool of a girl hasn't opened half of them. There's caviare—caviare is very nice on oat-cake—and there are sardines. I wonder where the mischief she has put the opener?"

He searched about and found it, and then he proceeded to pry into the metal case.

"Dodo," she said, laughing, "don't you know that refined and superior persons consider it very ignoble to put importance on what one eats or drinks?"

He stopped and looked at her inquisitively. His hand relaxed its grasp of the instrument. "Yes, I suppose that is so," he said. He came away from the sideboard. "Only, I thought you might be hungry, Nan."

She instantly perceived the mistake she had made. "But I am—furiously hungry," she said at once. "And if you could conveniently open that box, or give me a slice of tongue, or a piece of the lobster—it's really quite delightful to see such a display on a sideboard. No, wait a moment, Dodo; here come the hot things. Suppose we begin with a cutlet?"

And so they both sat down, and he helped her to a cutlet and some of the steaming-hot mashed potatoes, but there were early pease as well, and likewise there was a dish of asparagus with stems not as thick as a slate-pencil.

"What dreadful extravagance!" said she, shaking her head. "I cannot permit this to go on, Dodo; I cannot really."

"I tell you, Nan," he said, with a certain stubbornness, "that you must break away from those vicarage traditions. No doubt it was very simple and wholesome fare for a young girl, and I did not like to interfere when I saw you took nothing but water with your meals; but now you are a woman, and the mistress of a house, and—and you must have some wine, Nan, however little. That is Burgundy in the decanter—very soft and nice; and the other decanter is sherry—it is old and dry and quite harmless; and this is hock—Marcobrunner of '71—I know you will like the perfume of it when it is poured into your glass. Besides there's some light sillery, if you would prefer that, only I thought you would have that for dinner."

"Oh, Dodo, how you spoil me!" she said. And then she added, with a sigh of resignation, "But it has been like that all my life long—ever since I can remember."

So they proceeded with their luncheon; and when it was over, she went into the hall and rummaged in the pockets of his overcoat until she found his pipe and tobacco-pouch, and these she brought and put on the table beside him. But he did not take them up.

"By-and-by, Nan," he said, in an evasive way. "I shall be going out for a stroll presently, through the plantation."

"And so this is not to be a Bristol day after all!" she said, reproachfully. "What was there more memorable about a Bristol day than the smell of tobacco—nothing of that kind known at the vicarage, you may be sure; and I was looking forward to having this house so saturated with the scent of tobacco that whenever I came out of my room in the morning I should at once say to myself, 'Ah, this is going to be another Bristol day!' Come, to please me, Dodo!"

He took up the tobacco-pouch and filled his pipe; she brought him a lighted taper; and they both drew their chairs in towards the fire.

"You see, Dodo," she continued, "you can go for your stroll afterwards, while I have my interview with the cook and the housemaid, to find out about the tradesmen's pass-books, and a number of things like that. I must have my code of laws and regulations, you know, just as Mrs. Honeyman has: she showed me all how it was arranged. And then about half past four, if you care to come in for a cup of tea, I should like to go out for a little walk with you, in the twilight, when you hear the thrushes best."

Later on that evening those two were again seated before the fire—he at the table, where there was some whiskey and water as an accompaniment to his pipe; she at his feet, shading her face with the book from which she had been reading to him. Now, however, they had fallen into some discussion of the events of the day.

"And remember it is only an experiment, Nan," he said, with a return of that timid solicitude which had marked his demeanor in the morning. "I don't bind you to anything. We could try some other place—some other way. You are young; and perhaps I don't quite know what you would like. We could go away elsewhere, Nan. You may find it too lonely, after all."

"Ah, Dodo, Dodo, don't talk like that!" she said. And then she leant her arm and her cheek affectionately on his knee, so that the firelight and the lamp-light played hide-and-seek among the tags and curls of sun-brown hair that strayed about her small ear. "It seems far too beautiful and wonderful to be real. And I never did think such happiness would come true; but it has, hasn't it, Dodo? At last! —at last!"

Chapter III.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

Clad in abundant furs, the Lady Helen Yorke was standing on the steps of Monks-Hatton Hall, leisurely buttoning her driving-gloves; and in front of her and awaiting her was a mail-phaeton, with a pair of handsome grays more or less submitting to the pacific ministrations of the groom at their head. Her companion was of maturer age than herself—a lady of quiet and serious aspect, who rarely spoke unless when she was spoken to. On the other hand, when these two had at length got into their places, when the younger of them had taken possession of reins and whip, and when a touch of the silk had sent the horses forward, it speedily appeared that Lady Helen was in a particularly gay and talkative mood, though, as usual, her eyes maintained a certain mysterious reticence in their expression of humor or sarcasm, as the case might be.

"You are so dark and secret, Mrs. Spink," she was saying, as the carriage rolled along the Fair Mile. "Spink by name, but Sphinx by nature. One can never tell what you are brooding over. I can only guess now, for example, what you are thinking of my having dragged you away at this unearthly hour, when I might have taken Willis with me. But then, you see, Mrs. Spinkie, it's a long drive to Oxford, and the horses will want at least a couple of hours' rest in the middle of the day; and what could I do with Willis all that time? What does she know about architecture—about colleges and quadrangles and chapels? Never mind. If this is another deadly injury, I dare say you have your revenge. I should not be in the least surprised to discover that you wrote articles for the Sunday Radical papers, denouncing the brutal selfishness and tyranny and hard-heartedness of the British nobility. Oh yes, I dare say we catch it—"

"Of course you are only joking, Lady Helen," her companion said, in her tranquil and grave fashion; "but if I were capable of any such thing, surely it would be a piece of the worst ingratitude. Ever since I came to Monks-Hatton I have received nothing but kindness; nothing could equal her ladyship's thoughtfulness and consideration—"

"Oh yes," broke in the other, in her

wilful way. "Mamma is always thoughtful and considerate; it is mamma's daughter who is selfish and cruel and hard-hearted — dragging poor Mrs. Spinkie away from all her home duties and her home comforts, and driving her through a lonely country on a gloomy March morning. I understand. I can guess how you are plotting out your revenge. Those iniquitous people called the aristocracy will catch it next Sunday or the Sunday after. Well, well!"

But whatever the taciturn or discreet Mrs. Spink may have been thinking, she could hardly have resented being called away from constant attendance on even the most considerate of invalids to join in this impromptu excursion. The morning was overclouded, it is true, but yet it was beautiful in a way; and the landscape was an English-looking landscape of early spring—of soft greens and purple-grays mainly; a glimpse of a red-tiled farm-building here and there; a pond struck into a shimmer of silver by the wind; the beech woods carpeted with the bronze and copper leaves of the previous autumn. Then, by-and-by, they got up on to very high land—for the drive between Henley and Oxford is one of the pleasantest in England; and from the lofty highway running between strips of heath and common they had spacious views over the wide champaign country, with the variegated pastures and homesteads and leafless woods gradually ascending towards a line of hill that sloped away to the west. The air was quite mild and soft for the beginning of March. And here was a companion in the gayest of good-humors; surely there was nothing to complain of?—nor, in truth, did Mrs. Spink appear to complain.

Then at last there appeared before them a vision of ghostly gray spires and towers rising above a vague wilderness of elms and pollard willows, with a distant white glint of water; and presently they were driving over Magdalen Bridge and past the Botanic Gardens, and so into the midst of the High Street. The younger of these two ladies, who had now grown silent, wore a serenely impassive air; she seemed to be chiefly occupied with her horses, as was natural; but her eyes were alert, and it may be presumed that there were few objects in this famous thoroughfare that escaped her covert scrutiny as she made her way along. They stopped at the Mitre. The charge of the phaeton was resigned to the groom, who departed to the stables. And then the travellers entered the hotel.

But when Lady Helen came out again she had undergone a transformation. On this mild morning the unnecessary furs had been discarded, and now she appeared in a walking-dress chiefly of black, with blue sleeves and a broad band of blue round the base of the skirt; her hat was also of blue and black, with a single feather of bright golden yellow; her hands were encased in a slung muff of black-dyed beaver. It was a costume perhaps a little more suggestive of some fashionable watering-place than appropriate to the staid streets of an ancient town; and yet it was quiet enough and in good taste; while there was in the carriage of the wearer of it a certain repose and dignity that seemed to remove from her any suspicion of trying to produce effect. For a second, as she thus came out into the daylight, she appeared undecided as to which way to turn. Her eyes — those beautiful clear gray eyes, with their black lashes—looked conscious; and her first half-concealed glance along the dull pavements was almost apprehensive. That was but for a moment; she had an abundance of self-command.

"And where would you like to go now, Mrs. Spink?" she said, with much cheerfulness. "You have never been to Oxford before? Well, the river ought to be lively just now, in view of the boat-race, you know. Shall we go down to Folly Bridge? and you might have a look in at Christ Church on the way."

"But, Lady Helen," said her companion, with some astonishment, "I thought you had come on some errand—that you had some architectural matters to study—"

"Yes, yes," she made answer, impatiently. "But I have forgotten the book. I had a book marked. We'd better just walk about and look at the place. Oxford is always interesting; any part of it is interesting. Besides, we shall have to have lunch by-and-by. It is hardly worth while going away down to the river: who wants to see a lot of boys splashing about?"

Mrs. Spink was the most pliant of companions; she professed her readiness for anything; and so the two ladies set out, going along the High Street by the way they had come. It must be confessed,

however, that Lady Helen proved herself a most indifferent cicerone. At first, it is true, she was in high spirits, and was inclined to continue that badgering of poor Mrs. Spinkie with which she had started in the morning; but gradually she became more and more preoccupied; while, despite all her concealment, it was clear that she was furtively glancing along the gray pavements from time to time, and that with an ever-increasing disinclination to talk, Mrs. Spink received little information. Nay, their wanderings in this direction extended no further than Queen's. Here Lady Helen turned, on some excuse or other; and when they had repassed All Souls' and regained the region of the shops, she hung about the windows, affecting to be deeply interested in their contents. It was an odd way of studying the architectural beauties of Oxford, or of introducing a stranger to the chief features of the town. Shop windows in which were straw hats and gay neckerchiefs; in which were clocks and watches and ornamented alarums; in which were apples and oranges and early rhubarb — these seemed all alike capable of arresting her attention; while she even stood and gazed, or appeared to be gazing, at a fish-monger's slab, with its salmon and eels and cod. As the time went by in this fruitless and fatiguing fashion, she seemed to grow more taciturn and discontented; indeed, her answers to any haphazard remark her companion ventured to offer were distinctly sharp and short; and it almost seemed as if the fleeting expression of disappointment that occasionally crossed her features were about to settle down into absolute ill temper. And then again, and without a word of explanation or excuse, she set out to retrace her steps along the High Street, secretly watching, perhaps, and yet with an air as if she would defy any one—Mrs. Spink or another—to say there was any occult quest in her thoughts. She pretended to be carelessly observant of whatever she encountered — an undergraduate with his gown tucked over his arm, a butcher's boy facing a yelping terrier, a heavily laden wain lumbering along the middle of the street. But when she had once more reached the entrance to All Souls', she hesitatingly paused at the small wooden portal, and glanced inwards at the damp green grass of the quadrangle, at the cloisterlike and crumbling walls, and the small and sombre windows.

"There is a gateway in there," she said, with a certain cold indifference, "that has a roof with fan tracery. I should like to have seen it."

"Shall we go in, then?" Mrs. Spink said at once.

"I don't know whether the chapel is open," she said—and still she lingered in a sort of sullen indecision. "If Mr. Hume — of course you remember Mr. Hume—if he were here he could tell us. Mr. Hume is a Fellow of All Souls'."

"Then let us go inside and ask for him," said Mrs. Spink, naturally enough.

But the effect produced by this casual suggestion was startling; Lady Helen's eyes flashed, and her face crimsoned.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "Do you suppose—or would you have any one suppose—that I came to Oxford to call on Mr. Hume? That would be a pretty story to tell! We are going back to the hotel—and at once." And not another word did this submissive attendant receive as these two returned to the Mitre; while as for Lady Helen, she seemed so vexed and angry (for some reason or another) that she appeared to have definitely abandoned that furtive searching of distant passers-by.

On their arrival at the hotel a waiter who happened to be coming through the passage opened the door of the coffee-room for them; and Lady Helen entered, and, with never a glance around, walked straight up to the window which looks into the High Street. Her companion was less confident, or less self-absorbed.

"Don't you think, Lady Helen," she said, in an undertone, "that your mamma would prefer your having lunch in a private room?"

"Oh, I don't want any lunch!" she made answer, impatiently — and she remained standing and looking out. "Order what you like for yourself."

And indeed this was not at the moment much of a public place; there were only two other persons in the room, and these were at separate tables; one of them a stout country-looking clergyman devoting himself to a Gorgonzola cheese, the other a young man deep in the columns of a sporting newspaper. Mrs. Spink, left to her own devices, secured a small table close by where Lady Helen was standing, and proceeded to order luncheon

for two—perhaps that wilful young personage might be induced to change her mind. And Mrs. Spink saw no reason why she herself should be deprived of her mid-day meal. They had been driving for about three hours; for well over another hour they had been wearily pacing up and down the High Street pavements; in her case, at all events, the vagus nerve had begun to sound its warning little bell.

But of a sudden all this was changed.

"Mrs. Spink!" exclaimed Lady Helen, in a low and hurried voice.

The elder woman looked up. There was some one coming along outside; and although a screen of wire gauze intervened, she easily recognized who that was; it was Mr. Sidney Hume. But what was to be done—assuming that Lady Helen wished to intercept and speak with this son of her particular friend? In another instant he would be past; and she, Mrs. Spink, could not be expected to run away down the High Street of Oxford after him. But it was Lady Helen herself who proved herself mistress of this occasion. The moment she had caught sight of him she had—in her eagerness and headlong forgetfulness of strangers—rapped smartly on the screen of wire gauze stretching across the window; but that was of no avail to attract his attention, for the screen struck the wooden frame-work, not the glass, and no sound was carried outward. Then for a second she stood irresolute, with some desperate thought of appealing to the waiter; but she now perceived that Sidney Hume was crossing the thoroughfare to talk to an elderly gentleman in cap and gown who appeared to be waiting for him at the corner of the lane. She hesitated no longer.

"Mrs. Spink," she said, quickly, "Mr. Hume is over the way. Wouldn't it interest Mrs. Hume to know that I had seen and spoken with her precious boy? Stay where you are. Perhaps he will come and have lunch with us."

And therewith, and calmly and sedately, and without any appearance of haste, she left the coffee-room, emerged into the outer daylight, and watching her opportunity between the passing cabs, crossed the thoroughfare. The elderly gentleman—when Sidney Hume saw who this was who now approached—was very speedily dismissed.

"I made sure I should meet some one I knew," she observed to him, placidly, when he had expressed his surprise and pleasure. "I told Mrs. Spink as we were driving along this morning that I knew several lads who were at Oxford—men, I suppose they call themselves up here—though one forgets the name of their college when one isn't interested. There is my cousin Cyril Leslie, at Brasenose; I thought I might by some accident run against him, though it would have been a matter of little consequence. But it is different meeting with you; for Mrs. Hume will be so pleased to hear that I saw you and had a chat with you. I hope you can come and have some luncheon with us over at the hotel there."

"Oh, no, no," he said, laughing. "I cannot afford to throw away such a chance. Mrs. Spink and you must come along and have lunch with me in my rooms; the entertainment of visitors is rather a rare joy at present—it is not to be forfeited. All Souls' is quite close by; and I can show you the college silver while something is being got ready for you. What do you say?—will you be so kind?—shall we go over and capture Mrs. Spink?"

She was highly pleased by this friendliness; for, so far as she had observed, Sidney Hume had never shown much desire for the society of women-folk. Yet, as this tall young man piloted her across the thoroughfare, with a profound disregard of any urgent hansom; and as he brought his power of persuasion to bear on Mrs. Spink, who was glad to think of having luncheon anywhere; and as he conducted the two ladies along to All Souls', and showed them over the college, and finally had them installed in his own rooms, nothing could exceed his courtesy and modest kindness. She remembered a saying of Mrs. Hume's, "When you get a Scotch boy well mannered, he is very well mannered indeed." And this handsome lad, though his blood was but partly Scotch, had received his training from that Scotch mother, who was extremely proud of her name and lineage, and solicitous above all things that her sons and daughters should have a bearing worthy of their descent. As for his good looks—But here Lady Helen found herself unaccountably shy. As he moved about the room, bringing his two guests (while luncheon was being prepared for them) such small curiosities of his own as he

thought might interest them—an illuminated manuscript on vellum, a Trautz-Bauzonnet binding, a rare Elzevir—her glances could only follow him in a veiled and covert fashion. She found herself, too, when he regarded her, a little disconcerted. His eyes, grave and serious, had a curious directness in their look. They seemed to say: "Let us have done with conventionalism, with pretence. Affectation is tedious, a mere waste of time. Let us establish a simpler, a more reasonable, relationship than that." And yet, serious and attentive and respectful as his eyes were, they could lighten up at times when she was inclined to be merry; while his laugh was quite boyish. Beautiful eyes, she thought. And his hair was beautiful, so soft and smooth in its rich brown tones. As for his features, they were striking and interesting rather than strictly regular; but were they not somewhat pale for one who was fond of athletic exercises, who had taken prizes for running and high jumping; and who (according to a certain fond mamma) was one of the most distinguished members of the University Fencing Club? Of fine physique he was, most clearly; shoulders square, back flat, muscles firm and clean, while his upright figure and the fine set of his head were such as might have been expected (as Lady Helen thought) of one of "the handsome Humes."

Mrs. Spink began to fear that luncheon would never arrive; but it did; and while the little festivity was going forward, Lady Helen took occasion to bewail her sad and solitary lot, to young Hume's intense astonishment. For he had always heard of her as living a most gay and fashionable life; and he had himself, in the autumn, met her at country houses, where she was the reigning belle, and he had seen her photograph in the shop windows as one of the leaders of the London throng. But no; it appeared that was all a mistake, a misconception.

"Mamma," said this plaintive damsel, appealing for sympathy, "never even tries to go out now, as Mrs. Spink knows to her cost; if, on rare occasions, she can be induced to go into the garden in a Bath chair, that is about the most. As for papa, he hates the very name of London; his sole concern is with horses and dogs, and guns and fishing-rods; and it seems as if providence had mysteriously arranged that if you care for nothing but hunting and fishing and shooting, you can keep yourself fully occupied from year's end to year's end. If it weren't for the good-natured charity of friends and relatives, I should forget how to find my way into the Park. What is the use of having a house in Upper Brook Street when it is let every season? But now I have a great scheme, a splendid scheme, in my mind," she went on, with a sprightlier air. "What do you think of it, Mr. Hume? If I were to coax papa into not letting the Upper Brook Street house for this next season, do you think Mrs. Hume would come up to town and be my guest? I fancy it might be very pleasant for both of us—she and I are such good friends and companions; and I would not lead her too giddy a dance in the way of going out; while she could help me to entertain a little—the best of chaperons. What do you think of it? I am sure I can persuade papa—if only your mother will consent."

She seemed greatly captivated by this project of hers, and talked of it all through luncheon; while he could only say that she was very kind, and that he had no doubt his mother would gladly accept. Then, luncheon over, he was for taking his guests out to show them some of the sights of Oxford, more especially as Mrs. Spink was a stranger to the town; but Lady Helen objected; she was very well where she was; she was interested in these rooms and in his occupations; she was sure he had not shown them half his treasures; had he no more of those manuscripts in gold and sumptuous color?

Well, he was nothing loath, though he was rather given to belittling his amateur collections and apologizing for a series of useless hobbies. However, on the chance of interesting her, he went and brought a casket—a plain rosewood casket containing a series of drawers; and these drawers, on being opened, displayed a most heterogeneous assortment of last-century engraved stones and seals, coats of arms, masonic emblems, copies of antique gems, and what not, with one or two signed Pichlers. But, the better to make out these heraldic devices and minute inscriptions, she proposed he should carry the case to a small table at the window; and thither he went, she following; while Mrs. Spink, satisfied with her easy-chair and a portfolio of engravings of old Oxford, remained behind. Those two tall

young people at the window had their heads pretty close together, and of necessity their fingers were continually coming in contact as each successive sard and blood-stone and agate was offered and returned.

"But what is this?" said she, on one of the drawers being opened, and she took up a small gold ornament.

"Oh, that has got in there by mistake," he said, carelessly. "That is a copy of the little bell that Roman ladies wore as a charm against the evil eye."

"Really! How very interesting! And the inscription?"

"The inscription is in Greek. It means, 'I was made to guard against witchcraft.'"

She seemed quite fascinated by this little gold trinket; she lingered over it; she would look at nothing else, until he said:

"If it were an original one, Lady Helen, I would ask you to accept it. But it is only a fac-simile."

"What difference does that make?" she said, with promptitude. "Do you really give it to me?"

"If you will be so kind as to take it," he said, in rather an off-hand way. It was not a valuable gift.

For the briefest second she thanked him with grateful eyes; then she looked down, and said, in a low clear voice: "Yes, I will take it—and wear it—on one condition: that you wear something I shall send you in return, as a souvenir of an unexpected meeting and a very happy hour—to me, at least." And therewithal, before he could answer or make any promise or protest, she had gone quickly away to Mrs. Spink, and in her ordinary voice was explaining the extraordinary interest attaching to this pretty charm, and declaring her resolve to wear it night and day all the years of her life as a safeguard against the machinations and evil enterprises of the powers of darkness.

And very merry, and capricious, and whimsical was she during the long drive home; and Mrs. Spink was no longer Mrs. Spink, nor even Mrs. Spinkie, but "my dear Spinkie"; and she was being treated to a tolerable amount of good-humored raillery by this young lady with the inscrutably mischievous eyes—raillery which she bore with her accustomed patience, for, on the whole, the Monks-Hatton family were exceedingly kind to her, and she was in a dependent position, and had to be discreet.

"And don't you think it is a noble scheme, my Spinkie," Lady Helen continued, as they drove on by Nuneham and Dorchester and Shillingford—"a perfectly splendid scheme—to have a mother in town as well as one in the country? If I can get it to work, that is. If I can get Mrs. Hume to consent, I think I can manage papa."

"Why, you know, Lady Helen, you always have your own way in everything, and with everybody," said Mrs. Spink.

"Oh! oh! what is that?" the younger lady retorted. "More tyranny? More turning of the worm? I should not be at all surprised, my dear but dark Mrs. Spinkie, that you were in secret league with the Nihilists. Some day or other we shall find a bomb on the front steps at Monks-Hatton, and that will be having it out with us with a vengeance. And isn't it another piece of monstrous cruelty that I should be going up to all the gayeties of town while you are left to mope and pine in the country?"

"I am sure of this, Lady Helen," Mrs. Spink interposed, with some little spirit, "that no one is to be pitied who is allowed to spend the summer at Henley."

"Oh, if you take it that way," the younger lady said. "Drooping laburnums—and honeysuckle—and wild roses in the hedges. All very nice. For my part, I prefer the flowers you find on the side of a great staircase, when you are going up, and when you are listening to the music above. Or in a conservatory, if you are sitting out a dance. Or at the Botanic Society's fêtes. Oh yes, the Botanic Society's fêtes are delightful. But about the great project, my dear Spinkie. Don't you think Mrs. Hume will make an admirable chaperon? You see, her own family have all married into the very best sets. No wonder. The handsome Hays and the handsome Humes. Don't you think they have a name and a history just as proud as any? Have you ever heard the prophecy,

'Whate'er hath end, whate'er begins,
There'll aye be Hays while Teviot rins'?

That was Thomas the Rhymer in the thirteenth century. I'm afraid he was a wicked old gentleman, and in league with the devil; but I can repeat any witchcraft verses with impunity, so long as I am wearing the talisman that is to protect me from all possible harm. Come, now, my dear Spinkie, wake up, and tell me if you

can imagine a more distinguished figure than Mrs. Hume will present at the head of the table in Upper Brook Street. The head? Why, of course. I am going to pretend to be a young woman for a year or two longer. Other folks can be as dark and silent as yourself, you know, when there is occasion. And one's age is not a matter that concerns anybody except one's enemies."

But when they were nearing Henley, Lady Helen's mood changed somewhat.

"You must explain to mamma, Mrs. Spink," said she, "how we came to run against Mr. Hume—the most unexpected thing that could have happened. Of course it was very lucky, for I particularly wanted to see that vaulted roof, and the reredos in the chapel. But if we drive there again I will take care not to forget the book that I have marked."

Mrs. Spink—or Spinkie—did not answer: she was an observant woman, but not communicative.

Chapter IV.

A VISITOR.

Nan Summers and her father were seated at the breakfast table. And a very pretty breakfast table it was; everything bright and fresh and clear, with bowls and glasses of wall-flower and daffodils and jonquils, placed there by the youthful house-mistress herself. The sunlight, unchecked by any complicity of curtains, fell on the white cloth, and shed a soft glory around that lit up the wild-rose tints of her happy young face and shone in her smiling and contented eyes.

"Nan," said her father, "I found another thrush's nest for you this morning; but I don't know how many eggs, for she sat still, looking at me, and so I came away."

"Ah, Dodo," said Nan, "that reminds me. I have been hearing about you and your frightful extravagance. Old John has told me. Now I understand why there are so many singing-birds about this place, piping away from the earliest hour in the morning. I have heard of the chopped meat, and the marrow-bones, and crumbs, and half-loaves scattered about every time you came here while the house was being got ready."

"Well, you see, Nan," said he, with some air of apology, "I knew you did not like the idea of caged birds. I heard you say so once. And I thought I might coax the wild ones to come about, so that they would nest here; and a few scraps don't run to much. But I think you ought to have some pets in-doors, Nan. I must see about that; companions for you, to keep you amused. What do you say to a King Charles spaniel, now? And I know where I can get you a Russian cat—a splendid fellow, like a young bear. And what about some tame rabbits? or guinea-pigs?"

"There's one thing I wonder you haven't got for me, Dodo," said she, "considering all the care you take of me—as if I were worth it. I wonder you haven't got a bull-dog to watch outside the house at night."

He looked up. "A bull-dog?" he said, quietly. "I am going to be your bull-dog, Nan. I rather like the job. Many's the time, when I was down at Bristol, I walked over to the vicarage after you were all asleep; and I used to think, 'Well, now, if any enterprising cracksman has it in his mind to break into this house and frighten Nan, I wish he'd just happen to choose this particular night for it.'"

She burst out laughing. "Oh, what a shame! The poor man—the poor wretch trying to earn a dishonest living—and all of a sudden he thinks the Evil One has got him by the throat. Do you consider that playing fair, Dodo?"

"I think you may trust to me to be your bull-dog, Nan," he said, in the same quiet way. And then he added, "Well, now, if you have finished, you'd better put on your hat and jacket, and bring me my pipe, and we'll go out and see how old John is getting on with his pansy beds."

But when she rejoined him in the garden she found that he had not gone near old John; he was by himself, slowly pacing up and down one of the paths, his head bent, his face grave.

"There's something I have put off telling you, Nan," said he, rather uneasily. "The fact is, we are going to have a visitor this afternoon."

"Yes?" said she, with cheerful promptitude.

"I would rather have avoided it if I could well have done so," he continued. "You see, it's this way, Nan: I want you to have a fair and clear start. I would rather you did not meet any of my former acquaintances—"

"But why, Dodo?" said she. "If they were good enough for you to know, they are good enough for me."

"It's different; it's different; you don't understand," he answered her, almost impatiently. "I want you to have a fair and clear start. I want you to make your own friends and acquaintances."

"But I don't want any friends and acquaintances," she exclaimed. "I can't be bothered with them. I am too much occupied, and too happy, all day long. Why, when I drive in to Henley in the morning, I get my shopping over just in time to bring you back for lunch. And then in the afternoon I have to help old John with his seeds and labels—his petunias, and lobelias, and centaureas, and so on. And as for the evening, do you think I want any stranger to come in while you are having your pipe and I am reading to you before the fire? That is a very likely thing!"

"Ah, but inevitably you will form friends and acquaintances, Nan," he said to her. "You cannot help it; and you need not seek to help it; all I say is, they must be of your own choosing, and your own ways of thinking and upbringing. As for myself, I don't want to play the part of mystery man. I don't want to conceal what I have been—"

"I should think not!" she exclaimed again.

"But there is no use in flaunting things in people's faces, and challenging prejudices," he continued, in a very reasonable tone. "If I want the past to be the past, it is for your sake, Nan. I want you to start fair and clear. And I want you to remember this, too—it is but natural for people to have prejudices; and they don't reflect that a human being cannot always be what he would like to be. It is very easy to say, 'Oh, how shocking of you to have earned your living in such a way, and in such company!' but they forget that perhaps you never had any other chance. And so, if any one should ever say anything against me to you, Nan—"

"Anything — against — you — to me?" she interposed, with a proud trembling of the lips. "I think the answer would be ready!"

"Ah, but, as I say, people have their prejudices," he remonstrated with her, gently. "And that is what I would ask you to remember—that perhaps one might have chosen another way of life if one had had the chance. But the great bulk of us are born poor; and we have to accept the circumstances and the companions we find around us; and we have to earn our bread by any means that is handy—"

"In order to throw it away on thrushes and linnets!" she said, laughing. She would have no more of these excuses and palliations. She was of a robust faith. "Tell me, Dodo," she went on, abruptly changing the subject, "who is your visitor who is coming this afternoon?"

"He is a good enough sort of young fellow—in his own way, that is," he answered her; "though your friends at the vicarage might consider him just a little bit—a little bit— But I don't know. He is good-natured—amiable—a jovial kind of a chap. Oh, I've seen Dick Erridge get on very well with strangers. He is the son of the people who have the Golden Swan Hotel at Richmond; and very well off they are; but he doesn't squander—not a bit; he's shrewd; gets value for his money; he can look after himself. Really, he's not at all a bad sort of young fellow, if you make allowances—"

"Will he stay to dinner?" asked the practical young house-mistress.

"No, no," he replied at once. "He will not trouble you, Nan; he must not be allowed to trouble you. Indeed, I did not want him to come at all; but I could not very well shake him off; and—and if you don't mind being just a little bit civil to him—after all, he's a good-natured sort of chap—"

"If I don't mind being civil to him?" she repeated. "To the first friend of yours who has taken the trouble to come and call on you in your new home? Well, we'll see about that!"

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon that the front gate was thrown open by a groom, and presently a very tall dog-cart, drawn by two chestnut cobs tandem, was carefully piloted along the semi-circular drive until it was drawn up at the door of the house. The young man who now descended from this lofty vehicle was not himself of an imposing appearance, except, perhaps, as to his costume, which was of an extremely horsy character; he wore a large and loose buff-colored overcoat with big horn buttons, while his rigid collar, his elaborate tie, and his resplendently polished and pointed boots were worthy of attention. And

yet this Dick Erridge was not all clothes. He had something to say for himself; nay, as he followed Mr. Summers into the little drawing-room, he showed a chirpy, jerky self-possession not to be despised; and when he was introduced to Miss Anne, he greeted her with a quick, decisive bow.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Summers," he said. "I have seen your photograph more than once; but there are some people the photographer never does justice to—not to be expected."

He was a short, dumpy little man, with a clean-shaven face, and with an odd irregularity of expression about his mouth that might have given him a chance of becoming a comic actor; his eyes alert and intelligent enough; his look distinctly good-humored; while, as speedily appeared, in spite of his tricks and airs of assurance and self-assertion, his attitude towards Mr. Summers was one of slavish worship. That was what Nan wanted to learn, first of all. When she heard the stranger arrive, she had said in her heart, "Now show me how you treat my father, and then I shall know how to treat you." But this dapper little person, notwithstanding his nonchalance and cheerful effrontery, seemed absolutely to grovel before her father, so excessive was his admiration. She said, inwardly, "You're not very good to look at, and you're overdressed, and you needn't keep your elbows stuck out in that way, but you must stay to dinner."

"You haven't driven all the way from Richmond this morning?" Mr. Summers asked of his guest.

"Oh dear no," answered the gentleman in the wide coat and the tight gaiters and the painfully pointed boots. "I stopped last night at Slough, with some bachelor friends." He grinned in grateful remembrance. "They did me well, I assure you—uncommon well: Bollinger of '84; green chartreuse fit for a prince; Bock's gold-foil cigars; and Nap. till two o'clock this morning: all very fine and large."

"Would you like some tea, Mr. Erridge?" said the young hostess.

"No, thanks," he responded, in his blithe and off-hand way. "I've only come to have a look over the new diggins; and then I'm o-u-g-h, off. Sha'n't disturb you. But I've brought you a little present, Mr. Summers, that I think will be of use to you. If you don't mind, I'll go and see if my man has fetched it in; and if you could get me a brad-awl and a screw-driver, I'll show you how to work the oracle. We can fix it up in the twinkling of a bedpost."

Nan was left alone in the room. Then she began to hear strange noises in the hall—the prizing open of wood, the clanking of metal, and so on; and presently these noises retreated to the passage leading through to the back premises. By-and-by her curiosity overcame her; she went out to see what was going on; and then she found that Mr. Dick Erridge and his groom had between them succeeded in fixing up against the wall a tall and narrow piece of mechanism, apparently in steel and bronze, with cords, pulleys, handles, and weights. Mr. Summers was standing by, with an odd, half-ashamed, deprecatory look on his face.

"What's the good, man, what's the good?" he was saying.

But Dick Erridge was seriously in earnest; and the moment he saw Nan approach, he appealed to her for assistance.

"Look here, Miss Summers," he cried; "I want you to come and help me to convince your father. I say it is a shame that any one should have such splendid strength, and not keep himself well up to the mark. And here is the very thing—quite handy—no labor—a few minutes now and again—"

By this time Nan had drawn near. "What is it, then?" she asked, regarding this upright instrument.

"Oh, they call it a chest-expander, or a chest-machine; but that's all bosh, for it exercises all the muscles of the body, though no doubt the chest and arms in greater measure. And I say your father should keep himself in good fettle—"

"My father must not take any violent exercise," said Nan Summers, gravely.

"Violent?" said the young man, almost vehemently. "There is no violence! That is the beauty of it; there is no wrenching, as with Indian clubs or dumb-bells. And you can have just what weight to pull against that you like; you can have the exercise as gentle as ever you please. See here!"

In the zeal of his proselytism he pulled off his overcoat and threw it to his man; he stooped down and removed some of the weights; he got up, took hold of the two handles, stepped back a space, and began vigorously to box the air between him and the wall, while the weights slid

easily up and down the metal grooves. Then he turned his back to the wall, and again pounded the air in front of him, and shot out his arms sideways, and hauled at the ropes from over his head, and jerked them out from his elbows, and went through all kinds of diverse movements, until he suddenly released the handles, which went rattling back to the machine.

"Do you see that, now?—work for a child!" he exclaimed, though he was himself puffing and blowing, and laboriously trying to conceal the same.

"But what's the object?" Nan's father said, with a good-natured smile. "What's the use of going into training for no end?"

"For no end?" Dick Erridge repeated, indignantly. "I say that a man with a splendid build like yours, with such splendid strength, should keep it up for its own sake. You should be proud of it for its own sake. It is a possession, a wonderful possession. What a fine thing it must be to go about with the consciousness that you are the master, that you have the power, that you can always get elbow-room for yourself in a crowd, and that if there's a row raised you can make it kingdom come for any rough who is juggins enough to bump up against you! Is that nothing? There are some men think a heap of a pot o' money, and there's others think no end of a lump of land, but for my part I'd as lief have something I could carry about with me—something a part of myself—something that would enable me to hold my own if there was need. It's *nemo me—nemo me imp*—ah, well. I tell you this, Miss Summers," he continued, and in his eagerness and enthusiasm he left the Latin phrase behind—it was really a beautiful eagerness and enthusiasm—in Homeric times it would have soared and found expression in long-rolling hexameters. "If your father had any ambition that way, and if he went into training for it, I believe he could claim to be the strongest man in England—apart from the professionals at the halls, of course, and they're only one or two. Why," said he, and he went forward and gripped Mr. Summers between the elbow and shoulder, "there's muscle for you! There's an arm! I shouldn't like to be the Johnny that got that sledge-hammer on to the top of his little cocoanut. And yet I'll be bound he never practises with anything. I'll take my davy there isn't a dumbbell in the house—"

Nan's father moved away, with a bit of a quiet laugh. "My good fellow," he said, "I don't want to send any of my fellow-creatures to kingdom come, even if I were able." And then he turned to Nan. "What do you say, Nan? Shall we show Mr. Erridge round the garden now? Run away and put something about your head, and then you can come out and tell him all the fine things we are looking forward to."

Now when Nan went quickly away to fetch her hat, her first hasty impressions of this stranger were of a distinctly mixed character. In respect of his profound and declared admiration of her father (she might have said) she liked him well, but in respect of himself he was naught. And she might have added, in the phraseology of the philosopher, that in respect of his disposition, it appeared to be a very good and amiable disposition, but in respect of his manner, 'twas a very vile manner. It certainly was not the manner of the folk whom she had been accustomed to meet at the vicarage. Even his accent seemed alien and strange. But everything was outweighed by this attitude of his towards her father. In the brief time that she was absent she had resolved to be as civil and kind to this visitor as she knew how to be. She would think only of his good points, and shut her eyes to others that did not quite so commend themselves. Was not this the first of her father's friends who had taken the trouble to come and see him?

When she went out again she found the two of them in confabulation with the old Scotch gardener, who was discoursing learnedly about early pease, asparagus beds, and what not; and she waited, listening to the universal calling and trilling of the blackbirds and thrushes and linnets, and to the more distant kurrooing of the wood-pigeons from among the lofty beeches, that were now gathering about them the silence of the evening and a premonition of the dusk. But presently she interposed, and said,

"Mr. Erridge, you can't be driving back to Richmond to-night?"

"Oh, not at all," said he. "Only down to Henley—the Red Lion—they treat me well there. I feel like a lord when I have the corner sitting-room, with the Charles I. coat of arms in it, all to myself."

"But won't you stay and dine with us?" she made bold to say, to her father's astonishment. "You won't find it dark to-night driving in to Henley. There will be moonlight—nearly a full moon—and once you have made your way down to the Oxford road, it will be all quite clear and simple."

"I shall be most happy," he answered, with gallant promptitude. "Suit me to a turn, if I'm not putting you out in any way."

"It may be only a chop, or something of that kind, you know, Dick," Mr. Summers said, intervening to save Nan from any responsibility or danger of failure. "We're hardly settled down here yet. But you won't mind."

"The best of everything is good enough for me," said the young man, with airy confidence. "And the best of everything is a chop with an old friend."

And therewithal Nan sped swiftly away, to hold earnest converse with the cook. It was a rash experiment, perhaps; and this was the first of her father's friends who had come to the house. But the young man looked amiable and tolerant, and, besides, she had a kind of notion that whatever happened, and in whatever chance fashion he was treated, the sitting at her father's table would be for him quite a sufficient pleasure and honor and glory.

And, as it turned out, the little dinner was in every way successful, no matter what anxious fears may have possessed the mind of the young hostess, and her father seemed gratified; while, as for their visitor, happy in his self-importance, delighted with his company, and perhaps a little desirous of impressing this remarkably pretty girl, he fairly excelled himself in displays of wit and humor—of their kind. Only once he blundered.

"Of course you will drive over to the Windsor meeting?" he asked, in his gay way, of Nan's father.

"No, no," Mr. Summers said, shortly.

Indeed, Nan had noticed that whenever races or horses were mentioned, her father had made haste to change the subject, and that with something of ill temper.

"Oh, I quite understand that you have retired from active business," the garrulous young man proceeded. "I quite understand that. And no one more pleased than myself that you were able to take such a step—no one more ready to congratulate you. But I thought you might be driving over to the Windsor meeting merely to see some of the lads."

"Why not, father?" Nan interposed, boldly.

The frown on his face deepened, but he would not speak roughly to her. He only repeated a curt "No, no!" and would have turned the talk to something else. But Dick Erridge had already resumed.

"At all events," said he, in his evident desire to please his smiling-eyed young hostess—"at all events, you will take Miss Summers to Sandown for the Grand Military? You must, really. Think of the paddock, rank and fashion, youth and beauty, the pick o' the swell mob—the very thing to interest her."

The dark look on Mr. Summers's face had still further deepened; and yet, impatient and angry as he was, he kept a firm hold over himself.

"I want my daughter," he said, in slow and measured tones, "to form her own circle of friends and acquaintances. And she is not going to begin by attending race-meetings."

The young man instantly perceived that he had blundered. And he was quick and ingenious; in about a minute he had the conversation miles away from Sandown and steeple-chases and all therewith connected. And Nan, who had but rarely beheld that sombre and threatening expression on her father's face, was glad to see it disappear; indeed, her mere presence, with the radiant sunniness of her look, was quite sufficient to dispel it. Soon those three were on the easiest of terms again, and the evening passed quickly by—all too quickly for the guest, as could be gathered from the evident reluctance with which he rose to bid them adieu.

"I must not keep you up too late, or you'll never ask me back again," said he, in his chirpy way, as he went to fetch his coat. "And Miss Summers must not spoil those country roses in her cheeks, though, indeed, she's not likely to lose them up among these woods. And I'm going to look you up again some day soon, if you will let me."

The moonlight fell clear and cold on the semicircular path, on the white gate, and on the rhododendron bushes, that threw shadows of intensest blackness on the lawn. The bird world was hushed now. And here was the tall dog-cart, the unnecessary lamps lit, the groom at

the leader's head. Jim Summers (as he was generally called by his associates—his former associates) and Nan came to the door to bid their visitor good-by.

"The most charming evening I ever spent in my life," observed the gay young man, as he got up and possessed himself of the reins. "Awf'ly good of you to take me in and do for me in that hospitable way. Ta, ta! I think on this occasion I will let Jakes walk by the leader's head until we get down into the Henley road.

'For though on pleasure he was bent,
He had a frugal mind.'

Good-by, Miss Summers! Hope I haven't bored you to death. I will promise never to do so no more."

And thereupon the two horses, with the groom leading, walked slowly along the drive, the black cortége on the dully silvered road having rather a funereal appearance. Mr. Summers followed to shut the gate; there was a final farewell called from amongst the darkness of the trees, and then Nan's father came back to her. She did not want to go in just yet, the night was so clear and beautiful. She put her hand within his arm; she would have him go for a little stroll up and down in the perfect and welcome silence.

"Now, Dodo, I'm going to talk seriously to you—" she began, when he interrupted her.

"But first of all, Nan," said he, in rather a timid fashion, "I wish you would tell me what you think of him—of Dick Erridge, you know."

And then she made answer bravely, though perhaps with a little qualm of conscience: "Oh, he is well enough; I like him very well indeed. I was quite glad to have a friend of yours call on you, particularly a friend who seems to have such a warm and honest admiration of you as he has. You must ask him again; I hope he will come often. And on his side I think he appeared to enjoy the evening: didn't you think so too, Dodo?"

He seemed a little relieved; yet he went on, with some touch of anxiety: "He is really a good fellow, is Dick. And that slang of his is all affectation; it is done to amuse you; the least hint—from one like you, Nan—would stop it in a moment. Perhaps he is a trifle blunt and off-hand—it's a way some of the young fellows have—there's not much harm in it. Oh yes, a very good chap is Dick—only—only I was afraid he mightn't be quite your sort, Nan."

"The world is made up of all sorts!" she exclaimed. "And that is just what I was coming to, Dodo. Why should you keep away from any companions of yours on my account? Do you think I consider myself such a superior person? Why shouldn't you bring your old friends and acquaintances here? Why shouldn't you go to the Windsor meeting or to Sandown? I will go with you, if you like; I never saw a horse-race; why shouldn't I see one—and be introduced to any of your friends you might meet? I am so afraid, Dodo, you will find this place dull. It cannot be dull for me so long as you are here, for I have plenty to do, and I am happy all the day long. But for you? And why should you consider me as something to be taken such care of? Why draw such a line? Don't you know that the great saints of the world were never respecters of persons—that they saw the good in every kind of humanity—that the beggar by the way-side was as much to them as the king on the throne? Don't make me out a superior person, Dodo! You must get all your old acquaintances to come here, just as Mr. Erridge has done, and if they have the same opinion of you that he has, then they sha'n't want for a welcome—from me, at least!"

He patted her hand that lay on his arm. "No, no, Nan," said he, in a kindly way. "You must begin your own life with everything fair and clear before you. I have not been planning and waiting all these years for nothing. But you need not think that I don't understand you. I understand you very well. There's a great deal of human nature about you, Nan, and a great deal of charity. Yes, as there had need to be, Nan—a great deal of charity and forbearance, when you gave up your friends at the vicarage, and all their pretty and elegant ways, and came to live here with a rough and ignorant fellow like Jim Summers."

She was silent for a little while; and presently, as he chanced to look, he found, to his dismay, that she was covertly crying.

"You don't intend it, Dodo, but sometimes you are very cruel to me," she said. And it was a long time before she could be pacified out here in the white moonlight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WYOMING—ANOTHER PENNSYLVANIA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

YOUNG AMERICA builds bigger than his forefathers. Wyoming is not an exceptionally large State, yet it is as big as the six States of New England and Indiana combined. Indiana itself is the size of Portugal, and is larger than Ireland. It is with more than ordinary curiosity that one approaches Wyoming during a course of study of the new Western States. From the palace-cars of the Union Pacific Railroad, that carries a tide of transcontinental travel across its full length, there is little to see but brown bunch-grass, and yet we know that on its surface of 365 miles of length and 275 miles of width are many mountain ranges and noble river-threaded valleys of such beauty that a great block of the land is to be forever preserved in its present condition as the Yellowstone National Park. We know that for years this had been a stockman's paradise, the greatest seat of the cattle industry north of Texas—the stamping-ground of the picturesque cowboys who had taken the place of the hunters who came from the most distant points in Europe to kill big game there. We know that in the mysterious depths of this huge State the decline of its first great activity was, last year, marked by a peculiar disorder that necessitated the calling out of troops; but that was a flash in a pan, much exaggerated at a distance and easily quieted at the time. For the rest, most well-informed citizens outside the State know nothing more than the misnaming of the State implies, for the pretty Indian word Wyoming, copying the name of a historic locality in the East, is said to mean "plains land."

Excepting Idaho, it is the newest of the States in point of development. It waits upon the railroads to open it up. The Union Pacific Company has done this for the southern part, but until three years ago no other railway entered the State. Even now the other roads merely tap its eastern and northern edges. The Burlington and Missouri Railroad, of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy system, is pushing its rails into the northeastern part, having come up from Nebraska. It is finished to the Powder River in Sheridan County, and is graded to Sheridan, which is in a region of rich agricultural promise. This railroad must soon, one would think, push on to the Big Horn country, as we shall see. The Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley Railroad, of the Chicago and Northwestern system, is also building into the eastern part of the State, and so a beginning is made. But the old-fashioned stage lines are far more numerous than the railroads, and are the sole links between the railways and many interior communities. The State has a population of only about 65,000, and only one town that is well known all over the country. That, of course, is Cheyenne, long the headquarters of the stockmen of the West, and once a very wild and "wide-open" city. It is not easy now to see where it stowed its wickedness as one walks its tree-lined streets bordered by pretty homes and trod by a sober and self-respecting population. Cheyenne has 12,000 population, strong banks, good schools, notable churches, some large and enterprising mercantile establishments, a fine park, and a great State capital. The town languishes. Not that the people regret the loss of the dance-houses and gambling lay-outs, but because the vim has gone out of business. The range cattle industry is failing, and the railroads have opened up other centres where mining and agriculture are the chief interests. But Cheyenne is like Wyoming itself, in a transition state, and its future is far more glorious than the noisy, profligate, and unnatural past.

The people call their State a second and Western Pennsylvania, because it contains such great stores of coal and iron among many another sort of natural wealth. They are right in asserting that coal and iron such as theirs have been the bases of great wealth for many powerful commonwealths and nations, but we shall see, in making a hasty tour of the State, that a still surer and greater asset is Wyoming's soil. Agriculture and stock-raising combined will surely give birth and impetus to a degree of development that will produce many a thickly settled, prosperous district, where now there is little else than the magic soil itself.

It must not be thought that its condi-

tions are more primitive than they are, merely because I have called it next to the newest State. There are twenty banks in the State, and nine or ten are national banks; there are five daily and two dozen weekly newspapers; there are several scores of settlements, and seven of these are of the grade of cities, and provided with water-works and lighted by electricity. The school system is a thorough one, capped by a free university, and representing a million dollars' worth of school property. Free public libraries are also maintained there. But it is the future of such a State that is most interesting, and it is the future that we have looked toward throughout this series.

The best maps of Wyoming, issued by the Department of the Interior at Washington, are almost as useless as no maps at all. Because what is called "mountain work" in surveying pays better than mapping the plains, this map was heaped with mountains, like the surface of a potful of boiling water, and where there should be a few well-defined chains and parallel valleys, there are more mountains, scattered higgledy-piggledy all over the map, than there are in British Columbia or in Switzerland. To make a tour of the State and see it as it is, let us begin with the northeastern part, that corner which is bounded by South Dakota and Montana. The mountains that are here form the Bear Lodge Range—broken spurs and isolated mountains not higher than timber grows, and not sufficient in number, extent, or height to produce much water. This is now a great range cattle country, of course. Around the bases of the mountains, where there is an appearance of more moisture than elsewhere, there are great reaches of fine grass land, on the benches and elevated plateaus where the soil seems formed of decomposed gypsum. Big beds of gypsum are exposed in this region. Here, on these inviting benches, farming to a considerable extent has crept in, pushed by a population that is thought to be an overflow from Nebraska. There is no market, so the farmers farm only for food for themselves and cattle. Note, however, that they fence in their cultivated land and keep cattle of their own to be fed in the winter. Thus the character of Wyoming and of the stock business both change—quietly, steadily, surely. The agriculture centres around Sundance just now. The stockmen do not consider it a serious invasion of the ranges yet. Cow companies as large as any in the State headquarter to the west of this farming country on the head-waters of the Belle Fourche. The historian of the next decade will, almost surely, write the reverse of this—that agriculture is the mainstay, and cattle deserve a passing notice.

Passing along to the middle of the northern part of the State, in Sheridan and Johnson counties—famed as the seat of last year's "war" between the rustlers and the cowmen—we find the Big Horn Mountains dominating the region. The east slope of these mountains almost duplicates the rich plains country around Denver or Cheyenne. It is more broken, and the ridges between the mountain streams are higher, yet the narrower benches and smaller mesas are of the same fruitful character, well watered by just such sparkling, crystal-like streams as one sees leaping from the sides of the Rockies in Colorado. The Big Horn is a noble range of the Rocky Mountain system. From its tallest point at Cloud Peak, 13,400 feet in air, in the heart of Johnson County, it sinks, in one distinct chain, into nothingness in Montana. Its bold granite knobs and points tower far above timber-line, maintaining a direct northwesterly course with few spurs and side ranges, and with the eastern foothills taking the form of an inclined reach of plains land. Already on this slope, in both counties, agriculture is the principal reliance. This is most true of Sheridan, the border county, because there are still immense herds of cattle on the Johnson County ranges. There is a larger percentage of farmers among the people in these counties than anywhere else in Wyoming. It is not that the land is the best. It is very good, indeed, but it owes its advancement in value to the fact that whereas in other parts of the State the big cow companies pre-empted the water, here it was the farmers who took the first claims of land, and water with it. The Burlington and Missouri Railroad, now being pushed to the heart of this region from the Nebraska border, will, before this is printed, connect these farms with Christendom, but up to this time the farming has been only sufficient to satisfy the home demands of an army post, a few villages, and an Indian res-



MAP OF WYOMING.

ervation in Montana. Yet it has been enough to prove that the land is sure of a great future. Barley that is said to be as rich as any grown in Canada; very good wheat, oats, and rye; luscious big strawberries, fine cherries and apples, and, in short, all the common fruits of that zone, except peaches, grow well there. The farm land is between 3800 and 5500 feet above sea-level, and but a small portion of the best of it has been taken up.

Westward again, across the Big Horn Mountains, we find a superb country between those mountains and the Yellowstone Park. It is a great basin, walled in on the east by the Big Horns, on the south by the Wind River Mountains, and on the west by the Snake or Shoshone range of the national park. The Big Horn River, a splendid stream, runs northward through this region, on its way to pour its waters into the Yellowstone in Montana. Two large streams—the Gray Bull and the Stinking Water—enter it from the west, and the No Wood, a large stream, runs into it from the east; all these have their own smaller tributaries. The Big Horn, at its best, is 12½ feet deep and 300 feet wide. The arable lands here are at elevations between 3600 and 5500 feet above sea-level, and they constitute the largest mass of unoccupied arable land in the State. Much of it is comparatively low, and it is all sheltered by great mountain ranges. It is not a corn country, of course, yet good corn matured there last summer, proving an unlooked-for length of the warm season. Surveys have resulted in determining that there are 172,000 acres of irrigable land on Gray Bull River, that south of this strip is a piece comprising 100,000 acres on the Big Horn, and that on the Stinking Water there are at least 100,000 acres that can be watered. In addition, there are a dozen large and small streams, on all of which are valley lands capable of irrigation. They are in tracts of varying sizes, but they are bottom lands and good. This Big Horn basin has an apparent measurement on

the maps of 7800 square miles, which, considered as a field for the combined industries of farming and cattle-raising, is one of the largest in the mountainous States of the West. The biggest bit of irrigable land along the Gray Bull is a great and uncommon prize for future comers. Not above 500 persons now live in this entire basin. There is a little town, called Otto, near the junction of the Gray Bull and the Big Horn, and there are solitary settlers here and there along the river, as well as a few tiny settlements ("bunches of houses" they would say out there) on the foot-hills in the shadow of the mountains. The basin is, therefore, practically unoccupied. The land is government land, obtainable by homesteaders. One man, who grew forty acres of oats there, succeeded in obtaining sixty-five bushels to the acre, it is said. But there is no market, there is no railroad, and there are no wagonways. The good land of which I have spoken is that near the streams; the rest of the region is a wilderness of deep gulches, high broken plateaus, sage-brush country, and "bad lands."

I have dwelt thus at length upon this brand-new bit of America so desolate now, so inviting to speculation, because it is plain that its future must be grand. How strange a thing it is to be able, after reading the signs of development everywhere in the far West, to point to a vast bowl, unpeopled except by half-wild cattle, and to say, with more confidence than one may prophecy of his own life to-morrow: "Here will come thousands upon thousands of men and women. Here will soon be seen vast areas of land fenced in, set with tidy farm-houses and out-buildings, gay with green and yellow grain, dotted with orchards, lively with teams upon a tangle of wagon roads. Railroads will thread the scene, and somewhere" (ah! that would be great prophesying to say just where) "in this same basin there is certain to arise a city of wealth, size, and importance, with factories and wholesale and retail shops, high-schools, stone churches, parks, and mansions." Yet it must be so, and the days that are near at hand will see this basin so peopled that the force of this prediction will even then be lost, for its force lies in the fact that there is nothing of all this in the region to-day.

Wyoming is so very new a State that there are many regions very similar to the Big Horn basin in present status and future likelihood. Look on the map. Below this basin is the great Wind River Indian Reservation. This great reserve is practically the same sort of country. Below it, where the Big Horn River is new and slender, is another fine farming country, and one that is already beginning to be settled. The army post—Fort Washakie—on the reservation is a market that has developed a comparatively settled region. The town of Lander is the capital of this small but thrifty section, which is made valuable by reason of the rich but narrow little valleys of the tributaries of the main river—there called the Wind River, though it is the Big Horn none the less. The farms support two flour-mills. There is some land for new-comers, but not much.

West of the Indian reservation and south of the Yellowstone Park is what is called the Snake River Country—a very mountainous territory, but with several fine valleys and an abundance of water. Its defect is that the arable land is very elevated. The value of the land has not been determined, but it is superior to its present limited task of growing hay for small holders of cattle who are feeding their stock in corrals in the winter.

South of this is the Salt River Valley, at one time an ancient lake-bed, but now a level plain at the bottom of a bowl—a little isolated world among the mountains, and a place of exceeding great beauty. The Mormons, 1500 strong, have pre-empted it all. Originally they began taking quarter sections of 160 acres under the Homestead Law, but later they filed claims for 640 acres at a time under the Desert Land Act. Many of the holders of large tracts are the sons of rich men, but they will find, what every one else has discovered, that the greatest profit is not in large holdings, but in tracts that a man can grasp, so to speak—twenty to forty acres—on which the owner works, and every inch of which he studies. These thrifty saints have a vast amount of stock in this valley, and produce cheese, butter, and meat, which they ship into the outer world. They raise grain and make flour. Theirs is fine and very productive land, and yet it is more than 6000 feet above sea-level.

All of this great belt that I have been describing, south of the Yellowstone Park, is called Uintah County, and at the bot-

tom of it is the Bear River Country, which is largely taken up by great cattle corporations. One man in this region owns the river-side land for twenty miles on either side of the Bear River. The main use he makes of this is to grow hay for live-stock, the whole region being principally taken up by great stock-men's corporations. The Desert Land Act offered a very convenient instrument for wholesale land-grabbing. Altogether one person could take up 1120 acres, and it was easy for cow-men to employ their cowboys to file claims upon great tracts. The employers provide the nominal land-office fees and the government price of a dollar and a quarter an acre. This act when it was in force operated in the arid belt, and affected any land that had to be irrigated. The amount upon which a claim can be filed has been reduced to 320 acres, but the principle is very mischievous, because the only hope for a land where soil is plenty and water is scarce is to limit the individual settlers to small holdings, that there may be as many of each as the land will support. Of course these large holdings will in time be broken up,and the region will be thrown open to the multitude. This will happen when the grabbers can make more money by selling the land than by holding it for stock-raising. This is fine farm land in a narrow valley fifty or sixty miles long. Behind this land, on either side of the valley, is broken land that is of no use for farming, but which with the farm land forms the happy combination so frequent in Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, by means of which agriculture and stock-raising can be easily and profitably coupled. In the southwestern part of the State is the Green River, a large stream that drains a wide country. This is yet a great stock country, and the farming along the tributary valleys is for hay for the cattle.

But times and conditions are changing. The Mormons, for instance, are pouring into the land around Fort Bridger, where there are at least 50,000 acres of irrigable land on half a dozen little streams. The Mormons are single-minded. They want land only to till it. Along the entire southern end of the State there had been but one flour-mill, and that (at Laramie City) had failed. As I write, three mills are building: one at Evanston; one at Douglas, in Converse County; and one at Saratoga, on the North Platte River. There were four flour-mills in Wyoming in 1890, but when this is published there will be nine. Moreover, the new mills are of a character and capacity far superior to the first ones.

The story of the transformation of Saratoga from a cow outfit to a farming settlement is, in great measure, the same as the story of the transformation of the entire State from a stock-man's paradise to a nineteenth-century commonwealth. And one such story is worth ten pages of argument and explanation. In the valley of the North Platte River, seven or eight years ago, there were twenty-five herds of cattle, large and small, owned by men or corporations. Fifteen bore the brands of large companies. Then the valley and the country around it were open and unfenced. The soil was uncultivated. The people who lived there bought even the potatoes—indeed, they bought everything—that they used. Hay, however, was wild, natural, plentiful. They did not know that they could raise anything; in all probability they never gave the matter a thought. It was an axiom that Wyoming was only fit for grazing; even to-day there are plenty of stock-owners and store-clerks who say that potatoes and hay are the only forms of vegetation that can be cultivated in the State. The first man in the valley who planted a garden was ridiculed by all the others; but ridicule will not affect the laws of nature, and as the soil was excellent, his garden was a success. Then others followed suit, all in an experimental, groping way, beginning with potatoes, following with turnips and beets, and so going on through all the grades of general garden truck. At last came experiments with grain, until to-day single fields of wheat and oats comprise 200 or 300 acres, and, as I have said, a thirty-barrel flour-mill is now going up there. So rich is the soil that oats have been grown there to weigh forty-five pounds to the bushel, though the number of bushels to the acre has not been exceptional. The people have learned to cultivate alfalfa (lucern), the rich and beautiful plant that serves for grass and hay in the arid region, and already it yields two crops in a summer.

The agricultural development is closely associated with the changing of the stock-men's methods. The Eastern men who had gone into the valley to grow cattle

on the open range had supposed the conditions would for an indefinite period remain as they were, based upon plenty of pasture and water. During the first four years they came gradually to admit that the range business was not profitable. They saw that the first prices they got for their stock were "boom" prices. These depreciated rapidly. Then came a reduction in the range area. Men began to fence for pasture for horses and for winter hay. Each man as he fenced in land also fenced in water, and made it difficult for cattle in the open to get to water. Then settlers began to arrive in numbers, always to locate on water, to fence it in, and to cut off more of the open range. The stock no longer wintered as it had done; wanting water and food, the animals died to an extent that piled up losses to the owners. At last it was necessary for each cow-man to maintain an outfit of riders through the winters to look after the stock. That was expensive, but it was still more expensive to feed the animals in winter, putting ten-dollar hay into fifteen-dollar beasts, for the hay could be sold for ten dollars a ton. It gradually dawned on the stock-men that they had better have one hundred head of cattle, and care for them well, than keep a thousand, with the risks and cost attendant upon large herds. The big herds were gradually driven out and sold off, and the places of most of the early range operators were taken by men who took up land and staid there with smaller herds, farming as well as beef-raising. The result is peculiar and unexpected. There are as many cattle in the valley as there ever were, but they are owned by a great number of persons, and these persons are cultivating the soil. Against fifteen herds, say, of 2000 heads each, under the range system, there are still 30,000 cattle, but they are in 150 herds of 200 heads.

There is only one large cow company left in the valley. It has to keep six or seven riders out in the winter looking after the she-stock. It has to take the precaution, early in each autumn, to make a cow and calf round-up, in order to gather the cows in one pasture and the calves in another, so as to wean the calves. The winter shelter that the cattle get is generally in the natural brush, but it is sometimes necessary to drive them into a long shed, which has had to be put up against the severest storms—the cruelty of which is in the winds that rage there. This valley, or rather the range which goes beyond the valley, is sixty by sixty miles in area. The cow company herds 3500 to 4000 head. It has to hire a ranch for growing its hay, and this it piles around the cow and calf pastures in the winter. Thus is the business now managed by what is spoken of as "the only company that has withstood the revolution" in that valley. It will look to the reader, if he knows about the range stock industry, as if the company has its business yet, but the profits of old have vanished. Thus is told the story of the range cattle business in one valley, but it will answer for all Wyoming, since in every other part of the State the same things have happened, are happening, or must happen.

The middle southern part of Wyoming is just what it seems from the cars of the Union Pacific Company—of problematical value except for grazing and for its mineral resources. We shall see, farther along, that the mineral resources of most parts of the State are extraordinary.

We have now gone over the State in all its parts except the eastern end. A study of the progress of the work of irrigation will lead to a more complete acquaintance with it. Over all the State timber is heavily distributed in large areas, which altogether form about 16,000,000 acres. The State comprises about 63,000,000 of acres, and, though more than two-thirds of the area has been surveyed, only 5,000,000 of acres are owned by individuals and corporations, the rest being public land. With so small an amount yielding a revenue, the State has no money with which to develop irrigation; it is as much as it can do to support a government. The State is very forward in progressive legislation affecting irrigation. Its Constitution declares that the waters within its boundaries are the property of the State. If this principle were acted upon, and the State constructed its own ditches and reservoirs, with a single eye to the distribution of the water among the greatest number of landholders, then all that I have urged in other papers upon the other States in the arid belt would here find its consummation. But, having announced the prime fact that it owns the water, it proceeds to give it away. This is not done in

the reckless manner we noted in other States, but it gives it away, and to men who want to make money out of it, saying through its officers, "We are only too glad to give it away in order to invite settlers." Still Wyoming is in advance of its neighbors in even this respect, and too much praise cannot be given to its State Engineer, Professor Elwood Mead, whose views are large and practical, who does all that the laws permit toward the conservation of the water supply, and who would make Wyoming's the best system in the country if he had his way, and if it were not for the mischief that was done before Wyoming became a State.

The State has been at the mercy of water-grabbers nearly twenty-one years, but has only enjoyed its own government two years. Under the Territorial system there were no restrictions, and there was no supervision in respect of the distribution of water. Any one who wanted it took it, not as the Mormons have always done, for the greatest good of the greatest number, but like ordinary white men, solely for individual gain. The grabber filed a claim and stated what he had done and for what purpose he did it, but that was a mere formality. The claims were mainly taken by stockmen who wished to get water on land so that they might utilize great tracts taken under the Desert Land Act. There was a tremendous building of ditches, and some of it was crazy work, as where one company built a $70,000 ditch and only watered 340 acres. Around Lander and a few other places farmers took water for the legitimate uses of farming. Three thousand and eighty-six ditches were run out of 631 streams, and were applicable to 2,172,781 acres under the territorial system. And that is about how the case stands to-day.

Now, Wyoming is divided into four grand water districts, to meet as many natural systems of surface drainage. In charge of each district is a superintendent, and these superintendents, with the State Engineer as president *ex officio*, constitute a Board of Control, which meets twice a year to try and determine causes growing out of the distribution and use of the water. Wyoming alone among all the States in the arid region aims to limit the supply each water-owner may have. This is the next but one most important step that the States in that region must yet take. In the territorial days men built ditches as they pleased, and then thought that they owned all the water such ditches could take. They were obliged to go before the district courts to get decrees validating their claims, and the courts were supposed to see that each claimant took only what water he needed. As a matter of fact, the courts did as they do elsewhere: took an affidavit by the owners as to the capacity of the ditches, without regard to whether such quantities of water had been, were, or could be utilized, and then issued the decrees. Though the machinery of law courts was not calculated to settle those questions the decrees stand, governing 200 of the 3000 ditches of the State, or, to put it in another way, forever disposing of the water of six of the streams in the State.

The new Board of Control has decided that the mere diversion of water from its natural channels shall not constitute appropriation thereof. The water must be applied to some beneficial use, and if that use is irrigation, the water must be actually applied to the land. The new decrees restrict allotments to actual acreage reclaimed—already watered and growing crops. If a ditch is built to reclaim 10,000 acres, and yet is only watering 1000 acres that are cultivated, the board allots the water for that 1000 acres, crediting the owners with water for the other 9000 acres only when such land is cultivated. Where new ditches are built an extension of time for development is made; in the cases of old ditches, no attention is paid to their future possibilities. In Wyoming, then, the land is reclaimed before the water is parted with by the State. The reader will understand how important and wise this course is when he comprehends the evils that result from the absence of such a rule. In Colorado, for instance, A taps a stream, and runs his ditches as far as he pleases. Then B taps the stream above A, and runs his ditches in the same or another valley or locality. Farming is carried on along both sets of ditches, but when there exists a scarcity of water, A appeals for his priority rights, and gets all the water his ditches will carry. B has his ditches closed, and the orchards and gardens and grain fields along his ditches must die of drought, even though A's territory may not be all under cultivation, or though he may have twice the water

he needs. Under the Wyoming system priority rights prevail, but only water that is actually benefiting land is at any man's disposal.

It has been determined in Wyoming that a stream of a cubic foot per second shall serve to irrigate seventy acres, but this estimate is considered non-essential there, because every acre which has water can keep it, there being plenty for all who now use it. The law declares that the first comer must have all that he needs, and the second and third comers must follow in their order, but it is said that priority rights have occasioned little trouble so far, owing to the quantity of water, and the fact that the distribution keeps pace with the actual improvement of the soil. The old haphazard water-grabbing freedom of the Territorial days has left its evils, nevertheless. I saw on a map of part of "the Little Laramie Country" a place where 150 ditches paralleled and duplicated one another in land which two ditches would have served thoroughly well. Eventually, when water is not so plentiful, there will be great trouble and expense in watching the head-gates in such localities, to make sure of fair play with the water on hand, and in the mean time there will be great loss from the heating and evaporation of the fluid in so many ditches, nine in ten of which must eventually be abandoned.

The surest way to prevent this would be for the State to survey all its districts, and prescribe the route of all ditches; but there is no law for such a course in any State. Nevertheless, in Wyoming, whenever proposed ditches are palpably unnecessary, permits are refused; that is to say, if two applications describe one set of lands, the second one is refused until the time set for the completion of the first one has expired.

It is estimated that between six millions and seven millions of acres of land in Wyoming are irrigable from the streams. Of the five millions of acres now held in the State only a little above two millions are under ditches. The great majority of the ditches are small ones, and most of these are owned by stock-men, although a few farming communities operate their own. The stock-men's ditches will eventually be applied to agriculture. In all, in this baby State, ten millions of dollars or more have been invested in these artificial waterways. When the Board of Control came, with its new rulings, the stock-men as well as the farmers saw that the only way to hold their water rights was to make use of their water, and so they have been ploughing their land and seeding it (for hay at first), and thus in the last two years have caused the State to take an extraordinary stride forward in agricultural development. Thus have come the four flouring-mills where there had been none before. Between January, 1891, and November, 1892, there were 352 applications for the right to build new ditches, and the State Engineer has been notified that at least one-third of the number have been completed and are in use. Nothing could speak more eloquently of the new forces of civilization and improvement that are at work in the State.

These new ditch companies have not been large ones. The experience of the people of the State has been that such corporations should control the settlement of the land, or—as I believe, and the State Engineer adds as an alternative—the State should own both the land and the water. The rule is seen to be that when great ditches are built squatters pre-empt the land to be benefited in order to bother and blackmail the ditch-owners into buying them out. If the State owned the public lands and surveyed them, and encouraged the building of ditches, it could sell the land for its value as improved land, and could reimburse the local ditch company by buying the shares and joining them with the land thus sold until the water and the shares were at an end. Thus even a State with a low and new treasury could prevent the creation of water-barons and avoid the troubles that must come under the grab system of to-day.

A bill has been introduced in Congress for the surrender of the public lands to the State; but before we can consider this proposition clearly it is necessary to glance at the past and present of the cattle business in this one of its former strongholds. The range cattle business is in a bad way there. One of the shrewdest capitalists in the State, himself a former range cattle owner, told me that not a cow company there made a dollar of profit in 1892. He afterward corrected himself by saying that he believed a little money had been gained from a new form of the business by men in the northern part of the State who had gone out of the breeding business

and were grazing steers exclusively. This safer method, which discounts the risk to cows and calves, has been widely adopted in Montana and the western end of the Dakotas.

The rapid decline of the range business began six years ago. Before that it had been of a character to tempt even the rich. At one time men paid two per cent. a month for money, and made 100 per cent. profits a year. That was when cows came up from Texas at a cost of $7 each, sold in two years for $22, and in three years for $40 and more, when the ranges were not overstocked, the pasturage was good, and all the conditions, including "boom" prices at the stock-yards, were favorable. The men who did the best pushed into new territory as fast as the Indians were crowded off, and kept finding new grass and plenty of it. But the risks soon came, and multiplied. If one man was careful not to overstock a range, he could not be sure that another cow outfit would not do so precisely where he had put his cattle. Prices fell, fences cut up the ranges and shut off the water, winter losses became heavier and heavier, and the "good old days" of this inhuman, devil-may-care, primitive, and clumsy business came to an end. The cowboys of picture and story existed in the brilliant days. At first they had come from Texas, but in the zenith of their romantic glory they came from everywhere and from every class. They included young Englishmen, college graduates from the East, well-born Americans —all sorts who did not "strike luck" at anything else, and who were full of vim and love of adventure. They got $40 a month and good keep during the greater part of each year. They rode good horses, that had as much of the devil in them as the "boys" themselves. They bought hand-stamped Cheyenne saddles and California bits that were as ornate as jewelry, and stuck their feet in grand *tapaderos*, or hooded stirrups, richly ornamented, padded with lamb's wool, and each as big as a fire-hat. Their spurs were fit for grandees, their "ropes," or lariats, were selected with more care than a circus tight-rope, and their big broad felt sombreros cost more than the Prince of Wales ever paid for a pot-hat.

And then, alas! the cow-men began to economize in men, food, wages—everything. The best of the old kind of cowboys, who had not become owners or foremen, saloon-keepers or gamblers, or had not been shot, drifted away. Some of the smartest among them became "rustlers" —those cattle-thieves whose depredations resulted in what almost came to be a war in Wyoming last year. They insisted that they had to do it to live.

From the cowboy stand-point it was time for the business to languish. Towns were springing up every here and there, each with its ordinance that cowboys must take off their side-arms before they entered the villages; wages were low down; men had to cart hay and dump it around for winter food; settlers fenced in the streams, and others stood guard over them with guns: it was time such a business languished. From the stand-point of nineteenth-century civilization the same conclusion was reached—the range business was an obstruction to civilization, a bar to the development of the State, a thing only to be tolerated in a new and wild country. And now I am assured that there is not an intelligent cow-man who does not know that the business is doomed in Wyoming, and that the last free-roving herds must move on. There is not one who does not know that small bunches of cattle, held in connection with agriculture, must take the places of the range cattle, because better grades of cattle can be bred, better meat can be produced, all risks will nearly disappear, and the expenses of the care of the cattle will not be a tithe of those of the old plan.

And so we come to the much-discussed plan for having Wyoming intrusted with the public domain within her borders. This plan takes account of the fact that she will ever be a great cattle-raising State. The plan is to sell the agricultural or arable land in connection with the water and with the upper or range land, always combining the irrigable bottoms or mesas and benches with the higher unirrigable territory. Then farmers may grow hay with one hand, so to speak (along with whatever else they choose to plant), while with the other they look after their cattle. With thoroughbred bulls, sheltered winter pasture and feed, and an income from farming, the farmers will be rich and the beef will be the finest that it is possible to produce. There is an unexpected opposition to this project, and by the men most certain to be benefited were it carried out. They are ignorant and suspicious, and fear that the plan

cloaks some effort toward a land-grabbing monopoly or steal of some sort. Nevertheless, the plan is peculiarly well suited to the natural conditions in Wyoming, and, for that matter, in Colorado and other States in the arid belt. It turns to good account land of a sort that is all too plentiful there that it is not easy to employ otherwise, and that is not attractive or profitable as pasture-land for cattle-owners other than such as own farms in the neighborhood. For such it should be held against wild cattle, and against the devouring bands of sheep that otherwise might and often would pass over the hills and leave them as bare as the back of one's hand.

The number of cattle in the State in 1892 was estimated to be 428,823, and the value of the stock was considered to be $4,654,379, but I was told that the State never gets reports of more than six-tenths of the number actually within her borders. However, in 1886 the number reported was 898,121 head, or more than twice as many as now, and then cows were considered worth $16 31 apiece as against $10 50 now. But this falling off argues no such ill to the State as it would have been to have the range cattle industry thrive. The auditor's figures show that while there has been a decrease of ten millions of dollars in the valuation of the cattle in the State within seven years, the total assessable value of properties in Wyoming has increased $1,236,713 during that period.

The reports of horses indicate that there are 78,286 of them on the ranges, and these are computed to be worth $2,681,000; but this is also an untrustworthy item. In truth, there are no less than 100,000 head of horses, and many of them are of excellent stock. Sheep exceed all other animals in numbers. The auditor reports 639,205, and there are really close to 900,000 of these animals on the ranges. They are worth, at graded values, $1,750,000.

Wherever the cow business is carried on there exists the most fanatical prejudice against sheep and sheep-herders. The English language fails every cow-man who tries to express his opinion about this sister industry. This is worth recording here, because it is true in all the States where cattle are fattened, from British Columbia to Texas, and because it is a prejudice without warrant or base, and it is bound to die out. We shall see why, after telling what a cow-man said of it when I brought up the topic in Wyoming:

"The sheep-herder is the worst blot on the State," said he. "He is no good, and much harm. He may have his office in New York, Chicago, or London. He fits out a wagon, with a Mexican and a dog and several thousand sheep, and away they go, like an Egyptian scourge, eating the grass down to the ground, and, in sandy soils, trampling it down so that there are great regions where once the bunch-grass grew knee-high, but where the country is now bare as a desert. You might search acres in such a place with a microscope and not discover an ounce of grass. These people pay no rent, don't own an acre, send their profits abroad, and are bitterly opposed to the settlement and development of the State."

But new men are constantly drifting into the sheep business, and mutton, which always hung back in the meat markets of America, is coming to be a favorite meat, as it is in England. There is no more remarkable change in our country than this general turning toward mutton after it had been so long and generally disliked. Men who harbored the same ill will toward the business of sheep-herding, are now rushing into it because of the money there is in it. He who was always spoken of on the ranges as "that —— sheep-man," is now on top, the subject of the envy of his neighbors. It is not true that the sheep are largely owned by foreigners or outsiders. The three largest sheep-herders in Wyoming are residents of the State. In Carbon County, the largest sheep county in the State, 138,438 sheep are ranging, and they are owned at home. The manner of conducting the business, and the figures of the cost and profit in it, are very interesting.

Five thousand sheep are considered a good holding, because that number divides into two herds convenient to handle. The owner of such a bunch will employ three men—two herders and a foreman, who is also the "camp-mover." Each herd will have a wagon, a man, and a dog, or usually two dogs. The wagon in use on the ranges is the typical "schooner" of olden time—a heavy box on wheels, covered with a canvas top, and appointed with a bed in the back, a locker, and a stove. The camp-mover divides his time between the two herds. He has a team of horses,

and after he has moved one wagon and herd to new pasture, he leaves that outfit and goes off, perhaps fifteen or twenty miles, to the other herd, to find new pasture for that, and to leave it till the grass is nipped close. The sheep are not exclusively grass-eaters. They like to browse on brush and the bark of willows, and they do well on what is called "browse," which is the short white sage-brush of that region. It is estimated that it costs seventy cents a head to maintain a herd, but the wool greatly more than meets this expense. The herders sell the old ewes to feeders in Nebraska and elsewhere to fatten for market, getting $3 50 to $4 a head for such stock. Occasionally, if they think the herds are increasing in numbers too fast, they sell off a bunch of young lambs, and yearlings fetch as high as $2 75 a head. The profits lie in the increase of the animals by multiplication. This amounts to almost a doubling of the herds in a year, the percentage being between 75 and 100 per cent. At an average cost of $3 50 for stock sheep, and a doubling of the animals, with sales at $2 75 to $4, and with an additional margin from the wool, after expenses are met, it is plain that the business is not a bad one. Wool has fetched from eleven to sixteen cents during the last few years, and good sheep yield about nine pounds as an average clip.

The coal and iron of Wyoming form a wonderful treasure. Unlike nearly all the other far Western States, Wyoming's settlement was not connected with mining. The first actual settlements were around forts Laramie and Bridger. Gold was discovered on the route of the old trail in 1867, and there have been many mining flurries in the State since then, but these were as nothing to those which built up the neighboring States, or to what must yet draw millions from this one. It was the extension of the cattle business that lifted Wyoming into prominence, and yet it will not do to say that this led to the State's settlement, since that was an industry which rather obstructed than fostered the development of the territory. Yet the rocks and the earth bear treasures comparable with those of any State in our West. Coal is found in every county. From the northern centre to the eastern end of the State it is a lignite of low grade, which crumbles when exposed to the air. It outcrops frequently and generally. It is in use in the towns of Sheridan and Buffalo, and is found to burn very well. Near Buffalo there is a vein that is said to be seventy feet thick. The nearer this deposit approaches the mountains, where it has been subjected to more pressure, the more commercial value it has. The coal burned in the settlements around Bonanza, in the western part of Johnson County, is so free from sulphur and phosphorus that it can be used by blacksmiths. Close to the Montana border the same good bituminous coal that is found in that State extends its field into Wyoming. In the eastern part of the State, where the Black Hills enter from South Dakota, is Newcastle, a busy coal-mining town, whose neighborhood is richly veined with a bituminous coal that makes high-grade coke. Coking ovens supply that material for the Black Hills smelters. This is the only coal of the kind in the State. It is of such quality that the Burlington and Missouri Railroad Company uses it for locomotive fuel, mining 800 tons a day for that use and for sale along the line in other localities.

The next best deposit yet mined is at Rock Springs, in Sweetwater County, in the southwestern part of the State, and on the Union Pacific Railroad. More than a million tons were shipped from this immense field last year. It is the best soft coal in the Wyoming markets, and as good as any in the West. The Union Pacific Railroad is heavily interested here, but there are some small private mines. In order that the people of the State may have no rose without its thorn, and may not grow too proud of their good fortune, this coal is sold in Cheyenne at $6 a ton. From Rawlins, to the eastward, comes a good coal, and eastward again is the Carbon coal field, where the railroad also owns producing mines. This coal is not so good as that from Rock Springs, and sells at thirty-five cents less per ton. Away down in the southwestern corner of the State are other great coal beds, from one of which the Southern Pacific Railroad Company gets its supply. It is a lower grade than the Rock Springs coal. The Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley Railroad (Chicago and Northwestern system) came into Wyoming for coal, among other reasons, and has a large mine in the Platte River field, near Fort Fetterman. This is not a good locomotive or steam coal, but finds a ready market in Nebraska

and elsewhere along this gigantic system. There are at least half a dozen large coal fields in the central belt of counties of whose merits I find no mention in my notes. Their development doubtless awaits that of the country around them.

Iron is as plentiful. First in importance is the great district around Hartville, north of Fort Laramie. It is theoretically pure hematite—as nearly so as hematite is found, and it has been developed or mined sufficiently for the owners of the present mines to be confident of its value. Duluth and Eastern capital has been invested here, and active operations only await the building of a railway connection with the Skull Creek (Newcastle) coal mines. Next in promise are the Seminoe, Carbon County, mines to the northwestward of the Carbon coal fields. Here is plenty of fine hematite, with fuel and fluxes close by, and only transportation facilities needed. There is a large soft deposit of mineral paint (oxide of iron), which is being ground and readily marketed. It has been found to be excellent for painting freight cars, iron and tin roofs, and buildings, is a valuable wood-preservative, and retains its color longer than most paints. The Chugwater River runs through an immense field of iron ore, but it is impregnated with what is called titanium. Iron carbonate ore is found in the Big Horn Basin, and in the basin east of the South Powder River. This will be mined, in time, for use in Bessemer steel making.

The tin of the Black Hills extends into Wyoming. The State has some extraordinary soda deposits, some of these being actual lake-beds of soda. Copper is found all along the North Platte River. Lead appears at least twice in large quantities in a survey of the State, and kaolin, fire-clay, mica, graphite, magnesia, plumbago, and sulphur are more or less abundant. Gypsum is found in almost every county, and plaster of Paris is being made of it at Red Buttes, on the Union Pacific Railroad. Marbles—some of them very fine and beautiful—are being gathered in every county for exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago. They are of all colors; but the only white marble is found in the Sibylee region, where, by-the-way, is another undeveloped agricultural section of great promise. The granites of the State are very fine, and the sandstones, which are of unlimited quantity, include beautiful varieties for building purposes and for interior decorative work.

Petroleum appears in several places in the State. There are wells at Salt Creek in Johnson County. The Omaha Company have flowing wells at Bonanza, in another part of the county, and this oil, whose flow is stopped by the company, is a splendid illuminant. A mile away is a spring carrying oil on its surface. Near Lander, south of the Indian reservation, are more than two dozen borings. All have flowed, and all are now cased, but there is a three-acre lake of leakage from them. There are signs of oil elsewhere in the State. The oil production and supply of this county are controlled by one company. If any other company offers to compete with this giant concern, it would be possible for the master company to give oil away until the opposition was starved out. The money of the great company is in its by-products, and it would not suffer greatly by making a free gift of all the oil that is consumed in Wyoming. It is generally believed that the controllers of the oil supply look to the wells of Colorado to piece out the supply if the Pennsylvania wells fail. After that, or at that time, perhaps, humanity will be interested in the oil of Wyoming; but it is noticeable now that this oil excites little human interest, and interests still less capital.

Gold is still being mined where it was first found, below the Indian reservation in the South Pass district. Here is both lode and placer mining, but the principal placer-owner is working the quartz. Within the past year many new mines have been opened there, and one shipper claims to be getting from $200 to $400 a ton out of his ore. Another gold district is east of this on the Seminoe Mountains. Others are on both sides of the Medicine Bow range, southwest of Laramie city, and near the Colorado line; in the Black Hills, in the Little Laramie Valley, in the Silver Crown district, and in the Big Horn country. The gold-mining in the State is sufficiently promising to interest a great many miners and considerable capital; but the best friends and best judges of the new State see the richest future for her in the development of her splendid agricultural lands first, and next in her coal and iron fields.

In certain of the newer States the citizens are especially proud of the consti-

tutions they have adopted as the bases of their governments. In Montana, for instance, the Constitutional Convention comprised an assemblage of men who, it is said, would win distinction anywhere. Wyoming's convention may not have been so notable in its make-up, but its product, the Constitution, is very remarkable. It is *fin de siècle*, if I may apply French to anything so extremely American; it is thoroughly "up to date."

Wyoming had progressed under Territorial government for twenty years, when, in January, 1888, her Legislature memorialized Congress for an enabling act, in the belief that Territorial government retarded the progress and development of the region. The Congress committee to which the matter was referred reported it favorably, as it also did a bill preparing for the admission of the other Territories which were so soon to become full-fledged members of the Union. In June, 1889, the Governor, Chief Justice, and Secretary districted the Territory, and apportioned the number of delegates for the convention upon a just basis. Then the Governor directed that an election be held in July to choose delegates to a constitutional convention in September. Fifty-five delegates composed the convention, and drafted the Constitution, which was afterwards ratified by a vote of five-sixths of the citizens. Wyoming was admitted as a State in 1891.

In its declaration of rights the Constitution perpetuates the right of the women to vote as they had been doing when Wyoming was a Territory. "Since equality in the enjoyment of natural and civil rights," it declares, "is made sure only through political equality, the laws of this State affecting the political rights and privileges of its citizens shall be without distinction of race, color, sex, or any circumstance or condition whatsoever, other than individual incompetency or unworthiness duly ascertained by a court of competent jurisdiction. Article VI., entitled "Suffrage," farther declares that "the right of citizens to vote and hold office shall not be denied or abridged on account of sex. Male and female citizens of this State shall equally enjoy all civil, political, and religious rights and privileges." The age when a citizen may vote is fixed at twenty-one equally without regard to sex, but "no person shall have the right to vote who shall not be able to read the Constitution of the State" (physical disability in this respect being no bar). The method of voting is what is generally called "the Australian system."

The situation in Wyoming is especially interesting, because women cut a small figure in a new State, and what they have got there the men must have given them. Do they vote—now that they may? How many vote? Do they vote as their husbands do or tell them to? Is the voting of women mainly done by the respectable, the intelligent, the ignorant, or the disorderly classes? To what extent, if any, do the women study politics and statecraft in order to vote intelligently? I am drifting to one side of a study of Wyoming's Constitution, but these are interesting questions, and the Constitution is responsible for them.

In the first place, when I put these queries, here and there, I said "women" whenever I spoke of that sex, for which I have the highest respect—the most sentimental, if you please. But I never heard any other man in the State apply any other word to the better sex except the much-abused and demoralized term "ladies." That is a marked peculiarity of the language in the West. It does not contain the noble word "woman." It sickens the ear with the overuse of the word "lady." For my part, I know a woman when I see one, but I find it difficult to determine ladyhood except upon hearsay or acquaintance. When I do find it I compliment it with the dignified word "woman"; a statement which I hope will free me from even a suspicion of rudeness or lack of gallantry here and in what follows.

I found that the great majority of the women in Wyoming are in the habit of voting. Not all of them vote as their husbands do, and, as one official expressed himself, "good men pride themselves upon not influencing their wives." Yet it is true, I am told, that very many women, of their own volition and unconsciously, copy the politics of their husbands. Occasionally the men of the State hear of women who refuse to embrace the privilege, who do not believe that women should meddle in affairs which concern the homes, the prosperity, and the self-respect and credit of the communities of which they are a part; but such women are, of course, few.

On the other hand, other women are very active in politics. There is a Ladies' Republican League among the political clubs of Cheyenne. It is seen that the right to vote acts as an incentive to study the principles and records of the opposing parties, and if there are women who blindly vote as their husbands do, there are yet others who fail to agree with the views of their life companions upon public matters.

Among the women who show an intelligent interest and take an active part in politics, a few resort to the stump, and speak for whichever cause they have adopted. But there are many who serve side by side with the men as delegates to conventions and voters in the party primaries. In the last State convention of the Republicans there were three women delegates; in that party's last county convention, in Laramie County, the secretary was a woman, and three delegates were of her sex. Women literally flock to the primaries — in the cities, at all events. At the primary meeting in the Third Ward of Cheyenne last autumn, out of 183 who were present at least 80 were women. In the other wards the proportion of women was as one is to three. On election days the women go a-voting precisely as they go a-shopping elsewhere. On foot or in their carriages they go to the polls, where, under the law, there are no crowds, and where all is quiet and orderly. There is no doubt that female suffrage has an improving effect upon politicians and their manners. All sorts and every sort of women vote; but it is to be remarked that this affords no criterion for larger and Eastern States, since the proportion of women of evil lives is very small in Wyoming, even in the cities, and, so far as other women are concerned, our new States are nearer like democracies than our old ones. The lines of caste are more apt to be noticed by their absence than by their enforcement.

To return to the Constitution, so remarkable if only because of this recognition of woman's equality to man: it forbids imprisonment for debt except in cases of fraud; it guarantees liberty of conscience, but declares that such liberty "shall not be so construed as to excuse acts of licentiousness or justify practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of the State." (A notice to the Mormons, who are already forming colonies there.) It provides that "no money of the State shall ever be given or appropriated to any sectarian or religious society or institution." The old maxim, "the greater the truth the greater the libel," receives its quietus, so far as Wyoming is concerned, in this clause: "Every person may freely speak, write, and publish on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and in all trials for libel, both civil and criminal, the truth, when published with good intent and for justifiable ends, shall be a sufficient defence, the jury having the right to determine the facts and the law under direction of the court." And here is a truly modern clause: "The rights of labor shall have just protection through laws calculated to secure to the laborer proper *rewards for his service* and to promote the industrial welfare of the State." (The *italics* are mine.)

"No power, civil or military, shall at any time interfere to prevent an untrammelled exercise of the right of suffrage.

"No distinction shall ever be made by law between resident aliens and citizens as to the possession, taxation, enjoyment, and descent of property.

"Perpetuities and monopolies are contrary to the genius of a free State, and shall not be allowed. Corporations being creatures of the State, endowed for the public good with a portion of its sovereign powers, must be subject to its control.

"Water being essential to industrial prosperity, of limited amount, and easy of diversion from its natural channels, its control must be in the State, which, in providing for its use, shall equally guard all the various interests involved.

"The State of Wyoming is an inseparable part of the Federal Union, and the Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land.

"No session of the Legislature after the first, which may be sixty days, shall exceed forty days.... No Legislature shall fix its own compensation." (The sessions are biennial.)

"No bill [before the Legislature], except general appropriation bills, and bills for the codification and general revision of the laws, shall be passed containing more than one subject, which shall be clearly expressed in its title; but if any subject is embraced in any act which is not expressed in the title, such act shall be void only as to so much thereof as shall not be so expressed.

"No appropriation shall be made for charitable, industrial, educational, or benevolent purposes to any person, corporation, or community not under the absolute control of the

State" (nor to any sectarian or denominational institution, as we have seen).

The provisions to prevent bribery and corruption in the Legislature are intended to be especially finely drawn. No legislator may give his vote or influence for or against any measure in consideration of the promise of another legislator's influence in favor of or against any other measure before, or to be brought before the Legislature. To make such a proposition is declared to be "solicitation of bribery"; to carry out such a bargain is to be guilty of bribery. Witnesses may be compelled to testify in trials of such causes, and shall not withhold testimony on the ground that it may criminate them or subject them to disgrace, but such testimony may not afterward be used against such witnesses, except upon a charge of perjury in giving such testimony. "A member who has a personal or private interest in any measure or bill proposed or pending before the Legislature shall disclose the fact to the House of which he is a member, and shall not vote thereon."

"All fines and penalties under general laws of the State shall belong to the public-school fund of the respective counties." This is in addition to the usual two sections in each township, to all lands given to the State for purposes not otherwise specified, the proceeds of all property that may come to the State by escheat or forfeiture, and in addition to all funds from unclaimed dividends or distributive shares of the estates of deceased persons.

"In none of the public schools shall distinction or discrimination be made on account of sex, race, or color.

"No sectarian instruction, qualifications, or tests shall be imparted, exacted, applied, or in any manner tolerated in the schools, ... nor shall attendance be required at any religious service therein, nor shall any sectarian tenets or doctrines be taught or favored in any public school or institution that may be established under this Constitution.

"Railroad and telegraph lines heretofore constructed, or that may hereafter be constructed in this State, are hereby declared public highways and common carriers, and as such must be made by law to extend the same equality and impartiality to all who use them, excepting employés and their families and ministers of the Gospel.

"Exercise of the power and right of eminent domain shall never be so construed or abridged as to prevent the taking by the Legislature of property and franchises of incorporated companies, and subjecting them to public use the same as property of individuals.

"No street passenger railway, telegraph, telephone, or electric-light line, shall be constructed within the limits of any municipal organization without the consent of its local authorities.

"Eight hours' actual work shall constitute a lawful day's work in all mines and on all State and municipal works.

"It shall be unlawful for any person, company, or corporation to require of its employés any contract or agreement whereby such employer shall be released from liability or responsibility for personal injuries to such employés while in the service of such employer, by reason of the negligence of the employer, or the agents or employés thereof." (Condensed to give the mere substance of the clause.)

"No armed police force or detective agency, or armed body or unarmed body of men, shall ever be brought into this State for the suppression of domestic violence, except upon the application of the Legislature, or Executive, when the Legislature cannot be convened."

The laws governing taxation and revenue are equally notable. Except for the support of educational and charitable institutions, and the payment of the State debt and interest thereon, the annual levy may not exceed four mills on the dollar of the assessed valuation of the property in the State. Twelve mills on the dollar is the maximum levy in the counties for all purposes, exclusive of the State tax and county debt. An annual and additional tax of two dollars for each person in each county is imposed for school purposes. No city or town may levy a tax greater than eight mills on the dollar, except to meet its public debt and the interest thereon.

It will be seen that in preparing this great establishment for the reception of future millions, the furniture is as complete as the variety of attractions in the soil, and the future millions will find, already settled for them beforehand, many of the problems which we in older States are sorely troubled to decide—such as the female suffrage question, the eight-hour law, the Pinkerton problem, the question of religion or no religion in the schools, the mischief of discrimination in freight rates, and the evil of free passes on railways, with fifty other greater or lesser matters that foment doubt and contention far to the eastward of this forward and vigorous commonwealth, which thus has everything it needs, except the trifle called population.

THE REFUGEES.*

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II.—IN THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TAP OF DEATH.

DAY was just breaking as the four comrades entered the gate of the stockade, but early as it was, the censitaires and their families were all afoot, staring at the prodigious fire which raged to the south of them. De Catinat burst through the throng and rushed up stairs to Adèle, who had herself flown down to meet him, so that they met in each other's arms halfway up the great stone staircase with a burst of those little inarticulate cries which are the true unwritten language of love. Together, with his arm round her, they ascended to the great hall where old De la Nouë with his son was peering out of the window at the wonderful spectacle.

"Ah, monsieur," said the old nobleman, with his courtly bow, "I am indeed rejoiced to see you safe under my roof again, not only for your own sake, but for that of madame's eyes, which, if she will permit an old man to say so, are much too pretty to spoil by straining them all day in the hopes of seeing some one coming out of the forest. You have done forty miles, Monsieur de Catinat, and are doubtless hungry and weary. When you are yourself again I must claim my revenge in piquet, for the cards lay against me the other night."

But Du Lhut had entered at De Catinat's heels with his tidings of disaster.

"You will have another game to play, Monsieur de Ste. Marie," said he. "There are six hundred Iroquois in the woods, and they are preparing to attack."

"Tut! tut! we cannot allow our arrangements to be altered by a handful of savages," said the seigneur. "I must apologize to you, my dear De Catinat, that you should be annoyed by such people while you are upon my estate. As regards the piquet, I cannot but think that your play from king and knave is more brilliant than safe. Now when I played piquet last with De Lannes of Poitou—"

"De Lannes of Poitou is dead, and all his people," said Du Lhut. "The blockhouse is a heap of smoking ashes."

The seigneur raised his eyebrows and took a pinch of snuff, tapping the lid of his little round gold box.

"I always told him that his fort would be taken unless he cleared away those maple-trees, which grew up to the very walls. They are all dead, you say?"

"Every man."

"And the fort burned?"

"Not a stick was left standing."

"Have you seen these rascals?"

"We saw the trail of a hundred and fifty. Then there were a hundred in canoes, and a war party of four hundred passed us under the Flemish Bastard. Their camp is five miles down the river, and there cannot be less than six hundred."

"You are fortunate in escaping them."

"But they were not so fortunate in escaping us. We killed Brown Moose and his son, and we fired the woods so as to drive them out of their camp."

"Excellent! Excellent!" said the seigneur, clapping gently with his dainty hands. "You have done very well indeed, Du Lhut! You are, I presume, very tired?"

"I am not often tired. I am quite ready to do the journey again."

"Then perhaps you would pick a few men and go back into the woods to see what these villains are doing?"

"I shall be ready in five minutes."

"Perhaps you would like to go also, Achille?"

His son's dark eyes and Indian face lit up with a fierce joy.

"Yes, I shall go also," he answered.

"Very good, and we shall make all ready in your absence. Madame, you will excuse these little annoyances which mar the pleasure of your visit. Next time that you do me the honor to come here I trust that we shall have cleared all these vermin from my estate. We have our advantages. The Richelieu is a better fish-pond and these forests are a finer deer-preserve than any of which the King can boast. But, on the other hand, we have, you see, our little troubles. You will excuse me now, as there are one or

* Begun in January number, 1893.

two things which demand my attention. De Catinat, you are a tried soldier, and I should be glad of your advice. Onega, give me my lace handkerchief and my cane of clouded amber, and take care of madame until her husband and I return."

It was bright daylight now, and the square enclosure within the stockade was filled with an anxious crowd who had just learned the evil tidings. Most of the censitaires were old soldiers and trappers who had served in many Indian wars, and whose swarthy faces and bold bearing told their own story. They were sons of a race which, with better fortune, or with worse, has burned more powder than any other nation upon earth, and as they stood in little groups discussing the situation and examining their arms, a leader could have asked for no more hardy or more warlike following. The women, however, pale and breathless, were hurrying in from the outlying cottages, dragging their children with them, and bearing over their shoulders the more precious of their household goods. The confusion, the hurry, the cries of the children, the throwing down of bundles, and the rushing back for more, contrasted strangely with the quiet and the beauty of the woods which encircled them, all bathed in the bright morning sunlight. It was strange to look upon the fairy loveliness of their many-tinted foliage, and to know that the spirit of murder and cruelty was roaming unchained behind that lovely screen.

The scouting party under Du Lhut and Achille de la Nouë had already left, and at the orders of the seigneur the two gates were now secured with huge bars of oak fitted into iron staples on either side. The children were placed in the lower storeroom with a few women to watch them, while the others were told off to attend to the fire-buckets and to reload the muskets. The men had been paraded, fifty-two of them in all, and they were divided into parties now for the defence of each part of the stockade. On one side it had been built up to within a few yards of the river, which not only relieved them from the defence of that face, but enabled them to get fresh water by throwing a bucket at the end of a rope from the stockade. The boats and canoes of Ste. Marie were drawn up on the bank just under the wall, and were precious now as offering a last means of escape should all else fail. The next fort, St. Louis, was but a few leagues down the river, and De la Nouë had already sent a swift messenger to it with news of the danger. At least it would be a point on which they might retreat should the worst come to the worst.

And that the worst might come to the worst was very evident to so experienced a woodsman as Amos Green. He had left Ephraim Savage snoring in a deep sleep upon the floor, and was now walking round the defences with his pipe in his mouth, examining with a critical eye every detail in connection with them. The stockade was very strong, nine feet high, and closely built of oak stakes, which were thick enough to turn a bullet. Half-way up it was loop-holed in long narrow slits for the fire of the defenders. But, on the other hand, the trees grew to within a hundred yards of it, and formed a screen for the attack, while the garrison was so scanty that it could not spare more than twenty men at the utmost for each face. Amos knew how daring and dashing were the Iroquois warriors, how cunning and fertile of resource, and his face darkened as he thought of the young wife who had come so far in their safe-keeping, and of the women and children whom he had seen crowding into the fort.

"Would it not be better if you could send them down the river?" he suggested to the seigneur.

"I should very gladly do so, monsieur, and perhaps, if we are all alive, we may manage it to-night if the weather should be cloudy. But I cannot spare the men to guard them, and I cannot send them without a guard when we know that Iroquois canoes are on the river, and their scouts are swarming on the banks."

"You are right. It would be madness."

"I have stationed you on this eastern face with your friends and with fifteen men. Monsieur de Catinat, will you command the party?"

"Willingly."

"I will take the south face, as it seems to be the point of danger. Du Lhut can take the north, and five men should be enough to watch the river side."

"Have we food and powder?"

"I have flour and smoked eels enough to see this matter through. Poor fare, my dear sir, but I dare say you learned

in Holland that a cup of ditch water after a brush may have a better smack than the blue-sealed Frontinac which you helped me to finish the other night. As to powder, we have all our trading stores to draw upon."

"We have not time to clear any of these trees?" asked the soldier.

"Impossible. They would make better cover down than up."

"But at least I might clear that patch of brushwood round the birch sapling which lies between the east face and the edge of the forest. It is good cover for their skirmishers."

"Yes, that should be fired without delay."

"Nay, I think that I might do better," said Amos. "We might bait a trap for them there. Where is this powder of which you spoke?"

"Theuriet, the major-domo, is giving out powder in the main storehouse."

"Very good." Amos vanished up stairs, and returned with a large linen bag in his hand. This he filled with powder, and then, slinging it over his shoulder, he carried it out to the clump of bushes, and placed it at the base of the sapling, cutting a strip out of the bark immediately above the spot. Then with a few leafy branches and fallen leaves he covered the powder-bag very carefully over, so that it looked like a little hillock of earth. Having arranged all to his satisfaction, he returned, clambering over the stockade, and dropping down upon the other side.

"I think that we are all ready for them now," said the seigneur. "I would that the women and children were in a safe place, but we may send them down the river to-night if all goes well. Has any one heard anything of Du Lhut?"

"Jean has the best ears of any of us, your excellency," said one man from beside the brass corner cannon. "He thought that he heard shots a few minutes ago."

"Then he has come into touch of them. Étienne, take ten men and go to the withered oak to cover them if they are retreating, but do not go another yard on any pretext. I am too short-handed already. Perhaps, De Catinat, you wish to sleep?"

"No; I could not sleep."

"We can do no more down here. What do you say to a round or two of piquet? A little turn of the cards will help us to pass the time."

They ascended to the upper hall, where Adèle came and sat by her husband, while the swarthy Onega crouched by the window, looking keenly out into the forest. De Catinat had little thought to spare upon the cards, as his mind wandered to the danger which threatened them, and to the woman whose hand rested upon his own. The old nobleman, on the other hand, was engrossed by the play, and cursed under his breath or chuckled and grinned as the luck swayed one way or the other. Suddenly, as they played, there came two sharp raps from without.

"Some one is tapping," cried Adèle.

"It is death that is tapping," said the Indian woman at the window.

"Ay, ay; it was the patter of two spent balls against the wood-work. The wind is against our hearing the report. The cards are shuffled. It is my cut and your deal. The capot I think was mine."

"Men are rushing from the woods," cried Onega.

"Tut! It grows serious!" said the nobleman. "We can finish the game later. Remember that the deal lies with you. Let us see what it all means."

De Catinat had already rushed to the window. Du Lhut, young Achille de la Nouë, and eight of the covering party were running, with their heads bent, towards the stockade, the door of which had been opened to admit them. Here and there from behind the trees came little blue puffs of smoke, and one of the fugitives, who wore white calico breeches, began suddenly to hop instead of running, and a red splotch showed upon the white cloth. Two others threw their arms round him, and the three rushed in abreast, while the gate swung into its place behind them. An instant later the brass cannon at the corner gave a flash and a roar, while the whole outline of the wood was traced in a rolling cloud, and the shower of bullets rapped up against the wooden wall like hail upon a casement.

Chapter XXXVI.

The Taking of the Stockade.

Having left Adèle to the care of her Indian hostess, and warned her for her life to keep from the windows, De Catinat seized his musket and rushed down stairs. As he passed, a bullet came pip-

ing through one of the narrow embrasures, and starred itself in a little blotch of lead upon the opposite wall. The seigneur had already descended, and was conversing with Du Lhut beside the door.

"A thousand of them, you say?"

"Yes; we came on a fresh trail of a large war party — three hundred at the least. They are all Mohawks and Cayugas, with a sprinkling of Oneidas. We had a running fight for a few miles, and we have lost five men."

"All dead, I trust."

"I hope so; but we were hard pressed to keep from being cut off. Jean Mance is shot through the leg."

"I saw that he was hit."

"We had best have all ready to retire to the house if they carry the stockade. We can scarce hope to hold it when they are twenty to one."

"All is ready."

"And with our cannon we can keep their canoes from passing, so we might send our women away to-night."

"I had intended to do so. Will you take charge of the north side? You might come across to me with ten of your men now, and I shall go back to you if they change their attack."

The firing came in one continuous rattle now from the edge of the wood, and the air was full of bullets. The assailants were all trained shots, men who had lived by their guns, and to whom a shaking hand or a dim eye meant poverty and hunger. Every slit and crack and loop-hole was marked, and a cap held above the stockade was blown in an instant from the gun-barrel which supported it. On the other hand, the defenders were also skilled in Indian fighting, and wise in every trick and lure which could protect themselves or tempt their enemies to show. They kept well to the sides of the loop-holes, watching through little crevices of the wood, and firing swiftly when a chance offered. A red leg sticking straight up into the air from behind a log showed where one bullet at least had gone home, but there was little to aim at save a puff and flash from among the leaves, or the shadowy figure of a warrior seen for an instant as he darted from one tree trunk to the other. Seven of the Canadians had already been hit, but only three were mortally wounded. The other four still kept manfully to their loop-holes, though one who had been struck through the jaw was spitting his teeth with his bullets down into his gun-barrel. The women sat in a line upon the ground, beneath the level of the holes, each with a saucerful of bullets and a canister of powder, passing up the loaded guns to the fighting-men at the points where a quick fire was most needful.

At first the attack had been all upon the south face, but as fresh bodies of the Iroquois came up their line spread and lengthened until the whole east face was girt with fire, which gradually enveloped the north also. The fort was ringed in by a great loop of smoke, save only where the broad river flowed past them. Over near the further bank the canoes were lurking; and one, manned by ten warriors, attempted to pass down the stream, but a good shot from the brass gun dashed in her side and sank her, while a second of grape left only four of the swimmers, whose high scalp-locks stood out above the water like the back fins of some strange fish. On the inland side, however, the seigneur had ordered the cannon to be served no more, for the broad embrasures drew the enemies' fire, and of the men who had been struck half were among those who worked the guns.

The old nobleman strutted about with his white ruffles and his clouded cane behind the line of parched, smoke-grimed men, tapping his snuff-box, shooting out his little jests, and looking very much less concerned than he had done over his piquet.

"What do you think of it, Du Lhut?" he asked.

"I think very badly of it. We are losing men much too fast."

"Well, my friend, what can you expect? When a thousand muskets are all turned upon a little place like this some one must suffer for it. Ah, my poor fellow, so you are done for too!"

The man nearest him had suddenly fallen with a crash, lying quite still, with his face in a platter of the sagamite which had been brought out by the women. Du Lhut glanced at him, and then looked round.

"He is in a line with no loop-hole, and it took him in the shoulder," said he. "Where did it come from, then? Ah, by Ste. Anne, look there!" He pointed upwards to a little mist of smoke which hung round the summit of a high oak.

"The rascal overlooks the stockade.

But the trunk is hardly thick enough to shield him at that height. This poor fellow will not need his musket again, and I see that it is ready primed."

De la Nouë laid down his cane, turned back his ruffles, picked up the dead man's gun, and fired at the lurking warrior. Two leaves fluttered out from the tree, and a grinning vermilion face appeared for an instant with a yell of derision. Quick as a flash, Du Lhut brought his musket to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. The man gave a tremendous spring and crashed down through the thick foliage. Some seventy or eighty feet below him a single thick branch shot out, and on to this he fell with the sound of a great stone dropping into a bog, and hung there doubled over it, swinging slowly from side to side like a red rag, his scalp-lock streaming from between his feet. A shout of exultation rose from the Canadians at the sight, which was drowned in the murderous yell of the savages.

"His limbs twitch. He is not dead," cried De la Nouë.

"Let him die there," said the old pioneer, callously, ramming a fresh charge into his gun. "Ah! there is the gray hat again. It comes ever when I am unloaded."

"I saw a plumed hat among the brushwood."

"It is the Flemish Bastard. I had rather have his scalp than those of his hundred best warriors!"

"Is he so brave, then?"

"Yes, he is brave enough. There is no denying it, for how else could he be an Iroquois war chief. But he is clever and cunning and cruel—ah, my God! if all the stories told are true his cruelty is past believing. I should feel that my tongue would wither if I did but name the things which this man has done. Ah! he is there again."

The gray hat with the plume had shown itself once again in a rift of the smoke. De la Nouë and Du Lhut both fired together, and the cap fluttered up into the air. At the same instant the bushes parted, and a tall warrior sprang out in full view of the defenders. His face was that of an Indian, but a shade or two lighter, and a pointed black beard hung down over his hunting-tunic. He threw out his hands with a gesture of disdain, stood for an instant looking steadfastly at the fort, and then sprang back into cover, amid a shower of bullets, which clipped away the twigs all round him.

"Yes, he is brave enough," Du Lhut repeated, with an oath. "Your censitaires have had their hoes in their hands more often than their muskets, I should judge from their shooting. But they seem to be drawing closer upon the east face, and I think that they will make a rush there before long."

The fire had indeed grown very much fiercer upon the side which was defended by De Catinat, and it was plain that the main force of the Iroquois were gathered at that point. From every log and trunk and cleft and bush came the red flash with the gray halo, and the bullets sang in a continuous stream through the loopholes. Amos had whittled a little hole for himself about a foot above the ground, and lay upon his face, loading and firing in his own quiet, methodical fashion. Beside him stood Ephraim Savage, his mouth set grimly, his eyes flashing from under his down-drawn brows, and his whole soul absorbed in the smiting of the Amalekites. His hat was gone, his grizzled hair flying in the breeze, great splotches of powder mottled his mahogany face, and a weal across his right cheek showed where an Indian bullet had grazed him. De Catinat was bearing himself like an experienced soldier, walking up and down among his men, with short words of praise or of precept—those fire-words, rough and blunt, which bring a glow to the heart and a flush to the cheek. Seven of his men were down, but as the attack grew fiercer upon his side it slackened upon the others, and the seigneur with his son and Du Lhut brought ten men to re-enforce him. De la Nouë was holding out his snuff-box to De Catinat, when a shrill scream from behind them made them both look round. Onega, the Indian wife, was wringing her hands over the body of her son. A glance showed that the bullet had pierced his heart and that he was dead.

For an instant the old nobleman's thin face grew a shade paler, and the hand which held out the little gold box shook like a branch in the wind. Then he thrust it into his pocket again, and mastered the spasm which had convulsed his features.

"The De la Nouës always die upon the field of honor," he remarked. "I think



DEFENDING THE STOCKADE.

that we should have some more men in the angle by the gun."

And now it became clear why it was that the Iroquois had chosen the eastern face for their main attack. It was that the clump of cover lay midway between the edge of the forest and the stockade. A storming party could creep as far as that, and gather there for the final rush. First one crouching warrior, and then a second, and then a third darted across the little belt of open space, and threw themselves down among the bushes. The fourth was hit, and lay with his back broken, a few paces out from the edge of the wood; but a stream of warriors continued to venture the passage, until thirty-six had got across, and the little patch of underwood was full of lurking savages. Amos Green's time had come.

From where he lay he could see the white patch where he had cut the bark from the birch sapling, and he knew that immediately underneath it lay the powder-bag. He sighted the mark, and then slowly lowered his barrel until he had got to the base of the little tree as nearly as he could guess it among the tangle of bushes. The first shot produced no result, however, and the second was aimed a foot lower. The bullet penetrated the bag, and there was an explosion which shook the manor-house, and swayed the whole line of stout stockades as though they were cornstalks in a breeze. Up to the highest summits of the trees went the huge column of blue smoke, and after the first roar there was a deathly silence, which was broken by the patter and thud of falling bodies. Then came a wild cheer from the defenders, and a furious answering whoop from the Indians, while the fire from the woods burst out with greater fury than ever.

But the blow had been a heavy one. Of the thirty-six warriors, all picked for their valor, only four regained the shelter of the woods, and those so torn and shattered that they were spent men. Already the Indians had lost heavily, and this fresh disaster made them reconsider their plan of attack, for the Iroquois were as wary as they were brave, and he was esteemed the best war chief who was most

chary of the lives of his followers. Their fire gradually slackened, and at last, save for a dropping shot here and there, it died away altogether.

"Is it possible that they are going to abandon the attack?" cried De Catinat, joyously. "Amos, I believe that you have saved us."

But the wily Du Lhut shook his head. "A wolf would as soon leave a half-gnawed bone as an Iroquois such a prize as this."

"But they have lost heavily."

"Ay, but not so heavily as ourselves in proportion to our numbers. They have lost fifty out of a thousand, and we twenty out of threescore. No, no; they are holding a council, and we shall soon hear from them again. But it may be some hours first, and if you will take my advice you will have an hour's sleep, for you are not, as I can see by your eyes, as used to doing without it as I am, and there may be little rest for any of us this night."

De Catinat was indeed weary to the last pitch of human endurance. Amos Green and the seaman had already wrapt themselves in their blankets and sunk to sleep under the shelter of the stockade. The soldier rushed up stairs to say a few words of comfort to the trembling Adèle, and then, throwing himself down upon a couch, he slept the dreamless sleep of an exhausted man. When at last he was aroused by a fresh sputter of musketry fire from the woods the sun was already low in the heavens, and the mellow light of evening tinged the bare walls of the room. He sprang from his couch, seized his musket, and rushed down stairs. The defenders were gathered at their loop-holes once more, while Du Lhut, the seigneur, and Amos Green were whispering eagerly together. He noticed as he passed that Onega still sat crooning by the body of her son, without having changed her position since morning.

"What is it, then? Are they coming on?" he asked.

"They are up to some devilry," said Du Lhut, peering out at the corner of the embrasure. "They are gathering thickly at the east fringe, and yet the firing comes from the north. It is not the Indian way to attack across the open, and yet, if they think help is coming from the fort, they might venture."

"The wood in front of us is alive with them," said Amos. "They are as busy as beavers among the underwood."

"Perhaps they are going to attack from this side, and cover the attack by a fire from the flank."

"That is what I think," cried the seigneur. "Bring the spare guns up here, and all the men except five for each side."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a shrill yell rose from the wood, and in an instant a cloud of warriors burst out and charged across the open, howling, springing, and waving their guns or tomahawks in the air. With their painted faces, smeared and striped with every vivid color, their streaming scalp-locks, their waving arms, their open mouths, and their writhings and contortions, no more fiendish crew ever burst into a sleeper's nightmare. Some of those in front bore canoes between them, and as they reached the stockade they planted them against it, and swarmed up them as if they had been scaling-ladders. Others fired through the embrasures and loop-holes, the muzzles of their guns touching those of the defenders, while others again sprang unaided on to the tops of the palisades, and jumped fearlessly down upon the inner side. The Canadians, however, made such a resistance as might be expected from men who knew that no mercy awaited them. They fired whilst they had time to load, and then clubbing their muskets they smashed furiously at every red head which showed above the rails. The din within the stockade was infernal, the shouts and cries of the French, the whooping of the savages, and the terrified screaming of the frightened women blending into one dreadful uproar, above which could be heard the high, shrill voice of the old seigneur imploring his censitaires to stand fast. With his rapier in his hand, his hat lost, his wig awry, and his dignity all thrown to the winds, the old nobleman showed them that day how a soldier of Rocroy could carry himself, and with Du Lhut, Amos, De Catinat, and Ephraim Savage, was ever in the forefront of the defence. So desperately did they fight, the sword and musket butt outreaching the tomahawk, that though at one time fifty Iroquois were over the palisades, they had slain or driven back nearly all of them, when a fresh wave burst suddenly over the south face, which had been stripped of its defenders. Du

Lhut saw in an instant that the enclosure was lost, and that only one thing could save the house.

"Hold them for an instant!" he screamed, and rushing at the brass gun, he struck his flint and steel, and fired it straight into the thick of the savages. Then, as they recoiled for an instant, he stuck a nail into the touch-hole, and drove it home with a blow from the butt of his gun. Dashing across the yard, he spiked the gun at the other corner, and was back at the door as the remnants of the garrison were hurled towards it by the rush of the assailants. The Canadians darted in, and swung the ponderous mass of wood into position, breaking the leg of the foremost warrior, who had striven to follow them. Then, for an instant, they had time for breathing and for council.

Chapter XXXVII.

THE CANOE FROM THE NORTH.

But their case was a very evil one. Had the guns been lost, so that they might be turned upon the door, all further resistance would have been vain, but Du Lhut's presence of mind had saved them from that danger. The two guns upon the river face, and the canoes, were safe, for they were commanded by the windows of the house. But their numbers were terribly reduced, and those who were left were weary and wounded and spent. Nineteen had gained the house, but one had been shot through the body, and lay groaning in the hall, while a second had his shoulder cleft by a tomahawk, and could no longer raise his musket. Du Lhut, De la Nouë, and De Catinat were uninjured, but Ephraim Savage had a bullet-hole in his forearm, and Amos was bleeding from a cut upon the face. Of the others hardly one was without injury, and yet they had no time to think of their hurts, for the danger still pressed, and they were lost unless they acted. A few shots from the barricaded windows sufficed to clear the enclosure, for it was all exposed to their aim, but, on the other hand, the Indians had the shelter of the stockade now, and from the further side of it they kept up a fierce fire upon the windows. Half a dozen of the censitaires returned the fusillade, whilst the leaders consulted as to what had best be done.

"We have twenty-five women and fourteen children," said the seigneur. "I am sure that you will agree with me, gentlemen, that our first duty is towards them. Some of you, like myself, have lost sons or brothers this day. Let us at least save our wives and sisters."

"No Iroquois canoes have passed up the river," said one of the Canadians. "If the women start in the darkness they can get away to the fort."

"By Ste. Anne of Beaupré," exclaimed Du Lhut, "I think it would be well if you could get your men out of this also, for I cannot see how it is to be held until morning."

A murmur of assent broke from the other Canadians, but the old nobleman shook his bewigged head with decision.

"Tut! tut! What nonsense is this!" he cried. "Are we to abandon the manor-house of Ste. Marie to the first gang of savages who choose to attack it? No, no, gentlemen; there are still nearly a score of us, and when the garrison learn that we are so pressed, which will be by to-morrow morning at the latest, they will certainly send us relief."

Du Lhut shook his head moodily.

"If you stand by the fort I will not desert you," said he, "and yet it is a pity to sacrifice brave men for nothing."

"The canoes will hardly hold the women and children as it is," cried Theuriet. "There are but two large and four small. There is not space for a single man."

"Then that decides it," said De Catinat. "But who are to row the women?"

"It is but a few leagues, with the current in their favor, and there are none of our women who do not know how to handle a paddle."

The Iroquois were very quiet now, and an occasional dropping shot from the trees or the stockade was the only sign of their presence. Their losses had been heavy, and they were either engaged in collecting their dead or in holding a council as to their next move. The twilight was gathering in, and the sun had already sunk beneath the tree-tops. Leaving a watchman at each window, the leaders went round to the back of the house, where the canoes were lying upon the bank. There were no signs of the enemy upon the river to the north of them.

"We are in luck," said Amos; "the clouds are gathering and there will be little light."

"It is luck indeed, since the moon is only three days past the full," answered Du Lhut. "I wonder that the Iroquois have not cut us off upon the water, but it is likely that their canoes have gone south to bring up another war party. They may be back soon, and we had best not lose a moment."

"In an hour it might be dark enough to start."

"I think that there is rain in those clouds, and that will make it darker still."

The women and children were assembled, and their places in each boat were assigned to them. The wives of the censitaires, rough hardy women whose lives had been spent under the shadow of a constant danger, were for the most part quiet and collected, though a few of the younger ones whimpered a little. A woman is always braver when she has a child to draw her thoughts from herself, and each married woman had one now allotted to her as her own special charge until they should reach the fort. To Onega, the Indian wife of the seigneur, who was as wary and as experienced as a war sachem of her people, the command of the women was intrusted.

"It is not very far, Adèle," said De Catinat, as his wife clung to his arm. "You remember how we heard the angelus as we journeyed through the woods. That was Fort St. Louis, and it is but a league or two."

"But I do not wish to leave you, Amory. We have been together in all our troubles. Oh, Amory, why should we be divided now?"

"My dear love, you will tell them at the fort how things are with us, and they will bring us help."

"Let the others do that, and I will stay. I will not be useless, Amory. Onega has taught me to load a gun. I will not be afraid—indeed I will not—if you will only let me stay."

"You must not ask it, Adèle. It is impossible, child. I could not let you stay."

"But I feel so sure that it would be best."

The coarser reason of man has not yet learned to value those subtle instincts which guide a woman. De Catinat argued and exhorted until he had silenced if he had not convinced her.

"It is for my sake, dear. You do not know what a load it will be from my heart when I know that you are safe. And you need not be afraid for me. We can easily hold the place until morning. Then the people from the fort will come, for I hear that they have plenty of canoes, and we shall all meet again."

Adèle was silent, but her hands tightened upon his arm. Her husband was still endeavoring to reassure her, when a groan burst from the watcher in the window which overlooked the stream.

"There is a canoe on the river to the north of us," he cried.

The besieged looked at each other in dismay. The Iroquois had then cut off their retreat, after all.

"How many warriors are in it?" asked the seigneur.

"I cannot see. The light is not very good, and it is in the shadow of the bank."

"Which way is it coming?"

"It is coming this way. Ah, it shoots out into the open now, and I can see it. May the good Lord be praised! A dozen candles shall burn in Quebec cathedral if I live till next summer!"

"What is it, then?" cried De la Nouë, impatiently.

"It is not an Iroquois canoe. There is but one man in it. He is a Canadian."

"A Canadian!" cried Du Lhut, springing up to the window. "Who but a madman would venture into such a hornets' nest alone? Ah, yes, I can see him now. He keeps well out from the bank to avoid their fire. Now he is in mid-stream, and he turns towards us. By my faith, it is not the first time that the good father has handled a paddle."

"It is a Jesuit," said one, craning his neck. "They are ever where there is most danger."

"No; I can see his capote," said another. "It is a Franciscan friar."

An instant later there was the sound of a canoe grounding upon the pebbles, the door was unbarred, and a man strode in, attired in the long dark gown of the Franciscans. He cast a rapid glance around, and then stepping up to De Catinat, laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"So! You have not escaped me," said he. "We have caught the evil seed before it had time to root."

"What do you mean, father?" asked the seigneur. "You have made some mistake. This is my good friend Amory de Catinat, of a noble French family."

"This is Amory de Catinat, the heretic and Huguenot," cried the monk. "I have followed him up the St. Lawrence, and I have followed him up the Richelieu, and I would have followed him to the world's end if I could but bring him back with me."

paper out of his bosom; "it is signed by the Governor, and calls upon you, under pain of the King's displeasure, to return this man to Quebec. Ah, monsieur, when you left me upon the island that morning you little thought that I would return to Quebec for this, and then hunt you down so many hundreds of miles of river. But I have you now, and I shall never leave you until I see you on board of the ship which will carry you and your wife back to France."

For all the bitter vindictiveness which gleamed in the friar's eyes, De Catinat



"THIS IS CATINAT, THE HERETIC."

"Tut, father! your zeal carries you too far," said the seigneur. "Whither would you take my friend, then?"

"He shall go back to France with his wife. There is no place in Canada for heretics."

Du Lhut burst out laughing. "By Ste. Anne, father," said he, "if you could take us all back to France at present we should be very much your debtors."

"And you will remember," said De la Nouë, sternly, "that you are under my roof, and that you are speaking of my guest."

But the friar was not to be abashed by the frown of the old soldier.

"Look at this," said he, whipping a

could not but admire the energy and tenacity of the man.

"It seems to me, father, that you would have shone more as a soldier than as a follower of Christ," said he; "but since you have followed us here, and since there is no getting away, we may settle this question at some later time."

But the two Americans were less inclined to take so peaceful a view. Ephraim Savage's beard bristled with anger, and he whispered something into Amos Green's ear.

"The Captain and I could easily get rid of him," said the young woodsman, drawing De Catinat aside. "If he *will* cross our path he must pay for it."

"No, no, not for the world, Amos! Let him alone. He does what he thinks to be his duty, though his faith is stronger than his charity, I think. But here comes the rain, and surely it is dark enough now for the boats."

A great brown cloud had overspread the heavens, and the night had fallen so rapidly that they could hardly see the gleam of the river in front of them. The savages in the woods and behind the captured stockade were quiet, save for an occasional shot, but the yells and whoops from the cottages of the censitaires showed that they were being plundered by their captors. Suddenly a dull red glow began to show above one of the roofs.

"They have set it on fire," cried Du Lhut. "The canoes must go at once, for the river will soon be as light as day. In! in! There is not an instant to be lost!"

There was no time for leave-taking. One impassioned kiss, and Adèle was torn away and thrust into the smallest canoe, which she shared with Onega, two children, and an unmarried girl. The others rushed into their places, and in a few moments they had pushed off and had vanished into the drift and the darkness. The great cloud had broken, and the rain pattered heavily upon the roof and splashed upon their faces as they strained their eyes after the vanishing boats.

"Thank God for this storm!" murmured Du Lhut. "It will prevent the cottages from blazing up too quickly."

But he had forgotten that though the roofs might be wet, the interior was as dry as tinder. He had hardly spoken before a great yellow tongue of flame licked out of one of the windows, and again and again, until suddenly half of the roof fell in, and the cottage was blazing like a pitch-bucket. The flames hissed and sputtered in the pouring rain; but, fed from below, they grew still higher and fiercer, flashing redly upon the great trees, and turning their trunks to burnished brass. Their light made the enclosure and the manor-house as clear as day, and exposed the whole long stretch of the river. A fearful yell from the woods announced that the savages had seen the canoes, which were plainly visible from the windows not more than a quarter of a mile away.

"They are rushing through the woods! They are making for the water's edge!" cried De Catinat.

"They have some canoes down there," said Du Lhut.

"But they must pass us!" cried the Seigneur of Ste. Marie. "Get down to the cannon and see if you cannot stop them."

They had hardly reached the guns when two large canoes filled with warriors shot out from among the reeds below the fort, and steering out into midstream, began to paddle furiously after the fugitives.

"Jean, you are our best shot," cried De la Nouë. "Lay for her as she passes the great pine-tree. Lambert, do you take the other gun. The lives of all whom you love may hang upon the shot!"

The two wrinkled old artillerymen glanced along their guns and waited for the canoes to come abreast of them. The fire blazed higher and higher, and the broad river lay like a sheet of dull metal, with the two dark lines which marked the canoes sweeping swiftly down the centre. One was fifty yards in front of the other; but in each the Indians were bending to their paddles and pulling frantically, while their comrades from the wooded shores whooped them on to fresh exertions. The fugitives had already disappeared around the bend of the river.

As the first canoe came abreast of the lower of the two guns, the Canadian made the sign of the cross over the touch-hole and fired. A cheer and then a groan went up from the eager watchers. The charge had struck the surface close to the mark, and dashed such a shower of water over it that for an instant it looked as if it had been sunk. The next moment, however, the splash subsided, and the canoe shot away uninjured, save that one of the rowers had dropped his paddle, while his head fell forward upon the back of the man in front of him. The second gunner sighted the same canoe as it came abreast of him, but at the very instant when he stretched out his match to fire, a bullet came humming from the stockade, and he fell forward dead, without a groan.

"This is work that I know something of, lad," said old Ephraim, springing suddenly forward. "But when I fire a gun I like to train it myself. Give me a help with the handspike, and get her straight for the island. So! A little lower for an even keel! Now we have them!" He clapped down his match and fired.

It was a beautiful shot. The whole



THE ESCAPE OF THE WOMEN.

charge took the canoe about six feet behind the bow, and doubled her up like an egg-shell. Before the smoke had cleared she had foundered, and the second canoe had paused to pick up some of the wounded men. The others, as much at home in the water as in the woods, were already striking out for the shore.

"Quick! Quick!" cried the seigneur. "Load the gun! We may get the second one yet!"

But it was not to be. Long before they could get it ready the Iroquois had picked up their wounded warriors and were pulling madly down stream. As they shot away, the fire died suddenly down in the burning cottages, and the rain and the darkness closed in upon them once more.

"My God!" cried De Catinat, furiously. "They will be taken! Let us abandon this place, take a boat, and follow them! Come! Come! Not an instant is to be lost!"

"Monsieur, you go too far in your very natural anxiety," said the seigneur, coldly. "I am not inclined to leave my post so easily."

"Ah, what is it? Only wood and stone, which can be built again. But to think of the women in the hands of these devils! Oh, I am going mad! Come! Come! For Christ's sake, come!" His face was deadly pale, and he raved with his clinched hands in the air.

"I do not think that they will be caught," said Du Lhut, laying his hand soothingly upon his shoulder. "Do not

fear. They had a long start, and the women here can paddle as well as the men. Again, the Iroquois canoe was overloaded at the start, and has the wounded men aboard as well now. Besides, these canoes of the Mohawks are not as swift as the Algonquin birch-barks which we use. In any case it is impossible to follow, for we have no boat."

"There is one lying there."

"Ah, it will but hold a single man. It is that in which the friar came."

"Then I am going in that! My place is with Adèle!"

He flung open the door, rushed out, and was about to push off the frail skiff, when some one sprang past him, and with a blow from a hatchet stove in the side of the boat.

"It is my boat," said the friar, throwing down his axe and folding his arms. "I can do what I like with it."

"You fiend! You have ruined us!"

"I have found you, and you shall not escape me again."

The hot blood flushed to the soldier's head, and picking up the axe, he took a quick step forward. The light from the open door shone upon the grave, harsh face of the friar, but not a muscle twitched nor a feature changed as he saw the axe whirl up in the hands of a furious man. He only signed himself with the cross and muttered a Latin prayer under his breath. It was that composure which saved his life. De Catinat hurled down the axe again with a bitter curse, and was turning away from the shattered boat, when in an instant, without a warning, the great door of the manor-house crashed inwards, and a flood of whooping savages burst into the house.

Chapter XXXVIII.

THE DINING-HALL OF SAINTE MARIE.

What had occurred is easily explained. The watchers in the windows at the front found that it was more than flesh and blood could endure to remain waiting at their posts while the fates of their wives and children were being decided at the back. All was quiet at the stockade, and the Indians appeared to be as absorbed as the Canadians in what was passing upon the river. One by one, therefore, the men on guard had crept away and had assembled at the back to cheer the seaman's shot, and to groan as the remaining canoe sped like a blood-hound down the river in the wake of the fugitives. But the savages had one at their head who was as full of wiles and resource as Du Lhut himself. The Flemish Bastard had watched the house from behind the stockade as a dog watches a rat-hole, and he had instantly discovered that the defenders had left their post. With a score of other warriors he raised a great log from the edge of the forest, and crossing the open space unchallenged, he and his men rushed it against the door with such violence as to crack the bar across and tear the wood from the hinges. The first intimation which the survivors had of the attack was the crash of the door, and the screams of two of the negligent watchmen who had been seized and scalped in the hall. The whole basement floor was in the hands of the Indians, and De Catinat and his enemy the friar were cut off from the foot of the stairs.

Fortunately, however, the manor-houses of Canada were built with the one idea of defence against Indians, and even now there were hopes for the defenders. A wooden ladder which could be drawn up in case of need hung down from the upper windows to the ground upon the river side. De Catinat rushed round to this, followed by the friar. He felt for the ladder in the darkness. It was gone.

Then, indeed, his heart sank in despair. Where could he fly to? The boat was destroyed. The stockades lay between him and the forest, and they were in the hands of the Iroquois. Their yells were ringing in his ears. They had not seen him yet, but in a few minutes they must come upon him. Suddenly he heard a voice from somewhere in the darkness above him.

"Give me your gun, lad," it said; "I see the loom of some of the heathen down by the wall."

"It is I. It is I, Amos," cried De Catinat. "Down with the ladder, or I am a dead man."

"Have a care. It may be a ruse," said the voice of Du Lhut.

"No, no; I'll answer for it," cried Amos, and an instant later down came the ladder. De Catinat and the friar rushed up it, and they hardly had their feet upon the rungs when a swarm of warriors burst out from the door and poured along the river-bank. Two muskets flashed

from above, something flopped like a salmon in the water, and the next instant the two were among their comrades, and the ladder had been drawn up once more.

But it was a very small band who now held the last point to which they could retreat. Only nine of them remained—the seigneur, Du Lhut, the two Americans, the friar, De Catinat, Theuriet the major-domo, and two of the censitaires. Wounded, parched, and powder-blackened, they were still filled with the mad courage of desperate men, who knew that death could come in no more terrible form than through surrender. The stone staircase ran straight up from the kitchen to the main hall, and the door which had been barricaded across the lower part by two mattresses commanded the whole flight. Hoarse whisperings and the click of the cocking of guns from below told that the Iroquois were mustering for a rush.

"Put the lantern by the door," said Du Lhut, "so that it may throw the light upon the stair. There is only room for three to fire, but you can all load and pass the guns. Monsieur Green, will you kneel with me, and you, Jean Duval? If one of us is hit, let another take his place at once. Now be ready, for they are coming!"

As he spoke there was a shrill whistle from below, and in an instant the stair was filled with rushing red figures and waving weapons. Bang! bang! bang! went the three guns, and then again and again bang! bang! bang! The smoke was so thick in the low-roofed room that they could hardly see to pass the muskets to the eager hands which grasped for them. But no Iroquois had reached the barricade, and there was no patter of their feet now upon the stair. Nothing but an angry snarling and an occasional groan from below. The marksmen were uninjured, but they ceased to fire, and waited for the smoke to clear.

And when it cleared they saw how deadly their aim had been at those close quarters. Only nine shots had been fired, and seven Indians were littered up and down on the straight stone stair. Five of them lay motionless, but two tried to crawl slowly back to their friends. Du Lhut and the censitaire raised their muskets, and the two crippled men lay still.

"By Ste. Anne," said the old pioneer, as he rammed home another bullet, "if they have our scalps, we have sold them at a great price. A hundred squaws will be howling in their villages when they hear of this day's work."

"Ay, they will not forget their welcome at Ste. Marie," said the old nobleman. "I must again express my deep regret, my dear De Catinat, that you and your wife should have been put to such inconvenience when you have been good enough to visit me. I trust that she and the others are safe at the fort by this time."

"May God grant that they are! Oh, I shall never have an easy moment until I see her once more."

"If they are safe, we may expect help in the morning if we can hold out so long. Chambly, the commandant, is not a man to leave a comrade at a pinch."

The cards were still laid out at one end of the table, with the tricks overlapping each other, as they had left them on the previous morning. But there was something else there of more interest to them, for the breakfast had not been cleared away, and they had been fighting all day with hardly bite or sup. Even when face to face with death, Nature still cried out for her dues, and the hungry men turned savagely upon the loaf, the ham, and the cold wild-duck. A little cluster of wine-bottles stood upon the buffet, and these had their necks knocked off, and were emptied down parched throats. Three men still took their turn, however, to hold the barricade, for they were not to be caught napping again. The yells and screeches of the savages came up to them as though all the wolves of the forest were cooped in the basement, but the stair was deserted, save for the seven motionless figures.

"They will not try to rush us again," said Du Lhut, with confidence. "We have taught them too severe a lesson."

"They will set fire to the house."

"It will puzzle them to do that," said the major-domo. "It is solid stone, walls and stair, save only for a few beams of wood—very different from those other cottages."

"Hush!" cried Amos Green, and raised his hand. The yells had died away, and they heard the heavy thud of a mallet beating upon wood.

"What can it be?"

"Some fresh devilry, no doubt."

"I regret to say, messieurs," observed

the seigneur, with no abatement of his courtly manner, "that it is my belief that they have learned a lesson from our young friend here, and that they are knocking out the heads of the powder-barrels in the store-room."

But Du Lhut shook his head at the suggestion. "It is not in a redskin to waste powder," said he. "It is a deal too precious for them to do that. Ah, listen to that!"

The yellings and screechings had begun again, but there was a wilder, madder ring in their shrillness, and they were mingled with snatches of song and bursts of laughter.

"Ha! It is the brandy-casks which they have opened," cried Du Lhut. "They were bad before, but they will be fiends out of hell now."

As he spoke, there came another burst of whoops, and high above them a voice calling for mercy. With horror in their eyes, the survivors glanced from one to the other. A heavy smell of burning rose from below, and still that dreadful voice shrieking and pleading. Then slowly it quavered away, and was silent forever.

"Who was it?" whispered De Catinat, his blood running cold in his veins.

"It was Jean Corbeil, I think."

"May God rest his soul! His troubles are over. Would that we were as peaceful as he! Ah, shoot him! Shoot!"

A man had suddenly sprung out at the foot of the stair, and had swung his arm as though throwing something. It was the Flemish Bastard. Amos Green's musket flashed, but the savage had sprung back again as rapidly as he appeared. Something splashed down amongst them, and rolled across the floor in the lamplight.

"Down! Down! It is a bomb!" cried De Catinat.

But it lay at Du Lhut's feet, and he had seen it clearly. He took a cloth from the table and dropped it over it.

"It is not a bomb," said he, quietly; "and it *was* Jean Corbeil who died."

For four hours sounds of riot, of dancing, and of revelling rose up from the storehouse, and the smell of the open brandy-casks filled the whole air. More than once the savages quarrelled and fought among themselves, and it seemed as if they had forgotten their enemies above; but the besieged soon found that if they attempted to presume upon this, they were as closely watched as ever. The major-domo, Theuriet, passing between a loop-hole and a light, was killed instantly by a bullet from the stockade, and both Amos and the old seigneur had narrow escapes, until they blocked all the windows save that which overlooked the river. There was no danger from this one, and as day was already breaking once more, one or other of the party was forever straining his eyes down the stream in search of the expected succor.

Slowly the light crept up the eastern sky, a little line of pearl, then a band of pink, broadening, stretching, spreading, until it shot its warm color across the heavens, tinging the edges of the drifting clouds. Over the woodlands lay a thin gray vapor, the tops of the high pines jutting out like dim islands from the sea of haze. Gradually, as the light increased, the mist shredded off into little ragged wisps which thinned and drifted away, until at last, as the sun pushed its glowing edge over the eastern forests, it gleamed upon the reds and oranges and purples of the fading leaves, and upon the broad blue river which curled away to the northward. De Catinat, as he stood at the window looking out, was breathing in the healthy resinous scent of the trees, mingled with the damp, heavy odor of the wet earth, when suddenly his eyes fell on a dark spot upon the river to the north of them.

"There is a canoe coming up!" he cried.

In an instant they had all rushed to the opening, but Du Lhut sprang after them, and pulled them angrily towards the door. "Do you wish to die before your time?" he cried.

"Ay, ay," said Captain Ephraim, who understood the gesture if not the words. "We must leave a watch on deck. Amos lad, lie here with me, and be ready if they show."

The two Americans and the old pioneer held the barricade, while the eyes of all the others were turned upon the approaching boat. A groan broke suddenly from the only surviving censitaire.

"It is an Iroquois canoe!" he cried.

"Impossible!"

"Alas, your Excellency, it is so, and it is the same one which passed us last night."

"Ah, then the women have escaped them."

"I trust so. But alas, seigneur, I fear that there are more in the canoe now than when they passed us."

The little group of survivors waited in breathless anxiety while the canoe sped swiftly up the river, with a line of foam on either side of her, and a long forked swirl in the waters behind. They could see that she appeared to be very crowded, but they remembered that the wounded of the other boat were aboard of her. On she came and on, until, as she came abreast of the fort, she swung round, and the rowers raised their paddles and burst into a shrill yell of derision. The stern of the canoe was turned towards them now, and they saw that two women were seated in it. Even at that distance there was no mistaking the sweet pale face or the dark queenly one beside it. The one was Onega and the other was Adèle.

Chapter XXXIX.

THE TWO SWIMMERS.

Charles de la Noüe, Seigneur de Ste. Marie, was a hard and self-contained man, but a groan and a bitter curse burst from him when he saw his Indian wife in the hands of her kinsmen, from whom she could hope for little mercy. Yet even now his old-fashioned courtesy to his guest had made him turn to De Catinat with some words of sympathy, when there was a clatter of wood, something darkened the light of the window, and the young soldier was gone. Without a word, he had lowered the ladder, and was clambering down it with frantic haste. Then, as his feet touched the ground, he signalled to his comrades to draw it up again, and dashing into the river, he swam towards the canoe. Without arms, and without a plan, he had but the one thought, that his place was by the side of his wife in this the hour of her danger. Fate should bring him what it brought her, and he swore to himself as he clove a way with his strong arms that whether it were life or death, they should still share it together.

But there was another whose view of duty led him from safety into the face of danger. All night the Franciscan had watched De Catinat as a miser watches his treasure, filled with the thought that this heretic was the one little seed which might spread and spread until it choked the chosen vineyard of the Church. Now, when he saw him rush so suddenly down the ladder, every fear was banished from his mind save the overpowering one that he was about to lose his precious charge. He too clambered down at the very heels of his prisoner, and rushed into the stream not ten paces behind him.

And so the watchers at the window saw the strangest of sights. There in mid-stream lay the canoe, with its burden of dark warriors, and the two women crouching in the midst of them. Swimming madly towards them was De Catinat, rising to the shoulders with the strength of every stroke, and behind him again was the tonsured head of the friar, with his dark capote and long trailing gown floating upon the surface of the water. But in his zeal he had thought too little of his own powers. He was a good swimmer, but he was weighed and hampered by his unwieldy clothes. Slower and slower grew his stroke, and lower and lower his head, until at last, with a great shriek of "In manus tuas, Domine!" he threw up his hands, and vanished in the swirl of the river. A minute later the watchers, hoarse with screaming to him to return, saw De Catinat pulled aboard the Iroquois canoe, which was instantly turned, and continued its course up the river.

"My God!" cried Amos, hoarsely. "They have taken him! he is lost!"

"I have seen some strange things in these forty years, but never the like of that!" said Du Lhut.

The seigneur took a little pinch of snuff from his gold box, and flicked the wandering grains from his shirt front with his dainty lace handkerchief.

"Monsieur de Catinat has acted like a gentleman of France," said he. "If I could swim now as I did thirty years ago, I should be by his side."

Du Lhut glanced round him and shook his head. "We are only six now," said he. "I fear that they are up to some devilry, because they are so very still."

"They are leaving the house," cried the censitaire, who was peeping through one of the side windows. "What can it mean? Holy Virgin, is it possible that we are saved? See how they throng through the trees! They are making for the canoe. Now they are waving their arms and pointing."

"There is the gray hat of that mongrel devil amongst them," said the Cap-

tain. "I would try a shot upon him were it not a waste of powder and lead."

"I have hit the mark at as long a range," said Amos, pushing his long brown gun through a chink in the barricade which they had thrown across the lower half of the window. "I would give my next year's trade to bring him down."

"It is forty paces further than my musket would carry," remarked Du Lhut, "but I have seen the English shoot a great way with those long guns."

Amos took a steady aim, resting his gun upon the window-sill, and fired. A shout of delight burst from the little knot of survivors. The Flemish Bastard had fallen. But he was on his feet again in an instant, and shook his hand defiantly at the window.

"Curse it!" cried Amos, bitterly, in English; "I have hit him with a spent ball. As well strike him with a pebble."

"Nay, curse not, Amos lad, but try him again with another pinch of powder, if your gun will stand it."

The woodsman thrust in a full charge and chose a well-rounded bullet from his bag, but when he looked again both the Bastard and his warriors had disappeared. On the river the single Iroquois canoe, which held the captives, was speeding south as swiftly as twenty paddles could drive it; but, save this one dark streak upon the blue stream, not a sign was to be seen of their enemies. They had vanished as if they had been an evil dream. There was the bullet-spotted stockade, the litter of dead bodies inside it, the burned and roofless cottages, but the silent woods lay gleaming in the morning sunshine as quiet and peaceful as if no hell-burst of fiends had ever broken out from them.

"By my faith, I believe that they have gone," cried the seigneur.

"Take care that it is not a ruse," said Du Lhut. "Why should they fly before six men, when they have conquered sixty?"

But the censitaire had looked out of the other window, and in an instant he was down upon his knees, with his hands in the air and his powder-blackened face turned upwards, pattering out prayers and thanksgivings. His five comrades rushed across the room, and burst into a shriek of joy. The lower reach of the river was covered with a flotilla of canoes, from which the sun struck quick flashes as it shone upon the musket barrels and trappings of the crews. Already they could see the white coats of the regulars, the brown tunics of the *coureurs des bois*, and the gaudy colors of the Hurons and Algonquins. On they swept, dotting the whole breadth of the river, and growing larger every instant, while far away on the southern bend the Iroquois canoe was a mere moving dot, which had shot away to the further side, and lost itself presently under the shadow of the trees. Another minute, and the survivors were out upon the bank, waving their caps in the air, while the prows of the first of their rescuers were already grating upon the pebbles. In the stern of the very foremost canoe sat a wizened little man with a large brown wig, and a gilt-headed rapier laid across his knees. He sprang out as the keel touched bottom, splashing through the shallow water with his high leather boots, and rushing up to the seigneur, he flung himself into his arms.

"My dear Charles," he cried, "you have held your house like a hero. What, only six of you! Tut! tut! this has been a bloody business!"

"I knew that you would not desert a comrade, Chambly. We have saved the house, but our losses have been terrible. My son is dead. My wife is in that Iroquois canoe in front of you."

The commander of Fort St. Louis pressed his friend's hand in silent sympathy.

"The others arrived all safe," he said at last. "Only that one was taken, on account of the breaking of a paddle. Three were drowned and two taken. There was a French lady in it, I understand, as well as madame."

"Yes, and they have taken her husband also."

"Ah, poor souls! Well, if you are strong enough to join us, you and your friends, we shall follow after them without the loss of an instant. Ten of my men will remain to guard the house, and you can have their canoe. Jump in, then, and forwards, for life and death hang upon our speed!"

Chapter XL.

UNITED.

The Iroquois had not treated De Catinat harshly when they dragged him from the water into their canoe. So incomprehensible was it to them why any man should

voluntarily leave a place of safety in order to put himself in their power that they could only set it down to madness, a malady which inspires awe and respect among the Indians. They did not even tie his wrists, for why should he attempt to escape, when he had come of his own free-will? Two warriors passed their hands over him, to be sure that he was unarmed, and he was then thrust down between the two women, while the canoe darted in towards the bank to tell the others that the garrison of Fort St. Louis was coming up the stream. Then it steered out again, and made its way swiftly up the centre of the river. Adèle was deadly pale, and her hand, as her husband laid his upon it, was as cold as marble.

"My darling," he whispered, "tell me that all is well with you—that you are unhurt!"

"Oh, Amory, why did you come? why did you come, Amory? Oh, I think I could have borne anything, but if they hurt you, I could not bear that."

"How could I stay behind when I knew that you were in their hands? I should have gone mad!"

"Ah, it was my one consolation to think that you were safe."

"No, no; we have gone through so much together that we cannot part now. What is death, Adèle? Why should we be afraid of it?"

"I am not afraid of it."

"And I am not afraid of it. Things will come about as God wills it, and what He wills must in the end be the best. If we live, then, we have this memory in common. If we die, then we go hand in hand into another life. Courage, my own, all will be well with us!"

"Tell me, monsieur," said Onega, "is my lord still living?"

"Yes, he is alive and well."

"It is good. He is a great chief, and I have never been sorry, not even now, that I have wedded with one who was not of my own people. But, ah, my son! Who shall give my son back to me? He was like the young sapling, so straight and so strong! Who could run with him, or leap with him, or swim with him? Ere that sun shines again we shall all be dead, and my heart is glad, for I shall see my boy once more."

The Iroquois paddlers had bent to their work until a good ten miles lay between them and Ste. Marie. Then they ran the canoe into a little creek upon their own side of the river, and sprang out of her, dragging the prisoners after them. The canoe was carried on the shoulders of eight men some distance into the wood, where they concealed it between two fallen trees, heaping a litter of branches over it to screen it from view. Then, after a short council, they started through the forest, walking in single file, with their three prisoners in the middle. There were fifteen warriors in all, eight in front and seven behind, all armed with muskets, and as swift-footed as deer, so that escape was out of the question. They could but follow on, and wait in patience for whatever might befall them.

All day they pursued their dreary march, picking their way through vast morasses, skirting the borders of blue woodland lakes where the gray stork flapped heavily up from the reeds at their approach, or plunging into dark belts of woodland where it is always twilight, and where the falling of the wild chestnuts, and the chatter of the squirrels a hundred feet above their heads, were the only sounds which broke the silence. Onega had the endurance of the Indians themselves, but Adèle, in spite of her former journeys, was foot-sore and weary before evening. It was a relief to De Catinat, therefore, when the red glow of a great fire beat suddenly through the tree trunks and they came upon an Indian camp, in which was assembled the greater part of the war party which had been driven from Ste. Marie. Here, too, were a number of the squaws who had come from the Mohawk and Cayuga villages in order to be nearer to the warriors. Wigwams had been erected all round in a circle, and before each of them were the kettles, slung upon a tripod of sticks, in which the evening meal was being cooked. In the centre of all was a very fierce fire, which had been made of brushwood placed in a circle so as to have a clear space of twelve feet in the middle. A pole stood up in the centre of this clearing, and something all mottled with red and black was tied up against it. De Catinat stepped swiftly in front of Adèle, that she might not see the dreadful thing, but he was too late. She shuddered, and drew a quick breath between her pale lips, but no sound escaped her.

"They have begun already, then," said Onega, composedly. "Well, it will be

our turn next, and we shall show them that we know how to die."

"They have not ill-used us yet," said De Catinat; "perhaps they will keep us for ransom or exchange."

The Indian woman shook her head. "Do not deceive yourself by any such hope," said she. "When they are as gentle as they have been with you it is ever a sign that you are reserved for the torture. Your wife will be married to one of their chiefs, but you and I must die, for you are a warrior, and I am too old for a squaw."

"Married to an Iroquois!" Those dreadful words shot a pang through both their hearts which no thought of death could have done. De Catinat's head dropped forward upon his chest, and he staggered and would have fallen had Adèle not caught him by the arm.

"Do not fear, dear Amory," she whispered. "Other things may happen, but not that, for I swear to you that I shall not survive you. No; it may be sin or it may not, but if death will not come to me, I will go to it."

De Catinat looked down at the gentle face, which had set now into the hard lines of an immutable resolve. He knew that it would be as she had said, and that, come what might, that last outrage would not befall them. Could he ever have believed that the time would come when it would send a thrill of joy through his heart to know that his wife would die?

As they entered the Iroquois village the squaws and warriors had rushed towards them, and they walked through a double line of hideous faces which jeered and gibed and howled at them as they passed. Their escort led them through this rabble, and conducted them to a hut which stood apart. It was empty, save for some willow fishing-nets hanging at the side and a heap of pumpkins stored in the corner.

"The chiefs will come and will decide upon what is to be done with us," said Onega. "Here they are coming now, and you will soon see that I am right, for I know the ways of my own people."

An instant later an old war chief, accompanied by two younger braves and by the bearded half-Dutch Iroquois who had led the attack upon the manor-house, strolled over and stood in the doorway, looking in at the prisoners, and shooting little guttural sentences at each other. The totems of the hawk, the wolf, the bear, and the snake showed that each represented one of the great families of the nation. The Bastard was smoking a stone pipe, and yet it was he who talked the most, arguing apparently with one of the younger savages, who seemed to come round at last to his opinion. Finally the old chief said a few short stern words, and the matter appeared to be settled.

"And you, you beldam," said the Bastard, in French, to the Iroquois woman, "you will have a lesson this night which will teach you to side against your own people!"

"You half-bred mongrel," replied the fearless old woman, "you should take that hat from your head when you speak to one in whose veins runs the best blood of the Onondagas. You a warrior—you who, with a thousand at your back, could not make your way into a little house with a few poor husbandmen within it! It is no wonder that your father's people have cast you out! Go back and work at the beads, or play at the game of plum-stones, for some day in the woods you might meet with a man, and so bring disgrace on the nation which has taken you into it."

The evil face of the Bastard grew livid as he listened to the scornful words which were hissed at him by the captive. He strode across to her, and taking her hand, he thrust the forefinger into the burning bowl of his pipe. She made no effort to remove it, but sat with a perfectly set face for a minute or more, looking out through the open door at the evening sunlight and the little groups of chattering Indians. He had watched her keenly in the hope of hearing a cry, or seeing some spasm of agony upon her face, but at last, with a curse, he dashed down her hand and strode from the hut. She thrust her charred finger into her bosom and laughed.

"He is a good-for-naught," she cried. "He does not even know how to torture. Now I could have got a cry out of him. I am sure of it. But you—monsieur, you are very white?"

"It was the sight of such a hellish deed. Ah, if we were but set face to face, I with my sword, he with what weapon he chose, by God he should pay for it with his heart's blood!"

The Indian woman seemed surprised. "It is strange to me," she said, "that

you should think of what befalls me, when you are yourself under the same shadow. But our fate will be as I said."

"Ah!"

"You and I are to die at the stake. She is to be given to the dog who has left us."

"Adèle! Adèle! What shall I do?" He tore his hair in his helplessness and distraction.

"No, no, fear not, Amory, for my heart will not fail me. What is the pang of death if it binds us together?"

"The younger chief pleaded for you, saying that the Mitche Manitou had stricken you with madness, as could be seen by your swimming to their canoe, and that a blight would fall upon the nation if you were led to the stake. But this Bastard said that love came often like madness among the pale-faces, and that it was that alone which had driven you. Then it was agreed that you should die, and that she should go to his wigwam, since he had led the war party. As for me, their hearts were bitter against me, and I am to die by the pine splinters."

De Catinat breathed a prayer that he might meet his fate like a soldier and a gentleman.

"When is it to be?" he asked.

"Now. At once. They have gone to make all ready. But you have time yet, for I am to go first."

"Amory, Amory, could we not die together now?" cried Adèle, throwing her arms round her husband. "If it be sin, it is surely a sin which will be forgiven us. Let us go, dear. Let us leave these dreadful people and this cruel world, and turn where we shall find peace."

The Indian woman's eyes flashed with satisfaction. "You have spoken well, White Lily," said she. "Why should you wait until it is their pleasure to pluck you? See, already the glare of their fire beats upon the tree trunks, and you can hear the howlings of those who thirst for your blood. If you die by your own hands, they will be robbed of their spectacle, and their chief will have lost his bride. So you will be the victors in the end, and they the vanquished. You have said rightly, White Lily. There lies the only path for you."

"But how to take it?"

Onega glanced keenly at the two warriors who stood as sentinels at the door of the hut. They had turned away, absorbed in the horrible preparations which were going on. Then she rummaged deeply within the folds of her loose gown, and pulled out a small pistol with two brass barrels and double triggers in the form of winged dragons. It was only a toy to look at, all carved and scrolled and graven with the choicest work of the Paris gunsmith. For its beauty the seigneur had bought it at his last visit to Quebec, and yet it might be useful too, and it was loaded in both barrels.

"I meant to use it on myself," said she, as she slipped it into the hand of De Catinat. "But now I am minded to show them that I can die as an Onondaga should die, and that I am worthy to have the blood of their chiefs in my veins. Take it, for I swear that I will not use it myself, unless it be to fire both bullets into that Bastard's heart."

A flush of joy shot over De Catinat as his fingers closed round the pistol. Here was indeed a key to unlock the gates of peace. Adèle had laid her cheek against his shoulder, and laughed with pleasure.

"You will forgive me, dear?" he whispered.

"Forgive you! I bless you and love you with my whole heart and soul. Clasp me close, darling, and say one prayer before you do it."

They had sunk on their knees together, when three warriors entered the hut and said a few abrupt words to their countrywoman. She rose with a smile.

"They are waiting for me," said she. "You shall see, White Lily, and you also, monsieur, how well I know what is due to my position. Farewell, and remember Onega!" She smiled again, and walked from the hut amidst the warriors with the quick firm step of a queen who sweeps to a throne.

"Now, Amory," whispered Adèle, closing her eyes and nestling still closer to him.

He raised the pistol, and then, with a quick sudden intaking of the breath, he dropped it, and knelt with glaring eyes, looking up at a tree which faced the open door of the hut.

It was a beech-tree, exceedingly old and gnarled, with its bark hanging down in strips, and its whole trunk spotted with moss and mould. Some ten feet above the ground the main trunk divided into two, and in the fork thus formed a hand had suddenly appeared, a large reddish

hand, which shook frantically from side to side in passionate dissuasion. The next instant, as the two captives still stared in amazement, the hand disappeared behind the trunk again, and a face appeared in its place, which still shook from side to side as resolutely as its forerunner. It was impossible to mistake that mahogany wrinkled skin, the huge bristling eyebrows, or the little glistening eyes. It was Captain Ephraim Savage of Boston.

And even as they stared and wondered a sudden shrill whistle burst out from the depths of the forest, and in a moment every bush and thicket and patch of brushwood was spouting fire and smoke, while the snarl of the musketry ran round the whole glade, and the storm of bullets whizzed and pelted among the yelling savages. The Iroquois sentinels had been drawn in by their blood-thirsty craving to see the prisoners die, and now the Canadians were upon them, and they were hemmed in by a ring of fire. First one way and then another they rushed, to be met always by the same blast of death, until, finding at last some gap in the attack, they streamed off like sheep through a broken fence, and rushed madly away into the forest, with the bullets of their pursuers still singing about their ears, until the whistle sounded again to recall the woodsmen from the chase.

But there was one savage who had found work to do before he fled. The Flemish Bastard had preferred his vengeance to his safety. Rushing at Onega, he buried his tomahawk in her brain, and then, yelling his war-cry, he waved the blood-stained weapon above his head, and rushed into the hut where the prisoners still knelt. De Catinat saw him coming, and a mad joy glistened in his eyes. He rose to meet him, and fired both barrels of his pistol into the Bastard's face. An instant later a swarm of Canadians had rushed over the writhing body, the captives felt warm friendly hands which grasped their own, and looking upon the smiling well-known faces of Amos Green, Savage, and Du Lhut, they knew that peace had come to them at last.

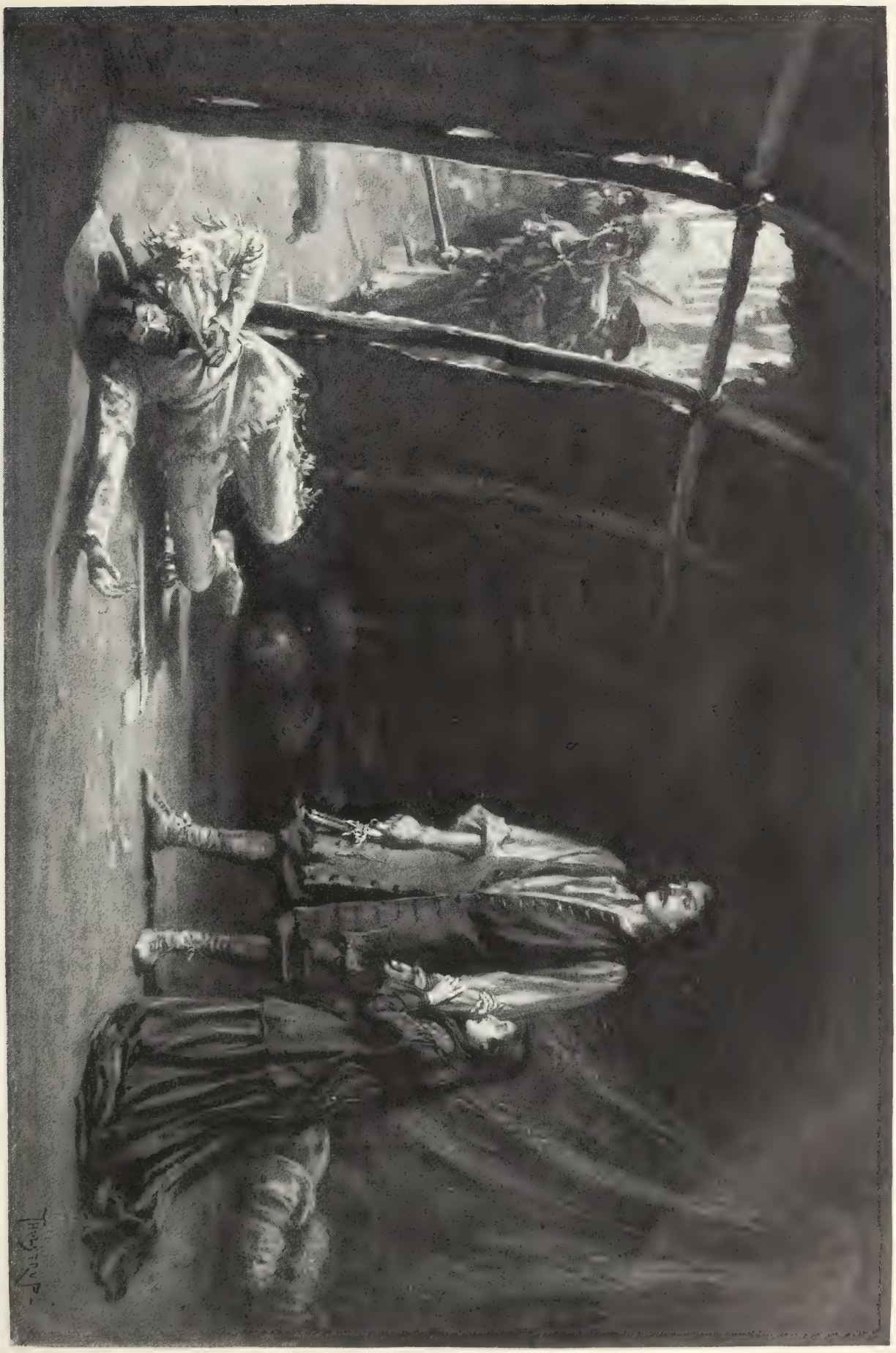
And so the refugees came to the end of the toils of their journey, for that winter was spent by them in peace at Ste. Marie; and in the spring, the Iroquois having carried the war to the upper St. Lawrence, the travellers were able to descend into the English provinces, and so to make their way down the Hudson to New York, where a warm welcome awaited them from the family of Amos Green. The friendship between the two men was now so cemented together by common memories and common dangers that they soon became partners in fur-trading, and the name of the Frenchman came at last to be as familiar in the mountains of Maine and on the slopes of the Alleghanies as it had once been in the salons and corridors of Versailles. In time De Catinat built a house on Staten Island, where many of his fellow-refugees had settled, and much of what he won from his fur-trading was spent in the endeavor to help his struggling Huguenot brothers. Amos Green had married a Dutch maiden of Schenectady, and as Adèle and she became inseparable friends, the marriage served to draw closer the ties of love which held the two families together.

As to Captain Ephraim Savage, he returned safely to his beloved Boston, where he fulfilled his ambition by building himself a fair brick house upon the rising ground in the northern part of the city, whence he could look down upon the shipping both in the river and the bay. There he lived, much respected by his townsfolk, who made him selectman and alderman, and gave him the command of a goodly ship when Sir William Phips made his attack upon Quebec, and found that the old lion Frontenac was not to be driven from his lair. So, honored by all, the seaman lived to an age which carried him deep into the next century, when he could already see with his dim eyes something of the growing greatness of his country.

The manor-house of La Sainte Marie was soon restored to its former prosperity, but its seigneur was, from the day that he had lost his wife and son, a changed man. He grew leaner, fiercer, less human, forever heading parties which made their way into the Iroquois woods, and which outrivalled the savages themselves in the terrible nature of their deeds. A day came at last when he sallied out upon one of these expeditions from which neither he nor any of his men ever returned.

Many a terrible secret is hid by those silent woods, and the fate of Charles de la Nouë, Seigneur de Sainte Marie, is among them.

THE END.



SAVED.



NEW FRANCE UNDER BRITISH RULE.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.



THE old soldier in the romance of *Les Anciens Canadiens*, hurt in heart beyond cure by the English conquest of his country, and unable to accept for himself the rule of the stranger, thus advises his son: "Serve your English sovereign with the same zeal, devotion, and loyalty with which I have served the French King, and receive my blessing."

This is the spirit of the French Canadian of to-day, more than a hundred and thirty years after the battle on the Plains of Abraham. The service to the English sovereign is a duty accepted by the French Canadian, but the love of his heart is for France, for its old laws, its ancient religion, its graceful and poetic speech. It may be that a French Canadian will pull the lanyard of the last gun fired in the Dominion in defence of the British flag, but the flag of France, even that of the new republic, floats over his home and is carried in his ceremonial processions.

In 1890 the Comte de Paris and the Duc d'Orléans made a royal progress through the province of Quebec, and the incidents and episodes of the occasion have been preserved by M. Ernest Gagnon, a poet, a historian, and an officer of the province, in an interesting book. On the arrival of the distinguished party at the city of Quebec, M. Joseph Frémont, the Mayor, and as such a representative of the British Empire, addressed the Comte de Paris as "*Son Altesse Royale*," and welcomed him to the "soil which belongs to England, but which was once New France, and whose people remain French." At the convent of the Ursulines, the distinguished visitors were told that the spirits of Montcalm and of Mary of the Incarnation were constantly reminding the sisters to teach the daughters of the founders of the country to love "God, France, and the King." At the seminary or university of Laval, the ancient flag of Carillon was brought forth and exhibited to the head of the "family of France" amid the roll of drums and the loyal shouts of the students. And this was the rector's apostrophe:

"Banner of Carillon! The noblest, the most precious, the most glorious relic possessed by the French-Canadian people! On seeing it, it is impossible to refrain from pronouncing the names of Montcalm, Lévis, Bourlamarque, Raymond, De St. Ours, Lanaudière, De Gaspé. Children, salute the banner of Carillon!" And after the fanfare the assembly sang, "O Carillon, je te revois encore!"



"THE WOMEN ARE NEVER TOO TIRED TO DANCE."

It is true that here and there in the speeches of Judge Routhier and others there were declarations of loyalty to the British Empire, and doubtless as against any foreign power, including the United States, the French Canadians would fight vigorously in defence of the empire. Still Quebec is thoroughly French—not modern French, but French of the seventeenth century. One of the most distinguished men of the province of Quebec has said: "The people over there are not French; they are radicals and atheists. We are the French. We are the true successors of the great race that once dominated Europe." And it is true that they are the people who still bow with reverence before the "*noble chef de la Maison de France*," and are the most devout sons of the ancient and sheltering Church of their ancestors.

The Frenchman of Canada remains essentially an Old World product. Centuries of life in the New World have not transformed his nature. His transplanting has modified his manners, given him new interests, surrounded him with new conditions, but in spirit he remains what his ancestors were when they came to New France from Normandy in old France. He is the same cheerful, optimistic, pleasure-loving being that they were. In many respects he is as simple as a child; in others he is as cunning and as guileful as any small trader on the earth. The French Canadian cannot live in solitude; he must have society. When his American neighbor in New England has finished his work in the fields or woods, and has done the chores about the house and barns, he gets himself into a brooding frame of mind, and reflects upon his mortgage until the threatened return of interest day drives him to his dark bedroom. When evening comes to the Canadian, he leaves his plough in the furrow and greets the stars with a song that his forefathers who fought with Frontenac brought over from the land that their descendant still calls *la belle France*. Their tired women are never too tired to dance in the midst of cares and labors so heavy and severe that their like has driven hundreds of thousands of the *habitants* into the United States. The old customs of visiting, of great feasts on the day set apart by the Church to the saint who is the patron of the parish, and on the family anniversaries, are kept up as they are at home. Here as there the race is theatrical; the dramatic effects of costume and of conduct are still dear to the heart of this Frenchman who has never seen France, and whose people for generations were born in the sombre forests of Canada, while he has spent a life of toil on fields that decline to yield a fruitful harvest to his untutored and inadequate cultivation. By the light of blazing logs in the humble cottage, he and his neighbors are happy and cheerful after a manner and to a degree that would seem to the grave New-Englander wicked levity and mad irresponsibility.

When the son of the family or the old neighbor who had gone away returns from the States, the French-Canadian nature demands a celebration worthy not only of the event, but of the splendor of the home-comer. There are visitings and banquets. There are dancings and flowers and gay processions, and in the centre is the hero from the States, who has come back in a resplendent suit of clothes, with a velvet waistcoat and a marvellous "top" hat, such as the parish has not seen before, for the ordinary "top" hat of rural French Canada vies in form with the traditional St. Patrick's day hat of "old Ireland." He has a gold or brass chain too, and a ring. His wife has a silk gown, and she too has sparkling gems and glittering ornaments. And Baptiste, sitting among his old friends and neighbors, sustained by numerous relations, tells stories of the States that are so wonderful that the people of the States themselves would envy his imagination, and in time would unnecessarily come to think more of themselves than they do now. It is said by hard-headed Scotchmen and cynical Englishmen who live in Montreal, and whose faith in republican institutions is weak, that the French Canadian who goes to the States is spoiled by what they call "too much freedom," that phrase having been invented doubtless by the "British Matron" of the London *Times*, and adopted as a happy thought by her conservative fellow-subjects. Doubtless the French Canadian is doomed to worthlessness who, having gone to the States, returns to his old home to remain. There is every reason why he should be. It is the French Canadian who is capable of taking advantage of better opportunities who does not return, except by way of making a visit, or for the purpose of in-



THE HERO FROM THE STATES.

ducing his relatives and friends to join him in his new home. We sober Anglo-Saxons know individuals of our own race who have returned to a life of idleness after having made fruitless excursions to distant parts in search of fortunes, and so the tale is not new to us, nor does it mark a race distinction—that of Jacques returning home in splendor, and gradually, after a cheerful welcome and a few boastful glorious days of honored guestship, sinking into a dingy parish idler, known only as a human parasite who has seen something of the world and made nothing of his experiences.

The French Canadian who stops at home in his parish is poor, and, in the main, he is happy until grinding poverty or the temptation of high wages in the United States causes discontent and a longing for better things than either he or his neighbors have ever known, of which many of them have never dreamed. When the *curé* demands a church or presbytery so big that his parishioners are startled by its abuse into a recognition of the existence of a despotic power, they grumble, secede in these latter liberal days, or go away to the country where the people tax themselves for religion and schools.

If the *curé* is a good man, as he very often is, the parish over which he presides is a quiet, orderly, and satisfied community. The politeness of the French Canadian is proverbial. The children are well-behaved, although their demure manners and the absence of robust romping and vigorous games make them unattractive to Anglo-Saxons. The French-Canadian boy is brought up like the boy in the old home on the other side of the water. He does not receive the physical cultivation that is carefully bestowed upon the English or American boy. Occasionally, especially in Quebec, where the great Laval University is situated, you will meet a procession of lean and white-faced youths, clad in long frock-coats, girdled with green or blue sashes, and wearing old-fashioned caps. They walk demurely and slowly, two and two, and behind them walk long-cassocked priests. The boys of the university or school are taking their exercise. It is for all the world like a young woman's seminary in this country, with the exception that the American young woman walks with a brisker step than the French-Canadian university student, and one would not be surprised to discover, if the test were possible, that an issue at base-ball or the oar between Laval and Vassar would be doubtful. It is almost inevitable that one should associate with so much physical inactivity the overcultivation of certain subtle qualities of the mind that tend towards astuteness and cunning rather than frankness and courage. When we further consider the character of the education given to the Canadian youth—which is rhetorical, ornamental, literary, theological, and from which all but the most elementary branches of science are excluded—one is not surprised to find that the educated French Canadian who does not enter the priesthood is most likely to become a lawyer and a politician. The art of oratory is carefully cultivated among them, and by common consent it is admitted that the leading orators of the two political parties in the Dominion are French Canadians—MM. Laurier, of the Liberals, and Chapleau, of the Conservatives.

In the quiet village, where the good *curé's* word is law, there is likely to be very little brawling and less drinking, for the French Canadians are neither quarrelsome nor intemperate. There may be a tavern, or perhaps two taverns, where not only guests are received, but where liquor is sold, but the *curé* sees to it that they are closed very early in the evening. Long before midnight the streets of the place are deserted, and a late wanderer need have no fear of drunken hoodlums. A well-governed French-Canadian village, where the *curé* is thoroughly respected because of his wisdom and piety, affords a decided contrast to many rural communities in English Canada and on our own side of the border.

The people are not enterprising. At least this seems to be true of all but a few exceptions. They are content to take what comes in their way, with a happy faith that the morrow will bring with it its daily bread. They are averse to breaking in new lands, and, as the families are large, the division of the farms generation after generation finally results in such small portions that some of the children must seek employment elsewhere if all are to live. Very few of them are willing to go to the new lands of Manitoba and the Northwest, but they find

congenial occupation in the cities. They are admirable mechanics, and are most loyal and devoted servants. The Scotchman or Englishman who is at the head of a great establishment prefers the French Canadians to his own countrymen as subordinates. He will tell you that the Frenchmen will remain with him all their lives; that no such thought as seeking new employment, or leaving the old for the purpose of engaging in ventures for himself, will ever enter a French Canadian's head. He will stay by the old employer all his life, and his son will succeed to his own or a better place in the service of the house. On the other hand, the Englishman or Scotchman will take the first opportunity to go into business for himself, and will use his employment as a stepping-stone to something better.

This, in brief, is the French Canadian who dwells in the great province of Quebec, and keeps it as French as it was on the night when Montcalm hurried his insufficient troops to the meeting with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. He is unambitious, unenterprising, joyous, simple, devout, a true son of the Church, a lover of old France, or rather of the France whose traditions have come to him from the *immigrés* of the seventeenth century. To-day the pastoral life of the province of Quebec is that of Normandy. Although the leaders of the race are acute lawyers, able debaters, brilliant orators, shrewd politicians, the French Canadian is not a self-governing man as the English understand self-government. He is a good neighbor, but, in the bottom of his heart, he does not like the English. If he is educated, he dreams of the time when the French will again be masters of New France, and then he fondly hopes it will be known throughout the world as the Greater France. His patriotic desire is encouraged by his race's fruitfulness, and is disappointed by the exodus to the United States. So long as he remains within the Dominion he will act with that party which is most likely to keep the Hanoverian promises to the French, but he will distrust all Englishmen, because they are English and Protestant, and in the presence of those in whom he may confide, or when he is moved to a high degree of political exacerbation, he will grow eloquent over *les perfides Anglaises.*

If the French Canadian does not like the Englishman, the Englishman does not approve of the French Canadian. He finds him frivolous and strange. He does not like to live among French institutions, and bring up his children on French and Catholic teachings. Especially when he finds that they prevail under the flag of the British Empire.

The reasons why Englishmen and Scotchmen do not go to Quebec are many and various. In the first place, they prefer the richer and cheaper virgin soils of the Red River country and Manitoba. But this does not account for the fact that Quebec is not more English than it is, now that it has been a colony of the crown for two hundred and thirty years. The maritime provinces are English, and are thickly populated. Much of the land of Quebec is of an excellent quality. It is true that the climate is cold, and that the westerly provinces are not only more fruitful but more genial, while the longer summer gives the farmer an opportunity to grow a greater variety of crops. Abundant reasons may be given why most of the immigrants from England, who come to the New World to engage in agriculture, should seek the West, whether they cast their fortunes with the United States or with Canada, and still there may be lacking the explanation of the fact that this great stretch of territory remains substantially French. Here is the seaport of the Dominion. It obtained its commercial primacy through the energy and enterprise of Englishmen and Scotchmen. Its great steamship line is English. Its new cotton and woollen mills and its prosperous flouring mills are not in French hands, but in English. Some of the old French business houses linger, but year by year the French Canadian is growing of less relative commercial importance in his own land. In business he is evidently giving way before the stronger race of traders. In the city of Quebec his hold is the stronger because of the decline of its commercial importance. Many of the English of this old capital of Lower Canada who have made their fortunes have gone back to the old country: to use their own phrase, the phrase of those who call themselves "old countrymen," but who may never have been out of America, they "have gone home."

Quebec remains old, centuries old. The only man who has been vandal enough to lay a profane hand upon its sacred stones is Lord Dufferin, who, in the true spirit of a British philistine, tore down the gray old gate of St. Louis, and replaced it with a modern monstrosity. But nearly all else is old—the citadel, the wall, the stone *Hôtel de Ville*, the homes of the people. They are not only old, but they are French. This is the city of the province. Montreal is a city of the modern world. Its great parish church and its greater cathedral, the ancient walls of the seminary of St. Sulpice, the streets of St. Antoine, St. Denis, and the rest, the French tongue spoken in the courts, the predominance of the French *électeurs* in politics, all these are reminders that the beautiful city is the dwelling-place of those who call themselves the true Canadians. But the spirit of the place is English. When an emergency arises, like the small-pox epidemic of a few years ago, it is the English who are called upon to take the direction of affairs, for the French Canadian is not so blind to his own interests that he fails to recognize the value of English courage, resources, and energy. A polite Frenchman may drive you about in his cab, but many of the streets through which you will pass are being widened to meet the business requirements of modern life, while the name of the principal thoroughfare has been changed from St. Jacques to St. James.

In Quebec it is quite different. No one but a Dufferin thinks of change in that interesting old town. Over it broods the spirit of an earlier century and of a race with which the English cannot intermingle, and evidently cannot overcome. In the parishes outside the two cities the *curé* rules, and in many of them there dwells not a single English family. The priests utter incantations over the potato-bugs and grasshoppers. The auction for souls is regularly held. The grain is annually brought to the church for blessing. And not a single Protestant is there in the community to mock at the sacred services, or to question the efficacy of the insurance against earthquakes and other disasters that the priest furnishes the cottagers in the form of a card, on which are printed a cross and the legend, "*Christus nobiscum state.*" The only church is that of Rome. The only school is that which is under the charge of the devout brothers and sisters, who are appointed from the various religious orders by the Roman Catholic commissioners. The only language heard is French. The political conduct of the people appears to the grave Englishman as both flippant and corrupt, while the small part that he is permitted to play in local self-government harrows the inmost soul of the man who has inherited the right to enjoy and mould British traditions and customs. He scorns the hilarious riot of the *cabaleurs* as they boisterously carry the *électeurs* to the polls to declare what is too often their purchased choice, and the theatrical festival after the election, when the successful candidate is carried about in triumph in a carriage that is much beribboned, accompanied by a crowd of dancing, singing people, drunk with their own exuberance. He votes as he thinks, feels decided antipathies towards his political opponents, and goes home after his duty is done with the sense of a public duty well performed. He feels nothing but contempt for the dancing crowds, who treat an election with no more respect than if it were a harvest-time or a vintage festival, who, he knows, would have sung as joyously and would have bourgeoned into as brilliant ribbons if the opposition candidate had triumphed.

Not only are the lands dearer and more worn in Quebec than in the provinces of the west, but the atmosphere of the parish differs decidedly from the atmosphere of the English hamlet. It is impossible to imagine a Scotch Presbyterian, for example, settling himself contentedly in a parish where there are no school privileges for his children and no church privileges for himself and his wife. He could only with great difficulty tolerate the idea of living under the shadow of the Roman Catholic Church, and of being unable to listen at least twice a week to a kirk sermon. Equally difficult is it for the loyal Church of England family to consent to dwell among foreign people, and to bring up their children under the influences of an alien religion. Many Scotch and English families do, indeed, live almost without the society of people of their own nationalities, and many of them thrive beyond the lot of the men and women of their kind who prefer the rich wheat-fields of a newer country. They are shrewder than their French neighbors, better traders

in a larger way, and are likely to become the great land-owners of their parishes. In Montreal there are many English-speaking merchants and manufacturers who, as boys, were brought up on farms amid French Canadians, and whose knowledge of the traits of the people greatly



"THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE IS CARRIED ABOUT IN TRIUMPH."

aids the growth of their prosperity. The French and English who are thus thrown together have certain but not intimate social relations. The children of the Protestants sometimes go to the Roman Catholic schools, their parents taking care to supply at home a rigid antidote to any heresy that may be inculcated by the revend teacher. The elders mingle on formal and public occasions. The fathers and mothers of both races keep a watchful eye on their sons and daughters, for intermarriages are strictly guarded against. The elders do not like each other well enough to desire the formation of family unions. It demands a good deal of courage and independence of character and an immense amount of self-reliance on the part of the Englishman to make the sacrifices that are demanded of him if he takes up his residence among the French folk of Canada. If he goes to Montreal or even Quebec, he will have the society

of his own people and secular schools for his children. In Montreal the French have their quarter, their society, their clubs, and they are in no immediate danger of losing any of their national characteristics. In the country the English families are so few that they must assimilate something of French. In the course of time this has resulted in a race of people bearing Scotch names, speaking French as their native tongue, and possessing a deep knowledge of all the intricacies of the French-Canadian nature. Among such people, in such surroundings, the immigrant from the British Islands finds himself a stranger in a strange land, and is tempted to go further on to where his own people dwell.

Not only is he in a social atmosphere that is uncongenial, but he dwells in a community over whose public policy he can have very little influence, unless he is willing to employ the baser arts of politics. He may vote for the candidate for the Dominion or the provincial legislature, but, except in rare instances, he must vote for a Frenchman, who, whether he be a Liberal or a Conservative, will insist on preserving, and if possible increasing, the power and privileges of the Roman Catholic Church. So far as municipal institutions are concerned, he can have very little to say about them. He lives among people who prefer to leave their local affairs to the care of the priest, who is as influential in his parish as the minister was in the New England theocracy.

The history of municipal government in the province of Quebec has been interestingly and instructively traced by M. John George Bourinot. Under the French régime the King's officers at Quebec administered the local affairs of Canada, and the lands of the new country were generally held by a feudal tenure. The seigneurs were the leading civilians in the parishes, which were created simply for ecclesiastical purposes. The people were wholly dependent. If they wanted a road or a bridge, it was the *voyer*, a royal officer, to whom they appealed. Even after the conquest, when British authority was established in the country, British institutions did not follow in Lower Canada. Perhaps this was because the people were inapt, and did not readily accept the responsibilities and duties of self-government. At any rate, the localities continued to be governed by the central authority. When a Provincial Legislature was established, the parishes and the municipalities looked to it to continue the supervision exercised by the King's officers during the French régime. It was very nearly the middle of the present century when Lord Durham, in his celebrated report on the affairs of Canada, speaking of Quebec and Montreal, said: "These cities were incorporated a few years ago by a temporary provincial act, of which the renewal was rejected in 1836. Since that time these cities have been without any municipal government, and the disgraceful state of the streets, and the utter absence of lighting, are consequences which arrest the attention of all, and seriously affect the comfort and security of the inhabitants."

After the reunion of Canada which followed the rebellion of 1837, municipal institutions were established. The people of Ontario demanded them, and between 1840 and 1854 many acts were passed enlarging the powers of the people over their local affairs. At first, the province of Quebec provided for the appointment of the local officers by the Governor and Council. In 1845 the people were empowered to elect their town and parish officers, but the parish government was soon after merged in the county government, and it was not until a few years before the creation of the Dominion, 1867, that, to quote from M. Bourinot, "Upper and Lower Canada enjoyed at least local institutions resting on an essentially popular basis, and giving every possible facility for carrying out desirable public improvements in the municipal divisions."

The British immigrant to Quebec during all these years when the parishes and municipalities of the province depended for roads, for lighting, for police protection, for all the incidents of local government, on a distant central power, found himself not only in uncongenial foreign surroundings, but in a position of exasperating powerlessness. He was not accustomed to a state of public affairs which he could not at least try to remedy. He might grumble, it is true, but at home he grumbled to some purpose, while among these strange people his grumblings were ineffective. Even after popular local institutions were fully established by statutes, the French Canadians did not es-

cape from their tutelage. To this day they depend too much upon the Provincial Legislature and too little on themselves. The British people have imbibed their ideas of local self-government from many generations of self-governing ancestry. The French Canadian has yet to learn the value of the privilege of exercising public functions and performing public duties. He does not yet realize their gravity. He cannot be taught that the assumption of public cares and the bearing of public burdens must make a better race of men, a race worthier to exercise the powers that accompany responsibilities. If the British Canadian in Quebec becomes a politician, he rises to power by tactful management of his French constituents, by gratifying their prejudices, or by satisfaction of their cupidity. Knowing little of the value and sanctity of political power, the French Canadian is often willing to part with it for money. In this respect he does not differ from thousands of people who come to the United States from countries where the traditions of self-government do not exist. In Quebec the man who sells his vote, whether he be an elector or a legislator, does so more openly and with less shame than his British brother, for he does not know so well that the act is disgraceful.



"SOUS LE CAP" STREET.

It is not to be wondered at, when the social and political conditions of the province of Quebec are taken into consideration, that the British immigrant prefers not to linger among the *habitants*, but to go on to the western communities, where land is cheaper, and which have been settled by people of his own social habits and prejudices, his own religion, and his own political code. In the one place he is helpless among people who have strange and, to him, grotesque customs, and a language which seems incapable of expressing British sentiments. In the other place he hears the familiar English tongue, worships in the English church or the dissenters' chapel, sees his children grow up in robust health, and enjoys what he esteems his "rights."

The British flag floats over all of Canada, but archaic French law prevails in a large part of it, while the British man feels himself truly at home only in the provinces outside of New France.

POGIT WAY.

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS.

I.

"SHUCKS!" says Henry K., shoving back his battered old hat and giving me a sort of contemptuous grin. "Women vote! Why, they 'ain't got the intellect—'cepting for school boards and so forth. They can do that all right; though they talk too much then. But the proper sp'ere of women is cooking, washing, sewing, and so forth. And there ain't nothing horrider, to my mind, than a strong-minded woman. Shall I hitch up?" says he, as though he'd quite disposed of women and so forth.

"You'd better begin," says I, rather short; "then perhaps, if the weather holds and all goes well, you'll have finished by the time I'm ready for meat auction."

"Cal'ate I shall," says he, yawning till the tears come in his eyes. And there he sat on the corn-bin, dangling his feet, as though he'd time to all eternity before him instead of fifteen minutes.

A nice-looking man Henry K. Sawyer was to talk to me about "intellect"!—a man who'd run through two nice fortunes; a man who was a chore-boy at fifty-two years of age, and a dreadful slow one too. Slower than molasses in January was Henry K.; but 'twas sort of a charity to hire him, so I put up with him, though I nearly flew out of my skin watching him work, being one that likes to put things through myself.

Of course I didn't care for what he said, but I thought I'd hear how far he would go, so says I, "As to voting, now, Henry K., I'd like to venture something handsome that I'm better prepared to vote on the new road question than you be this minute."

"Oh, you're a dreadful smart woman, Mis' Atkins," says he, with a sort of pitying smile, as he crawled around, hitching the mare to the box-wagon, "and I don't doubt you kin see a real good reason for carrying the road 'round. Which way did you say you wanted it to run?"

"I didn't say," says I.

Henry K. winked. "Didn't catch you that time, did I? Well, the reason, whatever it is, holds good now, but how about ten years from now? How about fifteen years ahead? Slew 'round, you idjit!" says he to the mare. "Whoa! That's the difficulty with women, Mis' Atkins," says he; "they is all ready and on the jump for the present, but they can't look ahead. As to the road question, Jehu Carter's got that in hand, and the road will go the way he wants it, like everything else in town meeting. Jehu's a *come-outer*, I tell you, Mis' Atkins."

"You ought to have more spirit," says I. "You're a tax-payer, and you've a right to put in your word."

"Speaking of words, now, and so forth," says he, gaping, "I'd like to see your best room, Mis' Atkins. That city woman that was over here about chickens yesterday she passed a remark about that room that made me think I'd like to see it. Can I?"

"I want to know! What did she say?" says I, very curious.

"Oh, wait till I've seen it," says Henry K., "then I'll tell you."

Knowing 'twasn't any use to urge him, I had him to come in through the kitchen, and clean his boots on the mat well, and then I took him through and flung open the door of my parlor, which Nansooket folks think is just about right. 'Tisn't as artistic as the rooms of the city folks on the Cliff, but I'm free to say I think it's a sight more tasty, and it certainly is cleaner. There isn't any sun fading my carpets, or fog soaking the curtains, or horseshoe-crabs, or warming-pans, or soup-plates, or any other rubbish dangling on the walls amidst a mess of Turkish rags and Japanese fans. Everything I have is solid and handsome.

"There, Henry K.!" says I, proudly, drawing up one shade and pushing away the Nottingham curtains so he could take in the effect—"there!" says I, "what do you think of this?"

"It's fine," says Henry K.—"*fine*. Three kinds of wall-paper — phew! Couldn't you get enough of one sort to go 'round?"

"Lands! that's the new style," says I. "You see, there's the ceiling paper, a kind of bluish-pink, and the frieze a little mite deeper than mustard, with gold flowers, so the centre walls, of a real deep salmon, sort of goes with both, and brings both out. I'd planned to have a dado of dark red, but Hozea he was set on having the old oak wainscot left, so I had to give it up."



"DIDN'T KETCH YOU THAT TIME."

"The furniture is pretty," says Henry K., scrubbing his chin with his hand and staring about. "I always did like blue and gray; they're both such nice chilly colors. And the flowers on the carpet—my!—they ain't exactly roses, nor yet dahlias, but they're fine. And that animal on the mat, what might that be—a cow?"

"Cow, indeed!" says I. "It's a stag."

"So it is," says he, stooping to peer at it. "I thought it was small for a cow. What's those three girls in sheets?" says he, gazing at the mantel-shelf.

"They're the three Graces," says I, "companions to Faith, Hope, and Charity. The others is family portraits, except the big one over the sofa—the Declaration of Independence. That was given to me for buying over one hundred dollars' worth of goods off of Jones and Smith, in Boston—for all my things came from off island."

"So I should suppose," says he. "Did you work them worsted mottoes yourself, Mis' Atkins?"

"Yes. I did 'God Bless Our Home' and 'Peace be on this House,'" says I; "and Niabby, she did the others."

"Very tasty," says Henry K., clumping back to the kitchen after me.

"Now, Henry K., what *did* Mrs. Witherbee say about my parlor?" says I, stepping out, and putting the key under the mat.

"Oh yes, Mis' Witherbee," says he,



"I THOUGHT IT WAS SMALL FOR A COW."

handing me the reins. "She says to the girl with her, says she, 'Did you ever, *ever* see such a perfectly afflicting room?' And the girl, she says: 'No, I never did. When I shut my eyes I could actually hear those fiendish colors swear at each other; and then the rug with the unknown animal—perhaps a jaberwocky—and those ghastly pictures! Oh, think of having to go to bed past such a chamber of horrors!' With which they drove off," says Henry K., dropping the hitching-strap in behind. "And so," says he, very bland, as he leaned against the wall, eying me catacornered, but innocent—"and so I thought I'd kind of like to see those *swearing colors*. But I think it's all fine, Mis' Atkins—*fine*."

There! That was Henry K. all over. Say something he didn't like, and he wouldn't answer you or it; but he'd wait, and then tell how some one else had said some awful thing, and how sorry he was people talked so. He'd get even if it took him a week. So I just whipped up and drove off. Mad I certainly was, but I'd cal'ated to close-haul my temper that day, having agreed to take Niabby to meat auction, which was bound to be a trial. Niabby was my own sister, named after a wreck that drifted in two days after she was born—the *Niobe*, from Baltimore—and mother thought the name was dreadful pretty, though like enough spelled wrong, so she called the baby Niabby. And, as mother used to say, it seemed as though a character must have drifted in with the name, for there never had been a "slack" Cathcart before Niabby grew up without one *faculized* bone in her body. She was always going to set bread, or wash dishes, or whatever, but she never did till an hour too late. She drove her husband nearly wild, and after he passed away, she kept house more like a hen than a woman.

Consequently I wasn't a bit surprised that morning to find her rocking and crocheting in the parlor, her store bang on one side, and she in a calico wrapper and old slippers, working away on a tidy, and singing to herself. As to the meat auction, "it had slipped her memory," likewise the fact that we had planned to start our mince-meat that afternoon. That was Niabby all over.

"Well, Niabby," says I, "this is a nice-looking house for ten o'clock, and you with no one to do for but yourself. Why, my house is so that if I was to fall down dead this minute, the whole sewing circle, with Mary Susan Peters at their head, might put their heads in every corner and welcome."

"I s'pose so," says she, "but I'm not expecting to fall down dead myself. And if I prefer making tidies to washing dishes—my own dishes—I don't see that any one has any call to talk. But lands! it's meat-auction day, isn't it? Well, well,

if I didn't forget it. I'll run and get ready."

You see, Niabby, as a girl, had been dreadful pretty—slender, pink and white, and yellow-haired. And now she was fading, she couldn't realize it. She couldn't see that she was thin and yellow; and when she rigged out in a store bang and new teeth, she thought she was as girlish as ever. And that day she felt specially spandy in a whole suit of *receding* green. I believe that's its name; anyway, it looked like the top of a swamp, and Niabby looked like a corpse, particularly as her hat was tall and stiff, and wobbled every step, owing to her hair being done too low, so she didn't dare show any sign of life above her knees.

"Well, Priscilla," says she, as we stepped out, "how do you like my suit?"

Being my own younger sister, I really couldn't express my ideas; for I'm dreadful fond of Niabby, with all her slackness; so I got off with passing a remark on her fringe, which was certainly pretty.

At the same time, watching her walk ahead of me to the wagon, with rounded shoulders, feet tangling like an "interfering" horse, and her outrageous city bustle pretty well over on one hip, I felt she wasn't a credit to me. Particularly as, when she climbed in the wagon, I could see there was six buttons off of one shoe and five off the other.

However, Niabby never missed them, and her tongue went as though 'twas hung in the middle.

"Priscilla," says she, "I do wish you wouldn't drive with one hand, and cluck with your tongue that way; it's so like a man."

"Since driving is about the one thing men can do better than most women," says I, very composed, "I'm willing to imitate them. Most women drive as though the horse was a fish they was trying to haul in overhanded."

"I wonder you'll admit a man can beat you at anything," says Niabby, bearing down the corners of her mouth. "But for all your high flings at men, I notice you let both Jehu Carter and John P. Enas follow in your wake, and I'll be bound you'll tie to one of them yet."

"Me marry again!" I fairly shrieked; so that the mare started off, and jolted us over the cobble-stones till Niabby's hat went clean off.

"Pshaw!" she gasped, when we'd slowed up, and her hat was on again; "you talk as though Hozea had been a tiger, instead of the nicest husband a woman ever had. I think it's real disrespectful to his memory."

"Oh, Hozea was a nice man," says I, "and as quiet and easy to move as—a *mule*."

"You need some one to look out for you," says Niabby, really shocked. "A *man* to teach you what to think."

"No, I don't," I said, flatly. "I want a vote. Give me that, and I'll snap my fingers at all male creation, who are all thumbs and tongue. While a man is calling to mind how his grandfather did things, and hunting about for the proper tool, a woman 'll take hold and put the thing through—like enough with a hairpin. Men, indeed! Sheep, I call them!" says I, getting excited. "All trotting after Jehu Carter—all going to let him carry the new road round Pogit way, though none of them want it there. If the women of this town were worth their salt," says I, "they'd vote by proxy, as I used to do through Hozea."

Niabby laughed. "That does to tell, Priscilla; but I can call to mind," says she, "that you and Hozea always stood opposite sides of the fence about town-



"WORKING AWAY ON A TIDY."



"HOW DO YOU LIKE MY SUIT?"

meeting time, and Hozea never gave in to you."

"That was his opinion," says I, "which would seem to prove that I'm not the first person who's driven a mule backward. I'll do it again, too, for I mean to have a proxy vote this meeting, if I *am* a widow."

"How'll you get it, Priscilla?" says she.

"Tell you afterwards," says I, laughing, as we drove up in front of the auction store, where the first person to step up was Jehu Carter, smiling as a basket of chips.

"Morning, Mrs. Price. Good-morning, Mrs. Atkins. You're just in time. We're talking over our new road. Heard about it?" says he.

"Haven't heard much else, Mr. Carter," says I. "For once give our town a topic in winter, when trade is dull, and folks fairly worry it to death."

"That's so," says he. "Will you 'light?"

"No; Niabby and me will sit right still in the wagon," says I, joking, "so we can 'up sail' and make for home if it gets squally. For they tell me there's considerable excitement over the matter."

"Not a bit of it, Mrs. Atkins," says he.

"We're pretty well all of one mind; and the plan now, I believe, is to run it round Pogit way."

"Yes, so it will take in Jehu's farm," says John P. Enas, lounging up and joining in; "and dreadful bad Jehu feels over the prospect." John P. was forever hitting out at Jehu.

"Well, John P.," says Jehu, very bland, "if so be as the town cal'ates it wants a road that way, I've no call to object."

"The *town!* Gosh!" says John P., sitting down on the horse-block, and passing the wink around; "we all know you're the town, and meeting-house too."

"You've no call to say that, John P.," says Jehu, flushing up. "No one can say I'm not public-spirited. If 'twas to the advantage of the town to carry the road across the old track over the Commons, I'd vote for it; but 'tisn't, and I'll prove it. It's just this way," says he, marking off emphasis with his forefinger, while all hands drew nigh, Jehu being considered a powerful talker—"it's this way," says he. "In laying out our funds we've got to keep our eye out to see what's bearing down on us. Now since the whalin' trade died out there's only been one crop of any account raised by any of us, and that is — the summer boarder. It's a pretty good 'hardy annual,' but it needs coaxing," says he, smiling.

"What's all this to do with the new road?" says John P., who liked to steer the talk himself.

"Everything, *everything*," says Jehu, planting one foot on the horse-block, and warming to his work. "The summer visitor," says he, "not only wants to be amused, but it wants to be amused *hard*. Well, those that goes over to Sea View Beach has the bathing for the morning, then dinner, and then comes afternoon."



NIABBY.

"We might have figured that out for ourselves," says John P., very dry.

"Exactly so," says Jehu, coolly; "and you *might* have invented Edison's light—only you didn't. Now we all know," he continued, "that there are plenty of young people who find the afternoon a tight fit. We've all met them straying over the Commons in pairs, tumbling into the cranberry bogs, ploughing through the hot sand. Whether they start to hunt for Captain Kidd's gold or the end of the rainbow, it's all one to them, as long as the t'other goes along."

"Then they don't need the Pogit road," says John P., burning to get his oar in.

"No, *they* don't," says Jehu, laughing; "but there are young ladies who have no craft to tie to. Now next summer, when the left-over young ladies, and uncles or aunts or mothers, or whatever, when they say to us, what can we do? we can say, take a drive over our new macadamized road, twelve miles long—leads to Clambake Cove, Stony Point Light—"

"And right by Jehu Carter's farm," says John P., who was like India-rubber, as far as being sat on went.

"Certainly, right by my farm," says Jehu, with twinkling eyes. "Well, in course of time Sea View Beach would get to be known as a place with good driving as well as fine surf. People would bring their friends; houses rent, horses hire, vegetation sell, and Sea View turn into a regular watering-place."

"George! I cal'ate it's one now, if a whole ocean can make it so," says John P.

"Which it can't," says Jehu, contemptuously. "There's right smart of water round Galapagos Islands, but they're not exactly fashionable resorts yet. An ocean can't do everything," says he; "it takes people to make a real watering-place. And people aren't coming 'way down here after that perfect rest they're so hot after unless they've a reasonable security that they can be on the move from morning till night."

"Priscilla," says Niabby, whispering in my ear—which I hate worse than poison—"Priscilla," says she, "for the land's sakes, lend me the team! I've left the bread in the oven. If I'm not back in time, buy me my mince-meat along with yours."

"Well, if you aren't the beateree!" says I. "For mercy's sake, clap on all sail! Like as not it's black as my hat now." With which I climbed out, and she rattled off. And so, you see, when auction was over, and she not back, 'twas only natural Jehu should step along home with me.

Did I tell Jehu was a widower? Yes, he was. But, lands! can't a widower walk home with a widow without so much chin-clapping?

Seems not, for I had hardly got my things off and my apron on before Niabby bounced in, her eyes sticking out of her head, and she as excited as a setting hen.

"Well, you and Jehu make a likely pair," says she, "and you couldn't tie to a likelier man. Smarter than Hozea, and sweeter-natured."

"Why didn't you fetch that team back?" says I.

"Why didn't I? Well, I like that," says she, very arch. "Why, I only took it away to give you and Jehu a chance. He's been dreadful particular in his attentions. Brought you home from church four Sundays running, and beaued you back from every sewing circle this winter, and—"

"Stop, Niabby!" says I; "you make me perfectly sick with your foolishness, and you might as well 'reef up' now as later. For it won't ever be a match. No, *never!*" says I, beginning to chop up my mince-meat.

Niabby looked at me very searching, and rocked for a bit. Then says she, meditative: "Perhaps you're right, Priscilla. John P. hasn't Jehu's faculty, but he's a dreadful sweet-natured man. And I'm bound to say I'd choose him for a brother-in-law if I had any say so. I would indeed. As for Jehu, he's dreadful masterful, and you're not a 'meek and lowly' yourself, so 'twouldn't hardly suit. Because Jehu never knocks under, nor you either, and, as Samuel used to say, two can't drive, and so—"

"Great Scott! Niabby, how you run on!" says I. "I really believe you've got brother-in-law on the brain. But you needn't have. You had better get married yourself, if one of us has got to marry."

"Me marry! I cal'ate not," says she. "Men are handy about a house to tinker, and all that, but they're forever eating, or talking about eating. As I used to say to Samuel, he couldn't never seem to stop talking about his mother's pies 'cept



"HE'S BEEN DREADFUL PARTICULAR IN HIS ATTENTIONS."

when he was eating mine. No, indeed! I do as I please now," says she, "and that no married woman can."

"Certainly," says I. "And since you feel so for yourself, why can't you understand I'm not going to take either Jehu or John P.?"

"Oh, as to that," says she, getting up to go, "I'd wait a bit. For John P. is dreadful sweet-natured, and you've faculty enough for two. And now, I guess, I'll take my meat and step over home."

"So do, so *do*," says I, curt enough, being about dead with her nonsense.

I was dreadful glad she went, for she fairly riled me, and says I to myself: "Marry John P.! I guess not. I've no occasion to bring a husband up by hand. I can do better than that *if* I marry, which I sha'n't."

All the same, that evening, when it was too dark to see the "Pass," and I was sewing all alone, Niabby's foolishness—or my own—set me to thinking how dreadful lonesome I was.

I never was any hand to read, and sitting all alone with a cat, while a nor'easter rages round the house, isn't inspiriting, when you've nothing to take up your mind but carpet rags.

II.

And now perhaps I'd better tell why Jehu was so hot about having the road go Pogit way, so you can get it all straight in your mind.

The reason was, of course, that Jehu owned a farm there; and as Pogit land was poor, and Pogit too far off to attract summer people, Jehu thought he could raise the value of the place by getting the travel taken round that way. He cal'ated that with a good road running past the farm, instead of the old rut track, he could talk it up and get some city man to take it off his hands. And I didn't doubt he could, if he could have the votes going right at meeting.

But a stranger—or "coof," as we call 'em—would say, how is he going to make it seem cheaper to lay five extra miles of road, and shorter, and better than the old Commons track, which was just eight miles between Sea View and town? Certainly the facts was awkward. But not being a "coof" myself, and having seen Jehu talk black into white before, I didn't doubt he would do it—unless some one was to put a spoke in his wheel.

Well, I turned all this over in my mind as I sat alone on the night of meat



"'LANDS! JOHN P.!' SAYS I, SPRINGING UP."

auction, and then I made up my mind not only to have a vote, but to cut across Jehu's bows, and make him take in sail for once. Being a woman, and having to do everything by proxy, of course 'twould be a big contract, but I felt equal to it. "If I can't, pussy," says I to the cat, "my name isn't Priscilla Atkins." And here the door burst open, and in rushed John P. Enas, dripping with rain, for, as I said, we was enjoying a stiff nor'easter.

"Lands! John P.!" says I, springing up. "What in the name of commonsense— What brought you out to-night? Is your mother sick? Or what?"

"Why, 'tisn't bad, Priscilla," says he, looking rather sheepish. "I had a call to be out anyway, and seeing your light, thought I'd step in and—and—sort of pass the time—supposing I'm not in the way."

"Certainly not," says I, very hearty. "I'm glad to see you—real glad. But my! how wet you are! Take off your coat and sea-boots," says I, snatching up a light, "and I'll fetch you down Hozea's slippers."

So he lumbered out in the passage, making all kinds of excuses for the trouble he was giving, while I flew up to the camphor trunk to get the slippers.

I gave him the slippers, set a chair up to the fire, took up my work, and settled to enjoy a real sociable time, John P. being mighty good company.

Well, we talked back and forth awhile, and then we got round to the new road.

"It's against all reason and commonsense to carry it Pogit way," says John P., "and it 'll cost the town two thousand dollars more; but Jehu wants the road Pogit way, and Jehu will get it. Gosh! it's time his wheel was scotched, before this town turns to Jehusville," says he, biting his nails very gloomy.

"Think so?" says I, drawing him out, after a plan I'd fixed up with myself. "Then why don't you scotch it? Jehu isn't any smarter than some I know, only you all sit like sheep and let him run things. Now," says I, very meaning, "in town meeting, if when he said 'snip!' *some one* was to get up and say 'snap!' I don't see why *some one* shouldn't take the votes his way. Spe-

cially when sense and cheapness was on his side."

"George!" says John P., flushing up, and letting his chair drop forward with a bang. "Who's going to listen to m—that is, some one, when Jehu is about?"

"Your tongue runs pretty easy," says I, "and there's a good many times when Jehu isn't about—since you're afraid of him."

"Afraid! Me afraid of Jehu Carter!" shrieked John P., overturning his chair and tramping up and down. "Who says I'm afraid?"

"Dear heart! I thought you did," says I, 'most tickled to death.

"I never passed any such word forward, Priscilla," says he, stopping and looking at me very angry, "and you know it. But Jehu has elected himself a committee of one to run this town for so long that every darned idiot in it thinks he's a little king. A little king, by George!" says poor John P., sitting down very wrathful. "He'll talk every wooden head in meeting into a conviction that it's cheaper to lay fifteen miles of road than eight. And they won't realize till next assessment that it isn't!"

"Exactly so," says I, rocking very calm. "Now, instead of shouting me deaf and dumb, why don't you get up in meeting and state the facts? Write down the figures, and work 'em into a speech that will wring the purse-strings of every man present, and wind up with a little fun to take the women along!"

"Oh, I can't make a speech!" says John P.

"Can't! Well, I could," says I, contemptuous.

"Bet you couldn't, now!" says John P.

"I know I could," says I.

"All right, make one. I'll tell you what, Priscilla," says he, smiling; "you write a speech—I'll supply the figures—and I'll get up next Friday night and say it off. I will, sure as a gun."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes, ma'am."



"JOHN P. BEING MIGHTY GOOD COMPANY."

"Then you're a man to know," says I. "Now light your pipe—I know you're not comfortable without it, and smoke won't hurt my kitchen—and then we'll talk it over."

"Well, how would you begin, Priscilla?" says John P., rocking, and puffing away at his pipe.

"I hardly know, but I s'pose something like this—" says I. "Well! Mr. Carter! I am glad to see you." For I'd looked round, and there was Jehu standing dripping on the mat, looking very savage at John P.'s unconscious back.

"Kind of a queer beginning, isn't it?" says John P. Then he looked round too, and saw Jehu, and which of them looked the maddest 'twas hard to say. As for me, I just began to enjoy the evening.

Of course, seeing John P. smoking, with Hozea's slippers on, Jehu had to have a pipe and a pair of lasting shoes, Hozea not having been foreseeing enough to leave slippers for all creation. Then, as John P. rocked on my left, he had to rock on my right, before he would even pretend to be agreeable. Finally, when all these preliminaries were settled to his mind, I brought out a jug of cider. John P. and Jehu settled themselves to staying each other out, and a joyous time we had, I tell you. For if you want real company, pit two widowers against each other, with the widow they're after in the middle, and a nor'easter raging round the house. Men are like bull-dogs for not showing their best points till they find something to show their grit on. A dreadful comparison, I know, but I couldn't think of anything else that night as I watched Jehu and John P. drawing each other out. Polite didn't begin to express the way they laughed at each other's yarns, and looked to see how I took them.

It seemed so good-hearted when John P., whose teeth are wonderfully preserved, began to run Jehu on the time he'd endured with his new "uppers."

When a man with thirty-two good sound teeth growing in his head tilts back his chair and asks his rival "how the 'uppers' go," it seems kind of personal, and I couldn't blame Jehu for getting red.

"Darn the 'uppers'!" says he. "I sat up nights to swear at them, then I took a week off and swore steady, and I'm not reconciled to them yet. That dentist fellow talked about their being a comfort to me. Comfort!" Jehu groaned. "Why on earth do folks have to have teeth, any more than cows?"

"That's so, why do we?" says I, very soothing. "It takes a year of rocking, singing, and dosing to reconcile us to them as babies, and first thing you know you've got to lose 'em. Since they come with a yell and go with a howl, it seems as though we could do without 'em entirely, if 'twas only the fashion," says I. "Why, Niabby saw a beautiful man in Boston that hadn't ever had one to his name."

"Where? In a museum?" says John P., very smart.

"No; in a shoe store. I've seen him," says Jehu, quick as a flash. "It's the teetotally bald man they keep in a museum."

As John P.'s hair is dreadful thin on top, this raked him fore and aft.

"Great Scott!" says John P., suddent. "Is that clock right, Priscilla?"

"Set it by the town clock at noon," says I.

"Well, then I must be going," says he, looking very pointed at Jehu, who didn't budge an inch. "Going my way, Jehu?" says he.

"No; I'm not going any way at present, unless Priscilla is tired of me," says Jehu. "When a fellow gets into such quarters as these, he stays, if he knows a good thing when he sees it," and Jehu laughed a crowing sort of laugh that sent John P. flying out in the passage after his boots.

"John P. is a queer fellow," says Jehu, warming his feet, and fairly seeming to purr with comfort. "He always has a fling for me. But his bark is worse than his bite, I guess."

"Yes, he's real pretty-natured, and his jokes don't hurt," says I. "Likely-looking too, isn't he?"

Jehu gave me a queer look, and seemed to choke over something; then says he: "Yes, John P. is likely to look at, but he's no manager. He's always blaming his luck instead of himself."

"Well, now, he has had poor luck," says I. "He certainly has had poor luck in 'most everything, from his farm down to his wife."

"They say he means to do better next time as to a wife," says Jehu.

"Next time! John P. going to marry



"REAL COMPANY."

again! Well, that's news to me," says I. "Who under the canopy is it?"

"Why, they say—of course you know how folks talk—they say," says Jehu—"they tell me he's keeping it up with—with you, Priscilla."

"Me!" I fairly screamed. "Me! Jehu Carter, what foolishness! Of course he drops in now and then, like—others. But, lands! he's just a real old friend—and his own house is lonesome—only his mother, with her everlasting toothache—so he kind of comes here to get a rest."

"I don't blame him a mite; you needn't get so red, Priscilla," says Jehu, smiling. "I like it myself, and I cal'ate we both come for the same reason."

"And what's that?" says I, very innocent.

Jehu gave me a look that made me feel silly as a girl, and says he, "If you don't really know, I guess I won't tell you, Priscilla."

"Well, I don't," says I, just to draw him out.

"Then I'll tell you later," says he, kicking off his (Hozea's) shoes, and going after his boots.

"Why don't you tell me now?" says I, holding the light for him in the passage, and pretending to think it all a great joke.

"Because I never cal'ate to plant seed in winter," says he, getting into his coat. "'Tisn't seasonable, and nothing comes up." With which that aggravating man walked off, leaving me to study out his meaning. Of course he meant me to understand that if he could be brought to pop the question, 'twouldn't be till I was warmer in my manner, or some such foolishness.

Then I got out a piece of paper and a pencil, and started in to write my speech. Just how long I worked at it that night I never mean to tell, but I overslept an hour next morning, and when Niabby run over, about ten o'clock, I was about as cross as a bear, and she set to work to make me worse.

"Hear you had company last night," says she, slipping into a rocker, and rocking and smiling. "Two company."

"Well, I did. Who told you? Mary Susan Peters, I bet a cooky," says I.

"Yes, she did," says Niabby. "And

she says John P. sat Jehu out, and over half an hour. She saw him come out whistling."

"Did she so?" I didn't contradict that, 'twas such a good joke on Mary Susan not to know Jehu. So I sat still, stoning raisins, and Niabby went on, being worse than trickling water or a buzzing fly that morning.

"I'm real glad John P. came off best," says she. "Jehu is so toplofty he makes me sick. Of course he's faculized, but then you've got enough for two; and John P. is so dreadful sweet-natured that I shouldn't never say a word against him. As I said to Mary Susan, Jehu's a hustler. And for an out-door husband you couldn't do better; but for comfortable in-door wear, give me John P."

"Take him and welcome," says I.

"I'm well aware you take little heed of anything I can say," says she. "All the same, I warn you, if you give John P. the mitten you'll make a big mistake —a big mistake." With that she went, leaving me half mad and half puzzled.

However, I'd more to think about than such foolishness. I told Niabby I meant to vote by proxy at town meeting, and I did,—though I was in a brown study of who I could get, until Henry K. came clumping in for a hammer, and sat down to "get his breath."

"Kind of cool, isn't it, Henry K.?"

"Cool! Not a bit," says he, cutting off a square of tobacco and jamming it in his cheek. "But, Mis' Atkins, I'm going in so heavy for politics that I've let up on the weather."

"Politics! I want to know! What kind of politics?"

"What Jehu Carter calls our local interests," says Henry K. "It turns out to be specially my business to tackle up and heave in a vote at meeting next Friday," says he, "though I sort of thought my vote wasn't worth having. But Jehu, he says I'm a man and a citizen, and duty points me towards Town-hall. Nice-spoken fellow, Jehu," says Henry K., looking at me from the tops of his eyes, and smiling very bitter.

"Well, if so be as he wants your vote, why don't you give it to him?" says I, very innocent. "You told yesterday that you hadn't any interest in the matter either side, and cal'ated to let Jehu have all his way. Specially as you know Jehu's bound to get his way in the end!"

"He ain't, either!" says Henry K.

"Oh, I guess he is," says I, laughing. "Talk is cheap, but you haven't got the grit to hold out against Jehu. He's a masterful man, I tell you!"

"Oh, he's a 'come-outer,' and so forth, and has the women on his side," says Henry K.; "but he can't have my vote. No, nor anybody's else if I can help it. I'm going to meeting Friday night. Yes, 'm, I am," says he, slouching to the door, "and I'm going to vote against him. and everything else."

"So do, so *do*. Be comprehensive as you can," says I. "Meantime, s'pose you step out and clean the harness, instead of hindering me with this idle talk."

"Oh, I'm going," says he, "and I'm sorry to disoblige you, Mis' Atkins, but I can't let you talk me round on this point; really I can't, now." With that he shambled out, leaving me kind of pleased to think I'd hardened him against Jehu, and sort of pitiful for him. For, to my mind, a wrecked man is a sight more sorrowful than a wrecked vessel.

However, being one that likes to do rather than talk, I put the work through. And after dinner, having given Henry K. an afternoon off, I shut myself up in the parlor and pitched into that speech fore and aft.

III.

Folks is dreadful unreasonable. Of course, having written John P. a speech, I had to teach it to him as though he'd been an infant in arms. If I told him once, "Gentlemen, invaluable as Mr. Carter's idea is for some future time, it is impracticable at present, for financial and individual reasons," etc.—if I told him that once, I guess I had it over ten thousand times, till I wondered if I'd been crazy to put together such a string of words. Though I thought it rather fine-sounding when I wrote it off.

And then, as I say, folks was so unreasonable. Naturally they couldn't have been expected to know what we was doing all those five evenings before town meeting, but they needn't have been so sure we was "keeping company." Specially Niabby, who, being my own sister, might have given me credit for more sense.

"John P., I've got a splitting headache," says I, as he came smiling up to the door. "I have," says I, "and if you

so much as show me that speech, I really believe I shall heave it in the fire. Besides, if you don't know it now, you won't ever. And if you forget it to-night, I'll never forgive you!" says I, getting excited.

"But I do know it by heart," says he, staring. "I reeled it off ten times to mother this morning, and every word set plumb jam in its socket. As to forgetting it, I couldn't. If you was to hang me up by my heels, I believe that speech would come ripping and tearing out of my boots. I don't ever expect to get quit of it; specially that, 'Gentlemen, invaluable as Mr. Carter's,' etc., etc., which sizzles in my ears night and morning. But I did want to see you about—about something else," said he, stammering.

I knew he did, of course, and was bound he shouldn't, so says I, "Well, I'm real sorry, John P., but you must excuse me, as I'm tuckered out, and going to put some vinegar on my head and lie down a spell, so I can go to meeting to-night."

"George! That's too bad," says he, looking very down-hearted. Then says he, planting one foot inside the door, "How would it do if I was to come in and rub your head a spell?"

"The lands! It wouldn't do at all," says I, pushing the door to, and pretending not to see his foot. "I'm dreadful sick, John P.," says I, pulling a long mouth, "and I only want to be let alone."

"Can I take you to meeting?" says he.

"Oh, 'tisn't likely I can go," says I; "but if I do, I've planned to stop for Niabby with the team."

"How would it be if I was to team you home?" says he, very persuasive.

"Oh no, John P., I couldn't do that. Niabby wouldn't care to drive home alone with Henry K.," says I. "So I thank you for the attention, but you'd best ask some one else."

"Why, I'm going to take Niabby," says he; "but of course you don't know—"

"No, nor care. Good-morning," says I.

"Oh, certainly. Good-morning!" says he, and walked off mad as a hornet.

Of course, not wanting him, 'twouldn't have been right not to have huffed him off; but I'm free to say that, to my mind, there's nothing pleasanter than watching a man get up to the huffing-off point. And so I was dreadful sorry to see John P. go off in that way.

Still, when I lay down on the sofa there was a kind of sereneness stole over me, as I thought that now I could show Niabby she was entirely wrong as to my favoring John P. Moreover, I meant to make it pretty plain to Mary Susan Peters that Jehu was waiting on me, and not her.



"GENTLEMEN, INVALUABLE AS MR. CARTER'S," ETC.

As far as she went, Jehu wouldn't ever look at her; and for her boast of his being "particular," that was absurd. She was always telling of her beaux, and getting mittens ready which was never required, so I knew how much that went for. Jehu wouldn't think of her, I knew, leaving me out of the question. But how

would it be if he was to leave me out of the question? As I tossed about on the sofa, having a sure-enough headache, I got dreadful dismal over that idea. I certainly had planned never to marry again, but I began to picture how forlorn 'twould be when I got so old that no man would care to follow in my wake.

I s'pose I was a fool; I know I was. But I couldn't help it. I laid there crying like an idiot to think how hopping mad Jehu would be when he knew I'd made a speech for John P., and such a speech! Specially if it should be a success and defeated him. Men are so dreadful suspicious, and he wouldn't believe but what I'd done it out of interest in John P.

And Niabby would think so too, and come buzzing in with her everlasting "two can't drive." As if I wanted to drive! I didn't. I just wanted some one to come in—some one big and strong and hearty, like Jehu—and drive forever. Then I cried some more.

Well, naturally, after having made such a perfect and complete fool of myself all the afternoon, I wasn't in any condition to go to town meeting in the evening, and sent Henry K. to take Niabby alone.

"Mind you stop in and tell me all about it when you get back," says I, keeping well out of the light.

Well, I guess he left about eight, and got back a little after ten; but it seemed to me days before I heard the wheels, and then he came tramping in red with cold, and about two sheets in the wind, having been treated downtown, I s'pose.

"Hooray! Mis' Atkins," says he, waving his hat. "Hooray before you know why, for you won't after you do."

"Henry K.," says I, "sit down and act like a rational creature, and tell me what you mean."

"Shall I begin at the beginning?" says he, taking off his coat, and sitting up to the fire to warm his hands.

"Yes; I want to hear it all," says I.

"Well," says he, very slow—"well—lemme see—resolutions was passed to erect two new lamp-posts over to Sea View, each to hold a double duplex burner, the same having been con—"

"Lands! What do I care for lamp-posts?" says I. "What did they do about the new road?"

"Oh, that? Lemme see," says he.

"Did Jehu get it carried Pogit way?" says I, 'most aggravated to death.

"No, ma'am, he didn't," says he, dashing his hat on the floor, and almost yelling with excitement. "It was a close haul, I tell you! But after all had been said on both sides, the clerk called for a show of hands, and Mr. Jehu Carter's motion was defeated by a majority of one! By Gosh! of one. Of one!" says he, jumping up and dancing about as though a hornet had stung him. "And you says, says you, if Jehu wants your vote, why don't you give it to him? Oh, you women, specially you staving smart ones, how you do get swamped!" says Henry K., falling over backwards into his chair, and trying to look dignified. "That is, when you get out of shoal water," says he.

"Henry K., you're not in a condition to remember anything straight," says I, very firm. "You'd better go right home and go to bed."

"Not by a jugful!" says he, firing up. "And as to rememb'ring, I'll reel you off that whole meeting."

"So do, so *do*," says I, thinking likely he could, for he never seemed drunk above his knees, except for his tongue tangling over long words.

"Very good," says he. "'Twas about so: When resolutions had been passed on all other business, and all the cash voted away but some four thousand dollars, *Mr.* Jehu Carter rose and 'dressed the meeting. Said, as an old citizen, and the 'sociate in business and pleasure of 'most every man present, he'd like to call the 'tention of all to a few striking facts,—before the matter of the d'rection of the new road was voted upon. Then," says Henry K., very sarcastic—"then Jehu came out flowery, I tell you. He gave us a rapid history of the island—its rise, its growth, its needs; its past, its present, and its future. Specially its future, says he. 'The future is specially to be considered in every step we now take towards improving our wave-washed home.' Yes, 'm, wave-washed home was the expression used, which I presume is poetry," says Henry K. "After that he came down off his stump and talked a steady streak, showing how if the road ran Pogit way the Commons on either side of it would produce spontaneous well-stocked farms, and nothing would be heard but the steady click, click, click of the summer boarders tramping to Sea

View over the world-renowned Nansooket macadamized road."

"I should have thought a speech like that would have settled everything," says I.

"So 'twould, so 'twould, if meeting had been a hen gathering; but 'twa'n't!" says Henry K., very crushing. "And men goes deeper into things, and requires more than pretty words, to get the money out of their pockets. Partic-er-er-ly when a cool, hard-headed feller like John P. Enas gets up and lays the matter before 'em in a nutshell. In a nutshell," says he, very triumphant.

"Oh, indeed!" says I. "So John P. made a speech, did he? And what did he say?"



MARY SUSAN PETERS.

"He led off with s'prising ease," says Henry K. "Says he, 'Gentlemen, invaluable as Mr. Carter's suggestions are for some future time, at present they seem impracticable, for financial and individual reasons.' Then he went on," says Henry K., "to show the exact figures. That there was just about enough funds to lay the eight-mile track 'cross Commons, cal'ating close too. But I won't trouble you with figures. Being a woman, you couldn't follow," says he.

"Don't suppose I could," says I, very calm.

"Certainly not," says he. "Where was I? Oh! Then John P. figured out how much the extra assessment would come to divided among the tax-payers, and there was some pretty long faces, I tell you, Mis' Atkins! And then he put in his fancy-work and tackled to the jokes like a man, comparing Jehu to the fox who lost his tail in the Fourth Reader—you remember it, I guess; and says he, it's certainly hard that Mr. Carter has a farm Pogit way, and the sympathy of this community is with him in his undeserved affliction, which has come upon him by no carelessness of his own. 'At the same time, gentlemen,' says John P., 'I take it we aren't any of us quite phil-phil-philandering—'"

"Philanthropic, perhaps," says I.

"That's it. How'd you guess? 'I take it we aren't quite so philan—' and so forth," says Henry K., giving it up—"'as to spending our cash in laying five extra miles of road merely to join him in his misery. I would therefore suggest'—you ought to have seen John P. grin here—'I would suggest that a series of resolutions be passed, saying that since the heavy hand of Providence has visited our brother with a Pogit farm, we beg to tender our sympathy, but must respectfully decline to—*foot the bill.*' You just ought to have heard them shout," says Henry K., "and seen Jehu's face! He was mad, I tell you! But 'twas too reediculous, and he ended by laughing himself. And then there was a show of hands taken, and there was a majority of one for carrying the road 'cross the ruts over the Common, and I was that majority! So you see, Mis' Atkins, that was just where you slipped up in your cal'ations."

"Oh! you think so? Well, look here, Henry K.," says I, whipping that speech out of the table drawer and flinging it in his lap. "You know my handwriting, I believe?" says I.

"I ought to," says he, holding the paper to the light. "But, Jiminy Crickets!

What's this? 'Gentlemen, invaluable as' —why, it's a copy of John P.'s speech!"

"No; it's the original," says I.

"How'd you come by it?" says he.

"Well, I don't know exactly where all the ideas come from in this world," says I, "but that's where I got it. For I wrote the whole thing, and John P. committed it to memory, sitting in that very chair you're in."

"Gosh! I believe I'm drunk!" says Henry K. "You write a speech! My lands! but you are an 'up and coming' woman. But look here," says he, very suspicious, "how'd you come to be so hot about my giving my vote to Jehu yesterday?"

"Didn't know I was," says I.

"Well, I thought you meant all that talk so," says he. "If you didn't, what did you mean?"

"Donkeys and men, according to my experience, are easiest driven backwards when balky, which they generally are," says I. "And the shortest way of getting 'em north is to steer due south; that is, it seems so, judging by results," says I, very pointed.

"You are the *beateree*, so help me Timothy!" says Henry K., aghast. "The idea of a woman—a woman!—writing off such a speech, never opening her head to a soul, and play-acting a man out of his vote! It's outrageous, and I'm going to tell Jehu," says he, walking to the door, fairly sobered with indignation.

"So *do*," says I. "You'll be just a *hop ahead of me*, for I've planned to tell him myself."

"Oh, yes, 'm, certainly. I guess so," says he. "But I'll make it *sure*," says Henry K., with which he banged the door, leaving me free to go to bed chuckling over my own cuteness. Though I must say I had an awful sinking at the heart when I thought of how Jehu *must* take it all. Of course he was bound to be mad; 'twasn't pleasant for any man to think he'd been circumvented by a woman, and then Jehu would be kind of disgusted, and think me double-faced.

At least I cal'ated he would, which shows how hard it is to figure on anything male, and bring the answer twice alike. For next morning I was stepping to and from pantry and table, getting ready for a grand pie-baking, when the door opened, and in came Jehu, on the broad grin.

"Good-morning, Priscilla," says he, very bland. "Can I sit by the stove and watch you make pies? I want to talk over a little—er—business."

"Why, certainly; sit right down, and excuse me for going on," says I. "For I'm one that likes to put things straight through, even if they are only pies."

Well, then Jehu said it called to his mind when his mother baked, and he used to beg for turnovers. "Make me a turnover now, will you, Priscilla?" says he, staring at me in such a queer, steady way that I was glad to have the pies to attend to, I was so flustered.

"I'll make you a turnover, and welcome," says I.

"You didn't get to meeting last night," says he.

"No, I didn't. Had a dreadful headache," says I, flushing red as a beet.

"So I understood," says he, very quiet. "I s'pose you heard I had to take a back seat on the road question?" says he, with twinkling eyes.

"Well, yes, I did hear so," says I, bending to crimp the edge of his turnover, kind of confused. "You don't seem to sorrow much about it—but for lands sakes! Jehu! *don't* stare at me as though you'd never seen me before," says I.

"Well, I never have," says he. "That is, in the light I see you now, Priscilla," says he, slapping his knee. "That speech of yours was a topper! a topper!"

"Oh! That? Well, I'm glad you take it so sensible," says I. "For of course I didn't mean anything against you personally, Jehu, and I'm glad you take it so."

"George! I'd like to take the speech, and the maker too," says he, just like a flash. "Why, Priscilla, there's not a man in town, let alone the women, who could have written that speech that keeled me over so neatly. And I can't afford to have you against me. Next time there's a road question I want you on my side; and if there never is another, I want you anyway. George!" says he. "The woman who could plan all that out is coming out top side in *everything*, and I want her for my wife. Now, Priscilla, what do you say?"

"Say? Me? Why, Jehu Carter, go 'way!" says I, sinking into a chair. "The idea! At my age, too! Why, I never thought of such a thing!"

"Think of it now, then," says he, very

soft, stealing his arm around me. "We sha'n't never be any younger. Think what a team we'd make—a pair of clippers! Come, say yes, Priscilla."

Well, of course I said "yes," and a lot more of foolishness too, I presume, for when the door opened and Niabby walked in, a little later, Jehu and me was holding hands over the pie-board like a pair of young idiots.

"What *are* you doing?" says she, starting back.

"I'm making Jehu a turnover," says I, jumping away from Jehu, who was rather red about his ears.

"I expect so," says she, looking at us very arch. "Is this it?" says she, picking it off the floor, where Jehu's elbow had knocked it, and handing it to me.

My! you should have heard Jehu laugh!

"A turnover it was sure enough," says he. "Well, Niabby, we might as well own up. And how will you like me for a brother-in-law?" says he.

"Couldn't be better suited," says she. "And when will the wedding be?"

"Wedding!" I fairly shrieked.

But says Jehu, "Next Tuesday, for Priscilla is one that is ready for anything."

"How's that, Priscilla?" says Niabby, opening her eyes.

"Oh, I expect it will be just as Jehu says," says I, looking down.

"Now, girls, I'm going down street to sort of spread the glad tidings," says Jehu. "Look out of the window, Niabby!" with which he stepped up and kissed me, and went off whistling like a boy, stepping out like one too.

"Why, Priscilla!" says Niabby.

"Yes, yes, I know," says I, getting red. "Two can't drive—and Jehu's a masterful man—and all the rest of it—but when a man can take hold and drive like all creation, a woman, if she's got any sense, is glad enough to take a back seat and let him do it."

"I want to know!" says Niabby.

"Yes, I've figured it out just so," says I. "And now, Niabby, perhaps you can begin to believe I sha'n't ever tie to John P. You was so dreadful sure I would, you know."

"Oh no, I wasn't," says she, very calm. "I took pretty good care to prevent that."

"You prevent me! How, I'd like to know?"

"Why, seeing you stand kind of equal between them," says she, "I gave you a pretty strong steer Jehuwards, knowing he was the husband for you, since John P.'s slack ways would drive you crazy."

"Seems to me you sung a different tune yesterday," says I.

"Certainly," says she. "Certainly I did, according to a rule you've often given me. Says you, 'Niabby, if you want to drive a man or a mule north, steer them due south, and their contrariness will fix the business.' And so," says she, very sly, "knowing that 'up and coming' widows beat both of those animals for contrariness, I applied the rule to you, and I should say it was a good one."

Well, for a minute I was mad. And then I had to laugh, for 'twas really true that the first strong turn I had for Jehu came from Niabby's going on about John P., and being so positive I couldn't get Jehu.

"Well, recollect, Niabby," says I, "that I'm a good hand to swallow my own medicine, which few will. It's a little hard on John P., though," says I.

"Oh, I wouldn't fret about him," says she, rocking very calm, "for he—well, he's engaged to me. Says he tried to tell you yesterday, but you wouldn't let him. Of course he'd rather have had you," says she, very placid, "but seeing how things was going with you and Jehu, he stepped back and took me. And as we're both slack and easy-going, I expect we'll get along as well as if we were both 'up and coming,'" says she.

"I expect you will," says I, and kissed her. "And I'm real glad you're to have company of your own, Niabby," says I. "And be *real* happy."

And then I thought of their house! John P. procrastinating round outside, and Niabby putting off in-doors, and I declare a cold shudder ran down my back. I didn't really feel like myself till after Niabby had gone home and Jehu came up to dinner.

"Priscilla," says he, in his real live way, as he wiped his feet good on the mat—"Priscilla, I'm going right out to redd up the barn a little, so when dinner's ready, toot the horn, and I'll come in and figure up the future with you."

And then I realized the comfort of having a real faculized man about the house. For it is a comfort, now I tell you!

VIVISECTION AND BRAIN-SURGERY.

BY W. W. KEEN, M.D., LL.D.

TO HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October, 1889, I contributed a paper in which I demonstrated the fact, and to some extent the causes, of the recent marvellous progress of surgery. In this, as in an earlier publication, I attributed it to a large extent to vivisection. Both publicly and privately my statements have been called in question.

The seven years which have elapsed since my first publication on this subject have demonstrated, far more than I even hoped or expected, the truth of what I then stated, and it would seem right that some of these demonstrated facts should be laid before the public. Moreover, the recent revival of the discussion of the subject before the Church Congress at Folkestone, England,* and at the recent meeting of the Humane Society in Philadelphia in October, 1892, makes it especially timely.

I shall omit many topics which would be suitable, such as the wonderful results of Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia, the discoveries of bacteriology, the wholly new class of remedies which medicine owes to vivisection, such as the antidotes to lockjaw and several other diseases, derived from the blood of animals inoculated with the virus of these diseases—remedies to which we already owe astonishing cures. In the present paper I propose to limit myself to brain-surgery alone, and to give a glimpse of what has been done up to the present time. I shall show especially that without the exact knowledge of the functions of the brain, derived almost wholly from experimentation upon animals, it would be simply impossible to do what has been accomplished. I shall not restrict myself to general assertions which may easily be denied, but I shall relate actual cases, with their definite results, and the authority for each case.

In order to understand modern progress in cerebral surgery it is necessary first to understand what has been achieved by experimentation upon the brain. When I was a student of medicine, thirty years ago, the brain was regarded as a single organ, and its various functions were not thought to have any especial localized centres of action.* When the brain acted it was thought that the whole of it acted, just as the liver or the stomach acts, as a whole. Now we know that instead of the brain being a unit, it is really a very complex organ. Just as in the abdomen, besides the other organs in its interior, we have the stomach, the liver, the pancreas, and the bowel, each of which has its part in digestion, so correspondingly in the brain, besides the portions concerned in sight, smell, thought, etc., we have four adjacent portions which are concerned in motion. One produces motion of the face; another, motion of the arm; a third, motion of the leg; and the fourth, motion of the trunk.

How, it may be asked, have these facts been determined? Has it not been by observing the effects of injuries and diseases in man? To a small extent, yes. But very, very rarely does disease or injury involve only one of these very limited regions of the brain; and the moment two or more of them are involved our inferences become confused and misleading. As a matter of fact which cannot be gainsaid, nine-tenths of our knowledge has been derived from exact experiment upon animals, and in this way: A monkey is etherized, a certain area of its brain is exposed, and an electrical current is applied. This stimulation of most portions of the brain is followed by no motion in any part of the body. These parts of the brain, therefore, have nothing to do with motion, but are the centres for general sensation (touch), or for certain special senses, as sight, hearing, etc., or for mental processes. But in one definite region of the brain, called the "motor area," the moment the brain is stimulated by the electrical current motion is produced. Moreover, it was soon found that stimulating different parts of this motor area produced motion in different parts of the body, and that this was not haphazard, but that stimulation of one part of it always produced motion in the arm, and in another part motion in the leg, etc. Thus have been mapped out

* *Church Times*, October 14, 1892, p. 1021.

* The "bumps" or localized centres of phrenology were always discredited by the medical profession, and experiments upon animals and observation in man have entirely overthrown them.

the various portions of the motor area, as will be presently described in detail.

It is evident that by experiment upon animals the motor area can be more easily and more exactly determined than can those regions which are the seat of the faculties of smell, taste, sight, and hearing, the presence or absence of these senses in animals being difficult to determine with absolute accuracy. Still more is this true of the parts of the brain which have to do with mental processes. Yet disease and injury in man, if they alone could answer the questions what part of the brain has to do with motion, what part with sight, what part with the intellect, ought to have answered them long ago. No better evidence could be given of the superiority of experiment upon animals over observation of accident and disease in man in determining facts of this character than this, that those centres are best and most accurately known which can be determined by vivisection, and that those in which vivisection can aid us but little are still only vaguely located. Thus the motor area is positively and definitely located; that for sight approximately well; those for hearing, smell, and taste and general sensation (touch) are still uncertain, though guessed at. As to those for mental processes, except perhaps one which will be alluded to later, we are almost wholly in the dark. Moreover, disease and accident have made their cruel and rude experiments ever since the world began. But as a matter of fact the last fifteen years of experimentation have taught us more than the previous fifteen hundred years of careful observation and of *post-mortem* examination.

Let me now briefly explain this "localization of function" in the brain, and then show its value and certitude by cases which arouse our interest not only by their illustrating the practical applications of science, but by the cheering and humane results in the relief of human suffering and the saving of human life.

Fig. 1 represents the motor area as ascertained by many experiments such as I have described upon the brains of monkeys. On its surface will be observed certain broad black lines labelled, from in front backward, "Precentral sulcus, Fissure of Rolando, Intraparietal fissure, External parieto-occipital fissure, Fissure of Sylvius, Parallel fissure," and others

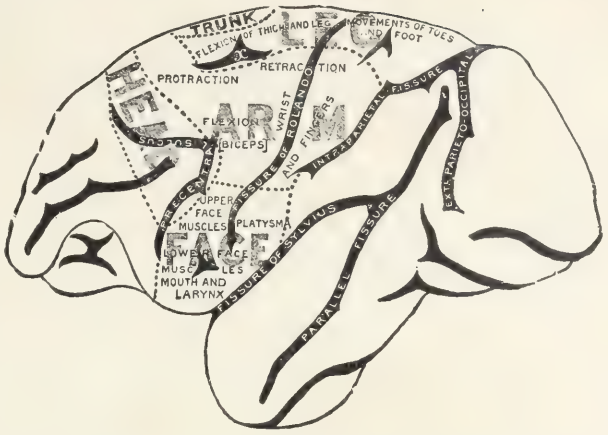


Fig. 1.—Side View of the Surface of a Monkey's Brain, showing the Location of the various Fissures and of the Motor Centres. (*Horsley and Schafer.*)

without names. In the middle, running downward and forward toward the left hand of the figure, notice especially the fissure of Rolando. This and the fissure of Sylvius are the most important fissures of the entire brain. The fissure of Rolando is, so to speak, the "axis" of the motor area of the brain. At its upper end will be observed the centre for the leg, with certain minor divisions marked in smaller letters. In its middle lies the arm centre; and it should be remarked that the part where the word "retraction" is is the shoulder centre, a little lower down is the elbow centre, and where "wrist and fingers" occurs is the hand centre. At the lower end of the fissure of Rolando lies the centre for the face, and at other points will be observed the centres for the trunk and head. By the word "centre" is meant that, for example, if you expose the part of the brain marked "arm," and apply the poles of an electric battery to that portion of the surface of the brain, you will produce muscular movement in the arm. If at the upper, end you will move the shoulder; at the middle, the elbow; lower down, you will move the hand, etc. This diagram shows the fissures and centres as ascertained in the brain of the monkey, but it must be remembered that they have an exact parallel in the human brain. The same fissure of Rolando exists there, the same fissure of Sylvius, the same intraparietal fissure, etc., as is seen in Figs. 3, 6, 8, and the same centres for the arm, leg, trunk, and head. When I state that these exist in the human brain I am not stating what is theoretical, but that which, in common with scores of surgeons, I have verified in many cases in which I have exposed the

human brain, applied the battery exactly at the places shown in this diagram of the monkey's brain (with such modifications as would follow the slightly altered relations of the same parts in the human brain as compared with the monkey's), and have obtained in man exactly the same resulting motions as have been thus experimentally determined in the monkey.

Naturally the first question that will occur will be, "This diagram shows the fissures and centres on the brain, but how are you going to tell from the outside of the head, without opening the skull, where they lie?" This has been determined by careful study of the human brain and skull, and their relations to each other. I will give only one illustration, and that by far the most important, namely, how we locate the fissure of Rolando, and therefore practically the whole motor area. Measure any head in the middle line, from a point between the eyebrows to that bony prominence which any one of my readers can feel at the back of the head just above the border of the hair. These points are called respectively the "glabella" and the "inion." Divide this distance into two equal parts, and thus obtain the mid-point between them. The fissure of Rolando starts half an inch behind this mid-point between the glabella and the inion, and runs downward and forward at an angle of 67°. There have been constructed various simple and other complex apparatuses for the purpose of determining just this angle of 67°, but it was reserved for Mr. Chiene, of Edinburgh, before the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons in Washington, in September, 1891, to point out the simplest possible method of determining this angle, which any one of my readers can use. If a square of paper be folded diagonally, it is obvious that the right angle of 90° at two of the corners is divided into two halves, or two angles of 45° each. If the paper be then again folded so as to divide one of these angles of 45° into two angles of 22.5° each, it is evident that one angle of 45° and another of 22.5° make an angle of 67.5°, which varies only half a degree from that of the fissure of Rolando. (Fig. 2.) If the middle line of the head be marked with an aniline pencil on the shaven scalp, if its mid-point be then fixed, and if the strip of paper just described be so placed that its edge indicating the angle of 67.5° runs downward and forward from a point half an inch back of the mid-point, the edge will correspond to the line of the fissure of Rolando, and can be marked by the aniline pencil on the scalp. If this line be measured for a distance of $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches from the middle line of the head, the length of the fissure of Rolando is also shown.

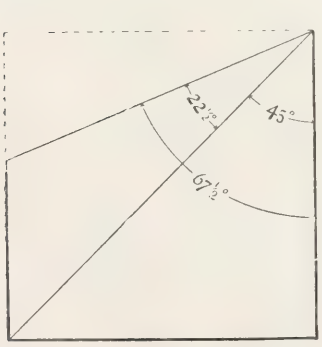


Fig. 2.—Prof. Chiene's Method of finding the Angle of the Fissure of Rolando.

It is not necessary for me to go further into details. I propose now, after having thus explained the "localization of function" in the brain, and the means of locating the motor area from the exterior, to show not only that, as a matter of fact, it has been verified in actual surgical experience, but also that it is so accurate that from the exterior of the head, without any scar or other evidence of injury (or even in the presence of an otherwise misleading scar), without any fracture of the skull, without any lump, prominence, or other means to guide us, cerebral localization is a reality, and as reliable as the needle of the compass itself to guide us exactly to the correct spot, so that we can open the head and expose the brain with an accuracy which is truly marvellous. If the last fifteen years of experimentation have done so much, what may we not expect in the next fifteen? Does not humanity as well as science protest against any hinderance to the further prosecution of work which has accomplished such results? Is this the work of "inhuman devils," as Canon Wilberforce has been pleased to term those engaged in it, or is it the work of humane men of science anxious to mitigate human suffering and prolong human life?

Now let us see what results practical surgery has given us by the application of the doctrines of cerebral localization of function to special cases, otherwise beyond our power exactly to diagnosticate and to relieve. In each case I give the published authority, or, if the case has not yet been published, the records are accessible in the hospitals named. The cases are not of the time of John Hunter

or of Sir Charles Bell, but of the last few years, and can be investigated and verified now.

The first case shows that it is possible not only to diagnosticate in general the fact that an abscess exists in the brain, but to locate it exactly, and to open it with the same precision as in opening an abscess on the hand. What is more to the point, in about one-half of such cases we can now cure the patients, who before vivisection had taught us modern cerebral localization would all have gone to their graves.

Case I. — *Abscess in the Brain.* — In the *British Medical Journal* of April 21, 1888, Mr. Damer Harrisson records the following case. A boy aged fifteen had received a blow on the *right* side of his head from a pair of tongs eight days before his admission to the hospital. Three days after the accident a convulsion suddenly set in, involving the *right* side of the body, beginning in the arm and spreading to the leg and face, and followed rapidly in four days by eight other convulsions and paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Most of my readers would unhesitatingly attribute the convulsions and the paralysis to this blow from the tongs. But it must be remembered that the right side of the brain supplies the *left* side of the body, and *vice versa*. Hence Mr. Harrisson suspected that the paralysis of the right side of the body indicated trouble in the *left* half of the brain. Examining his head, he found on the left side a small scar at the junction of the arm and leg centres. Inquiry elicited the fact that, ten years before, he had received a severe blow there, which, however, had not been followed by any serious symptoms. Could this old injury, after so long a time as ten years, possibly be the cause of his present serious trouble? Further inquiry brought out the fact that for about a year before his admission the boy had had repeated twitching of his right arm. So convinced was Mr. Harrisson that modern cerebral localization was right that he opened the boy's skull, not where most people would suppose would be natural, namely, on the right side of the head, where he had received the blow from the pair of tongs eight days before, but on the left side, at the site of the blow ten years before, and at a definite point, namely, over the fissure of Rolando, at the place corresponding to the motor centre for the arm as established by experiments on animals. Although the first injury was received so long before, yet the paralysis showed that it was the left side of the brain that was involved, and the twitching of the arm showed that this was the particular part of the left side of the brain where the injury probably existed. Mr. Harrisson punctured what seemed on the surface to be a normal brain, and opened an abscess, and this boy, otherwise absolutely doomed to death, made an uninterrupted recovery. This is only one instance out of probably more than one hundred and fifty cases of abscess in the brain which have been reported within the last seven or eight years which have been diagnosticated with the same accuracy and by the same means.

Case II. — In the *British Medical Journal* for August 11, 1888, Dr. MacEwen, of Glasgow, relates the case of a patient who, among other symptoms of abscess of the brain, had partial paralysis of the right side of the face and right arm, and paralysis of the nerve supplying the left eyeball. For reasons stated in the paper he concluded, with great acuteness of reasoning, that the abscess could not be *in* the motor area for the face and arm on the left side of the brain, but in the projecting part of the brain just *below* these centres, but producing pressure upon them (Fig. 3). He confidently operated at this precise spot, and opened an abscess in the inside of the brain in the exact position described, and gave exit to *six table-spoonfuls* of pus, when the symptoms vanished, and in three weeks the patient was well!

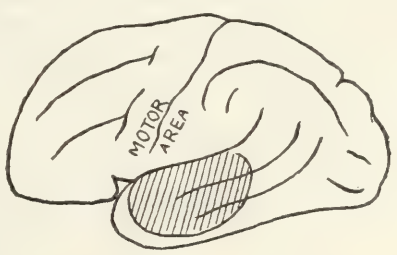


Fig. 3.—Side View of the Human Brain. The Shaded Area shows the Location of the Abscess producing pressure on the lower part of the Motor Area. (See Fig. 1.)

Case III. — *Brain Tumors.* — Nothing could be easier than to locate a tumor of the brain which showed itself externally. In a case in which the tumor is as large as that shown in Fig. 4 (which is the



Fig. 4.—Natural Size of a Tumor removed from the Brain. The Patient is living after Five Years.

natural size of a tumor removed from a man who is still living, five years after the operation) it might be thought easy to locate it, though, as a matter of fact, it is very difficult, owing to the large area of brain involved. But when I say that the existence of a tumor about the size of the end of the forefinger can be diagnosticated, and that before touching the head it should be said (and I was present when the statement was made) that it was a small tumor, that it did not lie on the surface of the brain, but a little underneath it, and that it lay partly under the centre for the face and partly under that for the arm in the left side of the brain, and that the man was operated on, and the tumor found exactly where it was believed to be, with perfect recovery of the patient, it is something which ten years ago would have been deemed the art of a magician rather than the cold precision of science.

In the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences* for July, 1888, this case is detailed by Drs. Seguin and Weir, as follows. A gentleman thirty-nine years of age had been perfectly healthy until August, 1882, when he had malarial fever, accompanied with a good deal of pain. One day, as he rose to go to the window, his wife noticed a spasm of the right cheek and neck, which did not involve the arm, nor was consciousness lost. In 1886, two or three similar attacks having occurred in the interval, he fell, unconscious, and bit his tongue. These attacks were all accompanied with twitching of the right arm and hand and right side of the face. His memory became impaired and his speech thick. No injury had ever been received on his head, nor was anything abnormal observed even when his head was shaved. Gradually his right hand and arm became weak, and, as a result, his handwriting became bad. This weakness of the right arm slowly increased, and along with it a weakness of the right leg, and, as a consequence of the increasing paralysis of his face, drooling at the right side of the mouth set in.

Dr. Weir examined him at Dr. Seguin's request, and both of them reached a diagnosis, chiefly based upon the facts already given, that the man had a small tumor situated as above described, and on November 17, 1887, the skull was opened at the junction of the arm and face centres. This operation I had the pleasure of witnessing personally. Nothing abnormal was seen on the surface of the brain. Yet so confident was Dr. Weir of the correctness of the diagnosis that he boldly cut into the brain substance, and from its interior removed a tumor of the size indicated by means of a small surgical spoon. The man made a perfect recovery. When examined microscopically, the tumor was found to be of a malignant character. It returned in about four years, and finally

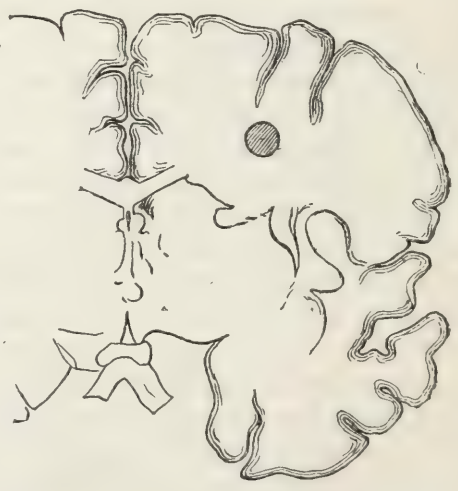


Fig. 5.—A Cross Section of the Brain (only a part of the Left Side is shown). The Round Shaded Spot represents the Brain Tumor. (*Weir and Seguin.*)

destroyed his life. Fig. 5 shows the tumor represented as a little ball in the substance of the brain.

In one sense, as a surgical feat, the removal of a tumor as large as that shown in Fig. 4 is a much more difficult and ex-

traordinary operation (and one nearly twice as large, weighing over half a pound, has lately been successfully removed by Bramann!); but as a matter of diagnosis and of surgical skill, locating and removing so small a tumor from the brain so successfully, and without the slightest indication on the exterior to guide one, is a much more brilliant and remarkable operation.

In the address which I published in 1885 I alluded to the first and then the only case known of removal of a brain tumor, and I said: "By these experiments and operations a wide door is opened to surgery in the treatment of diseases within the skull, diseases heretofore so obscure and uncertain that we have hardly dared to attack them. The question is not whether death or recovery followed in this particular case. The great, the startling, the encouraging fact is that with this experience we can now, with wellnigh absolute certainty, diagnosticate the existence of, and with the greatest accuracy locate, such diseases, and therefore reach them by operation, and treat them successfully." That my prophecy has been verified, let me quote the statistics gathered by Dr. Knapp, of Boston, in 1891. He collected forty-six cases of operations for tumors of the brain, operated on in the last six years, of which thirty recovered(!), fifteen died, and the result was unknown in one. It must be remembered that these thirty which recovered would every one of them have died had not vivisection given us the means of accurately locating the disease. That we have not yet reached the accuracy which is to be desired is shown by the fact that in fifteen other cases no tumor was found at the point of operation, and of these thirteen died. Most of these tumors lay not in the motor region of the brain, but in other parts of it, in which our means of diagnosis are as yet very imperfect for the very reason that vivisection has thrown but little light on the function of these regions. There were also four cases of tumors which were found, but were so large as to be irremovable, and of these three died. To these statistics I can add three other cases. In one of these the tumor was not rightly located (it was not in the motor region), and therefore was not found at the operation, and the patient died. In the other two cases the tumor was found, but was irremovable. One patient died, and the other recovered from the operation, but died from the disease four months afterwards. He had, however, been relieved from the atrocious headaches which rendered life a burden, and his delusional insanity had almost wholly disappeared —results which fully justified the operation by the comfort of his few remaining days. (Another remarkable case, in which a growth of the under surface of the bone pressing on the arm centre was exactly located and successfully removed, is related by Dr. A. B. Shaw, of St. Louis. *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, December, 1892, p. 691.)

Case IV. — *Hemorrhage inside the Skull.*—Let me next give a case of a different character, but equally accurate and astonishing. An artery about as large as the lead in an ordinary lead-pencil runs in the membranes of the brain on the inside of the skull, in the region called "the temple," and grooves the bones quite deeply. In some cases in which a heavy blow is received on the surface of the skull, without fracture, or it may be even without leaving any mark whatever on the skull, this artery is ruptured, and a large clot is poured out on the surface of the brain. Formerly it was not only almost impossible to make a diagnosis of such an injury, but, even if the rupture of the artery was suspected, before antiseptic surgery (itself the child of vivisection) arose, such patients were only treated with a little opium, rest, and regulated diet. Most of them died, but occasionally one got well. Of 147 cases collected by Wiesmann which were *not* operated on, 131, or over 89 per cent., died. The symptoms of such an injury are fairly clear, but, until the doctrines of cerebral localization were accepted, were often misleading. The patient is stunned by the blow, but usually recovers consciousness, only to relapse again into unconsciousness when the amount of blood poured out is sufficient to compress the brain, this compression of the brain producing also paralysis. Generally the artery on the same side of the head as the blow is ruptured, and the paralysis will be on the opposite side of the body. But sometimes, instead of the artery being ruptured on the same side as the blow, it will be ruptured on the opposite side; or, again, if the blow be in the middle line, as in a case recently under my care, it

may be difficult to tell which side has been involved. Moreover, as the artery splits into two branches, one of which runs in the direction of the motor region and the other back of it, it may be difficult to know where to open the skull in order to reach it. Now it is very evident that if we make an incision into the forearm to reach an abscess or a tumor, and it is found that the trouble lies one or two inches further up or down, the incision can be easily prolonged in the right direction, and will heal readily. But in the skull our diagnosis must be correctly located within a very small limit of error, for it is evident that we cannot enlarge the opening in the bone at will to almost any extent, as we can in the flesh. Wiesmann has also collected 110 cases which *were* thus operated on, of whom 36 died, or only 33 per cent.! What a contrast to the 89 per cent. of deaths when no operation was performed! In the majority of these 36 who died the clot was not found, and was therefore not removed, because in the earlier days we lacked the boldness and therefore the exactness of modern times.

Let me now give the case furnished me by Dr. Dench, by permission of Dr. Bull, of New York (*Buck's Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences*, vol. viii., p. 227). A young man had been shot in the head, the ball entering above the ear, two and a half inches to the left of the middle line of the head. When first seen his right arm was paralyzed, and shortly afterward the paralysis had extended to the right leg and face. A diagnosis was made of hemorrhage from one of the arteries of the brain, by reason of the fact that the paralysis had extended so rapidly from the arm centre to the leg and face centres, for no other cause excepting hemorrhage could be so rapidly progressive. The wound was exposed, and a considerable clot gushed out, when motion immediately returned in the leg. The bone was then trephined, not at the bullet opening, but a quarter of an inch below and in front of the wound, when this bleeding meningeal artery was exposed and tied. It was found that a large branch of an artery in the brain itself had also been severed. This was tied, and in two months the man was well, no fever following, and no "matter" having formed. He could speak perfectly well, and could use his arm, but not his hand. The ball was never found.

Case V.—It may be objected that here there was a wound to point out exactly the situation of the injury. Let me therefore give a somewhat similar case in which no such guide existed: M. Michaux (*Medical News*, May 2, 1891, p. 504, from *Revue de Chirurgie*, 1891, vol. xi., p. 376) reports a case of trephining, followed by cure, for a case of meningeal hemorrhage, probably of spontaneous origin. A man was brought to the hospital in a state of complete apoplexy, with paralysis of the left face and right arm. There was no sign of fracture or other injury. During the next few days the paralysis extended to the right leg. Epileptic convulsions set in, at first limited to the paralyzed regions, then becoming general. Occurring at intervals in the beginning, they became continuous at the end of three or four days. The patient was addicted to absinthe, and his head had troubled him for several months. The trephine was applied over the fissure of Rolando on the left side, over the "motor area" for the arm and leg, and an opening six centimetres long was made, through which the membranes of the brain were incised. This was followed immediately by the escape of four table-spoonfuls of large blackish clots. After the operation the patient improved rapidly, and in a month most of the symptoms had disappeared.

Drs. Bremer and Carson, of St. Louis (*American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, February, 1892, p. 134), and Drs. Homans and Walton, of Boston (*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, February 12, 1891), have published cases in which, also without external signs, such clots have been accurately located and removed with success. In the latter case there was evidence of an injury but the clot was on the opposite side of the head.

Case VI.—*Mental Disorders.*—I shall now add a case involving the centres for mental processes, in the establishment of which vivisection has done but little, for reasons already explained, but a case of great interest and value.

If the reader will look at Fig. 1, and will find the fissure of Sylvius and follow it to its upper end, he will see that this end terminates in a Λ-shaped convolution between the intraparietal and the external parieto-occipital fissures. In this portion of the brain have been located certain mental processes, including the ability to recognize objects and their uses. The

location of this convolution of the brain can be made with almost the same accuracy as that of the fissure of Rolando.

Case VII.—The following case of MacEwen of Glasgow (*British Medical Journal*, August 11, 1888, p. 306) will illustrate the accuracy of this localization. A year before Dr. MacEwen saw him the patient had received an injury which had resulted in melancholia. Though formerly a happy husband and father, he now repeatedly contemplated the murder of his wife and children. There were no phenomena connected with motion in any part of the body by which the injury could be located; but it was discovered by that careful, close investigation for which this surgeon is so well known that, immediately after the accident, for two weeks he had suffered from what is called "psychical blindness," or "mind blindness"; that is to say, his physical sight was not at all affected, but his mind was not able to interpret what he saw. I presume he was a stanch Scotch Presbyterian. He knew that, as was customary, his New Testament was lying by his side, but when he looked at it he was utterly unable to recognize it. While, however, his mental sight was thus affected, his sense of touch was perfect, and when he passed his hand over the smooth leather cover of his well-known book and felt the deep-indented letters on the back he recognized it as his familiar friend; but when he opened it, the printed words were unknown symbols to him. This gave to MacEwen the key to the injury. He located on the outside of the skull this Λ-shaped convolution (Fig. 6, shaded area), known as the "angular gyrus," and found, on removing a button of bone, that a portion of the inner layer of the bone had become detached and was pressing on the brain, one corner of it being imbedded in the brain substance. The button of bone was removed from the brain, and after removing the splinter, was replaced in its proper position. The man got well, and, although still excitable, lost entirely his homicidal tendencies and returned to work.

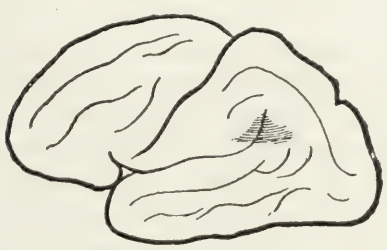


Fig. 6.—Side View of the Human Brain. The Shaded Area shows where the Bone pressed on the Λ-shaped Angular Gyrus. (*MacEwen.*)

Case VIII.—*Epilepsy.*—If I were to gather together the operations which have been done for epilepsy since we have been able to locate the centres, especially for motion, I should perhaps have to record 150 cases or more. The great majority of these patients have recovered from the operation, or, in surgical parlance, have made an "operative recovery," but in a very large proportion the disease has returned, generally, however, with a lessened intensity. In a small proportion recovery has taken place from the disease itself. But it is evident that as cerebral surgery covers practically only the last eight or ten years, it is much too early to formulate definitely a statement of what the results may be when a longer time has elapsed.

Case IX.—In the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences* for December, 1891, Dr. Charles K. Mills, of Philadelphia, has reported the case of a young lady twenty-seven years of age, who suffered for some time from numbness and a sense of weight in the left hand, arm, and foot. After about five years these attacks developed into distinct epileptic fits, and had become extremely frequent at the time when Dr. Mills first saw her, in November, 1890. The attacks occurred both in the daytime and at night, and were as frequent as ten to fifteen in the twenty-four hours. Dr. Mills himself often saw them. The left arm was first raised, the motion beginning in the shoulder and including also the elbow. From this the attack extended over the entire body. On the outside of the head, after it had been shaved, absolutely nothing was found which could be a guide to the site of the trouble. The diagnosis was some source of irritation, the character of which was unknown, but which was located on or in the centre for the left shoulder. Accordingly the fissure of Rolando was mapped out on the shaven head, and a button of bone an inch and a half in diameter was removed, the centre of which was an inch and three-quarters to the right of the middle line. Fig. 7 shows the button of bone, the inner surface being uppermost. The bone was very thick, from five to seven sixteenths

of an inch, and was also very dense. As soon as the bone was removed, a small tumor resembling in shape a minute bunch of grapes was found, the apex of



Fig. 7.—The Button of Bone removed in Case IX. The Pits in the Bone were produced by the Tumor. They were almost precisely in the Centre of the Button, and thus show how exactly the Tumor was located. (*Mills.*)

the tumor being within *one-sixteenth of an inch of the point where it was believed to exist.* By its pressure it had produced several pits on the inner surface of the bone, and these holes, as well as the groove for a large blood-vessel which supplied the tumor with blood, are well shown in the middle of the button. The tumor, with the membrane of the brain to which it was attached, was removed, and the battery was then applied to the brain immediately underneath it. Fig. 8 shows the fissure of Rolando as a line

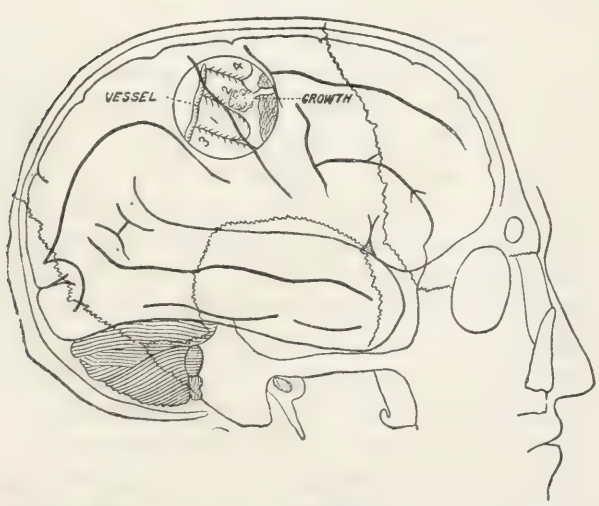


Fig. 8.—The Brain in Case IX. The Circle shows where the Button of Bone was removed, and the growth found almost exactly at the Centre of the Button. (*Mills.*)

running downward and forward across the circle. The circle represents the button of bone removed, and the numbers 1 to 4 represent the points at which the poles of the battery were applied to the brain. On stimulating the brain at the point marked 1, movements of the arm at the shoulder and elbow were reproduced; and again at point 2 precisely the movements of her attacks followed. This point was the portion of the brain pressed upon by the tumor. Along with the movements of the shoulder at point 1 the elbow was involved, and at point 2 it was found that the hip and knee were both flexed, and the entire leg carried away from its fellow, the toes and foot being extended. It was very evident, then, that point 1 corresponded to the shoulder and elbow centres, and point 2 corresponded to the upper edge of the shoulder centre and also to the edge of the leg centre. Excitation at point 3 was followed by more decided movements of the lower arm, and at point 4 the leg alone moved, the shoulder not being involved.

Could any better illustration be found of the accuracy of localization? The leg centre here, when compared with the leg centre in Fig. 1 of the monkey's brain, is found exactly where it ought to be, the arm centre directly below it, with the shoulder, elbow, wrist, and hand movements precisely in the same relative positions as in the monkey's brain. Unfortunately the lady has not been cured. But the fits have been greatly moderated, so that when the case was reported, nearly a year after the operation, she had usually only about three attacks in the twenty-four hours instead of ten or fifteen, and the attacks had never attained the same severity as before the operation. Moreover, after the operation, in about half the attacks she did not lose consciousness, and so was far less exposed to the danger of falling down stairs, into the fire, and other similar perils to which epilepsy with unconsciousness exposes a patient.

Case X.—Another case, which is fortunately more favorable in its result, is published in the *Medical News* of April 12, 1890. A little boy, six and a half years old, at the age of fourteen months fell about ten or twelve feet from a hay-mow upon a plank flooring. He was unconscious for some time. No decisive evidence of injury could be found either on his head or other parts of his body, but from his prolonged unconsciousness it was presumed that he had struck his head. Soon after this accident his disposition changed materially for the worse. He became irritable, obstinate, and ill-

tempered, and very frequently kicked, bit, and scratched, and offered other violence to his playmates. His room had to be padded, his clothes had to be sewed on him every morning, and he would kill any small animals, such as cats or chickens, that came in his way. When two and a half years old his first epileptic fit occurred. He had from three to six attacks a day, with some intervals of comparative freedom. His father, an intelligent clergyman, estimated that in the four years since his epilepsy began he had had over five thousand fits! Of these about eighty per cent. began in the right hand. The attacks were observed with great care in the Jefferson Medical College Hospital by a special nurse, and the statement of his father that they usually began in the right hand was verified. When the attacks began the child had a vocabulary of about forty words, but gradually these were reduced, word by word, until his speech consisted only of three words and a little jargon, the words being "papa," "mamma," and, characteristically "no," rather than "yes." Examination of the head revealed nothing that could locate any injury; but as the attacks began so constantly in the right hand, it was resolved to remove the centre for this part of the body, in the hope that if the fits were prevented at their initial spot they would not begin elsewhere. The fissure of Rolando was first located, then the position of the hand centre was marked, and a disk of bone an inch and a half in diameter was removed. The membranes of the brain were then opened, and the brain itself exposed. Nothing abnormal was perceptible either by eye or by touch. The battery was applied to the portion of the brain exposed, producing movements of the hand, showing that the centre had been correctly mapped from the outside of the skull. Excitation of the brain further upward produced elbow movements (elbow centre). These centres were therefore exactly where they ought to lie, as shown in the monkey's brain (Fig. 1). The portion of the brain that moved the hand was then removed, and when the battery was applied to the parts around it, it was found that all the centre for the hand and wrist had been removed.

The boy made a speedy recovery from the operation. Three years have now elapsed since the operation. Most of the time he has been and still is in Misses Bancroft and Cox's School for Feeble-minded Children, at Haddonfield, New Jersey. He has had there very painstaking care, and to this is to be attributed very much of his mental improvement. During the last six months of 1892 he has had only one attack for about every sixty before the operation. This improvement can be attributed only to the good effects of the operation.

Case XI.—The third and last case to which I shall refer has not been published, but can be found in the records of the Orthopedic Hospital and Infirmary for Nervous Diseases in Philadelphia, Record Book S. 9., p. 123. A young girl of about twenty-one was admitted to the infirmary in October, 1891. She said that her attacks of epilepsy, from which she had suffered for two years and a half, always began in the right thumb. This fact having been verified, it was decided to remove the centre for the thumb, for the same reason as in the last case, *i. e.*, to stop the very beginning of the fit. It was especially desired to remove only the centre for the thumb, and not that for the hand, in order not to interfere more than was necessary with the usefulness of her hand, upon which she depended for her support, as she was a mill girl. This was an unusual and minute attempt at localization, and a very severe test of the accuracy of the mapping of the brain by vivisection. On October 6, 1891, the fissure of Rolando was first located, and a disk of bone an inch and a half in diameter was removed, the centre of it being two and five-eighths inches to the left of the middle line. Both the bone and the brain, when exposed, seemed to be normal. The fissure of Rolando was seen crossing the middle of the opening, downward and

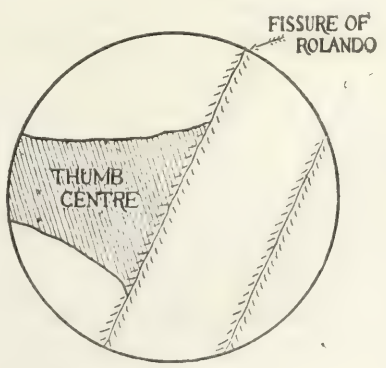


Fig. 9.—The Circle represents the Opening in the Skull disclosing the Thumb Centre almost at its Middle. The Shaded Area represents the Part of the Brain which was removed.

forward (Fig. 9). By the battery the brain was stimulated at certain definite points until the thumb centre was recognized, and also the face centre, which lay somewhat below it, and the wrist centre, which lay—as it ought by experiments on the monkey's brain—a little above it. Each of these centres was recognized by the movement of the part supplied by it (thumb, face, wrist) when the centre was touched by the poles of the battery. Stimulation of the thumb centre produced a typical epileptic fit, such as she had suffered since her admission, beginning in the thumb, as she had asserted. The portion of brain corresponding to the thumb centre, a piece about half an inch in diameter, was removed, and by the battery it was determined that the portion removed was the whole of the thumb centre. She recovered promptly and without disturbance from the operation.

It was necessary in this case to be unusually accurate, and not to remove any portion of the brain other than the centre for the thumb, and for three reasons: First, if too much were removed upward and backward, the wrist and fingers would be paralyzed; second, if too much were removed forward, the muscles of the face would be involved; third, a little further down lies the centre for speech, and had this part of the brain been injured, this important faculty would have been destroyed, thus producing serious and unnecessary trouble.

Note now the accuracy of experimental cerebral localization. As soon as the patient had recovered from the ether and was in a suitable condition, her ability to move the face and hand was tested. All the muscles of the face were entirely intact, and could be moved with absolute ease. Her speech also was unaffected. She had absolute and perfect control of all the muscles of the shoulder, elbow, wrist, and hand, *with the single exception of the muscles of the thumb, every one of which was paralyzed.* In order to understand how curious this paralysis is in relation to the thumb centre in the brain, the reader must observe that only a small piece of the brain, half an inch square, was removed, whereas the muscles of the thumb lie as follows: some of them in the ball of the thumb on the hand, one between the thumb and forefinger, one on the front of the forearm reaching almost to the elbow (the great flexor of the last joint of the thumb), and three of them on the back of the forearm, extending half-way from the wrist to the elbow; and yet the removal of so small a portion of the brain paralyzed these muscles of both widely different situation and widely differing functions (flexion, extension, abduction, adduction, and circumduction).

By June, 1892, she had entirely recovered the strength of her thumb, as shown by the dynamometer, both sides then registering the same number of degrees.

This history illustrates one of the most curious problems of cerebral surgery. The removal of any portion of the motor region of the brain is, of course, followed by palsy of the part of the body supplied by that brain centre; but though I have frequently removed portions of the brain, I have never yet seen this paralysis permanent. I have seen a right hand wholly paralyzed after such an operation, and in three months it had regained its strength and dexterity sufficiently to enable its owner to play baseball. But while this is true of the careful removal of small parts of the brain by operation, the widespread injuries which result from accident are not seldom followed by extensive palsies which remain throughout life. In the case just related not only has strength returned equally, but such delicate movements as are involved in the use of a needle have been preserved, or rather restored. Usually, however, weakness, to a greater or less extent, will remain in the part of the body controlled by the portion of brain removed. Whether there is actual reproduction of brain tissue or not is as yet uncertain, because after such operations there have been almost no deaths at a period sufficiently remote to enable us by *post-mortem* examination to determine whether such a reproduction has occurred or not. It is possible that the similar centre on the opposite side of the head is capable of doing double duty; for although normally the right side of the brain controls and moves the left side of the body, and *vice versa*, yet apparently there is a latent power which when necessary is called into play, and enables the right side of the brain to innervate and control the same side of the body as well as the opposite side, just as, for instance, the left hand, which is unused to writing, can acquire the faculty of writing if the right hand loses it.

There has also been performed a very remarkable operation on animals which may hereafter produce important results. Several experimenters have opened the heads of two dogs (both under an anæsthetic, and both as carefully and as tenderly cared for as any human being could be, the operations being attended with but little pain,* as they were done with the most careful antiseptic precautions), have taken a bit of the brain from the head of each dog and transferred it to that of the other dog. The pieces so transferred have grown in place, and have caused at least no mischief. Whether it will ever be possible to transfer brain tissue from the lower animals to man, and whether if so transferred it will properly perform its function, are problems as yet unsolved. It would be, I think, unwise to test its effects in man except as applied only to the motor regions at first, for we have every reason to believe that the motor cells in an animal's brain subserve precisely the same function as the motor cells in the human brain. Moreover, nothing of this kind would ever be done excepting perhaps in case of an accident where a considerable portion of the human brain was destroyed, when possibly this loss could be made good from an animal's brain. It is unnecessary, however, to discuss this question at present, for all the facts in the case, the needful precautions to be taken, and all the possible results, must first be determined in much greater detail and by much larger experimentation on animals than has yet been done before it will ever be considered in man. But it is not at all impossible that in this way we may see hereafter one of the most brilliant achievements of modern cerebral surgery.

But we must return again to our last patient, for her subsequent history as to her epilepsy is quite as interesting as, and to her no doubt even more important than, the condition of her thumb. On December 17, 1891, seven weeks after the operation, she had one slight attack. January 13 and 30, 1892, there were two; then she had none until March 12th; another very slight one came on May 19th; and the last to date were two on July 8th (a slight one) and 10th, making in all seven attacks in eight months. The intervals, therefore, were growing longer, and the attacks as a rule were less severe, while before the operation the attacks were growing more severe and far more frequent, for at the time she entered the infirmary they were tending to become daily.*

The anti-vivisectionists constantly parade the few physicians who are in accord with their views, and by frequent reappearances make an apparent army upon the stage. As a matter of fact, Mr. Lawson Tait is the only one who has an international reputation; the rest are but little known. Even Mr. Tait recently changed his views, and in a speech in favor of the objects of the British Institute of Preventive Medicine, which are largely attained through vivisection, has declared that "bacteriological experiments on animals had proved of great value." What the real opinion of the medical profession of Great Britain is as to the value of vivisection is seen by the following resolution, which was passed in August, 1892, at the Nottingham meeting of the British Medical Association, and passed unanimously. The weight of such an authority can be best measured when I state that it is the largest and most important association of physicians in the world, and numbers over 15,000 members, including most of the distinguished men of the profession in Great Britain.

"*Resolved*, That this general meeting of the British Medical Association records its opinion that the results of experiments on living animals have been of inestimable service to man and to the lower animals, and that the continuance and extension of such investigations is essential to the progress of knowledge, the relief of suffering, and the saving of life."

I have thought it worth while not to content myself with broad assertions that experimentation on animals has enabled us to locate with absolute accuracy the various motor functions and to some extent the other functions of the brain; but to any doubting Thomas I would simply say, See any brain operation of this character, and you cannot fail to be convinced of its humanity and propriety.

* Most operations on the brain are followed by very little pain, and sometimes it may truthfully be said by none. It is not an uncommon result for the patient to take no medicine, or at most a single small dose of an anodyne on the first day, be out of bed in three to five days, and entirely well in a week or ten days.

* Since this was written her attacks have become somewhat more frequent, but are still far less frequent and severe than before the operation.

HORACE CHASE.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Chapter XIII.

IT had been Horace Chase's intention to return to St. Augustine after his consultation with Patterson was concluded; his plan was to take his wife and go northward by way of Raleigh, in order to see Jared Franklin. Always prompt, as soon as the question of a representative in California was settled, his mind had turned towards his brother-in-law; the proper moment had now arrived for fulfilling his promises concerning him. But in answer to his brief note to St. Augustine (Chase's letters, even those to his wife, were always brief) there had come a long epistle from Mrs. Franklin, who wrote that, owing to the warm weather, Ruth had been seized with a strong desire to go north by sea. "Dolly and I intend to start for North Carolina by the end of next week, and Ruth's fancy is that we should all take the *Dictator* at Tocoi, and go as far as Charleston together. At Charleston we could see her safely off for New York; and Félicité, she adds, is perfectly competent to look after her. She hopes that you, in the mean while, will carry out your plan of going to Raleigh; and you could go directly from Palatka, without taking the time to come here. All this sounds a little self-willed. But, my dear Mr. Chase, if we spoiled her more or less in the beginning, you must acknowledge that you have carried on the process. In the eighteen months that have passed since your marriage, have you ever refused compliance with even one of her innumerable whims? I rather think not. On the contrary, I fear you encourage them. You always seem to me to be waiting, with an inward laugh, to see what on earth she will suggest next!" Thus wrote the mother in a joking strain. Then, turning to the subject which was more important to her, she filled three sheets with her joyful anticipations concerning her son. "Insist upon his resigning his present place on the spot," she urged; "take no denial. Make him go with you to New York. *Then* you will be sure of him."

"The old lady seems to think he will be a great acquisition," said Chase to himself, humorously.

Her statement that he had from the first allowed his wife to follow all her fancies unchecked was a true one. It amused him to do this, amused him to watch an idea dawn, and then, in a few minutes, take such entire possession of her that it shook her hard—only to leave her and vanish with equal suddenness. The element of the unexpected in her was a constant entertainment to him. Even her heedlessness, her feminine indifference to logic, to the inevitable sequences of cause and effect—all this, too, had given him many a moment of mirth. If her face had been less lovely, these characteristics would have worn, perhaps, another aspect. But in that case Horace Chase would not have been their judge. For it was this alluring beauty (unconsciously alluring) which in the beginning had attracted him. He was a man whose life, up to the time of his engagement to Ruth, had been somewhat irregular. But, though irregular, it had not been uncontrolled; he had always been able to say, "Thus far; no farther!" But though her beauty had been the first attraction, he was now so deeply attached to his wife that she might have lost it and he would not have been conscious of the change; all the affection in him was concentrated upon her; his greatest pleasure was to make her happy.

"By sea to New York, is it?" he said to himself, as his eyes hastily glanced through the remainder of Mrs. Franklin's long letter, that is, the three sheets about Jared. "Well, she is a capital sailor, that's one comfort; and that Felicity, on a journey, is a team of four horses, and the driver, and the little dog under the wagon! Let's see; which of our steamers will she hit at Charleston?"

He was not annoyed because Ruth had not written herself; Ruth did not like to write letters; he had never had from her more than a few lines, hastily scribbled with a pencil; it was true that since their marriage they had hardly been separated.

* Begun in January number, 1893.

so that there had been small occasion for letters. But it was a surprise to him that she should of her own accord relinquish an opportunity to see her brother. "I suppose she is counting upon my taking him up to New York with me, so that she'll see him on the dock waiting for her when her steamer comes in," he thought. "I guess she knows, too, that I'm likely to succeed better with Jared when she's out of the business entirely. Franklin isn't going to be boosted by his sister—that's been his fixed notion all along! He doesn't suspect that his sister's nowhere in the matter compared with his wife. His whole position of being independent of me, and all that, has been so undermined and honeycombed by Gen, that in reality his sticking it out there at Raleigh so long is nothing but a farce. But he doesn't know it; so it's all right."

Ruth had her way, as usual. Chase went northward from Palatka to Savannah and Charleston, where he had business; thence he was to go to Raleigh. His wife, meanwhile, remained at St. Augustine, and her mother and sister, closing their own home, spent the week with her.

The last day came. In the afternoon Félicité entered the drawing-room with a note for Mrs. Franklin.

"What is it?" said Dolly, when they were alone again. "Is it from Ruth?"

"It's only one of her fancies," answered the mother, after reading the brief lines; "she has gone for a farewell sail. She has taken old Donato."

"She might have told us!" said Dolly, irritably. But her irritation was, in reality, anxiety.

"She is safe enough, though I should think it would be rather dull," answered Mrs. Franklin. "Donato, in spite of his seventy years, is the best sailor among the Minorcans, and he has an excellent boat."

Dolly went to the window and looked out. "What you're really thinking of, mother, isn't Ruth at all, but Jared. If he takes that place in New York, you're planning to get up there to see him, somehow or other, this summer; and you're thinking that we might stay at Bergen Point."

Mrs. Franklin, letting her knitting drop, joined her hands in a peculiar way, and said, mutely, "Black dog, get out!" The arrangement of the hands was supposed to represent a rabbit's head, and the whole was an old exorcism which she had learned as a child from her negro nurse. For Dolly's divinations frightened her; of late they had been startlingly accurate. "Is she going to die?" thought the mother, alarmed.

Dolly's back was turned; she was gazing down the inlet. The house, which was formerly the residence of General Worth, the Military Governor of Florida, commanded an uninterrupted view of the Matanzas north and south, and, over the low line of Anastasia Island, even the smallest sail going towards the ocean was visible. But in spite of this long expanse of water, Dolly could see nothing, and she returned to her seat with an inward sigh. "Always my helplessness!" she thought.

Ruth's boat was far out of sight; at this moment she was landing at the point where she had disembarked with Walter Willoughby on the day of the excursion. Telling the old Minorcan to wait for her, she sought for the little Carib trail, and followed it inland to the pool; then she retraced their former course along the low ridge.

Since Walter's departure—he had left St. Augustine at dawn after that brief evening visit—Ruth had been the prey of two moods, tossed from one to the other helplessly; for the feelings which these moods by turn excited were so strong that she had had no volition of her own; she had been powerless against them. One of these mental states (the one that possessed her now) was a joy that he loved her. The other was the aching, insupportable pain caused by his absence.

For her fate had come upon her, as it was sure from the first to come. And it found her defenceless; those who should have foreseen it had neither guarded her nor trained her so that she could guard herself. She had no conception of life—no one had ever given her such a conception—as a lesson in self-control. From her childhood all her wishes had been granted. It is true that these wishes had been simple. But that was because she had known no other standard; the degree of indulgence (and of self-indulgence) was as great as if they had been extravagant. If her disposition as a girl had been selfish, it was unconscious selfishness; for her mother, her elder sister, and

her brother had never required anything from her save that she should be happy. With her perfect health and joyous nature, life had been delightful to her, and her marriage had only made it more delightful. Chase, unconsciously, had adopted the habit that the family had always had; they never expected Ruth to take responsibility, to be serious, and, in the same way, he never expected it; and he loved to see her contented, just as they had loved it. There was some excuse for them all in the fact that Ruth's contentment was a charming thing—it was so uncalculating, natural, and exuberant.

And, on her side, this girl had married Horace Chase first of all because she liked him; what he had done for her brother, and his wealth—these two influences had come only second, and would not have sufficed alone without the first; her affection (for it was affection) had been won entirely by his kindness to herself. Since their marriage his lavish generosity had gratified her imagination. But his delicate consideration for her—the girl nineteen years younger than himself—his unselfishness, and his deep unspoken tenderness, these she had not appreciated, for she had nothing to compare them with; she supposed that husbands were, as a matter of course, like that. As it happened, she had not a single girl friend who had married, from whose face (if not from whose words also) she might have divined other ways. Thus she had lived on, accepting everything good-naturedly in her easy, epicurean fashion, until into her life had come love, this love for Walter Willoughby.

Walter, devoting himself to Mrs. Chase for his own purposes, had never had the slightest intention of falling in love with her; in truth, such a catastrophe (it would have seemed to him nothing less) would have marred all his plans. He had wished only to amuse her. And, in the beginning, it had been in truth his gay spirits which had attracted Ruth, for she possessed gay spirits herself. She had been entirely unaware of the nature of the feeling which was taking possession of her; her realization went no farther than that life was now much more interesting; and, with her rich capacity for enjoyment of the present, without a thought for the future or the past, she had grasped the new delight eagerly. It was this delight which had made her beauty so much more vivid. It was this which had caused her to exclaim to herself, "How delightful it is to live!" If any obstacles had interfered, if she had not been able to see Walter frequently, the pain of separation might have opened her eyes at an earlier period to the nature of her attachment. But, owing to the circumstances of the case, the junior partner had been with Mr. and Mrs. Chase constantly ever since their return from Europe. That announcement, therefore, out on the barrens—his own announcement—of his departure the next morning and for an indefinite stay—had come upon her like sudden death. And then, in the evening, had followed the thrill of his declaration of his own love for her.

The two conflicting tides, this joy and this grief, had held possession of her ever since. But passionate though her nature was, it was deeply reticent as well, and no one had noticed any change in her save Dolly, who divined something from her sister's new desire to be alone, from her plan for returning to New York by sea, her solitary walks, and the hours she spent by herself in her own room. For Dolly, from the day of Ruth's engagement, had been haunted by a fear: disliking Horace Chase herself, she did not believe it possible that he could continue to hold always the supreme place in his wife's heart. And then? Would Ruth be content to live on, as many wives live, with this supreme place unoccupied? It was questions of this sort which had made Dolly try to accompany her sister this winter, whenever it had been possible, in all her excursions; at least she would be present; at least she could watch.

The person who called out this anxiety was, of course, Walter Willoughby. She had felt no alarm as to Walter himself; lovely as Ruth was, there was no danger of his falling in love with her. For Dolly had comprehended this young man and his ambitions; she knew that these ambitions absorbed all his thoughts. But, compared with Horace Chase, might not Ruth easily find attractive points in Walter? "Any one would!" Dolly told herself. She had therefore tried to guard her sister to the utmost of her power. But, in spite of her guardianship, something had evidently happened. Perhaps it was only that Walter had gone. "She won't know how to endure unhappiness. She will

manage somehow to get rid of it;" thus the elder sister tried to comfort herself. "It won't last, I dare say."

Ruth gave not only the afternoon but the evening to her pilgrimage; she visited, as far as possible, all the places where she had been with Walter; the Minorcan boat took her to Moultrie Creek, to the light-house beach, and the North Beach; then she came back to the town, and, still accompanied by Donato, she went to the old fort, and out the shell road; finally she paid a visit to Andalusia. The sun had gone down; a bright moon was shining; the high tide, deep and languorous, lapped softly against the sea-wall; over the low land blew a perfumed breeze. Andalusia was deserted; Mrs. Kip had gone to North Carolina. Bribing Uncle Jack, the venerable ex-slave, who lived in a little cabin under the bananas near the gate, Ruth went in, and leaving her body-guard, the old fisherman, resting on a bench, she wandered alone through the orange aisles, and gathered roses in the flower-garden. "You see that I love you. I myself did not know it until now." This was the talisman which was making her so happy, which had made the whole pilgrimage so full of joy—two brief phrases, preceded by nothing, followed by nothing. It was a proof of the essential simplicity of her mind, its directness, its unconsciousness of half-meanings, that she should think these few words so conclusive. But to her they were final, they were everything. Beyond them she did not go, she did not reason or plan; in fact, she did not think at all, she only felt—felt each syllable, held them all in her heart, and brooded over them contentedly. And as she moved to and fro in the moonlight among the tall stalks of the flowers, her eyes dreaming, her lips half parted, it was as well that the man she loved did not see her, for there was a sweetness in her beauty which was enchanting.

It was nearly midnight when she returned home, coming into the drawing-room like a vision, in her white dress, with her arms full of flowers.

"Well, have you had enough of prowling?" asked her mother, sleepily. "I must say it appears to agree with you."

Even Dolly was reassured by her sister's radiant eyes.

But later, when Félicité had left her mistress, then, if Dolly could have opened the locked door, her comfort would have vanished; for the other mood had now taken possession, and lying prone on a couch, with her face hidden, Ruth was battling with her grief.

Pain was so new to her, sorrow so new! Incapable of enduring, many times during the last ten days she had revolted, and to-night, after that first long hour of misery, she revolted anew. "I *will* not care for him; it makes me too wretched. I won't allow myself to think of him again!" Leaving the couch, she strode angrily to and fro with her long step, her silken slippers making no sound on the thick carpet. The three windows of the large room—it was her dressing-room—stood open to the warm sea-air; she had put out the candles, but the moonlight, entering in a flood, reflected her white figure in the long mirrors as she came and went. Félicité had braided her hair for the night, but the strands had become loosened, and the thick waving mass flowed over her shoulders. "I will not think of him; I will *not!*" And to emphasize it, she struck her clinched hand with all her force on the stone window-seat. "It is cut. I'm glad; it will make me remember!" She was intensely in earnest in her resolve, and to help herself towards other thoughts, she began to look feverishly at the landscape outside, as though it was absolutely necessary that she should now resee and recount each point and line. "There is the top of the light-house. And there is the ocean. And there are the bushes near the quarry." She leaned out of the window. "There is the North Beach; there is the fort and the lookout tower." Thus for a few minutes her weary mind followed the guidance of her will. "There is the bathing-house. And there is the dock and the club-house; and there is the Basin. Down there on the right is Fish Island. How lovely it all is! I wish I could stay here forever. But even to-morrow night I shall be gone. I shall be on the *Dictator*. And then will come Charleston. And then New York." (Her mind had now escaped again.) "And then the days—and the months—and the *years* without him! Oh, what shall I do?" And the pain descending, sharper than before, she sank down, and with her arms on the window-seat and her face on her arms, she cried and cried—cried so long that at last her shoulders

fell forward stoopingly, and her whole slender frame lost its strength, its inward support, and drooped against the window-sill like a broken reed. Her despair held no plan for trying to see Walter; her destiny seemed to her fixed; her revolts had not been against that destiny, but against her pain. But something was upon her now which was stronger than herself, stronger than her love of ease, stronger than her dread of suffering.

Dawn found her still there, her hands and feet cold, her face white; she had wept herself out; there were no more tears left. The sun came up; she watched it mechanically; she was now in a passive state. "Félicité mustn't find me here." She rose to her knees, then dragged herself to her feet; all her muscles were stiff. After closing the blinds, she unlocked the dressing-room door; then going into the bedroom, she fell into a troubled sleep.

It would be too much to say that during the entire night her mind had not once turned towards her husband. She had thought of him now and then, much as she had thought of her mother; as, for instance—would her mother see any change in her face the next morning, after this night of tears? Would her husband see any at New York? Whenever she remembered either one of them, she felt a sincere desire not to make them unhappy. But this was momentary; during most of the night the profound emotions that belonged to her nature swept over her untaught mind with such force that she had no power, no will, to think of anything save herself.

Chapter XIV.

Horace Chase, arriving in Raleigh early in the evening, went in search of his brother-in-law.

He had not sent word that he was coming. "I won't give him time to trot out all his objections beforehand," he said to himself. He intended to make an attempt to arrange the matter with Jared without calling in the aid of Genevieve. "If I fail, there'll always be time to bring her on the scene. If I succeed, it 'll take her down a bit; and that won't hurt her!" he thought, with an inward smile.

Raleigh looked very pretty as he walked through its lighted streets. The boarding-house where Jared had spent the winter proved to be an old mansion, which, in its day, had possessed claims to dignity; it was large, with two wings running backward, and the main building had a high pointed roof with dormer-windows. The front was even with the street; but the street itself was rural, with its two long lines of magnificent trees, which formed the divisions, otherwise rather vague, between the sidewalks and the broad expanse of the sandy roadway. Chase's knock was answered by a little negro boy, whose head did not reach the door-knob. "Mas' Franklin? Yassir. He's done gone out. Be in soon, I reckon," he added, hopefully.

Chase, after a moment's reflection, decided to go in and wait.

"Show you in de parlo', or right up in his own room, boss?" demanded the infant, anxiously. "Dere's a party in de parlo'." This statement was confirmed by the sound of music from within.

"A party, is there? I guess I'll go up, then," said Chase.

The child started up the stairs. His legs were so short that he had to mount to each step with both feet, one after the other, before he could climb to the next. These legs and feet and his arms were bare; the rest of his small plump body was clad in a little jacket and very short breeches of pink calico. There were two long flights of stairs, and a shorter flight to the attic; the pink breeches had the air of climbing an Alp. Presently Chase took up the little toiler, candle and all.

"You can tell me which way to go," he said. "What's your name?"

"Pliny Abraham, sah."

"Do you like Mr. Franklin?"

"Mas' Franklin is de bes' body in dish-yer house!" declared Pliny Abraham, shrilly.

"The best what?"

"De bes' body. We've got twenty-five bodies now, boss. Sometimes dere's twenty-eight."

"Oh, you mean boarders?"

"Yassir. Bodies."

Jared's room was in the attic. Pliny Abraham, who had been intensely serious, began to grin as his bearer, after putting him down, placed a dime in each of his little pink pockets; then he dashed out of the room, his black legs disappearing so suddenly that Chase had the curiosity to follow to the top of the stairs and look over. Pliny had evidently slid

down the banisters; he was already embarked on the broader rail of the flight below.

Twenty minutes later there was a step on the stair; the door opened, and Franklin entered.

"They didn't tell you I was here?" said Chase, as they shook hands.

"No. Mrs. Nightingale is usually very attentive; too much so, in fact; she's a bother! To-night, however, there's a party down below, and she has the supper to see to."

"Is Pliny Abraham to serve it?"

"You've seen him, have you?" said Jared, who was now lighting a lamp. "Confounded smell—petroleum!" And he threw up the sash of the window.

"I'm on my way up from New York, and I came across from Goldsborough on purpose to see you, Franklin, on a matter of business," Chase began. "Ruth isn't with me this time; she took a notion to go north by sea. Your mother and sister, I expect, will be seeing her off to-morrow from Charleston; then, after a little rest for Miss Dolly, they're to go to L'Hommedieu."

"They'll stop here, won't they?" asked Jared, who was standing at the window in order to get air which was untainted by the odor of the lamp.

"Perhaps," Chase answered. He knew that Dolly and her mother believed that by the time they should reach Raleigh Jared would have already left. "Well, the gist of the matter, Franklin, is about this," he went on. And then, tilting his chair back so that his long legs should have more room, and with his thumbs in the pockets of his waistcoat, he began deliberately to lie.

For in the short space of time which had elapsed since his eyes first rested upon Ruth's brother he had entirely altered his plan. His well-arranged arguments and explanations about the place in New York in connection with his California scheme—all these he had abandoned; something must be invented which would require no argument at all, something which should attract Jared so strongly that he would of his own accord accept it on the spot, and start northward the next morning. "Once in New York, in our big house there, with Gen (for I shall telegraph her to come on) and Ruth and the best doctors, perhaps the poor chap can be persuaded to give up, and take a good long rest," he had said to himself.

For he had been greatly shocked by the change in Jared's appearance. When he had last seen him the naval officer had been gaunt, but now he was wasted. His eyes had always been sad, but now they were deeply sunken, with dark hollows under them and over them, and the pupils were strangely dilated. "He looks *bad*," Chase said to himself, emphatically. "This sort of life's been too much for him, and Gen's got a good deal to answer for!" The only ornament of the whitewashed wall was a large photograph of the wife; her handsome face, with its regular outlines and calm eyes, presided serenely over the attic room of the lonely husband.

To have to contrive something new, plausible, and effective in two minutes' time might have baffled most men. But Chase had never had a mind of routine; he had always been a free lance; original conceptions and the boldest daring, accompanied by an extraordinary personal sagacity, had formed his especial sort of genius—a genius which had already made him, at thirty-nine, a millionaire several times over. His invention, therefore, when he unrolled it, had an air of perfect veracity. It had to do with a steamer, which (so he represented) a man whom he knew had bought, in connection with what might be called, perhaps, a branch of his own California scheme, although a branch with which he himself had nothing whatever to do. This man needed an experienced officer to take the steamer immediately from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands, and thence on a cruise to various other islands in the South Pacific. "The payment, to a navy man like you, ought to be pretty good. But I can't say what the exact figure will be," he went on, warily, "because I'm not in it myself, you see. He's a good deal of a skinflint" (here he coolly borrowed a name for the occasion, the name of a capitalist well known in New York); "but he's sound; it's a *bona fide* operation; I can at least vouch for that. The steamer is first-class, I know, and you can pick out your own crew. There'll be a man aboard to see to the trading part of it; all *you've* got to do is to sail the ship." And in his driest and most practical voice he went on enumerating the various details.

Jared knew that his brother-in-law had more than once been engaged in outside speculations on a large scale; his acquaintance, therefore, with kindred spirits, men who bought ocean steamers and sent them on cruises, did not surprise him. The plan attracted him; he turned it over in his mind to see if there were any reasons why he should not accept it. There seemed to be none. To begin with, Chase had nothing to do with it; he should not be indebted to *him* for anything save the chance. In addition, it would not be an easy berth, with plenty to get and little to do, like the place at Charleston; on the contrary, a long voyage of this sort would call out all he knew. And certainly he was sick of his present life—deathly sick.

Chase had said to himself: "Fellows who go down so low—and he's at the end of his rope — go up again like rockets sometimes, just give 'em a chance. And perhaps *he'll* do it."

Jared, however, showed no resemblance to a rocket; he agreed, after a while, to "undertake the job," as Chase called it, and he agreed also to start the next morning for New York, where the final arrangements were to be made; but his assent was given mechanically, and even his voice sounded weak, as though physically he had very little strength. Mentally there was more stir. "I shall be glad to be on salt-water again," he said. "I dare say *you* think it's a very limited life?" he went on, and in the phrase there lurked something scornful.

"Well," answered Chase, with his slight drawl, "that depends upon what a man wants, what he sets out to do." He put his hands down in the pockets of his trousers, and looked at the lamp reflectively; then he transferred his gaze to Jared. "I guess you've got a notion, Franklin, that I care for nothing but money? And that's where you make a mistake. For 'tain't the money altogether; it's the making it. Making it (that is, in large sums) is the best sort of a game. If you win, sir, there's nothing like it. It's sport, *that* is! It's fun! To get down to the bed-rock of the subject, it's the power. Yes, sir, that's it—the power! The knowing you've got it, and that other men know it too, and feel your hand on the reins. For a big pile is something more than a pile; it's a proof that a man's got brains. (I mean, of course, if he has made it himself; I'm not talking now about fortunes that are inherited, or are simply rolled up by a rise in real estate.) As to the money taken alone, of course it's a good thing to have, and I'm going on making more as long as I can; I like it, and I know how. But about the disposing of it" (here he took his hands out of his pockets and folded his arms), "I don't mind telling you that I've got other ideas. My family—if I have a family—will be provided for. After that, I've a notion that I may, perhaps, put aside a certain sum for the education of boys. I didn't get much schooling myself when I was young, so I set considerable value on schools."

"I shall be the brother of a benefactor, shall I?" said Jared, ironically. "It's only fair to tell you that, in *my* opinion, one of the worst evils of our country to-day is this universal education—education of all classes indiscriminately."

Chase looked at him for a moment in silence. Then, with a quiet dignity which was new to the other man, he answered, "I don't think I understand you."

"Oh yes, you do," responded Jared, with a little laugh. But he felt somewhat ashamed of his speech, and he bore it off by saying, with a flicker of his old jocularity: "Are your schools to be for little Yankees? Or for little darkies like Pliny Abraham? Perhaps you'll leave it in a lump to Harvard?"

"I haven't got as far as that yet; I thought Ruth might like to choose," Chase answered, his voice softening as he pronounced his wife's name.

"He isn't one of the blowers, at any rate; this is actually the first time I've ever heard him speak his own ideas," thought the naval officer. "All he has been saying is, in fact, his Credo."

Chase's Credo, if such it was, was ended; he showed no disposition to revert to it; on the contrary, he turned the conversation towards his companion. For as the minutes had passed, more and more Jared seemed to him ill—profoundly changed. "I'm afraid, Franklin, that your health isn't altogether first-class nowadays?" he said, tentatively.

"Oh, I'm well enough, except that just now there's some sort of an intermittent fever hanging about me. But it's very slight, and it only appears occasionally;

I dare say it will leave me as soon as I'm fairly started," Jared answered, in a dull tone.

"He must be mighty glad to get away, and yet he doesn't rally worth a cent," thought Chase, with inward concern. "I say," he went on, aloud, "as there's a party in the house, why not come along down to the hotel and sleep there? I'm going to have some sort of a lunch when I go back; you might keep me company."

Jared, however, made a gesture of repugnance. "I couldn't eat; I've no appetite. The party doesn't trouble me —I'll go to bed. There'll be plenty to do in the morning if we are to catch that ten o'clock train."

Chase therefore took leave, and Jared accompanied him down to the street door. Dancing was going on in the parlors on each side of the hall, and the two, as they passed, caught a glimpse of pretty girls in white, with flowers in their hair. After making an early appointment for the next day, Chase said good-night, and turned down the tree-shaded street towards his hotel.

His step was never a hurried one; he had not therefore gone far when a person, who had left the house two minutes after his own departure, succeeded in overtaking him. "If you please—will you stop a moment?" said this person. She was panting, for she had been running.

Chase turned; by the light from a street lamp which reached them flickeringly through the foliage, he saw a woman whose figure was very thin and narrow. Her face was in the shadow, but a large flower poised stiffly on the top of her head caught the light and gleamed whitely.

"I am Mrs. Nightingale," she began. "Mr. Franklin, the gentleman you called awn this evenin', is a member of my family. And I've been right anxious about Mr. Franklin; I'm thankful somebody has come who knows him. For indeed, sir, he's more sick than he likes to acknowledge. I've been watchin' for you to come down. But when I saw he was with you, I had to wait until he'd gone up again; then I slipped out and ran after you."

"I've been noticing that he looked bad, ma'am," Chase answered.

"Oh, sir, somebody ought to be with him; he has fever at night, and when it comes awn, he's out of his head. I've sat up myself three nights lately to keep watch. He locks his do'; but there's an empty room next to his where I stay, so that if he comes out, I can see that he gets no harm."

"He walks about, then?"

"In his own room—yes, sir; an' he talks an' raves. It's his brain, I reckon."

"Couldn't you have managed to have him see a doctor, ma'am?"

"I've done my best, but he won't hear of it. You see, it only comes awn every third night or so, an' he has no idea himself how bad it is. In the mawnin' it's gone, an' then all he says is that the breakfast is bad. He goes to his business every day regular, though he looks so po'ly. And he doesn't eat enough to keep a fly alive."

Chase reflected. "I'll have a doctor go with us on the sly, and if necessary I'll wire for a whole sleeper at Weldon, to go through to New York. And I'll wire to Gen to start at once; she needn't be more than a day behind us if she hurries." Then he went on, aloud: "Do you think he is likely to be feverish to-night, ma'am?"

"I hope not, as last night was bad."

"I guess it will be better, then, not to wake him up and force a doctor upon him now. I'm going to take him north with me to-morrow morning, ma'am, and in the mean time—that little room you spoke of next to his, could *I* occupy it to-night? I'll just go down to the hotel and get my bag, and be back soon. I'm his brother-in-law," Chase continued, shaking hands with her, "and we're all much obliged, ma'am, for what you've done; it was mighty kind—the keeping watch at night."

He went to his hotel, made a hasty supper—he was always indifferent as to what he ate—and returned, bag in hand, before the half-hour was out. Mrs. Nightingale ushered him down one of the long wings to her own apartment at the end, a dreary, comfortless little room.

"Excuse my bringin' you here, sir; it's the only place I have. Mr. Franklin hasn't gone to bed yet; I slipped up a moment ago to see, and there was a light under his do'. I'm afraid it would attract his attention if you should go up now, sir, for he knows that the next room is unoccupied."

"*You've* occupied it, ma'am. But I see you know how to step pretty soft," Chase answered, gallantly. For now that he saw this good Samaritan in a brighter light, he appreciated the depth of her charity. For the poor woman was the personification of chronic fatigue; her dim eyes, her worn face, her stooping figure, and the enlarged knuckles and bones of her hands, all told of toil and care. Her thin hair was re-enforced behind by huge palpably false braids of another shade, and the preposterous edifice, carried over the top of the head, was adorned in honor of the party by the large white camellia, placed exactly in the centre—"like a locomotive head-light," Chase thought—which had attracted his notice in the street. But in spite of her grotesque coiffure, no one with a heart could laugh at her. The goodness in her faded face was so genuine and beautiful that inwardly he saluted it. "She's the kind that 'll never be rested *this* side the grave," he said to himself.

Left alone, he went to the window and looked out. It was midnight, and the waning moon—the same moon which had been full when Ruth made her happy pilgrimage at St. Augustine—was now rising in its diminished form; diminished though it was, it gave out light enough to show the Northerner that the old house had at the back, across both stories, covered verandas—"galleries," Mrs. Nightingale called them. Above, the pointed roof of the main building towered up dark against the star-decked sky. From one of its dormer-windows came a broad gleam of light. "Jared's!" thought Chase. "He is writing to Gen, telling her all about it; sick as he is, he sat up to do it. Meanwhile *she* was comfortably asleep at ten."

An hour later, piloted by Mrs. Nightingale, who made no more sound than a mouse, he went up the attic stairs, shoeless, treading as cautiously as he could, and established himself in the empty room with his door open, and a lighted candle in the hall outside. By two o'clock the party was over and the guests gone; the house sank into silence.

There had been no sound from Jared. "He's all right; I shall get him off tomorrow," thought the watcher, with satisfaction—"get him safely to New York. Then, if he's well enough to talk about it, I'll have to invent another yarn about that steamer! But probably the doctors will tell him on the spot that he isn't able to undertake it. And that 'll be the end of *that*."

His motionless position ended by cramping him; the chair was hard, and each muscle of both legs seemed to have a separate twitch. "I might as well lie down on the bed," he thought; "there, at least, I can stretch out."

He was awakened by a sound; startled, he sat up, listening. Jared, in the next room, was talking. The words could not be distinguished; the tone of the voice was strange. Then the floor vibrated; Jared had risen, and was walking about the room. His voice grew louder. "He's raving!" thought Chase, and noiselessly he went into the hall, and stood listening at Jared's door. There was no light within, and he ventured to turn the handle. But the bolt was fast. A white figure now stole up the stairs and joined him; it was Mrs. Nightingale, wrapped in a shawl. "Oh, I heard him 'way from my room! He has never been so bad as this before," she whispered.

Chase had always been aware that the naval officer disliked him; that is, that he had greatly disliked the idea of his sister's marriage. "If he sees me now, when he is out of his head, will it make him more violent? Would it be better to have a stranger go in first?—the doctor, say?" These were the questions that occupied his mind while Mrs. Nightingale was whispering her frightened remark.

From the room now came a wild cry. That decided him. "I am going to burst in the lock," he said to his companion, hurriedly. "Call up some one to help me hold him, if it's necessary." His muscular frame was strong; setting his shoulder against the door, after two or three efforts he broke it open.

But the light from the candle outside showed that the room was empty, and turning, he ran at full speed down the three flights of stairs, passing frightened groups (for the whole house was now astir), and unlocking the back door, he hurried into the court-yard behind, his face full of dread. But there was no lifeless heap on the ground, and hastily he looked up.

Dawn was well advanced, though the sun had not yet risen; the clear pure

light showed that nothing was lying on the roof of the upper gallery. But at the same instant his eyes caught sight of a moving object above; coming up the steep slope of the roof from the front side, at first only the head visible, then the shoulders, and finally the whole body, outlined against the violet sky, appeared Jared Franklin. He was partly dressed, and he was talking to himself; when he reached the apex of the roof he paused, brandishing his arms with a wild gesture, and swaying unsteadily.

Several persons were now in the court-yard; three men had hurried out. Two women joined them, and looked up. But when they saw the swaying figure above, they ran back to the shelter of the hall, veiling their eyes and shuddering. In a few moments all the women in the house had gathered in this hall, frightened and sobbing.

Chase, meanwhile, outside, was pulling off his socks. "Get ladders," he said, quickly, to the other men, "and a doctor. I'm going up, and I'll try to hold him."

"How *can* you get there?" said Mrs. Nightingale, in tears.

"The same way he did," Chase answered, as he ran up the stairs.

The men remonstrated, and two of them hurried after him. But he was ahead, and mounting to the sill of Jared's window, he stepped outside. Then, not allowing himself to look at anything but the apex directly above him, he walked slowly and evenly towards it, up the steep incline, his head and shoulders bent forward, his bare feet clinging to the moss-grown shingles, while at intervals he touched with the tips of his fingers the shingles that faced him, as a means of steadying himself.

Down in the court-yard now no word was spoken. The gazers drew their breaths audibly. Jared appeared to be unaware of any one below; his eyes, though wide open, did not see the man who was approaching. Chase perceived this as soon as he himself had reached the top; he instantly took advantage of it, and moved straight towards Jared on his hands and knees along the line of the ridge-pole. When he had come within reach, he let himself slip down a few inches to a chimney that was near; putting his left arm round this chimney as a support, he stretched the right upward, and with a sudden grasp seized Jared, throwing him down and pinning him with one and the same motion. Jared fell on his back, half across the ridge, with his head hanging over one slope and his legs and feet over the other; it was this position which enabled Chase to hold him down. The madman, however, struggled violently. His hands were free, and he struck at the restraining arm with terrible blows that sickened the watchers below. They could see that this arm made, every few seconds, a fresh effort to weight down the struggling body anew—an effort that was regular, almost like the motion of a machine. But it seemed to them impossible that its force could endure long, and as the roof had no parapet, and the pavement below was stone, it was almost like watching a murder. The madman would conquer; the two bodies would go down together.

"Oh, pray! pray!" called a woman's voice from the court below.

She spoke to Chase. But at that moment nothing in him could be spared from his own immense effort; not only all the powers of his body, but of his heart and mind and soul as well, were concentrated upon the one thing he had to do. He accomplished it. Feeling his arm growing weak, he made a tremendous and final attempt to jam down still harder the breast he grasped, and the blow (for it amounted to a blow) reduced Jared to unconsciousness; his hands fell back, his ravings ceased; his strength had been merely the fictitious strength of fever; in reality he was very weak.

The ladders came. Both men were rescued.

"Come, now, if the roof had been only three inches above the ground—how then?" Chase said, rather impatiently, as, after the visit of two doctors and the arrival of a nurse, he came down for a hasty breakfast in Mrs. Nightingale's dining-room, where several of the boarders began to shake hands with him enthusiastically. "The thing itself was simple enough. All that was necessary, therefore, was to act as though it *was* only three inches."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Editor's Study.

I.

THE attempt of M. Francisque Sarcey, professor and journalist, to acclimate the Lecture in France, continued for many years, is confessed a failure. The French, who make pleasure a serious pursuit, do not find the lecture sufficiently amusing. It is impossible to establish it as an institution either in Paris or the provinces. This seems strange to us, in a land where the lecture is indigenous, has worn out nearly three generations of Americans, and still survives in one form or another. In his *Recollections of Middle Life* (translated by Elizabeth Luther Cary), M. Sarcey relates the persistent efforts of himself and his confrères to compel Paris to like this sort of instructive talk, and he contributes valuable experience to those who may wish to benefit mankind in this way. The popular lecture has nothing in common with the professorial class instruction; nothing except the little table, the arm-chair, and the glass of *eau sucrée.* The college professor, indeed, is not apt to succeed before a mixed audience. The *eau sucrée* is an aid to the lecture, but it also has a certain scholastic or literary significance. The American lecture is commonly run with a little ice-water. But this is merely a personal convenience. It is a mild survival of the glass of toddy which the preacher formerly had where he could put his hand to it "when he was so disposed," which was perhaps needed as fuel to drive on the sermon for an hour and a half, and which came dangerously near to being a beverage, and as such is now prohibited as *malum in se.* The chair is also a reminder of the attitude of the instructor, of the distinction of the speech from the lecture, and is useful to the man whose knees are apt to get shaky when he stands before an audience. But M. Sarcey boldly discards it. He says the lecturer should stand. The table, however, should not be dispensed with. It not only preserves the illusion as to the kind of entertainment that is offered, but it is a support, a slight barricade to the audience, and it prevents the lecturer from rambling up and down the platform and indulging in the gesticulation and the vocal experiments of the orator. But it is not a substitute for our reading-desk. Indeed, the lecture is never to be read; not even notes are allowed, except a catch-word or two to aid the memory of the plan of the discourse. If it is not to be read, neither is it to be memorized. It is to be a chat, a familiar chat, with the audience, natural and easy and interesting, from which the attention of the hearers must never be permitted for an instant to stray. It may be impetuous, or glowing, or poetic, or eloquent even, at times, but it is always talk, and the charm of it is necessarily a good deal in its personal quality. Lecturers complain—they do in this country—of their audiences. They find some responsive, alert, sympathetic, and others dull, unresponsive, unimpressed, and by the same lecture. Very likely. It is always, says M. Sarcey, the fault of the lecturer, not of the audience. It is his business to know his audience, to know what it wants, and to give it that which will interest it and hold its attention. This is most surely gained by improvising. This is a mental process always eagerly followed. Not so with that of memorizing. The audience commonly detects that, and wearies of it. Only the highest art can sustain it. This is not saying that the lecturer is to try to extemporize his ideas. He may even improvise whole divisions of his lecture beforehand, over and over again, as he walks in the forest or in his chamber. This will give him a vocabulary, and will strike out new thoughts and felicitous ways of putting things. But he must not try to memorize or recall these improvisations. The language of the moment must be fresh and spontaneous.

II.

One surprising notion that M. Sarcey advances is that the lecturer should have something to say. Evidently the compilation of an hour's written discourse, composed of facts and the quoted opinions of other people, illustrated with anecdotes more or less venerable, would not meet his requirement. What he has to say may not be new—it is better that it should not be absolutely new to his audience—but it must be new to him in the sense that he has come to it by his own thinking and investigation, so that he believes in it, and is impressed by its importance, and is in earnest in presenting it, though a hun-

dred people may have arrived at it before him, and it may even be in the public mind. He brings it forward with the freshness of individual conviction. It may even be commonplace; in fact, it had better be; this is also our experience. What the audience likes to hear is that which it already knows; it wants to be convinced of that which it believes. It forms a high opinion of the lecturer who knows as much as it does, and gives it back its ideas with vivacity and perspicuity. The hearers like to nod to each other and say, "How true!" meaning, that was my idea, that is what I have always said! But while the attempt to bring forward new ideas is dangerous, new things may be produced with success, new facts, new experiences of travel and adventure, if the lecturer is modest and has the air of saying to the audience that any of you could have found or seen this as well as your humble servant. And almost any audience will let a lecturer exhibit pictures, or make explosive experiments. But this is not the sort of lecture M. Sarcey means, and, indeed, it bears the same relation to the old-fashioned lecture that the modern newspaper does to the old journal which was without pictures, and portraits of excellent and sometimes homely people who have been cured of deadly diseases. But the essential thing for the lecturer is that he shall be full of his theme, absolutely master of it in its details and relations, that he shall have turned it over in his mind until he is not only familiar with it but is absorbed in it; then, if he have a fair gift of language, and does not lose his head, he can talk about it. He needs to be so full of it as to give the impression to his audience that he is not a reservoir, liable to be exhausted, but a spring. Nothing is so disappointing to a thirsty man as to take a drink out of a cup which is drained before his thirst is satisfied. The audience does not expect to exhaust a man in one sitting, but it must feel that he is not liable to run dry. A man does not know, to edification, one subject in life or in literature without a pretty wide acquaintance with many others, and all his knowledge is likely to come in play in any subject on which he attempts to speak.

III.

The Lecture in America has survived and kept on in so many changes of form and of taste that we must conclude that it answers to some demand in American human nature. It is not easy to define it. For it is not a speech, a reading, an oration, or a sermon. But it may have grown out of the sermon; and one evidence of this is that the modern sermon in so many pulpits is a lecture, a setting forth of some ethical theme with the brilliant points of an essay and the illustrations of a witty entertainment. This is not exactly the mid-week "lecture" of the Puritans; nor is it, either, the evening lecture, which is sometimes accompanied by the stereopticon. This latter is an attempt to instruct as well as reform those whose attention cannot be held by the old-fashioned sermon. The lecture we are trying to define generally bears the hall-mark of New England, and the term lecturer conveyed a different idea from the term stump-speaker or preacher, though both these latter may have turned their hand to lecturing. The taste for it was hardly accounted for by the love that people have to hear others talk, as in town meetings or caucuses, or before a jury. This sort of improvisation always attracts attention. We always like to watch the play of the mind in its struggle for expression, even if the mind is a little dull and the expression faulty. This is why a moderately good extempore speech is more interesting to hear than a better memorized one. The original idea of the lecture was instruction. People thought they wanted to be instructed and improved. They believed that they could be both on any topic in an hour's time. They also wanted to be stimulated, aroused, on some subject of general interest; it might be literature, or politics, or reform. But more than all, they wanted to be amused. In a community without many theatres the lecture was the nearest thing to an entertainment. And it was an entertainment that the most rigid conscience tolerated, when it would not permit its owner to enter a theatre or to see an actor. Anything lively, anecdotic, any mimicry, any eccentricity, anything dramatic, was welcome in the lecture. The great Barnum understood his world when he called the melodramatic attachment to his show a lecture-room. It was in answer to this tender conscience that the comic or funny lecture came in, still called a lecture, although the performer was a born comedian. When this entertainment was dis-

covered, the original lecture was forced to bend to the fashion, and become more brilliant, more witty, more anecdotic, and if not comic, then eloquent. Any audience likes eloquence almost as well as farce, but the most fetching thing is a combination of the two.

The lecture was commonly written, and in its early days it had the character of an essay. But the subject was not the attraction; it was the personality of the lecturer that attracted, thus showing that it was curiosity rather than desire for information that drew the audience. It was the natural desire to see men and women who are talked about, and the person drew best who had most notoriety either as an author, a preacher, a public man, a traveller, explorer, or any one whose deeds had advertised him. But there were many disappointments, and presently this exhibition with a written lecture palled a little on the public taste, and gradually there came in what may be called a variety show—a short lecture, a little music, singing and instrumental, and some recitation. This had neither the dulness of the lecture nor the wickedness of the theatre. And then—oh, joy!—the magic lantern. Thus the proud, the intellectual, the scholarly, the comic lecture became a mere running accompaniment to a succession of pictures thrown on a white sheet. Very soothing and very improving this, but the old-fashioned lecture was ousted. It would seem so. But the lecture is our most tenacious institution, for it can take any form and lend itself to any fashion. The general lecture, even the notoriety entertainment, having palled, it specialized itself, and went into art, and science, and hygiene, and sanitation, and the mechanic industries. Although the popular lecture has nearly lost its drawing power, there never was so much lecturing done as at the present moment, though it is mostly to small audiences and on special topics. The "Readings," of which Charles Dickens set the fashion, are the author's attempts to interpret his writings to an audience supposed to be familiar with them. As an entertainment these have largely taken the place of the lecture. The next change is likely to be talking, improvising on some theme of which the speaker is full, the familiar chat with an audience, which M. Sarcey has vainly tried to make popular in France.

IV.

The two men who best recall, in very different ways, the popular lecture of the last generation are Wendell Phillips and John B. Gough. The men were totally unlike, and their lectures bore no resemblance to each other. Gough was a comedian, and he played upon one string, the evil of strong drink, upon which he always had the sympathy of the audience, for he spoke from experience. His power lay in his ability to tell and act a story, comic or pathetic, and his bursts of eloquence, which were commonly tawdry and forced, always brought down the house because they were charged with his personal enthusiasm. He was successful only on one theme, but he was in earnest in that, and he gathered about that all the telling illustrations of his reading and his keen, humorous observations of life, and on the platform he was the magnetic centre of fireworks. He was the nearest approach to a Puritan theatre. Wendell Phillips as a lecturer, and apart from his extraordinary power as a convention orator on occasions, was quite the most interesting, the most convincing, the most polished and delightful platform speaker that America has produced. He owed his success to his wit, to the most felicitous and incisive vocabulary, to the most melodious and entrancing voice, and to his perfect command of himself and all his resources. He was never slovenly. He always brought his best thought, most carefully arranged, to his audience. And he never met an audience, even one hostile to him and his opinions, that he could not at length subdue to his potent influence. Nothing was left to chance. He would no more have produced an unfinished lecture than a great artist would have exhibited an unfinished picture. He respected his audience, and the audience always felt this. The sympathy that he gained from it, even when it disagreed with him, was the more remarkable because he never, or rarely ever, improvised. Yet he had such consummate art that he seemed to be improvising, the golden words apparently dropping freshly coined from the brilliant mint of his mind. He was eloquent without a single burst of cheap rhetoric. And of all orators on the platform he was the most convincing and plausible for the hour. The writer heard him once on the nobility of the North American Indians, and, while the spell of

the speech of Phillips lasted, he was almost ashamed of himself for being white instead of copper-colored. One secret of the power of Phillips with an audience was that he was always definite, certain in his statements and position; if he had privately doubts about a course or a policy, he never exhibited them when on the platform. He very well knew that there is nothing an audience likes so little in a speaker as indecision and beating about the bush. There was no haziness in what he said. His subject stood out before his hearers as clearly cut as a cameo.

V.

Mr. Phillips repeated a lecture with little variation of wording when once he had given it an exact and the most effective shape. The lecture of the future will probably be improvised; that is, the speaker will play variations upon a theme of which he is full, in accordance with his own humor at the moment and the quality and temper of his audience. In this way the subject will not become monotonous to himself, and it will always seem fresh to the audience. The speaker will not always succeed, but he will always have before him the excitement of an experiment, and he will be liable to flash out new ideas and to discover new capacities in his subject. It needs an able man, a full man, to do this? Yes, and is there any reason why a man who is not able should lecture? However wicked society may be, there is no reason why it should undergo the penalty of dull lecturing, any more than there is why a dinner party should be bored by set and stupid speeches. The dinner-table speech is not, of course, like a lecture, but it raises the same question of the value of improvisation. No other social duty is the occasion of so much suffering as the after-dinner speech. The expected speaker commonly passes a couple of hours in acute misery, while his companions are eating their dinner. If he has a manuscript, he may eat; but it must be with a guilty feeling, for he knows that when he produces it the spirit of his hearers will sink so low as to impair their digestion. And of course the reading of a manuscript is a confession that the man cannot make a speech. The plan of writing out the speech beforehand and committing it to memory is a greater discomfort to the orator. He is apt to sit for hours in a shivering panic. He is trying to recall his remarks, to say them over and over again, to fix the order in his mind. And when he rises he has little thought of his subject or of his audience; he is trying to recall the written words out of which the life has fled. He is in momentary fear of breaking down, and his hearers commonly suffer with him. There is no chance of spontaneity in the performance. An old hand, accustomed to this sort of deception, can often impose on his audience, and make that appear the inspiration of the moment which he is painfully grinding out of his memory; but he is not enjoying himself. If he have a spurt of inspiration he dare not follow it, for he is bound by the already printed slip, and he fears he will get off the track. A good deal of genuine eloquence and pleasing fun is no doubt killed by the fact that the man is speaking not to his audience, but to the newspapers. The English say that the distinguishing characteristic of an American speech of this kind is that it has a story in it. And a story often helps out a poor speech, even if it is older than the speech, but in the memory it is like a glass of champagne that has stood till it is flat; and this is not the highest kind of a national reputation. It needs genius behind the story not to have the performer exhibit a kind of intellectual poverty, and become intolerably *banal* to the hearers. It must be a very "pat" and crisp story that does not cast a sort of gloom upon social intercourse. To have something to say that one feels, and then to say it spontaneously and with words of the moment, is a recipe for an after-dinner speech used successfully by some speakers, and the audience is always grateful for this relief from the mechanical oratory and the prepared facetiousness. Indeed, it is noticed that the talk most relished for the moment is that natural saying of what is in a man's heart, with just the warmth and earnestness that the occasion demands—just simple talk a little sublimated by the excitement of having many listeners. But then, good talk—and this is the melancholy truth about it—requires brains.

VI.

Here is June again! It never was more welcome in these Northern latitudes. It seems a pity that such a month cannot

be twice as long. It has been the pet of the poets, but it is not spoiled, and is just as full of enchantment as ever. The secret of this is that it is the month of both hope and fruition. It is the girl of eighteen, standing with all her charms on the eve of womanhood, in the dress and temperament of spring. And the beauty of it is that almost every woman is young, if ever she were young, in June. For her the roses bloom, and the red clover. It is a pity the month is so short. It is as full of vigor as of beauty. The energy of the year is not yet spent; indeed, the world is opening on all sides; the schoolgirl is about to graduate into liberty; and the young man is panting to kick or row his way into female adoration and general notoriety. The young men have made no mistake about the kind of education that is popular with women. The women like prowess and the manly virtues of pluck and endurance. The world has not changed in this respect. It was so with the Greeks; it was so when youth rode in tournaments and unhorsed each other for the love of a lady. June is the knightly month. On many a field of gold and green the heroes will kick their way into fame; and bands of young women, in white, with their diplomas in their hands, star-eyed mathematicians and linguists, will come out to smile upon the victors in that exhibition of strength that women most admire. No, the world is not decaying or losing its juvenility. The motto still is, "Love, and may the best man win!" How jocund and immortal is woman! Now, in a hundred schools and colleges, will stand up the solemn well-intentioned man before a row of pretty girls, and tell them about Womanhood and its Duties, and they will listen just as shyly as if they were getting news, and needed to be instructed by a man on a subject which has engaged their entire attention since they were five years old. In the light of science and experience the conceit of men is something curious. And in June! the most blossoming, riant, feminine time of the year. The month itself is a liberal education to him who is not insensible to beauty and the strong sweet promise of life. The streams run clear then, as they do not in April; the sky is high and transparent; the world seems so large and fresh and inviting. Our houses, which six months in the year in these latitudes are fortifications of defence, are open now, and the breath of life flows through them. Even over the city the sky is benign, and all the country is a heavenly exhibition. May was sweet and capricious. This is the maidenhood deliciousness of the year. If you were to bisect the heart of a true poet, you would find written therein JUNE.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 3d of April.—The Senate was in session during the month. At the request of President Cleveland the Hawaiian annexation treaty was returned to the State Department March 9th. A special commissioner, ex-Representative Blount, of Georgia, was appointed by the government to visit Hawaii and make official investigation of the state of affairs. The following nominations by the President were reported to the Senate: To be Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware. To be Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary: James B. Eustis, of Louisiana, to France; Theodore Runyon, of New Jersey, to Germany; James D. Porter, of Tennessee, to Chili; James A. Mackenzie, of Kentucky, to Peru; Edwin Dun, of Ohio, to Japan; Isaac P. Gray, of Indiana, to Mexico.

The Legislature of Washington having failed to elect a United States Senator, the Governor reappointed John B. Allen, Republican.

In France the Ribot cabinet, beaten on a question of finance, resigned on the 30th of March.

The Bering Sea Court of Arbitration began its sittings in Paris on the 23d of March.

Elections for the new Spanish Cortes resulted in an overwhelming victory by the governmental party.

DISASTERS.

March 10th.—A fire in Boston destroyed property to the value of more than $2,500,000. Three persons were killed and more than thirty injured.

March 23d.—A tornado in northern Mississippi and Tennessee destroyed property estimated at more than $2,000,000, and made several hundred people homeless.

OBITUARY.

March 10th.—In Boston, Massachusetts, the Rev. Andrew Preston Peabody, Professor Emeritus in Harvard University, aged eighty-two years.

March 17th.—In Paris, France, Jules Ferry, President of the French Senate, aged sixty-one years.

March 20th.—At Athens, Pennsylvania, Commodore Horatio Bridge, U.S.N. (retired), aged eighty-seven years.

March 22d.—At Wilmington, Delaware, Eli Saulsbury, United States Senator 1871–1889, aged seventy-six years.

March 28th.—At Sewanee, Tennessee, General E. Kirby Smith (Confederate army), aged sixty-nine years.

Editor's Drawer.



HE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN A LAWYER.

I WAS attending the term of Henrico court one spring when I had been at the bar only a year or two, and was in the court-room when the criminal docket was called. The clerk read out the case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Mannie Johnson, an indictment for a felony, and my attention was arrested by hearing the sheriff say the prisoner had no counsel. If there is one thing which excites the sympathy of a young lawyer, it is a prisoner who has no counsel. There was a little colloquy between the judge, the commonwealth's attorney, and the sheriff, and the judge finally said, "Well, bring him in, anyhow; I will see about it."

The long-legged, gangling sheriff retired, and in a little while re-entered with his most professional solemnity about him, preceded by a stumpy, rusty little bow-legged negro, about thirty-five years of age and about five feet in height, who looked, perhaps, as unlikely to be able to steal a steer as anybody in the world.

The sheriff roughly pointed out a chair to him, and he sat down in it without even taking a look at the jury lounging in their box.

"Is that the man?" asked the judge. "Did that man steal a steer?"

The sheriff smiled the smile of one familiar with the classes who steal steers; the commonwealth's attorney smiled with the smile of one who makes $10 out of each indictment for a felony which he is able to draw and get a grand jury to find; even the jury smiled; I think, perhaps, I smiled. The prisoner, with his old ragged hat in his hand, was the only one who did not smile. He glanced up for a second at the judge on the bench, then dropped his eyes to a level, and sat as motionless as before.

"Have you any counsel?" asked the judge. The prisoner looked at him, but said nothing; and the judge, appreciating the fact that he perhaps did not understand the question, asked him, "Have you any lawyer?"

"Nor, suh," he said, twisting a little in his seat, and settling down as before.

The judge turned to me and asked me to defend him, adding, civilly, "if my other clients could wait a little while." I informed him that I thought my other clients could wait; that I always made my clients wait my own pleasure (they had then been waiting some months); and going around, took a seat approximately near to my new client's side.

"Have you any witnesses?" I asked.

He did not look at me, or, if he did, it was only a glance; he simply said, "Nor, suh."

"Can you get any if I get a continuance—if I get the case put off till next month?"

"I don' know; nor, suh," he said, scarcely taking the trouble to speak.

"Well," I said, rising, "I think we are ready; we might as well go into trial."

The jury was waked up and sworn. The clerk made the prisoner stand up, and read an indictment as long as himself, and the commonwealth's attorney called his witnesses. There were five of them.

The first was a farmer, who testified that he owned the steer in question, and that one evening he saw him in his pasture when he attended to his stock, and the following morning when he went out he missed him. He thought at first that he might have fallen into the ditch, but not finding him, he went around the fence, and finally found his tracks going out of the gate and down the road towards Richmond, followed by the tracks of a man who was evidently driving him. He got his horse and followed in hot haste, but the steer had evidently been stolen early in the night, and he did not overtake him until he got to town; there, after some hunting, he found him in the possession of a butcher, who claimed to have bought him from the negro in question.

The butcher himself was sworn, and testified that early one morning the prisoner drove the steer up to his gate, claiming it to be his, and stating that he wanted some money very badly, in consideration of which he, the butcher, gave him $15 for the steer.

The other witnesses were two men who happened to be present, and who identified the prisoner as the person who sold the butcher the steer, and the policeman who made the arrest, and who testified to something which the commonwealth's attorney called "a confession."

I asked for several instructions, which the judge, very unjustly, as I thought at that time, refused positively to give. I am bound to say now that my views upon this matter have become modified by time. I cross-examined the witnesses with much severity. Then the commonwealth's attorney made a few remarks, stating that it was not necessary to make a speech, as the evidence was all one way. And then I entered upon my argument.

I made what I deemed a very able and eloquent defence. I charged all five witnesses with perjury, and proved it to my complete satisfaction. The jury, I am bound to say, were flattering in their attention. Only a few of them dozed. When I closed, the commonwealth's attorney rose, and commented upon my argument in a way which came very near bringing on a personal collision in court between him and myself.

Then the jury retired, and returned so promptly that I felt a glow of enthusiasm that they should have hesitated so short a time, even after my able defence. The clerk took the indictment and read the verdict:

"We, the jury, find the prisoner guilty, and sentence him to the penitentiary for ten years."

I was scarcely able to believe my own senses. I arose immediately, and, with some heat, moved to set the verdict aside on the ground that it was contrary to the evidence. This the judge refused to do, and I excepted. My client never blinked; he simply sat immobile as ever; but I was outraged. I turned to him and said,

"Well, I did the best I could for you."

He grunted, but did not look at me, and I felt that he was overcome with emotion at what I had done for him, and said:

"The only thing for us to do now is to get an appeal. I will take it up to the higher court, and fight it through for you. But it will take some money, because there are costs, and of course you ought to pay me a fee if you can. Have you got any money at all?"

Without looking at me, he said, "Nor, suh; ef I had, I'd 'a' got me a lawyer"!

I have become satisfied that he ought to have gone to the penitentiary, but the sheriff informed me afterwards that he got out of jail that night. THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

LAMENTABLE LACK OF ENTERPRISE.

"LET me have three fingers of whiskey," he said to the clerk of a drug store in a Kansas town.

"I can't," replied the clerk, who did not know the customer. "This is a prohibition State."

"I can't get a drink of whiskey, eh?"

"No, sir; not without a physician's prescription, when it is to be used as a medicine."

"Is there no emergency at all in which you would be permitted to dispense a small quantity of whiskey without that formality—a case of life and death, for instance?"

"Why, yes," replied the clerk. "I suppose if a man were to be bitten by a rattlesnake, and it would require some time to go to a doctor and get a prescription, in that case it might be allowable to give him whiskey."

"Do you know where I could find a snake?" was the next question.

"Why, no," replied the clerk, greatly surprised at the query.

"Well," commented the thirsty one, with a great deal of disgust in his tone, "it seems to me that if this drug store had any enterprise it would keep a rattlesnake on hand for use in cases of emergency."

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

"HOW DOES YO' LIKE YO' HEAD?"

THE poor old lady had never ridden in a railroad train before, and now she was making the long journey from New York to Chicago. She asked me for my sympathy.

"My son is in the smoking-place," said she. "He only laughs at my fears. But I have read of all the horrid accidents in the papers, and I am sure we shall all be plunged into eternity. Are you not afraid? This train goes so fast. I cannot think what keeps it on the track. My son would take a fast train. 'If you've got to die, you may as well die with a rush,' he says. You would almost think he wanted to be killed. Oh, you only say that to soothe me; but I am not to be deceived. It's reckless to run cars so fast. I know it cannot be done with safety. There! What a lurch! Really, you have taken these trains so often? And did nothing ever happen? And they went so terribly fast, like this? I am sure you ease my mind greatly. I am much obliged to you. I thought it would do me good just to tell how miserable I was. So you have a wife and children, and ain't afraid? I am sure you would not run any risk, and I am glad you comfort me so. There's the colored man. He wants to speak to you."

"Beg yo' pardon, colonel," said the porter. "How does yo' like yo' head?"

"Mercy on me! 'How do you like your head!' What possesses the man?"

"He means how do I want my berth made up. Make it up with my feet toward the engine, porter, please."

"Oh, I see! Dear me! I'll never dare to go to bed. I shall sit up the whole night, dressed and ready for whatever happens."

"No; don't feel that way. There is no danger. Retire just as you would at home, and you will fall asleep and forget your fears."

"Really? Well, I will follow your advice. You cannot think how you have calmed me."

"I shall undress and sleep like a baby. Porter, leave the window open at the foot of my berth, and leave the screen in."

"Yes, sir. Say, colonel, you's right havin' yo' feet made to'ds de enjyne. Dat's how I allus tell de passengers. 'Feet to'ds de enjyne is de safes' way ebery time,' says I."

"Safest way?" echoed the old lady. "Goodness sakes! How do you mean it's safest?"

"It's easy to see, I kin assure yo', ma'am. Ef yo's sleepin' feet fust, why dar yo' is; but ef yo're sleepin' wid yo' head to'ds de enjyne, den when dis yer train smashes into some other train, yo' is flung right agin yo' head, an' yo' neck is broke jist like it was a straw."

"Mercy on me! Are we going to smash into some other—"

"No, ma'am; I didn't say we was a-goin' to. All I say is it's best to be prepared. I've been running on dis yer road twenty-two year, and I've seen 'leven kerlisions, an' every time de folks what's killed is de folks which gits chucked agin their heads. Only last week, in de accident at Osceola which I were in, a stout lady like you, she—"

But the porter addressed a vacant place. The old lady had fled in search of her son.

JULIAN RALPH.



ABSENCE OF MIND.

THEY paused just at the crossing's brink.
Said she, "We must turn back, I think."
She eyes the mud. He sees her shrink,
Yet does not falter,
But recollects with fatal tact
That cloak upon his arm—in fact,
Resolves to do the courtly act
Of good Sir Walter.

Why is it that she makes no sound,
Staring aghast as on the ground
He lays the cloak with bow profound?
Her utterance chokes her.
She stands as petrified, until,
Her voice regained, in accents chill
She gasps, "*I'll thank you if you will*
Pick up my cloak, sir!"

OLIVER HERFORD

REDUCED SALARIES VERY PROBABLE.

At the time of the strike of the engineers on the elevated road in New York, I had a part in bringing the representatives of the engineers and the late Cyrus W. Field, a director in the elevated company, to a meeting that resulted in a quick understanding between the conflicting interests and an ending of the strike. Mr. Field was so pleased with the fairness of the committee representing the engineers with whom he had to deal that he invited them at once to dine with him at Delmonico's, an invitation which their representatives declined for them, fearing that its acceptance might be misunderstood. Mr. Field, however, continued to feel that he wished to extend some social courtesy to the employés of the elevated road, and at a later date, when he was all-powerful in that corporation, he issued a formal invitation to employés to a reception at his house. To a large number the initials "R. S. V. P." on the lower corner of the invitation were a great mystery, and, as the story goes, the invited compared notes and sought an explanation of them. At last one bright young man announced that he had discovered what they meant, and he explained to the others that "R. S. V. P." stood for "Reduced salaries very probable." WILLIAM O. MCDOWELL.

A BOY'S AMBITION.

THERE is, as a rule, nothing more lofty than the ambition of a boy of five who has looked carefully over the whole range of human endeavor and made up his mind what he is going to be. A lad of that observant age known to all of his kind as "goin' on six" was asked the other day if he expected to become a lawyer like his father.

"Oh no," said he with a positive shake of his head. "I'm going to be a captain of a big ship, and I'll sail out west and bombard the Indians on the plains."

DOGBERRY IN TEXAS.

DOWN in southwestern Texas, just about midway between Houston in the east and El Paso in the west, and very near to the Rio Grande, the Southern Pacific Railway has built over the Pecos River the highest bridge in the United States. Indeed its height of 320 feet is only exceeded by two bridges in the world—one in the Andes of Peru, and the other in the Himalaya Mountains. Just before this bridge was finished one of the workmen fell from it, and was of course killed. The county judge was summoned from Langtry, the town nearest to the bridge, to hold a "crowner's quest." The judge arrived with a great concourse of people, all anxious to serve on the jury. Proceedings were begun by examining the body of the dead man. Upon this were found a loaded revolver and forty dollars in cash. Perceiving these the judge said:

"There ain't nothing to do about this case, gentlemen of the jury. The man's dead, and it's perfectly plain how he met his death. But what I want to know is, what was he doing with that gun? That's agin the laws of Texas. He ain't here to explain, but because a man takes it into his head to put on wings and mount to the skies is no reason why the great State of Texas should be defrauded. Law is law, and justice is justice. I fine him forty dollars for carrying a deadly weapon."

It is needless to say that the fine was paid.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

SOMETHING NEW.

THE man who is ambitious quite
To do some thing that's rare to-day
Should sit him down at once and write
A really funny comic play.

CARLYLE SMITH.

AN OBJECT OF SOLICITUDE.

MY! but this young man is taking pains with himself.

It is excusable. He is going on an important errand.

So very important?

To him, yes. He is going to ask her to marry him.

So? His preparations seem to be most deliberate.

It is best to be deliberate when one has plenty of time.

And he does not seem at all perturbed, either.

Yet he might well be, for he feels sure she will take him.

And how does he know that?

The evidence confronts him at this moment.

You mean that he is irresistible.

Is he not?

Not to all women.

He is not going to ask all women, but only one.

And does he love her?

Who can tell?

Does he want to marry her?

He thinks so.

But why so, if it is not certain that he loves her?

Because, among other reasons, he has made pretty sure that she loves him.

And is that enough?

He thinks that will do to begin with.

Why, that is odd.

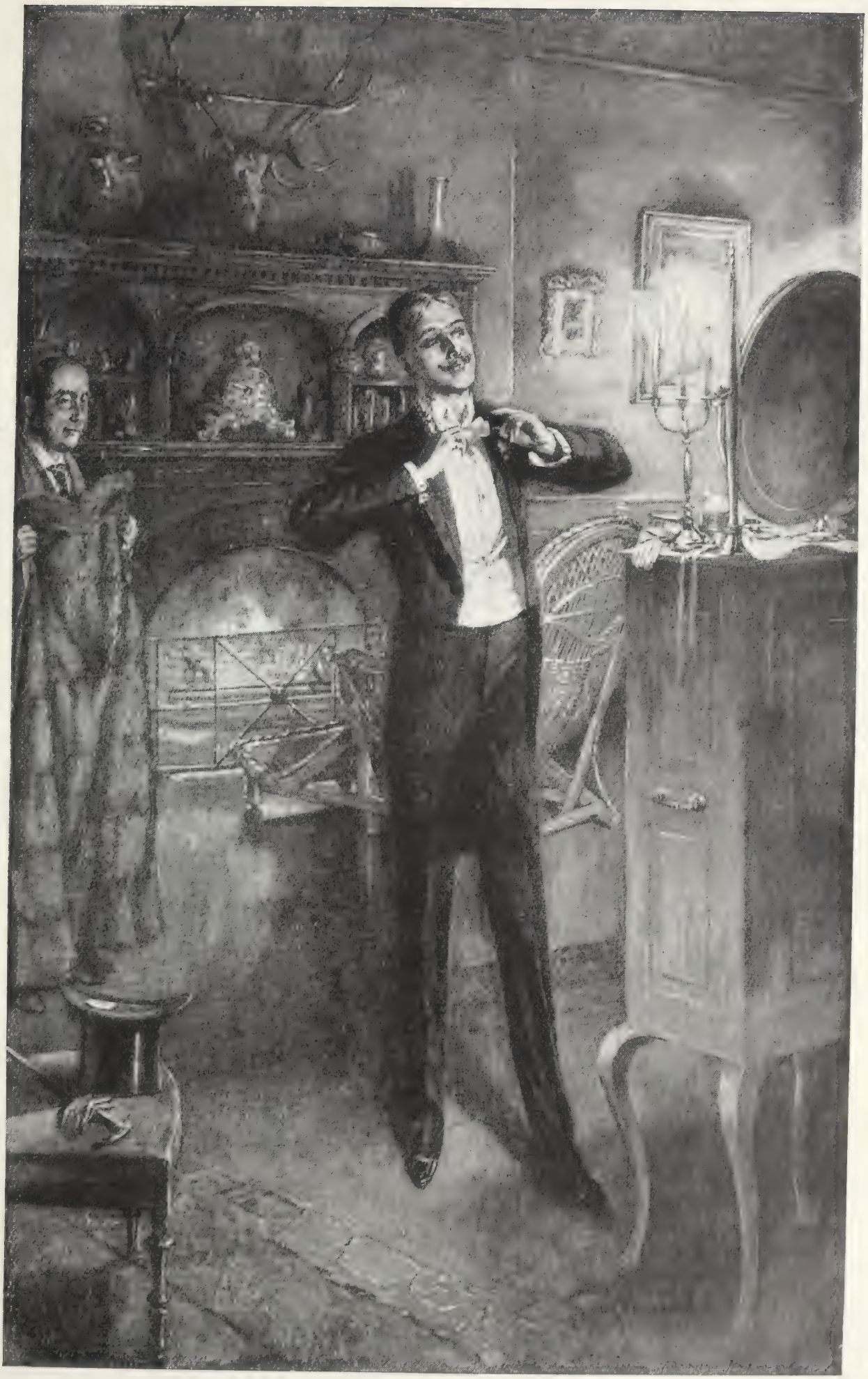
Oh no. He feels that two persons of opposite sexes and of suitable ages, conditions, and estates, who are both engrossed in the same object, might just as well be married.

And he is the object, is he?

Yes, he is the object.

And a calm, complacent object, truly.

Yes; and considering how pleasing and decorative an object he is, do you not think that his wits work pretty well? E. S. M.



THE MARINER AND THE BOY.

"I SUPPOSE," said Tommy, as he seated himself at the mariner's side—"I suppose you've seen plenty of cannibals in your day."

"Plenty ain't the word, my boy," the old sea-dog replied, lighting his pipe and puffing vigorously. "Plenty ain't no suitable description of the cannibals I've seed in my day. Slews is the term that's fittin'—slews—an' if you knows your English as you'd ought to, you knows that slews means more'n anybody else has seed, an' some to spare. I've seed 'em in all colors, red, white, blue, an' yaller, green, pink, and twice as yaller."

"I'm glad I never saw any," said Tommy—"that is, I am if they really eat little boys."

"They don't," said the mariner, with a positive shake of his head. "They don't never eat no boys, an' whoever says they does never knew a cannibal intimate like the way I did."

"Aren't boys good to eat?" asked Tommy.

"Not as I knows on," said the mariner. "I 'ain't never eat any; but that ain't the p'int. What's the use of wastin' food? That's the p'int with cannibals. When cannibals gets hold of a boy, they says, first of all, what do he weigh? Then they weighs him, and they finds, most likely, as how he tips the scales at fifty pound. 'Keep him ten years,' says the cannibals, 'an' he'll weigh one hundred and fifty pound, an' then we'll talk about eatin' him. They ain't no use in losin' one hundred pounds of good eatin' through bein' impatient,' says they. 'We can wait,' says they; an' as it don't cost nothin', they do wait."

"It costs lots of money to keep little boys," said Tommy. "I know that because I heard my papa say it, and he always tells the truth."

"He don't know nothin' about what we're talkin' about," said the mariner, impatiently. "He 'ain't never known no cannibals intimate like the way I has, an' all he knows about bringin' up boys is his own way, not the cannibals' way; an' when I says it don't cost the cannibals nothin', I mean just what I says, which is why I says what I says the way I says it. *It don't cost the cannibals nothin' to wait.*"

Here the mariner glared at Tommy, as if defying him to contradict him again.

"Cannibals don't send boys to school, an' they don't buy 'em clothes, an' they don't have to pay no board an' lodgin' bills," the old man continued; "so they don't cost the cannibals nothin' in a state of waitin', which is why they don't eat 'em, but let's 'em wax fat as is fittin'. An' it was that as saved me. I was cast away on a cannibal island on my first v'yidge, wherein I was nothin' but a cabin-boy of seven years of age, goin' on eight. I'd run away from home, despisin' 'rithmetic an' caster-ile, on which I was bein' brought up by a strict parent. I took ship with Capt'n Wilkins of the steam-brig *Maria*, tradin' in oranges between Pattygonia an' the Sandwich Islands."

"Did you live in Patagonia?" asked Tommy.

"Not as I knows on," said the mariner.

"Then you got aboard at the Sandwich Islands," suggested Tommy.

"I did not," said the old sea-dog. "I got aboard at Pattygonia, havin' run away from my New England home, an' hid myself in a freight car loaded with three-dollar shoes, plyin' 'tween my home an' South America. It was a long ride, an' a stuffy, but I got through, and when I heard the brakeman call out 'Pattygonia; all out,' I rose up from the packin'-box I'd been a-settin' on for two months, an' walked out o' the door fresh as you please. The conductor seen me, and says, 'Jack, me boy, where's your ticket?' which, knowin' as I'd broke the laws o' the land stealin' a free ride, I made no answer to, but rushed off to the docks, an' jumped aboard the steam-brig *Maria*, which was just castin' off for the Sandwich Islands, 'nd I wasn't none too soon, for the conductor was right on to my heels, and a minute more would o' lost me. The brig warn't more'n ten feet from the dock when I jumped, an' I landed right in the middle o' the fo'castle, while the conductor, jumpin' short, fell into the water."

"Was he drowned?" asked Tommy.

"I never knowed," said Jack. "We didn't write to one another. I think most likely as how he was, because I 'ain't never seen him since. But to come back to business. The minute I lands on the fo'castle up jumps the mate with a terrible remark which I 'aint never even whispered to myself, an' makes after me with a rope's-end. I howls, and up comes the cap'n. 'Avast there!' says he, to which I made reply, 'I will, sir'; an' lookin' in his face, seen at once that he was my old schoolmate Bill Evans, who'd run away, like me, an' never been heard on since."

"'Bill,' says I, 'don't you know me?'

"'Jack, as I live!' says he."

"I thought you were only a boy then, Jack," interrupted Tommy. "How could the captain be your schoolmate?"

"If I didn't hate your imperence," said Jack, with a terrible frown, "I'd say as how I likes that. Boy, where did you get your manners, a-interruptin' me in that cool way like? When I says Bill Evans was my schoolmate, I means as how Bill Evans was my schoolmate, as he was. Me an' him wasn't the same ages, o' course. He didn't begin his schoolin' till he was over twenty. So he says, 'Jack, as I lives!' 'Bill Evans too!' says I. 'Well, well!'

"We clasps each other in our arms, an' goes down into the cabin, an' there we sets fer two hours, talkin' over old times, at the end of which Bill, who never could learn to write, makes me his privit sectarian, to the jealousy of the mate, an' so raisin' the hatrid of the crew, 'specially the steersman, who ran us on to the cannibal island through disobeyin' orders to get even with Bill.

"'Here's a mess,' says Bill, as we struck head on. 'It's a reg'lar kettle o' fish.'



A MATTER OF IDIOM.

"Have you been long in New York, Count?"
"No, Mistaire Parslow. I have been very short in New York. America is one great expense."

"'An' poor fish at that,' says I. An' hardly was the words out o' my mouth when down came the cannibals, an' we was pris'ners.

"'What you doin' here?' asks the king.

"'We're the marketin',' says Bill. 'An' we hopes as how you'll find us tough an' send us back.'

"'You'll do for lunch,' retorts the king. 'I'll eat the first mate as an appetizer, an' the boy we'll keep for my birthday party.'

"Sayin' which, he grabs the mate an' eats him raw, an' Bill he was plumped into the kettle to boil. Me he lays over, an' feeds me well on oranges an' other fattenin' fruit for two years, when 'long comes a missionary an' converts him the day before his birthday party—wherein I was to be the chief article of food—much to my delight, whereon I takes ship in the missionary's gunboat, and settles down to be a sailor, which was lucky for me."

"And the poor captain died?" asked Tommy.

"He was eat," said Jack, solemnly.

"Poor Bill!" sighed Tommy. "It must have hurt him awful."

"No," said Jack, rising to depart. "It didn't hurt Bill Evans. He was too tough to hurt, Bill was; but it hurt the king a-ruinin' of his teeth an' destroyin' his digestion for weeks. Bill Evans was too strong an argyfier to agree with no cannibal king."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

MRS. GUSHINGTON: "Oh! oh! what a lovely, *lovely* picture! so true, so . . ."
OUR ARTIST: "Wait a bit, Mrs. Gushington—it's wrong side up . . . let me put it right first! . ." (*does so*).
MRS. GUSHINGTON (*unabashed*): "Oh! oh! oh! why, *that* way it's even more lovely still!"



VILLA D'ESTE, AT TIVOLI.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVII. JULY, 1893. No. DXVIII.

ITALIAN GARDENS.

BY CHARLES A. PLATT.

Part I.

THE first steps of one interested in the formal style of landscape architecture should be directed to Italy, where at the time of the Renaissance the great gardens which have ever since served as models of this method of design came into existence, the form they took being the natural outgrowth of the architecture and art of the period. While the other arts of the Italian Renaissance have been exhaustively treated in various forms and languages, there is no existing work of any great latitude treating the subject of gardens, the only one of importance being that of Percier and Fontaine.* This is an elaborate book by two Frenchmen who studied the subject, and published, in the early part of this century, a series of plates representing the ground-plans and several views of each of the important Italian villas. Their work was one largely of research and restoration, the result of studying the history of the gardens and the existing designs of their various architects. The outcome of such treatment is that their work fails to give a fair idea of the existing state of the villas. The views from different points of the gardens are so freely treated as to leave one familiar with them in much doubt as to their ever having looked as they are represented, and they are misleading, to say the least, to one who has never seen the gardens. The art of photography has been perfected since their treatment of the subject, and the object of the present writer has been by its means to illustrate, as far as possible, the existing state of the more important gardens in Italy, leaving out the matter of research altogether, since a more profitable study of the subject can be made as the result of these reproductions of nature, and it is quite possible (by making a careful study of all the gardens as a whole) to come to certain conclusions as to the fundamental principles which guided the original designers.

The gardens existing to-day have all passed through a variety of changes. Some of them have gone almost to ruin through neglect or difference of taste in their owners, and, with one or two exceptions, those which are at present the most carefully kept up have suffered the most severely from the changing fashion of the time. However, in almost all of them there is something of their best time which, either by reason of the great difficulty of alteration or from some other cause, has been allowed to remain. It has been attempted in the illustrations here given to reproduce these traits and such others as seem good in themselves.

It should be said here that the word "villa" is used in the Italian sense, im-

* *Choix des plus célèbres Maisons de Plaisance de Rome et ses Environs.* Par Percier et Fontaine. Paris, 1824.

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VILLA LANTE—A PAVILION.

plying all the formal parts of the grounds arranged in direct relation to the house, the house itself being as much a part of it as the garden or the grove.

The evident harmony of arrangement between the house and surrounding landscape is what first strikes one in Italian landscape architecture—the design as a whole, including gardens, terraces, groves, and their necessary surroundings and embellishments, it being clear that no one of these component parts was ever considered independently, the architect of the house being also the architect of the garden and the rest of the villa. The problem being to take a piece of land and make it habitable, the architect proceeded with the idea that not only was the house to be lived in, but that one still wished to be at home while out-of-doors; so the garden was designed as another apartment, the terraces and groves still others, where one might walk about and find a place suitable to the hour of the day and feeling of the moment, and still be in that sacred portion of the globe dedicated to one's self.

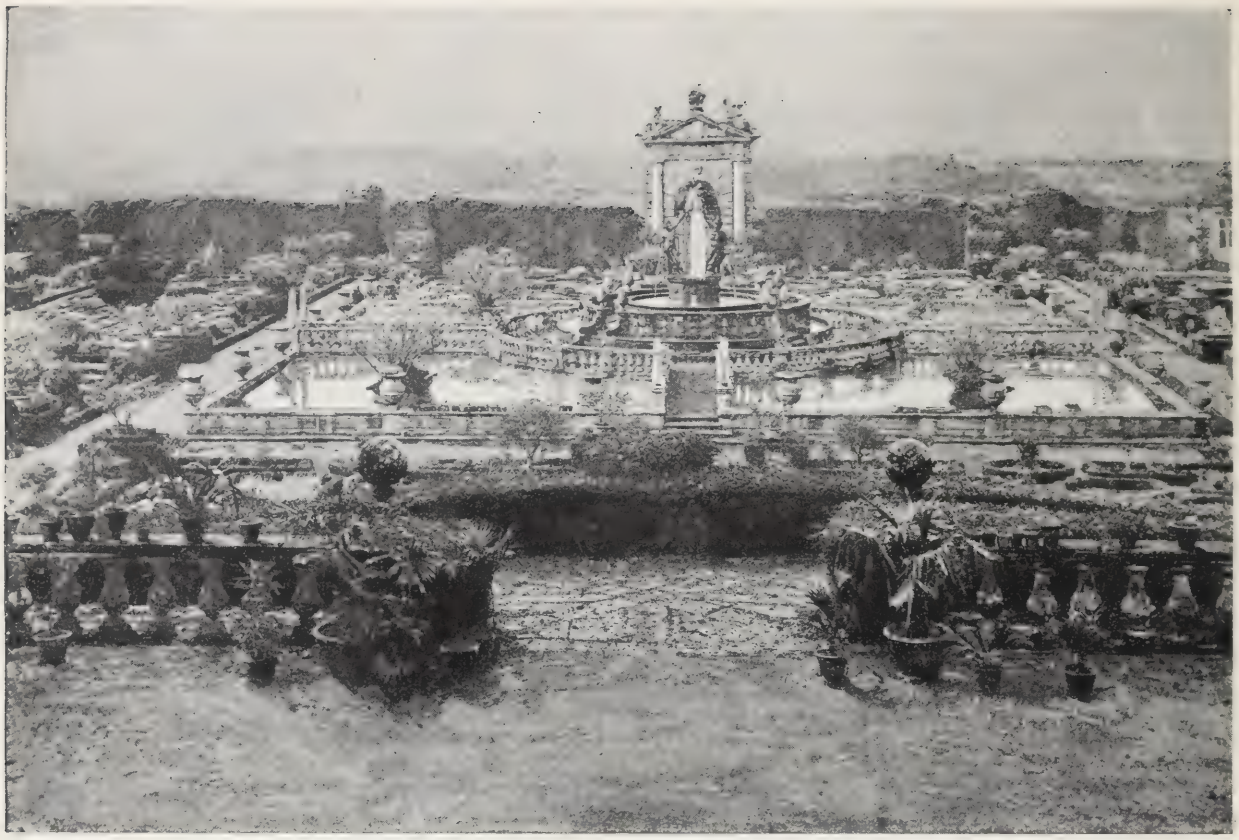
VILLA LANTE.

The most complete example of the Italian villa, that is, the one best preserving its original form, is the Villa Lante, at Bagnia, not far from Viterbo. This, like all the great villas, was the work of several designers carried through the lives of several owners, but the most important part was from the designs of Vignola, and enough completed in his lifetime to give his stamp to the whole. While a considerable part of the park has been allowed to go to decay, the house and gardens and all that part of the design known as the "villa" have been kept up, and probably to-day present a better idea of the Renaissance garden than does any other in Italy.

The flower garden of the Villa Lante is southwest from the house, or rather houses, there being two, one for domestic purposes and the other for entertain-

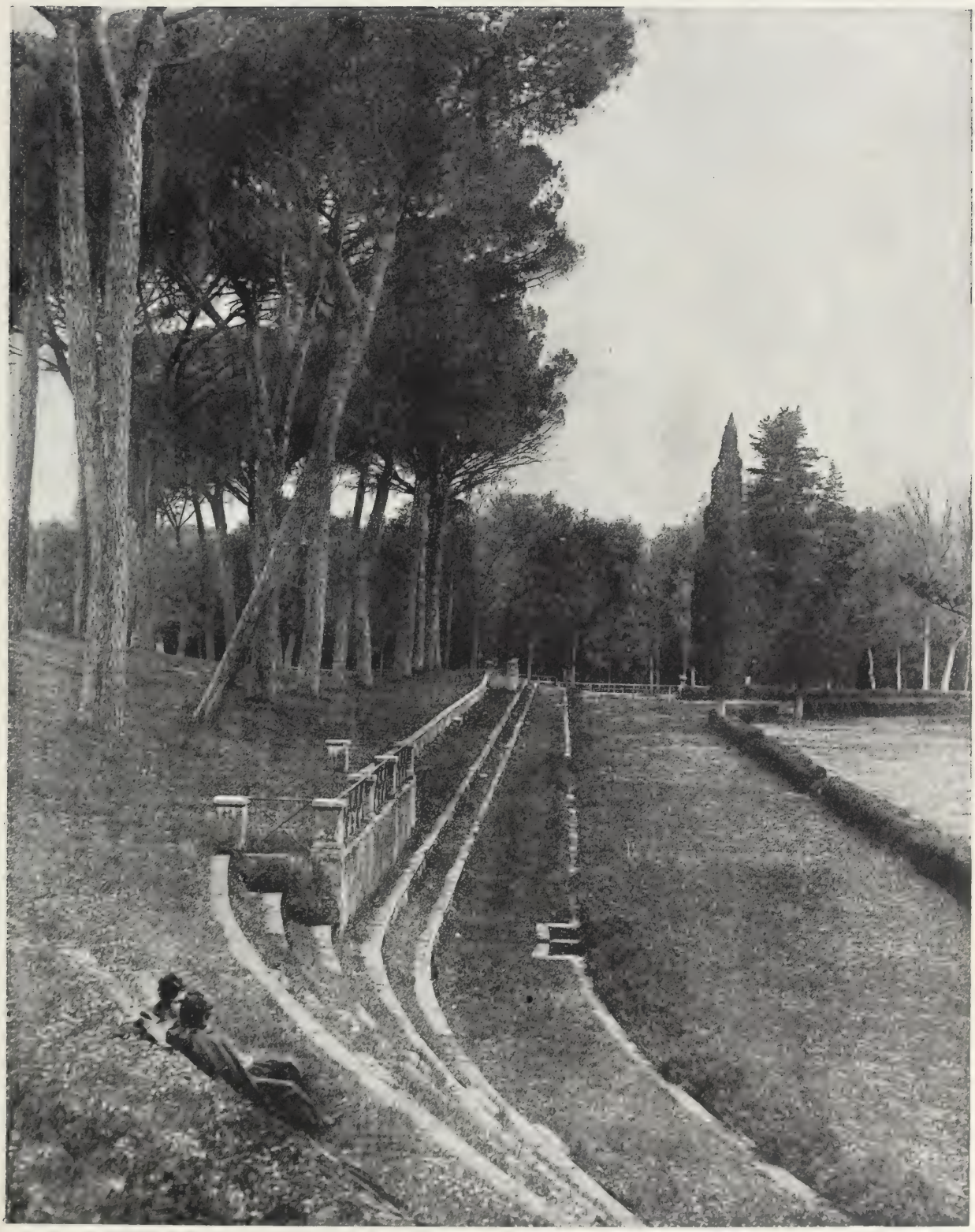


CENTRAL FOUNTAIN, VILLA LANTE.



VILLA LANTE—THE FOUNTAIN AND FLOWER GARDEN FROM THE TERRACE.

ments. These are at either end of the terrace which overlooks the garden. The principal street of the town leads directly up to the gate, upon entering which one finds one's self in the midst of a profusion of flowers, and facing a fountain which makes the central feature of the garden. The fountain consists of a group of bronze figures on a circular base surrounded by four large basins, which receive the falling water. Looking beyond the fountain, the eye is led, by means of a series of terraces and fountains between the two houses, to the highest part of the land; this is thickly covered with trees, which form a background for the architectural features. The garden proper covers about an acre of ground, but so large a space is taken up by the fountain and its surrounding embellishments that the actual space for planting is much less than one would imagine. A magnificent box hedge, very dense and high, protects the garden on the north and west, the south being open and overlooking the extensive campagna. Making a part of the eastern wall is the orangerie—a building which forms a very necessary part of every garden in Italy—wherein the orange-trees and the tender plants grown in pots are stored in winter. The important paths of the "parterre" are marked by small box hedges, accented at the corners by large orange-trees in pots. Two stone staircases lead to the terrace which connects the houses. Another fountain marks the centre of this terrace, and the whole is shaded by large sycamore-trees; and here, between the garden and the wood, the family live. If they wish sunshine, they turn one way; and if cool and shade and the sound of running water, the other; though, for that matter, there is no place in the villa where the trickling of a fountain may not be heard. Another series of staircases, combined with fountains, leads up from this terrace to a walk on either side of the water-course conducting the water from the upper fountains to those we have just passed. At the top is the "bosquet" or grove, and in its centre, flanked by two most beautiful pavilions, is the reservoir. This is, in its turn, enclosed in a kind of court of Doric columns, supported on pedestals and connected by balustrades. It will be seen that here the main features of the Italian villa are found in much



PIAZZA DI SIENA, VILLA BORGHESE.



FLOWER GARDEN, VILLA PAMFILI.

of their original perfection, namely, the house, the flower garden, the terrace, the grove, the fountains, and the water system; and a general study of other villas will show that their different dispositions are the result of harmoniously combining these different parts with the natural formation of the land. If any prominence is given to one or the other of these features, it is suggested by some natural cause. The Villa Lante is built on gently rising ground, and there is less terracing here than in the sites usually selected for Italian villas. In no other, however, are there so many important characteristics still to be found. Moreover, the arrangement is so compact, and the relation of one part to another is so obvious, that they seem to justify its selection as the starting-point in the study of Italian gardening; not because it is the most important or the most beautiful, but because it serves best as a key by the aid of which one can go to the less perfect villas, and better understand their probable arrangement.

VILLA BORGHESE.

In Rome the most important villa, on account of its size, is the Borghese; but here very little now remains beyond the main forms of the original plan. Especially that *intime* portion of the gardens immediately surrounding the house has been allowed to go to decay. There is no large flower garden making a feature in itself, though at the time the villa was kept up a great many flowers were grown throughout the place, and there were several small flower gardens of minor importance. There were two of these of especial interest, one at either end of the casino, but nothing now remains of them but the high walls by which they were enclosed, and some traces of the fountains. Beyond the fine avenue and walks, the one feature of interest in the Borghese at present is the Piazza di Siena — the old race-course—and how much of this may be the result of change it is difficult to know. It is, however, so delightful

now that one does not care to be too curious about its past. Its shape is oblong, the sides gently terraced by stone steps (now greatly overgrown with grass), and at the end are a fountain and a magnificent walk of old ilex-trees. On the two long sides, behind the steps, are rows of very fine stone-pines. In early summer this is a favorite resort of the people, who come to sit on these grassy steps and to walk about on the lawn. Although there are now no races, I have seen quite enough of a gathering here to give an idea of its ancient look on a gala-day. No more charming theatre for an out-door entertainment, either equestrian or athletic, could possibly be imagined.

VILLA PAMFILI.

Of the Villa Pamfili the flower garden is all that has kept its original form, and here the details of the arrangement of the "parterre" have been quite changed, and are now very much too hard and cut up. The disposition of the house in relation to the garden is somewhat similar to that at Lante, the house making a part of the terrace which overlooks it, the difference being that there is here but one house facing the centre of the garden, instead of one at either end. The garden occupies an enormous space at the south of the house, its west end being cut out of the side of a hill and walled in, and its east end forming a terrace. To see this garden to advantage one should be either in it or in the house, as from a distance the boxlike form of the building offends one's sense of proportion. The original scheme of the architect was never carried out, if we are to believe an old print, which adds two long wings to the house, and gives, in connection with it, an admirable arrangement of trees, which would have vastly improved the general effect. What remain of the old garden are its fine proportions, the walls and gates at the west, and the beautiful staircases and balustrades at the south and east. The central fountain has been removed, and the only water there now is in the basin at the enclosed end. The arrangement of the flower beds is made up of scroll-work in box or gravel, but there are no fine large forms, such as should surround this smaller work. The result is that the paths are everywhere too obvious, and the hardness of the design offends one at every turn. There is a fine avenue of ilexes at the west end of the garden; and there was once, at the south, an elaborate system of hedges, plantations, and ar-



A CYPRESS HEDGE, VILLA ALBANI GARDENS.



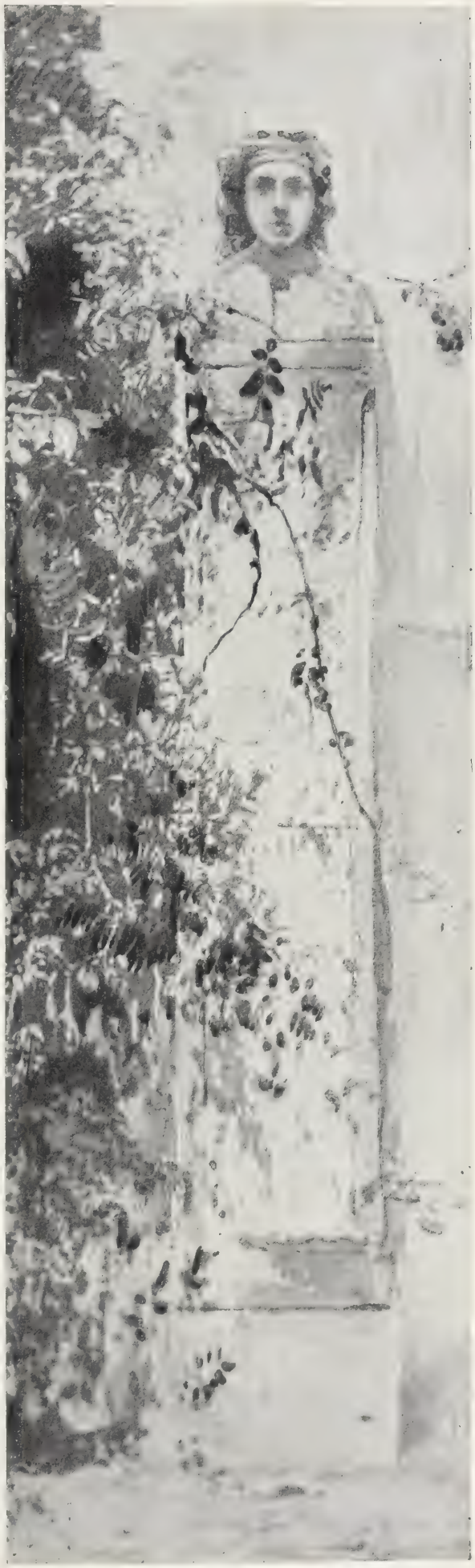
HEDGE WALK, QUIRINAL GARDENS.

chitecture leading the eye off into the distance. This has now all been done over in the English manner, with irregular clumps of trees, and wide stretches of lawn, quite out of harmony with the formal plan of the villa.

VILLA ALBANI.

The Villa Albani was made at the end of the eighteenth century, and consequently the architecture is very florid in character. Though the general plan is a good one, the prominence given to the architecture makes the effect of the whole hard, and particularly so on account of the paucity of the planting. The flower garden has no flowers in it! or such, at least, is its effect. The garden is so placed—being sunk between the house and a pavilion which encloses its end—that it is impossible not to look down upon it. This is the usual placing of Italian flower gardens; but to look well under these conditions very full planting is absolutely necessary. Here one looks down and sees nothing but scroll-work in box, and great varieties of colors in gravel and sand occupying spaces that should be filled with flowers, all the efforts of the gardener going to make a permanent effect and to preserve his design at any cost, the result being the reverse of that looked for in a flower garden, the design, indeed, being made altogether unpleasant by its hardness. The other features of the Villa Albani have not suffered as the garden has, and the ilex walk leading from the south wing of the house is unusually fine, being slightly elevated above the house, and approached by a handsome flight of steps. In this walk there are some very interesting statuary and old Roman tables. The cypress hedges at the south of the garden are as fine as anything in Italy. They are admirably arranged with columns at intervals; these, with statuary, make a fine contrast by means of their deep, green background. The entrance to the villa is somewhat weak, but it leads to an interesting circle of stone-pines surrounding a high column. The weakness lies in the fact that one's eye is not led beyond this, and that there is no evident avenue of approach to the house.

The interest in the plan of the villa Albani lies in the fact that the ground



HERMES, COLONNA GARDENS.



THE COLONNA FLOWER GARDENS.

it covers is very nearly flat, the garden alone being lower than the rest of the villa. The architect had none of the advantages of a site naturally interesting in itself, and no natural formation in the landscape to suggest treatment, so that the design is specially worthy of study as a pure creation.

GARDENS OF THE QUIRINAL.

The royal gardens are an interesting study, as showing what time may do in completely changing the character of such work. It is one of the few gardens in Rome which have nearly always been kept up. It was originally laid out in a very open manner, being chiefly cut up in squares by low hedges, with fountains, flowers, statuary, and a few ilex walks. These hedges and trees are now grown to such a height that they need only a roof to make complete apartments. In some places the hedges of laurel and box and ilex are thirty feet high. Such growth in itself is remarkable, but when one finds it formed into courts connected by long alleys, with doorways and arches cut in green, the effect is extremely fine. There is nothing like it in any of the other gardens. The large open spaces, which were originally planted with flowers, are now made into lawns, and the grass is spotted with shrubs, after the English method. There is one straight alley of old ilex-trees which is fine in its perspective, owing to the character of the old knotted trees and the way in which they have grown into each other at the top; but here the intrusion of the English gardener, with his method of another school, is shown by a weak border of grass. The charm of the place is in the unique character of the hedged apartments and alleys, and this is largely the result of overgrowth. There are some fine pieces of sculpture, and a pair of magnificent Greek vases, which, if they were better placed, would appear to much greater advantage.

COLONNA GARDENS.

For a flower garden, pure and simple, there is none more charming in Italy than the Colonna. In the very heart of

Rome, it is so concealed that one might pass it a hundred times without suspecting its existence. The palace is at the foot of a hill, and is separated from the garden by a sunken street and terraces. The street is crossed by several bridges, and in looking from the palace to the terraces is entirely invisible.

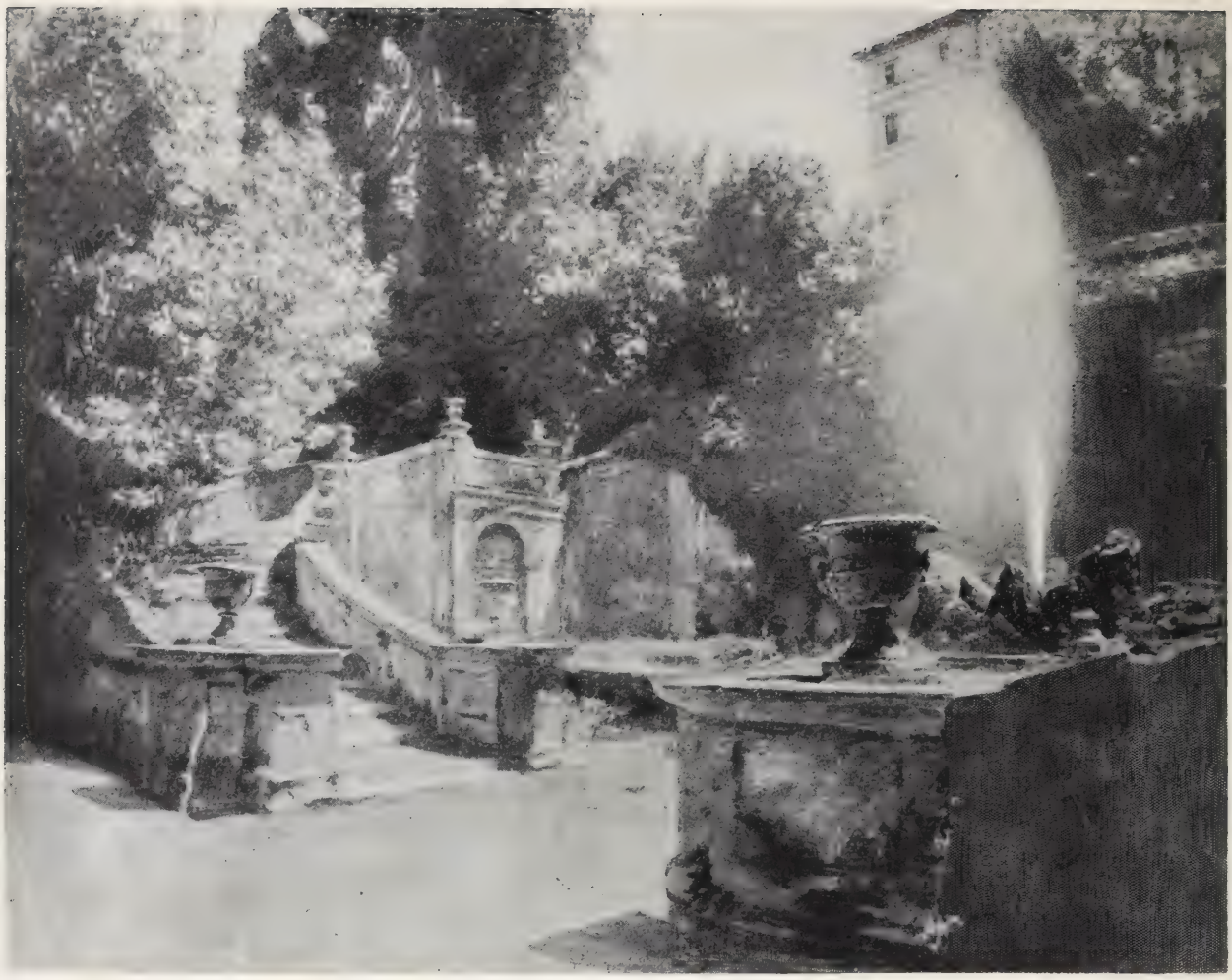
The hill is very abrupt, and one is led through ilex walks and up stairways, along terraces, to the flower garden at its very top. The garden, however, is not in so unsheltered a position as this might seem to indicate, being protected at the south by a high hedge. An iron gateway at an opening in this hedge forms the entrance to the garden, and on passing through this, one is immediately in the midst of a most beautiful mass of bloom, where all growing things seem at their best. The arrangement of the garden is very simple, the paths all radiating, like the spokes of a wheel, from a central basin. The beds are slightly elevated above the walks, and their borders of box form the borders of the paths; the area covered is about half an acre, but so admirable is the plan and so compact the planting that it seems much larger, one sees no paths except that upon which he is standing, seeming always to be surrounded by a great profusion of flowers, with just enough of formality to give them their value.

There is no architectural feature in this garden beyond the basin in its centre, which is sufficiently low to receive the reflection of the growth about it. The garden owes its charm—which is very great—to its very simple design and the admirable planting. It is enclosed on the east and west by high walls covered with vines; at their bases are several tiers of steps with flower-pots.

The Colonna, for its size, is by no means important in comparison with others of the well-known gardens, but it is most instructive in its simplicity and charm when contrasted with such gardens as Albani and Pamfili, where everything has been lost sight of but the preservation of an elaborate "parterre." The flower garden of this villa is so distinctively itself an interesting feature that it is unnecessary to dwell much upon the rest; though the lower terrace, on a level with the first



THE VILLA MEDICI.



STAIRWAY AND FOUNTAIN, VILLA D'ESTE.

floor of the palace, is also something of a garden, and interesting in itself. It is planted in long tiers, with flowering shrubs bordered by tree-roses, and terminating at the west in a grotto with columns and tall cypresses, and at the east in old statuary half covered with vines and undergrowth.

The side-hill between this and the upper garden was originally occupied by old Roman baths, and the architect has, wherever possible, allowed the mason-work to remain, sometimes forming the old arches into stairways or terraces, and leaving the old brick walls to be covered with vines.

VILLA MEDICI.

The Villa Medici, now the property of the French government, has the most delightful situation in Rome—east of the gardens of Pincio and slightly elevated above them. The entrance to the garden is by a roadway at the left of the villa, and leads immediately into a beautiful grove with straight paths and fountains. Considering its position, this seems really a forest, and one has something of a stroll before reaching the old flower garden behind the villa. Here most of the traces of the flowers and their original arrangement have disappeared, and little is done to keep the place up in its old glory; even the main features of the "parterre" have been changed with a view to economy, and only the general effects produced by the situation and its relations to the other parts of the villa are left.

There is, however, a great charm in the sharp-cut box hedges which surround the flower beds, in contrast with the varied outlines of the grove through which we have just passed. These hedges are so high that one misses the flowers as little as possible, although of course they lead one to pass through the garden, rather than to treat it as a place in which to loiter.

Above the flower garden, to the east, is an architectural terrace leading to an ilex bosquet. This is really the charming feature of the Villa Medici to-day, and



AN OLD ALLEY, VILLA MATTEI.

there is nothing more delightful in Rome. The trees are very old, and although the place is not large, there is such a complete tangled growth that it is impossible to believe that one is within a stone's-throw of a very busy part of the city. At the end of the central paths is an elevated temple, reached by a flight of steps, and the trees surrounding it are so cut as to give a complete view of the city. There are some delightful old seats in the grove, which one abandons with regret when the custodian arrives to close the gates and turn the visitor away.

VILLA MATTEI.

Although this was once one of the most magnificent gardens in Rome, there is very little to be said about this villa in its present state; it has been through a period of great ruin, and the style of gardening in vogue at the time when it was somewhat restored was very much opposed to that upon which it was originally designed. The result is to give its general appearance one without character, and there is no one feature of gardening there now which one could study with profit or interest, except some of the old alleys, which have kept their character through the importance of the trees.

VILLA D'ESTE.

In turning from the gardens of Rome and its immediate environs, the Villa d'Este, at Tivoli, is the most important, and, in fact, if one could study but a single villa in Italy, this should be the chosen one.

In its day it was undoubtedly the finest villa in Italy, and although it is now in a state of great dilapidation and decay, its natural advantages and the great beauty of its situation are such, and the construction of its main features so admirable, that it still remains a noble example of landscape architecture of the Renaissance. Not nearly so large as the Borghese or the Pamfili Villa, every inch of its ground has been utilized to the utmost, and the whole arrangement is compact and complete.

The site of the palace is at the top of an abrupt hill-side, overlooking the Campagna, and the architect's problem lay in the treatment of the extremely abrupt slope, there being no natural flat space except at the bottom of the enclosure, which is still high above the surrounding country.

The palace itself is built on terraces, the court and entrance being three stories higher than the first open terrace in front of the house. Beyond these a most elaborate system of terraces, connected by stairways and fountains, brings one down to the large terrace below. Beyond the magnificent site, the greatest natural advantage of the place is a practically unlimited supply of water. This the architect has used in every conceivable way, and in addition to the great variety of fountains and grottos there is hardly an architectural feature in the villa in which a play of water is not made to form a part. It might be added that they are now to be found in almost every imaginable state of decay. Most of the fountains and other architectural features have long since been stripped of their finest pieces of statuary, and in being thus stripped many of them have lost their *raison d'être.*

The excavations of Hadrian's villa are the mine from which they were originally taken, and they have now, most of them, found their places in museums, being too valuable to be left in a spot so long uninhabited.

The palace is an enormous structure of perfect simplicity of design, its long lines contrasting with the elaborate terraces which support it. The only decoration of its exterior is the doorway and staircases leading to it. This is connected with the rest of the garden by the chief system of fountains and staircases, which lead the eye from the lower terrace to the house. To one looking up from below, the intricate design of this doorway appears like most delicate lace-work in comparison with the extreme simplicity of the otherwise unbroken façade of the house, and in contrast with the deep green of the terrace plantation. Looking down from the upper terrace, one sees through a deep cut in the foliage, over a series of fountains and stairways, the large circular fountain on the lower terrace, surrounded by gigantic cypresses, and beyond this the immense expanse of the Campagna.

There are many cypresses throughout the planting which have now grown to an enormous size. These, with their hard-cut edges and sculpturesque forms and great depth of color, make a wonderful foreground for the infinitely increasing delicacy of the Campagna as it loses itself in the sky at the horizon.

There is no flower garden now at the



PONDS ON THE LOWER TERRACE, VILLA D'ESTE.

Villa d'Este, and such is the overgrowth of hedge plants and shrubs on the lower terrace that one would hardly suspect that here was once an elaborate "parterre." At present one finds no flowers at all, except those which have grown wild, and these are frequently to be found where there should be none. In an arrangement so varied as that at D'Este any opportunity for simplicity was valuable, and one was found in the ponds or canals at the foot of the first line of terraces. The form here is perfectly simple, in long straight lines surrounded by high hedges, now overgrown almost into small forests. These ponds are now comparatively stagnant; but they were originally filled by many jets of water flowing from the vases which marked their borders. At present, of course, only the general form is left, and though that is still fine, the great overgrowth of the surrounding hedges naturally dwarfs their effect, and the stairs above them are quite concealed. The old stairway of the Condonata, which was bordered by fountains from top to bottom, is now too overgrown to be seen, and this is the case with many beautiful parts of the villa. While this wildness has given a certain charm of its own to the place, it makes it difficult, if not impossible, to trace much of the original design of the architect.

Many of the architectural features have been restored at unfortunate periods or by unskilful hands, and are now far from being in harmony with the simplicity of the earliest work of the villa. It is where the overgrowth has concealed this sort of thing that time has done so much in making the present charm of the villa.

FRENCH CANADIANS IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE emigration of the French Canadians from the province of Quebec into the United States has become of great importance to two countries. On one side of the border it is regretted and belittled by the party which it threatens with loss of power, while it is utilized by the party that is out of power as evidence that the Conservative government is hostile to the true interests of the Dominion. On the other side of the border the movement is becoming of importance by reason of its present and prospective effects on the industrial and political conditions of the United States. In the Dominion there is felt to be a loss of population whose characteristics are thoroughly known and appreciated. In the United States there is an accession of population with traditions and training that are not in harmony with the institutions under which the new-comers are seeking a home, and with habits and faith at variance with New England life and teachings. It is largely a question of aptitude whether the French Canadians will ever be assimilated to the political and social conditions of that part of the United States into which most of the immigrants have come. The country has received many foreigners, and apparently has absorbed the men of strange races who have landed on our shores utterly untaught in all the methods of self-government, and unconscious of the obligations imposed upon the citizens of a free republic. The Slavs, the Russians, and even the Italians who have recently been flocking to the country are certainly not at first additions to the political intelligence and virtue of our population. Their idea of government is of a power which controls and directs them, but over which they have no influence, and the suggestion that a single vote is of importance to themselves, and effective for improving their own condition, does not appeal to them with any force until they learn that it can be sold. As far as the French Canadian is concerned, it is still a question whether in politics he is not possessed of just that little knowledge which is a dangerous thing. Living all his life under British institutions, which, however, have been but half applied and not at all appreciated in the province dominated by the people of his race, he has come to know how valuable his vote may be in a close contest to one or the other of the candidates, but he has not learned the real importance of conscientious and intelligent action, especially in local affairs.

The French Canadians have been com-



A FAMILY OF HABITANTS ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN NEW ENGLAND.

ing to the United States in great numbers, and for many years. The first who came in sufficiently important numbers to attract attention left their native land in consequence of the results of their rebellion of 1837. They found homes on the borders of Lake Champlain, in northern New York, and in the agricultural regions about the city of Burlington. It was at Burlington that the French Canadians established their first parish in New England, and it was there that they first learned the impossibility of maintaining, in association with Irish Roman Catholics, their church and priesthood as they had been taught to maintain them at home.

It was not, however, until after the civil war that the great popular movement began which has resulted in what many distinguished Canadians, chiefly those opposed to the existing government, delight in calling "the exodus."

The war had so stimulated manufacturing enterprises in New England, and prices were so enormously inflated by reason not only of a debased currency, but of an artificial demand, that the temptation was strong to emigrate from the worn and gradually narrowing farms of Quebec to the busy hives of industry in the republic. It was partly the accident of location, and partly the contrast between the strenuous circumstances of Canada and the forced prosperity of the neighboring States, that led the *habitants* to New England. The New-Englanders were the nearest neighbors of the Québecois, but the stony farms of Vermont and New Hampshire and the forests of Maine did not attract the French yeomanry. Those who fled from the wrath of the English after their defeat in 1837 found homes just across the border, but those who came later looked further south, to the smoking factory stacks of Lowell, Fall River, Providence, and the other busy cotton towns of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Some of the reasons of the large emigration from French Canada have been pointed out in former articles. It is not necessary, therefore, to state them in this paper. Generally it may be said, by way of summing up, that under existing conditions Quebec could not support the population that it would have had to-day if there had not been considerable emigration. It is not that the province does not possess the natural capacity to sustain a population many times its present number, but, with a race of farmers unwilling to open new lands, untaught in scientific methods of agriculture, and with laws and a priestly domination that prevent the sturdiest and most energetic of Europeans from settling in the province, the opportunities for prosperity are now fully utilized.

In a directory of French Canadians published at Lowell, in Massachusetts, a number of interesting facts and statistics are given. The work is known as the *Guide Français*, and is sufficiently well thought of by Father Hamon and other French-Canadian writers to be quoted by them as an authority. According to the *Guide*, the number of French Canadians in the United States in 1891 was 997,596. In New England the enumeration and distribution of French-Canadian population, according to this authority, are as follows:

Maine	52,986
New Hampshire	47,682
Vermont	31,467
Massachusetts	165,325
Rhode Island	37,338
Connecticut	27,598
Total	362,396

This differs somewhat from the total given by Father Hamon, who, in this particular, depends upon the enumeration made by the *curés* of the New England parishes. The compilers of our own census have prepared a statement in answer to a private letter, which shows that the total number of French persons born in Canada, and who were in New England in 1890, was 205,761. While it is true that the statistics of our census are not comparable with the results obtained by the compilers of the *Guide Français*, or by Father Hamon, they tend to verify these results. The totals of the directory and of the reports of the *curés* of the parishes include not only the native French Canadians, but those who are of French-Canadian parentage. Consequently the difference is very slight, and it may be assumed that there are in New England at least 300,000 French Canadians, some of them born in Canada of French-Canadian parents, and some born in the United States. In a work entitled *Les Canadiens-Français de la Nouvelle Angleterre*, Father Hamon gives the number of French-Canadian Catholics in New England in 1891

as 302,659—about one-third of the total Catholic population of the six States. As these statistics are collected by the Church for its own purposes, they are probably nearly accurate. The book, it should be stated, was written for the purpose of enforcing upon the people who had quitted their native parishes the duty of remaining faithful to their Church, and of preserving their language, and their loyal love at least for the country of their ancestors.

In addition to the French Canadians who had settled in New England, Father Hamon says that there are about 100,000 other French Canadians in the northern part of the State of New York and the dioceses of Syracuse and Albany. An interesting and important fact is also mentioned by the reverend writer in connection with the French Canadians who are in New England. He points out that most of the English-speaking Roman Catholics "are concentrated in certain great cities of the East, like Boston, where alone there are 250,000 Catholics; while the Canadians, on the contrary, for the most part establish themselves in the small manufacturing towns, and they already form a majority in several of them." It is not quite clear whether Father Hamon intends to assert that they form a majority of the whole population of these several towns or only of the Catholics.

Continuing, he says, "Finally, these new-comers have built in twenty years one hundred and twenty churches or chapels served by Canadian priests, fifty great convents where the *religieuses* from Canada give to 30,000 children an education that is Catholic and French."

The immigration is important in number and in character. It is worthy of a much closer and more thorough study than has yet been bestowed upon it by the officials whose duty it is to compile the industrial and social statistics of the Federal government and the States. From the vague reports that have been published, it is not possible to reach definite conclusions. It is clear, however, that the mass of the Canadians who are settled in New England are not rapidly becoming proprietors of the soil, their holdings, according to their own reports, being very much below the average per capita assessed valuations in the six States, as appears from the census of 1890. They remain operatives in the mills and factories. A few of them are storekeepers; fewer still are physicians and lawyers. Recently the French-Canadian press in the United States, and especially in New England, has rapidly developed. This is a pretty sure sign that the active politicians are taking a decided interest in the French-Canadian vote, and are prepared to avail themselves of the customary electioneering methods for the purpose of securing it.

In 1887 there were in New England 16,806 French-Canadian voters; in 1889 the number had increased to 28,465; in 1891 it had grown to be 33,663. In every one of the six States, except Vermont, votes equal in number to the solid French-Canadian vote would suffice to reverse the political supremacy if they should be transferred from the prevailing party to the minority. In the Presidential election just held this vote played an important part, especially in Massachusetts. It is said that most of the French Canadians voted for the Democratic candidate because of the injuries inflicted on the farmers of Quebec by the McKinley tariff. However that may be, it is the fact that the French-Canadian vote was a matter of much solicitude to the politicians of both parties, and it is its growing importance in American politics that makes the immigration of interest in this country.

It is perfectly evident that these people are coming with the intention of remaining in this country. At first they came for a season's work in the brickyards, on the farms, or in the lumber camps. When they began to find employment in the factories, their stay was necessarily longer. Even then, however, they hoped to return in a few years, and many of them realized their expectations. Most of these had come for the purpose of earning enough money to pay off encumbrances on their farms, to get even with the world. There were very few of them in the earlier days of the immigration who did not expect to return to their old home in the course of time. The love of the French Canadian for his home is intense. It is the characteristic of his race. He and his kind across the sea cling to barren ancestral acres, although they know no art by which they can be made fruitful. They love the land on which they and their ancestors were born, and they love their relations, and the neighbors among whom they were reared. Their religion, customs, manners, language, are all dearer

to them than are similar ties to the men and women of Teutonic blood. The French Canadian loves Quebec because it is French. When the colony was founded, his attachment to the new land was the more quickly formed because his neighbors also came from the pleasant orchards, farms, and towns of Normandy and Brittany. Their parishes and their lakes and rivers were named from their patron saints. In time the love of the transplanted Frenchman for Quebec came to be as passionate as that which animated the hearts of those who remained at home for the land from which Louis had sent forth his colonists.

It was with great reluctance that any of the French Canadians contemplated the permanent abandonment of their old homes. They came to New England to repair the ravages that time and hard conditions had wrought in their patrimonies. They confidently expected to be able to return in a few years to dwell in plenty in the land from which they had been expelled by the strenuous compulsions of poverty. But time and prosperity have wrought changes. The French Canadian is more content with New England than he was. Many thousands of his compatriots have joined him. He has them for his neighbors. They work by his side in the factory. He buys his food and drink of men of his own race. His parish priest is French. He hears and speaks his native tongue. He is no longer dependent on what seemed to him the cold hospitality of the native New-Englanders. He is no longer exposed to the jealousies of the people of his own faith and of other tongues. The French Canadian in New England is happy. Instead of thinking of returning to Quebec, he is inviting his relatives and neighbors to come to him.

Father Hamon's description of the arrival of a French-Canadian family in America illustrates both the cause and the effect of the movement from the old home to this country.

"A *habitant*," writes the priest, "poor in earthly goods but rich in children, decides to emigrate to the States. The family arrives in a manufacturing centre, say either Lowell, Holyoke, or Worcester. With the father and mother there are eight children of different ages. Every one is clad in homespun made by the housewife. The friends and relatives of the family await them at the station to welcome them. They exchange vigorous hand-shakes and embraces, and then the immigrants are conducted to the quarters which have been prepared for them in advance. Visit the family a year afterwards. You will be surprised by the change which has taken place. The young men, with their woollen clothes, have taken on the *air monsieur*. The girls are well clad, and, most assuredly, ribbons are not lacking in their toilets. Even the grandparents have yielded a little, and accommodate themselves in a measure to the American fashion. Every one appears to be content with his lot. 'One lives very well here,' say they. 'One is well lodged, well warmed, well clad. We have fresh meat every day of the week, and more money at the end of the month than we had in Canada at the end of the whole year.'"

This is a truthful picture of the French Canadian in New England, and a faithful portrayal of the change which, in recent years, has come over the spirit of the immigrant, whose sole purpose in the earlier day was to make what money he needed and return home.

It cannot be said, however, that he is yet assimilated. He remains a distinct being in the community. He tries to preserve his language, his faith, and his social and domestic characteristics. He is struggling against absorption by the mighty mass of strange humanity, of which, notwithstanding the importance of his movement to his own race at home, he remains an inconsiderable part. His priest is with him. Sometimes he comes from Canada, but often he comes from old France. He teaches his parishioners the necessity of preserving their faith and their tongue, and urges them to rear their children in parish schools like those in which they themselves were taught in New France.

"The best method by which the Canadians may preserve their faith," said the Bishop of Springfield, in bestowing his blessing on the parish school at Holyoke, "is to conserve their language, to remain attached to their customs, and to instruct their children in the maternal tongue."

The whole influence of the Church is directed towards the accomplishment of these objects. The zealous heads of the establishment in Quebec see to it that their old communicants shall not live in their



THE HABITANTS AMERICANIZED.

new homes without the spiritual nourishment with which they were provided in their native country from the day of their birth to the day of their departure from the dwellings of their fathers. Cardinal Taschereau speaks of the "means that must be adopted to preserve their faith, in preserving their language and their nationality." Throughout the periodical and more permanent literature of the Church, so far as it relates to the French Canadians, the injunction is inculcated to preserve among the enemies of their religion their manners, national traditions, and language as the most "powerful ramparts of the Catholic faith." How intense, how all-absorbing, is the passion that the Church would implant, may be best illustrated by an extract from Father Hamon's chapter on Nationality. I give the passage in the original, for to translate it would seriously detract from its dignity. The reverend priest, in speaking of the pride of other races in their material prosperity, declares that it is to the pride of nationality that he pays willing homage, and continues:

"*Mais partout sur terre on a droit de porter haut à la tête et le cœur quand on peut dire: 'Moi, j'appartiens à la race qui la première courba le front sous la main du Christ, et qui, pendant quatorze siècles, écrivit avec la plume et l'épée les actes de Dieu en ce monde. Ma patrie c'est la France.'*"

In order to keep the French Canadians firm in their religion and national principles, dioceses have been established in every State in New England. Other dioceses have been founded in other States, and especially in New York, but we are now concerned only with those members of the race who have found homes in New England, because there they constitute the most important percentage of the total population. In the diocese of Burlington (Vermont) there were eight French-Canadian parishes in 1891, and eighteen mixed (French and English-speaking Catholics) parishes. In the diocese of Springfield there were twenty-two French-Canadian parishes and ten mixed; in the diocese of Providence there were fourteen of the one and four of the other; in the diocese of Connecticut there were five French Canadian and twenty-six mixed; in the archdiocese of Boston there were nine of the one and six of the other; in the diocese of Portland there were seventeen of the one and eight of the other. Some of the parish churches are costly edifices; and in addition there are the schools and convents. In coming to the United States the priest has been obliged to surrender the power of compelling his parishioners to pay their contributions towards the building of churches, presbyteries, schools, and convents, but the French Canadians have not yet entirely outgrown the habit of responding to the demands of the priest for voluntary contributions for the purposes of his church.

Besides being devout and loyal to his native language, the French Canadian in New England is thrifty, generally peaceable, and fairly honest. He works for small wages. He is deft and quick to learn. He is an admirable mechanic. If he is inclined to vice, it is to deception, trickery, and petty larceny. Graver crimes are rare among the French Canadians.

The objections to him are, first, that he is a competitor in the labor field (this is of such small moment that it is not worthy of much consideration); second, that he is Catholic and foreign, and that he not only declines to become a political and social entity in the community in which he takes up his residence, but that he threatens to overturn New England institutions, and even to revolutionize its common-school system. This certainly is a more serious accusation against him than the first, and yet the danger threatened cannot be said to be imminent. Not only has he not yet overturned New England institutions, he has not even unsettled them.

The native New-Englander calls the French Canadian "queer" or "curious." This because he speaks French and is docile. The Irish American, also a Roman Catholic, does not like him because he is willing to work for lower wages than were paid before he came here with his family and his friends. Soon enough, however, he recovers from his modesty, and learns to exact the market rates. Nor does this English-speaking son of the Church quite comprehend the reverent obedience yielded by the Canadian to the authority of the *curé*. As for himself, he is more or less emancipated, and is often inclined to treat the priest with the familiarity of equality. There are signs that the Canadian himself is being influenced by his surroundings, and is questioning

the authority which demands implicit obedience for his soul's sake. He sees that the most prosperous members of the community are those free from interference, priestly or other, with their domestic, industrial, and social lives. The Protestant missionaries may not obtain very much more encouragement from their labors among the French Canadians in the United States than they obtain in Canada, but there is no doubt that there is a loosening of the ties in this country.

The French Canadian in New England is feeling the influence of the institutions of the republic. Politically he remains a difficult factor. He brings with him, from his home in Quebec, a careless indifference to communal affairs. He does not want to spend his evenings in talking politics, nor his days in voting, unless he can make something. At home his enthusiasms are aroused when his creed or his race is threatened. There, too, election day is turned into a festivity for him; and he likes festivities, with their color, their gayety, their social comminglings. Here it is different. In national affairs he has shown intelligence by deciding to vote against the perpetuation of a tariff system which he believed was impoverishing his people at home by the taxes which it imposed on barley, hay, eggs, and horses. In town affairs he is at sea. It is said that the French Canadians are bought up in town politics, and it may be that their votes are purchased in municipal elections.

It may be that the French Canadian may eventually change the political aspect of New England; but if he does he has become, by mere translation over a purely artificial border, more puissant than his race has ever yet shown itself to be in the long centuries of its history. Sometimes people fear that he will "capture" the common-school system and transform the secular schools into parochial schools; that the limited education permitted by the Church will take the place of what is esteemed by the friends of the present system a broad and liberal teaching. It may be that some of these fears will be realized. The problem is just presenting itself, and the results cannot be foretold; but he who believes that the common schools can be permanently transformed into Roman Catholic institutions must forget the history of the country, the elevating and liberalizing influences of republican institutions upon all sects and all conditions of men. He must shut his eyes to the movement now going on in the Church itself, under the guidance of Leo XIII., looking to the harmonizing of its practices and its teachings with the basic principles of our free institutions. In a country in which every decade has been a long forward step in civilization, where the energies and capabilities of the people have been so encouraged by their political institutions that prosperity and progress have overcome the most cunningly devised obstacles, where there is every stimulant to confidence and hope—in such a country to be distrustful of the future is to be not only a pessimist, but a pessimist without reason.

It may be that trouble will result from the increasing immigration of the French Canadians. It is the fact that they stand in need of a great moral and intellectual elevation before they will attain the public virtues and the political sense that are essential not only to the highest achievements, but to the proper conduct of a popular form of government. It is in the local government that evil foreign influences are first felt. It will be in the town meeting that the French Canadian will first give evidence of incurable incompatibility. As I said at the outset of this article, however, the question is one of aptitude for his new surroundings. In all his social and industrial relations he has been found to be tractable and teachable. If it be true that he has few political virtues; if his comprehension of his power in the town meeting is dull or narrow; if, when he grows more enlightened, his first impulse is to use that power for the aggrandizement of his Church; if the political knowledge that he has brought from Canada is of the commercial value of his vote—there is still little reason to believe that he will always remain unworthy of American citizenship, and no reason whatever to fear that he will ever be a serious menace to American institutions. He may be an annoyance or an inconvenience; he may, for a time, increase the expensiveness of politics; but he will not materially damage the stalwart growth of the American democracy. It is far more reasonable to believe, whatever difficulties he may add to our present problem, that in the end we shall greatly prize his American-born descendants.



[See "The Handsome Humes," page 208.]

"SHE INSTANTLY TURNED, AND A SWIFT COLOR SPRANG TO HER FACE."

THE HANDSOME HUMES.*

A Novel.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Chapter V.

A SQUIRE OF DAMES.

THE following letter was one morning received by a certain Fellow of All Souls':

"Lilac Lodge, Henley.

"My dear Sid, — Truly marvels will never cease. You meet a young and pretty woman, and instead of contemptuously turning aside from her and escaping into the groves of Academe, where those elderly Greek gentlemen talk and talk for ever and ever, you actually condescend to be civil to her, and insist on her becoming your guest, and send her home entranced with the way in which she has been entertained and amused. I have just heard all the story. And the Roman charm, too; it was such a pretty idea of yours to give her that; she went up to London the next day, and has had the most cunning little chain and clasp attached. And do you know what she has got for you?—*she* won't expatiate on its value, of course, but you will understand — no one better; and I wonder which of the young men about town wouldn't give the tips of his ears to receive a keepsake from Helen Yorke. It is an ancient Greek ring, in the original setting, with the most beautifully engraved head of Hera, in onyx. It was found in the island of Santa Maura about three years ago; and I believe the British Museum people were after it; but they *swithered* about the price; and the museum that swithers is lost. Pfander of New Bond Street bought it, and indeed had kept it for himself, only Helen seems to have persuaded him to give it up. She generally gets what she wants; it's a way the dear girl has. But seriously, my dear Sidney, I wish I could see in this pretty little exchange of gifts some indication of something of greater moment—some indication that her erratic fancy showed signs of settling at last. I fear, however, there is no such piece of good fortune in store for you (supposing you to be inclined that way). I foresee what will happen. After having refused I don't know how many offers—out of mere caprice and perversity, I believe—she will end by marrying that wretched Captain Erle, simply because he's always hanging about after her. Of course it's a good enough match, for it is next door to a certainty now that he will succeed to the Kinross title and estates — unless he should providentially break his neck in the mean time in one of those steeplechases of his; but if in the end Helen should marry him, I shall be sorry to part with her, for she is really the dearest creature when you have got to understand her ways.

"And now I come to the main purport of my letter. Helen is anxious to spend this next season in London; but not with relatives or friends; she would rather occupy that house in Upper Brook Street that they have been in the habit of letting since Lady Monks-Hatton became so much of an invalid. And her father has consented — he always does consent to anything she wants, so long as he is left free to follow his own diversions; and her proposal is that I should go and spend the season with her as her guest and her chaperon. Well, I am not unwilling. I think I should like it, for Helen and I get on capitally together. But then, you see, we must have a man to look after us and squire us about; and that man, if I have anything to say to it, shall *not* be Captain Erle. I hate the very sight of him. He is too self-satisfied; too sure of Helen, you might almost imagine; I don't like gentlemen who have an air of throwing the handkerchief. Now, Sidney, when are you going to tear yourself away from your beloved college? Why shouldn't you give up your rooms at Easter for good, have your books and things sent here, and come up to town? A single bedroom at Strong's Hotel in Bond Street would be all you could want, and that would be but a few minutes' walk for you, no matter how late we three might care to sit up, after a theatre or a dinner or a dance. Come and see the world you live in. It is full of color and gayety and activity; it isn't a pale and silent thing, like literature—a cold copy of the life led by other people ever so long ago. If you must have books, what ails you at the London

* Begun in June number, 1893.

Library? But I can imagine many a snug and merry little party—the three of us—sitting up after the whirl of the evening has been got over, to discuss all the people and lay plans for the next day; very snug and nice; and it is *not* Captain Erle whom I propose to have as the third person of that little group. At the same time, consult your own wishes; only let me know, for if you would rather decline, then I should refuse Helen's invitation, and remain at Henley.

"Good-night, my dear boy. Philip and Jean are urging me to pay them a visit, but I must see what you have to say first. YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

"P.S.—Helen expects you to *wear* this ring; and it will do very well as a scarf-ring if you get some squeezable material like China crape; a light terra-cotta would look nice."

It was a skilful letter, and eventually it achieved its object; but, indeed, the young man was at all times an obedient son, and easily influenced by a mother of whom he was exceedingly fond and proud. Perhaps it was with a sigh that he gave up his cherished rooms, and had his belongings transferred to Henley; and perhaps it was with no eager anticipation that he proceeded to London to become a squire of dames. But there were compensations; and among these were certainly the snug little gatherings which Mrs. Hume managed to secure when the toil of pleasure had ceased for the evening, and silence had come down over the fashionable world, and when those three, with all their responsibilities thrown aside, could sit idly and merrily talk over the events of the day, until, on occasion, especially as the spring drew on to early summer, it might be a pale gray-blue light appearing through the curtains that would tell this young man it was time for him to seek his overcoat and get home to Bond Street. He accompanied them everywhere—garden parties, flower shows, private views, military tournaments, concerts, theatres, dinners, dances; he was included in all invitations as a matter of course; and if ill-natured people laughed and said that Lady Helen was rather too openly qualifying for the post of daughter-in-law, these remarks did not reach the ears of the tall and stately lady who acted as her chaperon with so much tact and shrewdness and good-humor. Those three, always arriving together and always leaving together, came to be looked on as a family group. No two young people ever had such opportunities of studying each other's nature and disposition. And then again the house in Upper Brook Street was quite close to Hyde Park: looking slantwise from the drawing-room windows, you could see the trees, and the long swaths of green, and the carriages driving by; and sometimes, when Sidney called in the morning (for orders, as it were), Mrs. Hume would be busy, or would affect to be busy, and would send the two children, as she occasionally called them, for a stroll in the Park, where they could amuse themselves by admiring the flower-plots—the crimson and golden-yellow tulips, the beds of pansies, the borders of none-so-pretty—and by chatting and talking to each other, and scrutinizing the people in the carriages, until they considered it time for the elder lady to be ready. It was a perfumed, artificial sort of life, perhaps. Sidney, absently lounging about the drawing-room, and looking at the masses of geraniums and cytisus and marguerites in the balconies outside the three windows, might have said in his heart he would rather have had the sight of a lush meadow yellowed with buttercups; but one cannot have everything; and London is really very pretty towards the end of May, especially when the trees in the parks are stirred with a west wind, and there is a universal shivering and glancing of leaves in the pallid sunlight, rendered the more effective by the gathering gloom of some banked-up purple clouds.

Yet not always and at every hour and moment was he thus their bounden slave. He claimed and exercised a certain liberty; he would run across the Oval for some cricket match; he would look in at the tennis-court at Lord's; and he was most assiduous in keeping up his fencing. But his favorite resort during an unoccupied half-hour was the British Museum; and it was not the books and gems that drew him thither, but rather the sculpture rooms—those silent and lone echoing halls, where the solitary stranger may dream dreams. This poor, forlorn, abducted caryatid, for example, broken-nosed, begrimed, deserted—is she thinking of her five radiant sisters, far away on the lofty height, looking across the val-

leys to the gray-green slopes of Pentelicus and to Hymettus murmuring of its bees? Then those various fragments of busts and limbs: when they were compact and alive, in the distant times, surely they must have listened to the laughter of Greek maidens by the Fountain of Callirrhoe, down there in the plain, where the Ilissus trickles along its arid channel, or sweeps in storm-flood, tawny and turbulent, through the sparse olive groves. Nay, this young fellow standing here—who might himself have been taken for a Greek youth of the great days—he had some little bit of imagination too. When the sunlight fell from the roof and lay in broad squares on the floor, it was easy to forget the great outside world of London; it was easy to summon up another vision—the steep white steps of the Propylæa—the wide country stretching down to Phalerum—the long curve of Salamis—the blue waters of the Gulf of Ægina basking in the heat. He was sorry for this poor forlorn caryatid. The bees on Mount Hymettus would be murmuring now.

He was more familiar, less reverential, with the Romans—with the portrait busts. He would stand before them and ask them questions; would try to discover what they had been really like—what they had done and thought. Here was the large-eyed, mild-featured Marcus Aurelius. "Tell me, now," he would say to those blank eyes, "was your philosophy living and actual and a part of yourself, or were you only playing with phrases to console yourself a little, or to keep up your courage, or perhaps merely to display your wisdom? Could you really hold yourself so superior to all the buffets of chance and the opinion of your fellow-creatures? Is it true that you could so serenely contemplate being swallowed up in the universal substance, following Chrysippus and Socrates and Epictetus into the unknown? Impervious to any dint of fortune you professed to be; yet they say you betrayed violent grief when Faustina died. Was that quite consistent? But perhaps you forgot the philosopher and revealed the man?

Lady Helen's courtship of this beautiful youth, however subtly planned and skilfully carried out (with varying moods and petulances), was not progressing very satisfactorily. He was always very polite and kind to her, even as he was always obedient to the imperiously good-natured mamma; but he did not make much of her favors, and he did not seek for any secrets, nor endeavor to monopolize her society when they were at any ball or party together. What seems still more inhuman and incredible, he did not even sympathize with her piteous attempts at learning Greek; and when at last, worn out with dialects and dual numbers and dots, she yielded to a fit of temper and flung dictionary and grammar and all the rest from her on to the table, and declared she would have done with the whole thing, he merely gathered the volumes together, and said, with a laugh, that she was very wise, seeing that so many excellent "cribs" were being issued from day to day. Nevertheless, in a pathetic kind of fashion, she did what she could to associate herself with his favorite studies and pursuits. She was an eager admirer of Greek intaglios and cameos; she professed sympathy with the ladies who are or used to be desirous of introducing Greek costume—though she herself did not propose to walk along Oxford Street in *chiton* and *chlaina;* Minerva became for her Athene; and Zeus, not Jupiter, ruled over the gods; while she was profoundly interested in certain historical projects of which Sidney had rather indifferently told her—projects that promised to lead him away into personal exploration of the

> "Chersonese,
> Where the thundering Bosporus answers the thunder of Pontic seas."

She half intimated that she also would like to visit those legendary shores, under the kind guardianship that had now been established. For this Upper Brook Street experiment had worked admirably well: why should it cease with the autumn dispersal? And Mrs. Hume seemed not unwilling to continue at her not very onerous post. Perhaps the elder lady may have considered that the whole situation would have been rendered more explicit by the introduction of a wedding-ring; but she was too shrewd to press matters. For this son of hers, with all his filial obedience, had a sort of sensitive personal pride. She limited herself to an occasional hint, apparently of the most haphazard kind; and meanwhile, the longer this arrangement existed, the more natural did it appear to be. Why should these three separate, either now, or at the end of the season, or at any time?

"Ah, Helen," said Mrs. Hume one morning, before Mr. Sidney had made his appearance, "you might make me a very happy woman if you chose."

For she affected to believe that it was the young lady who was coy.

Lady Helen laughed, and colored a little.

"I know what you mean, dear Mrs. Hume," said she. "I don't pretend not to know what you mean. But that is about the last thing likely to happen in this world. Oh, there are fifty reasons against it—a hundred! For one thing, our interests are so different; he is taken up with his historical schemes, and I with the frivolities of this town. And then another very excellent reason is that he doesn't like me—"

"Helen, how can you say so?" the elder woman remonstrated, warmly. "He is devoted to you—I never saw such constant attention and kindness—"

"No, no, no!" the other said, with wilful insistence. "I understand him well. There is only one thing he tolerates about me, and that is my name. He addresses me by name, but he is thinking of another Helen—the Helen who came to 'Ilion's towers.' That was somebody worth thinking about, somebody of importance. But as for the actual women he meets—the vain, frivolous, ignorant, vacillating creatures—I know he holds us all in contempt—"

"Helen, how entirely, how provokingly mistaken you are!" Mrs. Hume exclaimed again.

"Oh, I know, I know," her companion persisted. "I can see it in his eyes. They are the most extraordinary eyes! They look right through you. There's no hiding from them. They seem to command you to be honest; and, you know, that isn't always convenient; honesty is very well—but you may have too much of it. And then his marvellous quickness! He sees what you are going to say before you have half got it said; and then I am haunted by the terror that he will turn away, to let you know it wasn't worth saying—"

"Really, Helen, you don't pay me any compliment about Sidney's upbringing—if he can be guilty of such rudeness—"

"Rudeness?" the younger woman broke in. "Nothing of the kind! He does not take the trouble to be rude. But you feel conscious of such a terrible standard of honesty. No pretty little bit of hypocrisy and make-believe: say what you've got to say, madam, and don't give yourself airs and graces! Why, we were looking over the Marmor Homericum—you know—the Baron de Triquetis—and we came to the head of Aphrodite—the smiling one, with the mirror—and I said, 'No wonder she smiles when she looks in the mirror.' Well, he never uttered a word. And I knew what he was thinking; I knew perfectly; he was inwardly saying, 'If you wish for a compliment, you must make the invitation a little less coarse and obvious.' No, he remained absolutely silent; as hard as iron; brutally stiff, I call it; for, after all, human nature wants a little give and take. Other people have mirrors, besides Aphrodite among her dolphins—"

By this time Mrs. Hume was inclined to smile.

"I don't know what strange fancies you have got into your head, Helen," she observed at length, "but clearly it is not owing to anything Sidney has said or done. Why should you imagine such things about him?—for it is all your own imagination. If he has been accidentally silent on some occasion—"

"Oh, he is a great deal too perfect," Lady Helen said, with angry impatience, "and he expects every one else to be the same."

And here Mrs. Hume did actually break into laughter.

"Poor lad!" said she. "I had always thought that his chief failing was an excessive modesty. But mothers are blind creatures."

With all her other engagements Lady Helen was at this time having her portrait painted by Mr. Mellord, the great Academician; and the days on which she gave him sittings Mrs. Hume devoted to her own immediate relatives; for several of her married sons and daughters had come to town, and there was a good deal of visiting to be done within the wide family circle. Lady Helen went off alone, accompanied only by her maid Willis, who was quite content to sit for hours in the spacious hall of white and black marble, looking at the plashing fountain, and the alabaster swan, and the flowers, with the occasional distraction of the appearance of a visitor. It is true, Lady Helen had hinted to Sidney Hume that if he would come and talk to her in the studio, the famous Academician would not only

not object, but would really welcome him, for it would allow him to give all his time to his painting and his pipe. But Sidney did not respond to this invitation. The "history of the Scythians," for example, demanded wide research. Lady Helen went alone with her maid.

Now on the evening of one of those sitting days she returned with a certain air of triumph; though it was always difficult to tell, from her mysteriously reticent eyes, what her real mood was. The three of them sat down to an early dinner, or to an apology for a dinner, for they were going to the Haymarket Theatre later on; and hardly had Lady Helen's guests taken their places, when it became evident that she had recently encountered some unusual experience.

"Yes, indeed," she said, with animation, "I have had some little amusement to-day. Very different from the ordinary thing—sitting deadly still and being stared at; watching Mr. Mellord fill his pipe; listening to detached sentences that are not meant to have any meaning in them; afraid to speak lest you should alter your expression; wondering whether you are looking dull and heavy and stupid, and whether that will appear in the portrait. No, there was little of that to-day. The fact is, I happened to see Captain Erle as we were driving down—he lives in Kensington Gore, you know—and I stopped the carriage, and asked him whether he wouldn't come in and sit with me for a while in Mr. Mellord's studio, and he said 'Yes' directly, and in we went. There was a difference! You know what an amusing man he is, dear Mrs. Hume—been everywhere—seen everything—with a trick of mock exaggeration—mere cynicism—that is really very funny; and Mr. Mellord was as much cheered up as I was; I am sure it must have put ever so much more spirit into his work. I don't know how long he staid—the time went quickly enough anyhow; and I was very grateful; indeed, I asked him to come to our box at the Haymarket to-night."

Nothing was said for a second, but at length Mrs. Hume remarked, somewhat coldly, "Of course you know best, Helen, but don't you think Mr. Mellord considered it rather odd that you should take a stranger with you into his studio?"

"Oh dear no!" she made answer, with an easy confidence. "He was delighted —charmed. Of course he knew Captain Erle by name. And as for me, I would not have believed that sitting to have one's portrait painted could be made quite pleasant. And as I say, I think I ought to show my gratitude. I think we must ask Captain Erle to come home with us to-night for supper, if he cares for such a mild form of dissipation."

And again there was silence—until Sidney observed that he would leave a message with the people at the theatre, so that Captain Erle should have no difficulty in finding the box.

Nor had Captain Erle any difficulty in finding the box. He had the air of a man who could make his way about without much difficulty. He was about thirty; of middle height; sun-tanned face, with short side whiskers; spare of form and wiry-looking; rather elaborately dressed, with a conspicuous button-hole. Lady Helen made much of him from the very outset; turned and talked to him almost continuously, from behind her fan, while the performance was proceeding, and had hardly a word for any one else. They could have received but the baldest idea of what the piece was; they laughed and chatted—for the most part about the sayings and doings and characteristics of the people they knew. The poor players, doing their best, were all unheeded.

Then he drove home with them to Upper Brook Street; and when they went into the dining-room it looked exceedingly cool and pleasant on this hot night; for there were on the snow-white table blocks of ice festooned with maidenhair fern, and tall salvers filled with yellow roses; while the windows had been left open, with some partial screening-out of any inquisitive passer-by. Supper was a mere farce—except, perhaps, as regards the strawberries. Lady Helen's sole attention and her mirthful eyes were centred on her new guest, while he was telling her merry tales of the experience and escapades of officers' wives in India. Not that he addressed himself exclusively to her, but he addressed himself chiefly to her because she was his hostess; the others were free to listen if they liked. And perhaps the grand-looking lady who presided at this table did condescend to listen, with a certain cold austerity of demeanor; but as for Sidney, his eyes were absent; clearly he was thinking of quite other and distant things—perhaps of the oars that

"won their way
Where the narrowing Symplegades whitened the straits of Propontis with spray?"

No, this was not as the other evenings had been; the little family group had been invaded and disconcerted; a stranger had been introduced—a stranger who had no kind of idea of remaining a stranger, but seemed resolved upon monopolizing the whole of Lady Helen's replies and smiles and hospitalities. When Sidney Hume's wandering fancies came back from the shores of the Propontis, he rapidly discovered that he was being bored. He listened for a while, indifferently. And then, as he did not see why he should go on being bored, he rose and begged Lady Helen to excuse him, and bade her goodnight. She pressed him to stay, but he said he had been keeping too late hours recently. And, of course, when he left, Captain Erle had to go also.

Now, as Sidney walked along to his hotel, he was inclined to be angrily resentful over this intrusion, but not so much on his own account as on account of his mother. Mrs. Hume, as Lady Helen was well aware, had a particular dislike towards this man; she had done all that could be expected of her in the way of civility when he called of an afternoon; and it was not fair—at least so her son judged—that she should be confronted with him in the intimacy of a little after-theatre supper party. It argued a certain want of delicacy on the part of Lady Helen, in view of the particular position Mrs. Hume held in the house. Or downright selfishness? Personally, he had no quarrel with Captain Erle. He regarded him as a fair type of the ordinary man about town. But he had a great regard and respect for his mother; and so annoyed was he over this lack of consideration (as he deemed it) that he had thoughts of going along the next morning and demanding that she should at once return to Henley, himself accompanying her.

But on that next morning Lady Helen came down stairs in a most penitent mood. She knew she had done wrong, and she begged of her dear Mrs. Hume to forgive her. She had been vexed and hurt by Mr. Sidney's masterful and half-contemptuous ways, and by his refusal to go to Mr. Mellord's studio with her; and she had accidentally caught a glimpse of Captain Erle in Kensington Gore, and some madness had possessed her to stop and speak to him, with all that followed thereafter. And did the mother think that Mr. Sidney would forgive her too? He could not be mortally offended? What was Captain Erle to her? Indeed, it was almost impertinent of him to intrude on so chance an invitation.

And very contrite the fair penitent still remained when Mr. Sidney made his appearance; and she was extraordinarily kind to him, and would willingly have given up going to some ceremony of trooping the color in St. James's Park, whither they were bound, if only she could have heard of some lecture on Greek excavations which they could attend. And that evening, again, when they had to go to a dance at a big house near the top of Kensington Palace Gardens, she quite overwhelmed him with her gracious favor. She said she was ready to "sit out" any number of dances with him, for the night was hot; so they remained apart, listening to the music and the swift whistle of slippers on the waxed floor, or they sat on the stairs and talked, or they made adventurous excursions into nooks and corners in search of cool currents, while all the time she was at once vivacious and merry and tender. On one of these voyages of discovery they had wandered back into the supper-room, which was now serving as a sort of buffet; and here they found open doors leading into a conservatory into which they had not as yet penetrated. It certainly was not a cool place, as they found when they entered, for the air was heavy with the odors of pendulous blossoms; but there was a trickling of water somewhere that was pleasant enough. The glass roof was vaulted.

"If we could only turn off those electric lights," she said, at haphazard, "I suppose we should find the stars looking down on us."

"I shouldn't wonder," he said, in the same idle fashion, "if the new day was beginning to show—over the trees in Kensington Gardens."

But presently she said, with a little becoming hesitation: "There is one thing I want to ask of you, now that we have a moment by ourselves. I hope you won't mind. And I do think that—that, considering the terms on which we are, you might drop a small and useless formality that comes between us. I really hate to

be called Lady Helen by any I know intimately. Why don't you call me Helen?"

"Well," he said, "it is much more simple and natural, and you are very kind."

"Then may I call you Sidney?" she asked, with a pretty affectation of shyness.

"Why, yes, of course. Everybody calls me Sidney," was the answer.

"Everybody!" she said, impatiently. "I don't allow everybody to call me Helen. However," she went on, with a return to her good-nature, "that is of little consequence. It is to be Sidney and Helen, then? A compact?"

"By all means," he responded. "Though there may have to be some compromise now and again—before strangers, you know."

"But it is a compact? Then here is my hand on it," she said, frankly, and with frank eyes.

Now if she had held his hand for but one second, or even for two, nothing need have happened; it was the inadvertent third second that wrought the mischief; for here was Mrs. Hume at those open glass doors.

"I have been searching for you people everywhere," she exclaimed. "Do you know how late, or how early, it is?"

The quickly withdrawn palm in the third second was too late. Mrs. Hume had sharp and shrewd eyes; she hesitated only for a moment, where another woman would have made some blundering excuse and sought retreat. As for her, she went quickly forward, smiling, happy, and took Lady Helen's hands in hers, and kissed her effusively on both cheeks.

"Dearest, dearest Helen!" she said. And shortly thereafter the three of them were driving homewards, mostly in silence, and with sufficiently varied thoughts.

Chapter VI.

"WITH HER APRIL EYES."

It was the first day of June, and a glory of summer lay over the land. Out here at Henley the fair and cloudless blue of the sky seemed to be far away and remote from the slumbering earth; all the vast intervening space was a shining wonder of light; while the variable airs that floated in butterfly fashion hither and thither were fresh and sweet with the scent of the hawthorn and the lilacs and the masses of wall-flower, golden yellow and crimson, that basked in the hot sun. The prevailing silence seemed all the more intense because of the silver trilling of the larks and the calling of children in the distant meadows on the Berkshire side of the stream. There was hardly any other sound, and there was but little sign of life either on the river or along its banks, or even in the town itself; for high noon at Henley (except at Regatta-time) means an old-world, old-fashioned drowsiness and torpor and content, sufficiently impressive to any one who has just come away from the furious London whirl. The golden tassels of the laburnum droop idly in the still sunshine; a dog asleep on a doorstep can dream on without fear of disturbance.

And it was to escape into this gracious calm and quiet, it was to face certain problems that loom large in the imagination of four-and-twenty, that Sidney Hume had abruptly fled away from London. He had found an admirable excuse. Quite recent discoveries of inscriptions had again drawn his attention to a subject that had always had for him a curious fascination —the wanderings, namely, of those companies of Greek actors who, in the centuries immediately preceding the birth of Christ, went travelling all over Asia, not only performing the old masterpieces of Greek tragedy and comedy, but also carrying with them a poet—each little troupe with its own poet—for the production of new pieces. India beheld those *thiasi*, those bands of strolling players; Egypt treated them well; from court to court they went, from festival to festival; amply paid and amply belauded; exempt from military service—in fact, the spoiled children of Dionysus; each nomadic corporation complete within itself—actors, singers, costume-makers, manager, treasurer, with likewise the harmless, necessary poet. And what, now, if this young Fellow of All Souls' were to lay aside, for a time at least, his inchoate and dusky Scythian studies to take up a much more bright and vivid theme, that appealed far more directly to his own tastes and sympathies? But then he would have to look round among his books; and his books were at Henley. So down he came to Henley; and no doubt his mother and Lady Helen assumed, perhaps with some touch of impatience, that it was this new subject that had demanded so great a sacrifice of him just as the London season was nearing its height.

Nevertheless, as he now wandered in solitary self-communion along the placid banks of the Thames, or loitered high up among the Wargrave woods, it was not the Dionysia of two thousand years ago that chiefly claimed his attention. He was confronted with the problem of his own future, and that in a very pressing and peremptory manner. For it was clear that his mother expected him to marry Lady Helen Yorke; and not only that, but she seemed to assume that Lady Helen herself was also looking forward to this natural climax. Assuredly Lady Helen had gone out of her way to show him every mark of her favor. She had presented him with the beautiful head of Hera that now confined his scarf; she ostentatiously wore the little trinket he had given her at Oxford; she called him Sidney, and Helen she was to him when no strangers were present; while she had so continually associated herself with him and his pursuits that even at this moment, though he was not conscious of any more mysterious and more powerful magnetism, her mere absence left him with an undefined sense of loneliness. It is true that no word or sign of any understanding had passed between them. The little ceremony that Mrs. Hume had so inopportunely beheld and misinterpreted meant nothing at all, though it was obviously impossible for either of them to tell her so. Indeed, this young fellow found himself in a very awkward position, though how he had got there he hardly knew; and the question was whether he should at once back out of it, or go on and answer to the expectations that appeared to have been formed.

Then came the next question—a question of appalling importance truly: What was this passion of love that the poets had been writing about all these centuries, and was it a necessary prelude to marriage? He had had his youthful fancies, of a nebulously sentimental nature, of course. As a mere school-boy he had been captivated by the fair, insomuch that his jealous rage and championship had led him into fisticuffs. But as a young man, while the sister or cousin of one of his college companions may have attracted him by reason of her pretty profile or graceful figure, the charm was but momentary; while in ordinary society he found himself most drawn to a girl or woman who could talk amusingly and cleverly, no matter what might be her equipment in the way of good looks. But this passion of love, which so far he had escaped, surely it was a real thing? It was not merely in literature that Aphrodite the implacable—"implacable Cypris, Cypris terrible, Cypris of mortals detested"—slew the sons of men. Did he not see amid the ordinary news of the day how some poor devil of a solicitor's clerk—nay, even some crown-prince—must needs go and blow his brains out, overcome by this madness of love and despair? On the other hand, there was surely no allurement, nothing desirable, in any such tempestuous frenzy. Surely a union based on esteem and liking and congenial tastes would better commend itself to a reasonable human being. The great bulk of mortals appeared to go through their lives without the need of any chorus to cry, "O woe! woe! woe!" His own brothers and sisters, for example, they were all getting comfortably along, happily settled, as far as one could make out, and as merry as grigs at the occasional family gatherings in London. He knew his mother was a managing woman; but she had managed very well for them; and why should not he allow his inclinations to wander in the direction she approved? Lady Helen was of good birth; she had charming manners—though she was a little bit capricious and quick-tempered at times; if she was a few years older than himself, she was still a reigning beauty; and if it came to that, he thought he could make her a better husband, a more considerate helpmate, than that insufferably conceited ass Captain Erle. "Above all, be sane," he kept repeating to himself. In such an all-important thing as marriage, why should one give way to delirium?

It was in the midst of these cogitations —which, however just and rational they may have sounded in his mental ears, left behind them a curious haunting sensation of uneasiness and distrust, as if he had been persuading himself to go forward to do something from which he instinctively shrunk back—it was in the midst of these representations and forecasts that Sidney chanced to find himself on Henley bridge, and there he paused for a moment to look at a boat that was coming down stream. The solitary oarsman was a podgy young man in gay white flannels and smart straw hat, who was evidently proud of his performance,

looking neither to right nor to left, but swinging along in splendid style. Sidney waited to see him shoot the bridge—no great feat, by-the-way, for the arches, though low, are wide enough; but it suddenly became evident that in his blind eagerness he had forgotten all about the bridge, that he was, in fact, about to go full tilt on to the middle pier.

"Hi, man! Look out! Where are you coming to?" Hume yelled.

It was too late. Crash went the bow on to the stone buttress; one oar flew out of the young man's hand; the boat swung round, and the next instant all had disappeared, borne on by the current. Sidney ran to the other side of the bridge. The first thing he saw was an oar; then the boat, keel uppermost; then the young man violently struggling in the water, wildly pawing with both arms, and doing his dead best to drown himself. For a second he got hold of an oar, but that seemed to yield with him; or perhaps in his fright he did not know what he was doing; at all events, he let go, and was again helplessly floundering. This could not last long, as Sidney Hume perceived. He hastily dispossessed himself of his coat and hat, slipped over the parapet, dived, and presently, after a few rapid strokes, had reached and seized this dangerous creature, who clung to him with frantic grips. At the same moment a young fellow, who happened to be pushing off in a gondola a little further down the river, gently and skilfully propelled that long black vessel towards these two. Sidney caught hold of the steel prow, the gondolier continued his cautious course, and in a couple of minutes they were at the bank, where there was plenty of assistance to help them out. Another boat was put off to intercept the wrecked craft, the oars, and the elegant straw hat—all of which were gently floating down on the stream. The incident did not excite much attention; they are used to such things at Henley; besides, there was hardly any one about. At first the stout young man, all dripping and dishevelled, seemed too bewildered and exhausted to understand what had just occurred; he stood there in limp fashion, panting and gasping to recover his breath.

"Better go into the Red Lion, sir, and get a drop of brandy," said one of the bystanders who had helped to drag him on shore. "Here, take my arm, sir."

And mutely, and without a word of thanks to his rescuer, he obeyed; while Sidney, also dripping, had to go back to the bridge to pick up his coat and hat; thence he made his way home, which was no great distance.

But about half an hour thereafter, Sidney Hume, sitting in the front garden of Lilac Cottage, and deeply buried in Müller's *Bühnenalterthümer*, was startled by the appearance of a stranger: startled, because he seemed to know, and yet not to know, who this was. Surely he had seen that dumpy figure—the clean-shaven features—the odd expression? And then it flashed upon him that this was no other than the adventurous oarsman he had but recently fished out of the Thames—now no longer, alas! a dapper youth in boating flannels, but a nondescript creature of sombre hue, in garments that were certainly never made for him. The newcomer opened the gate and came along the path; there was a deprecatory look on his face.

"I beg your pardon," said he, quite humbly. "I have come to apologize. They told me at the Red Lion where I should find you. Awfully sorry I let you go without a word of thanks. And I've got to apologize, too, for these wretched things," he continued, looking down discontentedly at his borrowed clothes. "Don't wonder you should have noticed them."

Sidney was not aware that he had been guilty of any such rudeness.

"The best they could do for me—while my own things are getting dried," the young man proceeded. "But I didn't want to lose any time in making an apology. Awful bad form, you must have thought it—"

"Not at all, not at all," Sidney said. "You make too much of a little trifle like that. People are always tumbling into the water at Henley and getting helped out—you should see the Regatta-time—"

"Oh, that's all very well. They told me at the Lion what happened. You jumped off the bridge. And you needn't think, because at the moment I am wearing a suit of waiter's clothes, that I don't know how grateful I ought to be; and I would have said so before, only I was confused when I came out of the water. Awful bad form, you must have thought it; and I want to apologize. My name is Erridge; here is my card—"

He was about to search his pockets, when a quick look of vexation came over his face.

"By the holy poker!" he exclaimed, "I've left every mortal thing in my togs, and they'll all be boiled to pulp. Never mind. My name is Erridge—Dick Erridge—I live at 12 Ransome Terrace, Richmond—and if, any time you are passing, you would look in and have a snack, I'd fix you up as well as I could—" He again became conscious of his clothes. "You needn't imagine, because I'm wearing these infernal things, that I can't produce a decent glass of fizz when a friend calls."

"You're very kind," Sidney responded. "And now can I offer you anything? If you've swallowed a mouthful or two of Thames water, it wants some qualifying."

"No, thanks—no, thanks," the young man said. There was evidently something on his mind. "It's the other way about. The fact is, I ran down to Henley this morning, intending to visit some friends of mine in the afternoon; and I was merely putting by an hour or two when the accident occurred—an accident, yes!—not good business trying to burst Henley bridge in two! Well, I can't go and call on them now—"

"Why not?" said Sidney.

"Like this?" he remonstrated, regarding his costume with extreme disgust. "Call on them? Looking like a waiter out of employment?"

"The clothes are good enough! Besides, your friends won't care what kind of clothes you are wearing."

"Well, I care," the other said, doggedly. "I know what's what. I know when I'm shipshape; and I know when I could hire myself out as a dod-gasted scarecrow. And even when my own togs are dried, they'll be all rumpled up as if they'd been sent home in a basket of dirty linen. I'm not going up to see Jim Summers like this—Mr. Summers, I mean—Mr. Summers: perhaps you don't know him?"

"No, I think not."

"He hasn't been long in this neighborhood, and he lives a mile or two out of the town," continued this communicative young man. "He and his daughter. I don't know what has put it into his head, but he seems to have taken a fancy for making a hermit of himself—hiding in the woods like a dormouse or a hedgehog—and so I thought it would be only friendly to run down now and again and wake the old chap up. I intended to have driven down, but one of my cobs wants a little bit of quiet and doctoring—oh, nothing—nothing to speak of; and so I came along by rail—to jam my moon-struck head against Henley bridge."

"But why shouldn't you call on your friends all the same?" Sidney inquired, good-naturedly. He began to be quite interested in this guileless youth.

He stretched out his arms, displaying his bulging sleeves, he looked down on his twisted trousers, with an inexpressible loathing.

"Like this?" he repeated, almost reproachfully. "Like this? Why, Jim Summers is the best fellow in the world—Mr. Summers, I mean—but he'd burst out laughing; he'd ask me where the petroleum was, so that I could set myself on fire for a Guy Fawkes. No; what I want to suggest, Mr. Hume—I understand that is your name, and I am proud to make your acquaintance, as I ought to be after the good turn you did me to-day—well, as I can't go to call on my friends, because of these infernal rags, I thought you might come along to the Red Lion and have a bit of early dinner with me. Oh, they'll do you proper at the Lion—trust me for that—Pommery A1—asparagus the best out of Covent Garden. Of course it's rather cheeky of me to ask you—and you mightn't like to walk with anybody dressed in clothes like these—"

"Your clothes are good enough, man!" Sidney said, brusquely.

"But don't you see, I could slip along first—and we'd have a private room," the young man went on. "I want to show you that I am sensible of what you did for me. I'm a stupid ass, I know, and I was confused when I got out of the water; but I am not such a bounder as to walk off, just after having my life saved, without a word of thanks—except through a mistake, as I say. And I'll go along now and see about things. What hour shall we fix?"

However, Sidney, with some ambiguous promises as to the future, got out of this hospitable invitation; and Dick Erridge was going rather disappointedly away, when an idea seemed to strike him. He stopped at the gate.

"Got anything on the Manchester cup?" he asked of Sidney.

"No," was the casual reply.

And then at once the stout young man grew alert and happy; here was one small way in which he could show his gratitude.

"Red Wallet," said he, significantly. "Don't you pay any heed to what happened at Epsom—that's all understood. If you can get on at 9 to 1, you plank down a tidyish bit: it's a good thing, I tell ye. Red Wallet. Don't forget."

"I won't," said Sidney. "Good-by. And I hope we shall meet again."

"When I'm less like an all-fired scarecrow than I am at present," the young man said, with a grim laugh; and then he took his leave, and hurried away along to the hotel, to get in out of the daylight. Sidney returned to his seat under the veranda and to his book, and very soon forgot all about the luckless oarsman whom he had piloted ashore from the middle of the Thames.

Next morning there came a letter from London, and even as he opened it there fluttered out a newspaper cutting—a paragraph which gave a most flattering description of Lady Helen's appearance at the last F. O. reception, with full details of her costume and ornaments, the latter including the famous Monks-Hatton sapphires. But indeed this communication from Mrs. Hume was all about Lady Helen, and about what she and the writer were doing or about to do. Dearest Helen, he was told, was *so* good. They had met Captain Erle in the Park on the previous Sunday morning, but she had not stopped to speak to him, which would have ended in his turning and walking with them; she had merely bowed and passed on. Helen and she were going that night to Covent Garden to hear *Lohengrin*. There was to be a great gathering of Hays and Humes at the Caledonian Ball; and dear Helen was looking forward with the greatest interest to making the acquaintance of certain members of the family whom she had not yet met. And so forth. Then came an urgent entreaty that he should return. Had he not found sufficient books? Could he not bring them to London? Or, indeed, postpone this literary work altogether until the season was over? And then, of course, there was a postscript: "You will see by the enclosed that the papers speak of the jewelry Helen wore at the Foreign Office the other night; but they failed to notice a *small gold amulet*, which she never parts with."

It was but a letter, to be laid aside and forgotten, if he chose. Yet all that morning, as he sat in the quiet garden overlooking the river, amid the soft sweet scents of the lilac bushes and the southernwood, the pictures summoned up by the pages of Müller or Lüders were again and again being interfered with and superseded by far other and different scenes. The Hellenistic world of two thousand years ago, dumb and distant, gave place to the modern world of London, with its continuous, monotonous murmur of fashion and festivity. And what if he were to yield to this urgent appeal? He knew not whither his consent might lead; but he knew the desire that was in his mother's heart. Then again he returned to his curious questionings: were the passionate frenzy, the bitter longing, the agony and despair of love mere tricks of trade on the part of the poets, mere conventionalities of literature?—or, on the other hand, if they were only too real, were they not things to be avoided by any sane person wishing to remain sane? Moreover, if he now returned to London, the season would not last forever. He could take some books with him to fill in the odd hours. Then would come a cessation of that mad pursuit of pleasure; then would come quiet and application, with perhaps some definite achievement of work to justify his training and endeavor.

And yet, plausible as this reasoning may have been, it left behind it, as his former dim speculations had done, the strangest restlessness, and even a dull, nameless, inexplicable regret. At last he threw down the book. He could bear this inaction, these haunting meditations, no longer. He got his stick and hat and set forth. All this bright, breezy, beautiful world seemed to call for some joy of motion, some freer breathing, some happier elasticity of thought. The tall poplars were swaying and rustling against the blue of the sky; the drooping willows dipped and trembled over the stream; the big leaves of the wistaria in the trellis-work were blown across the branches of purple blossom; while the gusts of wind, alternating with bursts of sunlight, struck the surface of the river into long sheets of silver, though there was a sharp gleam of azure further along, where the daisied fields appeared to meet. And when he

got further out into the country, all this moving, changing panorama seemed to grow more vivid and intense. Now a row of elms along an upland height would grow almost black against the deep cerulean spaces of the heavens; again the sunlight, springing down upon a field of charlock, would produce a glare of lemon-yellow bewildering to the eye. Rooks were cawing above the topmost branches; larks carolling high in the clear air; sheep bleating in the distant pastures; a cock bidding bold defiance from some neighboring farm: about the only silent creature he encountered was a cuckoo that with noiseless hawklike flight sought shelter in the umbrageous foliage of a sycamore. A summer day it was, though with some surviving look of the spring about it. There even came a sudden shower; but as the rain fell in the open sunlight between the golden-green meadows and a shadowed line of upland, it merely formed a shimmering silver veil, that gradually disappeared, leaving heat behind.

And quite springlike was the next thing he saw when he returned to the town. It was a wedding at St. Mary's Church, and the bells were ringing, and the coachmen wore fine nosegays, and twin rows of young damsels, each holding a basket of flowers, waited to scatter blossoms in the path of the bride as she walked from the church door to the gate. It was going to be a pretty sight, and he thought he would stay to see it. It was of our own time; why should it not interest him as much as the chanting of the twelve Laconian maidens outside the Spartan bridal bower of Helen? A small sprinkling of a crowd, mostly women, had gathered around the gate, murmuring in their talk, and benignly expectant.

Then the bride appeared, in all her white array, leaning on the arm of the bridegroom, and followed by her bridemaids and friends; and as the newly married couple came along the pathway to the gate, the small wenches with the baskets threw flowers before them; but especially before the feet of the bride, who hardly looked to one side or the other, so agitated was she. Yet this was a happy wedding. The sun shone on it and on the gay procession of folks, and Sidney thought the scattering of those handfuls of blossoms a very winsome ceremony here in front of the old-fashioned English church, in the quiet old-fashioned English town.

And now—now came his undoing, the work of an instant. There had been standing in front of him a young girl whom he had hardly noticed, for her back was towards him, and he had been chiefly occupied in watching the small lasses strewing the flowers. But as soon as the bride had passed, this girl turned to come away; and as she did so, her eyes suddenly encountered his. She had not been prepared to meet the gaze of any stranger; she also had been regarding that pretty spectacle of the children and the fluttering marguerites and pansies; and she was smiling in sympathy, her lips slightly parted, her eyes full of amiability and kindness. Nay, for him, startled as he was, they were full of far more than that; all the spring and all the summer seemed to dwell there, and the sweet desire of youth, and innocence, and the timidity of a fawn. He was vaguely aware of a bewilderment of beauty about her face, and of a clear and rose-tinted complexion; and likewise there was some kind of surrounding glory of hair. But these things were as nothing; he only knew that in this moment of self-forgetfulness on her part he had unwittingly gazed into her very soul —shining in those happy, youthful eyes that were as blue as the blue of a June sea. Then, the next instant, frightened, she had withdrawn that inadvertent glance, and had continued on her way, her head downcast, her steps somewhat hurried. He stood transfixed, breathless, almost benumbed, as it were. He saw her pass quickly along the pavement. Why, even the very colors of her dress —the cool light lilacs, with a touch of yellow and white—seemed also to speak of youth and freshness, and the blooms and sprays of the early summer. Was it some vision that had been vouchsafed him? for she had suddenly disappeared. He had no power to follow; he dared not follow; he felt as though he had already been guilty of some wrong.

And perhaps he had. For in that moment of forgetfulness and smiling sympathy and good wishes her eyes also had met his, and had found something there. Alas! that was the tragic part of it.

Chapter VII.

"implacable cypris."

This haunted street seemed strangely empty; it was as if all the singing of all

the birds had suddenly ceased from the sky, and the earth been stricken dumb with dismay. Yet that was no incorporeal vision of the loveliness of the summer that he had beheld for a fleeting moment or two. Those eyes that had unwittingly gazed into his were human —too human, perhaps, in that second of self-revelation; and altogether human was the sympathy and kindliness and unconscious well-wishing that shone in the bright young face with its smiling lips. There was nothing ghostly or phantomlike about the clear wild-rose tints of her complexion—that seemed to speak of June and hedge-rows and sunlight—nor yet about the waves and tangles of golden-brown hair, which, even as she turned from him, he had perceived clustering about her singularly white neck and small ear. And then somehow an immeasurable pity filled his heart. Why should she have to hurry away with downcast head, as one abashed and ashamed? Was it her fault that the pretty spectacle of the children strewing flowers should have made her oblivious of herself for a brief instant? Was it not rather his fault that, bewildered as he was, he had not with sufficient quickness avoided that wholly inadvertent glance? He had inflicted wrong without any hope of making reparation. For, even if he were to encounter this beautiful young creature again, how was he to let her know that he held himself wholly to blame for anything that had occurred? That meant speech, whereas a mere look had been sufficient to frighten her away like a startled fawn.

That he would be certain to see her again in a small place like Henley he made no doubt at all. Most probably she was a visitor down from London for the summer months, and she and her friends on their way to the bridge or the river-side would naturally come along this Hart Street, the main thoroughfare. Then, again, even to discover where she lived would be something. And what could be the harm? If one only knew the house, would there not always be the possibility of beholding in the distance a gleam of cool fresh lilac and pale yellow-white that would lend a new wonder to the glory of a June day? And if that were all—well, so be it. Some others were more happy. Even at this moment she might be laughing and telling her friends of the bridal procession, and the children, and the scattering of pansies and marguerites. She had forgotten all about the stranger whom she had so accidentally regarded with her deep-wounding April eyes.

Now when Nan Summers disappeared out of Hart Street, she had merely turned into Bell Street, which is the beginning of the road to Oxford, and thither, after some ten minutes of furious contention with himself, Sidney felt constrained to follow. Yet, when he reached the quiet little thoroughfare, that also seemed empty; there was hardly any sign of life, save for the white-tipped martins that kept skimming close to the ground, sometimes even alighting for a moment on the watered roadway, and then rising again into the hot air. But presently he noticed—what he must have known before—that here were several old-fashioned inns, with court-yards and stabling; and now it occurred to him that this wonderful visitor might have come in from a distance, and might have driven away again. It was not so certain, then, that he must needs, sooner or later, find himself face to face with her in Henley. And yet a strange kind of unrest, a sort of despairing hope, kept him wandering on and on, and mostly with his eyes fixed on the furthest distance. Or, again, he would glance furtively at these detached villas and at their windows. He heard voices in the gardens, from amongst the red hawthorns and the laburnums and the rhododendrons, and occasionally he caught sight of figures, but not that one slim symmetrical form that he could have recognized anywhere. He did not go out into the country. Eventually he retraced his steps, and passed along Bell Street, scanning those old-fashioned hostelries and their archways and their stable-yards. But all to no purpose. The main thoroughfare of the town he found as empty as ever, though he had some vague heart-sick fancy that she might have occasion to return the way she came. The doors of St. Mary's Church were shut now; most of the scattered marguerites and pansies had been picked up by children and carried away. He went home to get some food, but neither that nor his books appeared to have any interest for him. He was restless, undetermined, incapable of settling to anything; and presently he had set forth again on another aimless exploration of the straggling and garden-enclosed

suburbs of this small town. How long his disquieted wanderings lasted he did not seem to know nor care; but when at length he arrived at the gate of Lilac Lodge, and turned to have a parting look at the sleepily moving river, behold! on the densely foliaged heights beyond a solitary golden star here and there told of a house already lit up for the coming night, and the woods were growing dark under the cold metallic gray of the evening sky.

And all the next day this unceasing heart-hunger kept him at his fruitless quest, until, as the hours went helplessly by, it almost seemed as though that must have been really a vision, an illusory enchantment, that he had beheld at the gate of St. Mary's Church. But on the following afternoon fortune befriended him in a most unexpected fashion. He was returning into Henley by the Medmenham road, and was approaching the point where Bell Street curves out towards the Fair Mile, when he saw, a long way ahead of him, two figures, one of whom he instantly recognized by the colors of her dress. And as those two, leaving the town, drew nearer, he made sure he was not mistaken; apparition or no apparition, she was once more within view of his eager eyes that had so long sought in vain. And could anything have exceeded the great good luck of this encounter, seeing that at the junction of the Medmenham and Oxford roads there is a patch of wooded enclosure, behind which he could easily screen himself while he allowed them to go by? They came along. She seemed more surpassingly beautiful, more radiant, than ever; she was laughing and chatting merrily with her companion—no restraint or fear now in her eyes. This slightly stooping man, with the powerfully built frame, and the grave, quiet face, was no doubt her father; he was mostly listening, in an amused way; he did not talk much. As they passed, Sidney noticed that the man walked rather deliberately, while the girl's step was light and buoyant; and perhaps it was the massive breadth of his shoulders that caused her by contrast to look particularly slight and slim. They continued along the Oxford road, and when they had gone a sufficient distance, Sidney Hume followed. Now he would find out where this wonder of wonders was accustomed to hide herself—perhaps by some lonely upland heath; perhaps in some old grange amidst the silence of the woods.

But fortune never distributes her favors singly. A most unlooked-for incident now occurred. When father and daughter had left the last of the suburban villas and gardens behind, and were well into the Fair Mile, under the wide-branching and rustling elms, Sidney perceived that there were three navvies coming along from the opposite direction; and as these drew near they paused in a loitering, hesitating sort of way, while one of them addressed the two strangers. Sidney, of course, could only guess what was going on; he held back; he did not wish to be suspected of reconnoitring. Perhaps the three laborers had been in at the Traveller's Rest, and the hot weather was apt to make them thirsty; they might be either frolicsome of mood, or humbly plaintive, or half quarrelsome. At all events, the girl's father, in answer to them, merely shook his head, and would have passed quietly on, giving the three navvies the wider share of the broad pathway. They allowed him to go by; then they seemed to think better of it, and followed, and plainly intercepted both father and daughter. Sidney quickened his steps. If there was about to be any unpleasantness, would not he arrive at the most opportune moment? Why, never was there such a stroke of luck! Talk of introductions! Here was one ready made! And, as it appeared to him, the laborers had grown distinctly aggressive—they barred the way. It was about time he was on the spot, to make this fight, if there was to be a fight, a little more fair.

But in an instant the whole situation was changed. The girl had interposed herself, doubtless with some frantic hope of appeasing this imminent strife. Sidney could see her hand held up, as if imploring them to desist. Her hurried intervention was of no avail; nay, one of the men, little guessing what danger was lurking near, rudely gripped her by the arm to drag her out of the way. That was the swift ruin of him. The girl's father suddenly made a step forward, slightly raising himself on his left foot; his left fist drove out, and down the man went like a log, lying prone and extended on the highway. Almost simultaneously the right fist was swung round, catching the second of the scoundrels a

terrific backhander on the cheek-bone. He also went staggering and rolling, until he stumbled headlong into the dry ditch. The third man, after a moment's pause of blind amazement, turned and fled as if the very devil were at his heels. All this seemed the work of one bewildering second. It happened with such an astonishing rapidity that when Sidney came eagerly running up there was nothing more to be done.

"Shall I catch that fellow for you, sir?" he demanded, quickly. "I'll get hold of him in a minute, if you like." And this was no vain boast on the part of the young man, for as a Freshman he had been a famous flier at the hurdles of the O.U.A.C.

It was Nan Summers who answered him, without even a glance to see who this new-comer was.

"No; leave him alone," she said, peremptorily. "And get those men taken away."

She was anxiously clinging to her father, both her hands on his arm, while she scrutinized his face in the strangest fashion. His complexion was a little grayer than usual, that was all; he did not seem in the least perturbed.

"Dodo, come!" she said, imploringly. "Never mind them—leave them alone—they'll do no further harm."

But he gently put her aside. He stepped over to the man who had rolled into the ditch, caught him by the collar, and dragged him to his knees.

"Quit shamming," said he, briefly—for this rascal held his hand to his head, and moaned and moaned. "You're not hurt. I don't know about this other fellow. You'll have to look after him. Get him along to the Traveller's Rest, and give him a drop of something — unless he's had enough already."

"Ay, he's had enough already, guv'nor," was the whining answer; "and it ain't gin and it ain't beer he's had enough of, but he's had enough. And my jaw's broken, that's what it is—"

"Rubbish!" said Mr. Summers, taking out a couple of shillings. "Here, this will pay for the beer and the sticking-plaster; and the next time you and your mates think of playing tricks on strangers, mind you choose the right sort of people."

"If you would like to prosecute these scoundrels, sir," said Sidney, interposing, "I shall be glad to be a witness. I saw the whole affair from the beginning, and I tried to be up in time to help you, but you were not long in settling the matter."

"Oh no; we'll leave them alone," said Mr. Summers, quietly, seeing that the other man had now in a measure recovered his senses, and was sitting up, staring about him in a limp and dazed way. "They won't forget that little lesson for a while."

"But surely it is monstrous," Sidney continued; and as Mr. Summers and his daughter were now moving away from the scene of this rapid and conclusive scuffle, it appeared only natural that he should go with them. "It is monstrous that peaceable people, walking along an open highway, should be liable to insult and menace of this kind. However, such a thing very rarely happens; I have known Henley and the districts round it for years, and hardly ever heard of such an occurrence. I hope you won't consider it a common feature of Oxfordshire life—"

"Oh no, not at all," said this sallow-complexioned man with the grave, tranquil face. "My daughter and I have lived some months now in the neighborhood, and found it particularly quiet, and the people well-behaved."

"Oh, you know the neighborhood, then?" Sidney said, with skilful promptitude. "Then you know how beautiful it is, especially in the lonelier parts, away from the main roads?"

"We are finding out day by day, just as we happen to have leisure," Mr. Summers answered, and presently the talk of the two men was all about heaths and woods and lanes, about Stonor Park and Rotherfield Greys, about Highmore Cross and Witheridge Hill, and about the long drive through the beech woods that crown the lofty land lying between Bix and Nettlebed.

And meanwhile what of Nan Summers? Well, from the moment she discovered who this was who had come to offer them assistance, she had betrayed the most inexplicable embarrassment, and even alarm, insomuch that Sidney himself could not but become conscious of it. She would not enter into their conversation; she would not even look his way; she seemed to hide herself from him, on the other side of her father. All the happy audacity of mirth and high spirits he had beheld in her face as those two

were coming out from Henley had departed; there was nothing but constraint there now. She walked on in silence; and when she lifted her eyes from the ground, it was not in his direction—it was in any other direction. What was the reason of this marvellous change? he asked himself. Surely the agitation produced by that brief scuffle could not so profoundly have affected her. In point of fact, she had shown no fear at all; it was about her father that she had betrayed anxiety, especially after the two men had been thrown aside from him like a couple of ninepins. On the other hand, was it possible that the little occurrence at the gate of St. Mary's Church still dwelt in her mind, causing her deep-lying mortification? But it was hardly credible that she should place so much importance on so trifling an incident, unless she was of an extraordinary sensitiveness that he could in no wise understand.

And so they walked on; and Mr. Summers seemed to have formed a great liking for this young stranger, whose personal charm of manner, when he chose to exert it, to say nothing of his good looks, had always made it easy for him to win friends. Sidney, on his part, strove scrupulously to preserve that gulf of distance between himself and the young lady which she appeared to have established. She might have been non-existent so far as his rapid and discursive talk was concerned, though to him it was an altogether miraculous thing that she should be only a few feet away, and consciously listening. Only once was she dragged into the conversation, and that was none of his doing. Her father was describing a certain stretch of highway they had discovered on the heights between Crowhurst and Bix Turnpike; and he said that this remote thoroughfare, with its strips of common on each side, was hardly ever used; it was a kind of no-man's-land.

"I have even thought of taking possession of it, in the name of my daughter here," he went on, in a half-jesting way; "only I suppose I should want a banner and a sword, and perhaps some cannon to fire. And, indeed, her new kingdom, I'm afraid, would only bring her trouble. For there's an extraordinary lot of wild flowers about the hedge-rows; and latterly, as if she hadn't enough to do with the seeds and plants and slips in the garden, she has taken to the out-of-door flowers as well, with all kinds of botanical books. I can't help her, of course; I don't know about such things; and when she is trying to find out the name of a new flower, the scientific descriptions appear so difficult, and so like one another—"

"Oh, but that is the simplest thing in the world," Sidney said at once. "All that is necessary is to get an old-fashioned Flora—either one based on the Linnæan system, or one with the Linnæan system as an appendix, to be used as a key. That is by far the easiest way of finding out the name of a plant," he went on, overjoyed to have the chance of talking about anything, so long as it furnished an excuse for his continuing to accompany them. "Of course the natural classification that is generally adopted nowadays is the more reasonable; but the beginner wants first of all to discover what these flowers and plants are, and the Linnæan system makes so easy and simple a key—"

"Do you hear that, Nan?" her father said, turning to her.

This unexpected question visibly disconcerted her, but she managed to murmur something in reply: her eyes were still fixed on the ground. As for Sidney, he was almost on the point of desperately breaking this spell of silence. As it happened, botany had been one of the hobbies of his boyhood; he still retained a sufficient recollection of the commoner genera and species to be met with along the hedge-rows or in the woods; and why, he asked himself, in this wild chaos of daring hopes and desires—why should she not in her troubles and difficulties come to him direct? Surely that would be an idyllic employment for a calm summer evening, up on the silent, high-lying, sunset-warmed heaths and commons, with the valleys below sinking to sleep in the gathering mists, and with a gradual softening of all distant sounds. Would she bring to him some imagined rarity, holding it up in her small white fingers, her eyes turned toward his? Nay—so rapidly did this or that fancy shoot like a swift-darting shuttle through the warp and woof of his actual and eager conversation—he was at this moment wondering which of all the flowers in garden or wildwood was nearest to the color of those hidden eyes. The forget-me-not?—too cold and opaque. The lobelia?—too blackish-blue. The germander-speed-

well?—that was something nearer it—tender and springlike—clear and yet deep—with some strange power of appeal, some power of saying mystical, unsearchable things. And why should those beautiful lucent eyes be so rigorously turned away from him? He had done nothing to cause her fear.

He knew not how long he walked with them; he clung to this surprising chance that had so happily befallen. Nor even yet had the amazing good fortune of this young man come to an end. When the three of them arrived opposite a certain white gate, Nan paused, stopped, and then turned aside, her eyes still downcast; but her father hesitated for a second.

"I have got an Ordnance Survey map of the neighborhood," he said to the young stranger. "If you wouldn't mind stepping in for a moment, you might show me the whereabouts of some of those places you mentioned: they would be easier to remember when you have once seen them."

"Oh, I shall be delighted!" said Sidney, asking himself what was going to happen to him next. He had not only discovered where that rarely beautiful creature lived; he was now being invited to enter the house. It seemed all too marvellous to be real.

And yet he was careful not to presume. He went no farther than the hall; for it was in the hall that the large map, pieced together, hung; and soon, with the aid of a pocket-pencil, he was pointing out lines of highway and explaining. The young lady had disappeared; but presently she returned, and she brought with her a bottle and a small liqueur-glass.

"Dodo," she said to her father, in an undertone.

He turned to see what she wanted.

"No, no, Nan," he said, gently. "I am perfectly well."

"But are you sure?" she said, regarding his face with a curiously earnest look.

"Perfectly—perfectly," he answered her. "You mustn't be put out by such a trifle, Nan."

So she went away again, and that was the last that Sidney saw of her at this time; for she did not even come back to bid him good-by. And presently he took his leave, and got away from this enchanted dwelling on the lonely uplands, and was making his way back to Henley through the beech woods. But in truth he was not exultant over this rare good fortune that had happened to him; rather he was anxious and disturbed, his heart and brain alike bewildered and sick and ill at ease. He did not quite know the meaning of all that had occurred, nor could he guess at its consequences; it seemed to him that he had been "in a hollow land"; that he had beheld strange things; that he had been all too near to "Nycheia, with her April eyes."

But as for Nan Summers, all this evening—now that the stranger had gone—she was in a particularly affectionate mood, and light-hearted and merry, except at rare intervals, when she would sink into a profound reverie, from which again she would almost instantly rouse herself.

"It will be a splendid story to tell Mr. Erridge," said she at dinner, and now she was laughing over that adventure of the afternoon. "It will delight him. How he will wish he had been there!"

"It is nothing to speak about, Nan," said her father. "Only there are two men in Henley who are a little wiser this evening."

"Three, Dodo, three," she said. "The one who ran away was even more frightened than the others; and I almost wish we had allowed the—the young gentleman to run after him and catch him and bring him back. I should like to have seen that one also sorry—and hoping you wouldn't be hard on him."

"No, no, Nan: it is better to let things pass quietly," her father said. It was a familiar phrase of his.

Then again, after dinner, when they were strolling through the adjacent plantation, and she was nestling close to his side, she said:

"Do you know, Dodo, I am very glad now that you met with those three insolent rascals, though I was terribly frightened at the time about the effect it might have on you. It has had no effect at all—not the slightest. And I have been convincing myself that the doctors were altogether wrong about you. The vicar used to say that they were always making mistakes about heart-disease—frightening people unnecessarily—sometimes making some poor man or woman who was quite well live in a kind of slavery for years and years. And look at you, Dodo. You have a quarrel thrust on you; you have to face three men—three of them at once,

and threatening; you send one of them spinning this way, and another one rolling that—oh, I wish Mr. Erridge could have seen it!—and then you walk quietly on as if nothing had happened; and when you come home you won't even take the little glass of brandy that I offer you! Dodo, there's not much of the invalid about you, that I'm sure of."

He laughed at her gay courage. "It matters very little, Nan," he said. "I don't think I live in any fear: one must die of something. And I am all the more unconcerned now that I have got you a home of your own; and if you had only a few companions—"

"Dodo, I wish for no companions," she said, quite earnestly. "For you and me to be by ourselves—that is what I wish for, always and always. Of course I am very glad when Mr. Erridge drives down, for he can talk to you about things I don't understand, and he is very cheerful and amusing, even when he is not aware of it. But as for companions—well, when you get tired of me, Dodo, I will go and see if I can find some companions."

Then, when they had gone in-doors, and had the lamps lit, and when she had brought him his pipe, and taken a seat at his feet, with a book in her hand from which to read aloud to him, she did not begin at once. It was the *Lays of Ancient Rome* she had brought—"Horatius," "Virginia," "The Battle of the Lake Regillus," were great favorites of his; but the volume remained unopened, and her eyes were thoughtful and absent.

"Well, Nan?" he said.

She seemed to start out of some dream. "Yes, Dodo," she answered. "I've read up about Henry of Navarre, and I can tell you all about him, and then we can go back to the Ivry ballad. You like that about as well as any of them, don't you?" But she did not proceed with her historical lecture. The book lay unheeded in her lap. Presently she said, with downcast eyes, "About—about that young gentleman who was here this afternoon, Dodo, if you should meet him in Henley, what do you mean to do?"

"How?"

"Well, would you speak to him?" she asked, with some hesitation.

"If he spoke to me, yes," her father made answer. "I don't seek to make acquaintances, as you know, Nan; but if any one chooses to speak to me, I must be civil."

"You don't even know his name," she said, beating about the bush.

"That is a small matter."

And then, in the desperation of her embarrassment, she managed to raise her eyes, which were almost piteous.

"But it's different with you, Dodo," she exclaimed. "If I were to meet him—if I were alone—what must I do? He has been in this house; and he has talked to you for a long time, while he was walking with us; but I do not know him: to me he is a perfect stranger. And suppose I were to be coming out of a shop—and he chanced to be passing—"

"Well, he seems very friendly: if he stopped to say a few words, you could but answer," her father said.

"Talk to a stranger?—what would he think of me!" she exclaimed again, almost with indignation.

"Or perhaps he would only take off his hat to you, and pass on," her father suggested. "Surely you know about such things better than I do."

She lowered her eyes; and she was silent for a second or two. When she spoke, it was very slowly:

"Don't you think, Dodo—it would be better—if both you and I—were to treat him quite as a stranger—that is, if we should ever meet him again?"

"As you please, Nan, just as you please," he responded at once. He could deny her nothing; and in his eyes she was always in the right. "He seemed very friendly and good-natured. But just as you please. You know about such things better than I do. I have never been anxious to make any new acquaintances, so long as you are content with this solitary life: if that is enough for you, it is enough for me."

And thus it was that these two—the one actuated by a vague, inexplicable alarm and foreboding, the other desirous only of meeting her wishes, and heedful of naught else—resolved upon holding this young man a stranger to them both. But the Fates were otherwise minded.

Chapter VIII.

In Glamour Land.

"Above all, be sane," Sidney Hume had kept repeating to himself only a day or two before. But now the bewilder-

ment of this girl's beauty had driven every consideration of prudence out of his head. He did not stay to ask who she was; he did not stay to ask who or what her father might be, or might have been. Probably he would have said that he already knew all he wanted to know. The girl herself had told him what she was in that inadvertent moment when she allowed a stranger to look into the windows of her soul: he had beheld the purity, the sweetness, the light-heartedness, the beneficent kindliness dwelling there. As for her father—well, the prompt and effective fashion in which he had bowled over the two navvies on the Oxford Road was a thing that commanded Sidney's entire approval. It was an unusual accomplishment to possess, no doubt. Perhaps he had been the owner of some semi-private gymnasium; perhaps he had been a teacher of athletics; it mattered little. What was of immediate concern to this young man was the actual position and circumstances in which these two were now placed; and he could not but think that the life they appeared to live, from his brief glimpse of it, was a very beautiful, simple, and natural life, far apart from the mean ambitions and jealousies and frivolities of fashion—a life wholesome and inoffensive, and marked by a rare affection that even the most casual stranger could not fail to perceive. An ideal household it seemed to him, in its modest retirement, harming no one, content within itself, amid the silence and solitude of the Oxfordshire beech woods.

And having been once admitted into this sacred retreat, a relentless longing arose within him to return thither—a longing that became imperative; he was drawn by cords stronger than any ropes of steel. The only difficulty was to discover some excuse, even of the wildest; the sleepless hours of the next morning found him still ransacking his brain. There was, it is true, the superseded Flora with its Linnæan key of which he had told them; he could carry that out to Crowhurst, and ring at the door, and leave it for them; but that was about all; and the thought of coming away unsatisfied was misery. Then a sudden fancy struck him: apparently she had got no great length with her botanical studies; her father and she had but recently come to this neighborhood; perhaps they had never heard of Wargrave Marsh and its wild snowflakes? And why should he wait till the afternoon? People in the country took their walks abroad at all hours. Indeed, why should even a minute be sacrificed? If there was any dawdling, by the time he reached Crowhurst father and daughter might have gone out for the day.

And so, as soon as he had got dressed, he hauled on a pair of half-length fishing-boots; he walked quickly along to the bridge, and hired a light little skiff, and presently he was pulling up stream with the long and steady swing of a practised oarsman. He had pretty well all the river to himself at this early hour, and had not to pay much attention; but when he had got up to Boulney Court, he held over to the opposite bank, and there, moderating his pace, he began to scrutinize attentively the wilderness of swampy weed and underwood that is known as Wargrave Marsh. At first his search was fruitless; for the flowering month of the *Leucojum æstivum* is May, and this was the first week in June; but eventually, when he had driven the bow of the boat ashore, and when he had hunted about through the spongy morass, he came upon the long leaves and white blossoms of the plant he wanted, and, securing a sufficient quantity, he made his way back to the skiff. Then down with the current again to Henley; a hurried breakfast; a hunt for the shabby old Flora; and presently, with eager and impatient stride, he was leaving the town on his way to Crowhurst among the woods.

It was a vivid and brilliant morning, as became the young summer-time; a universal trilling of larks filled all the silver spaces of the sky; there was a soft kurrooing of wood-pigeons; the tall hedges were powdered white with hawthorn; the swelling uplands were green with corn; the rounded summits of the elms were dark against the deep blue of the heavens. A morning of impetuous hope, surely, and audacious forecast; a morning full of life and quick-glancing interest; sportive and joyous, too. A whirlwind that caught up a column of dust from the yellow road and carried it along the highway was only playing, as it were, in order to cool the hot air. It was going to be a day of moving shadows and sudden shafts of sunlight; but the sunlight, he knew, would predominate; already the great mass of the variegated

landscape lay basking in the golden warmth.

As he was nearing Crowhurst he espied an old man tinkering at a dilapidated fence.

"What is the name of that house—can you tell me?" he asked.

"That be Crowhurst," said the ancient gaffer, in a strong Buckinghamshire accent, as he paused from his work. "It wur Crowhurst farm a' one time; but it bain't a farm-'ouse any mower."

"And who lives in it?"

"Why, Mahster Zummers—Mahster Zummers and his dahter."

"Thank you;" and the young man passed on.

He had already heard her father call her Nan: Anne Summers she was, then?—not an unusual name, perhaps, but it would soon become magical and wonderful enough when associated with her. Then came the necessity of letting these new friends know what his own name was; and for that he had provided a simple stratagem. When he reached the house and rang the bell, and when the smart little maid-servant presented herself, he held a card in his hand. He asked if Mr. Summers was at home, and was answered in the affirmative.

"Will you give him this card, then," he said, "and tell him I should like to see him for a few moments?"

The appearance of this young gentleman seemed to inspire confidence. She instantly and politely invited him to enter; and he, following, was forthwith shown into the drawing-room. There he was left alone for a second or two, looking around him with the keenest interest. He guessed what feminine hand was visible in the floral decoration, if that can be called floral which chiefly consisted of sprays of young beech.

The sun was hot without; here, in a soft twilight, the tender yellowish-green of those beech leaves was singularly fresh and cool.

And then Mr. Summers appeared, seemingly not in the least astonished to find who his visitor was; nay, there was quite a friendly look in his grave, submissive eyes.

"I have brought you the Flora I spoke of yesterday," said Sidney, in his usual simple and straightforward way, "and if Miss Summers will accept the loan of it she will find the Linnæan synopsis very handy and easy to manage. And as I thought she might not be familiar with the snowflake—it is rather a rarity growing wild—I've put one or two in this box. She ought to know what to look for when she comes down to the river."

"Thank you, thank you," said Mr. Summers. "But won't you come and explain to herself?—I don't understand about such things. Nan is in the garden—"

"Then I will take the book with me," said the young man, needing no second invitation; and thereupon, but perhaps with a trifle more of perturbation than he cared to show, he followed his guide into the open air.

Out here there was a blaze and dazzlement of color and sunlight—scarlet geraniums, white geraniums, blue lobelias, gorgeous peonies bursting in crimson from their thick green shell, forget-me-nots, petunias, pansies—and in the midst of it all stood a young girl in cool summer costume, who wore gardening gloves and a straw hat, and who carried a watering-can in her hand. But she was not at work at the moment; she was chatting to the old Scotch gardener, who was pottering away at some sheltered nasturtiums; and as she was quite unaware of the approach of the new-comers, her talk was unconstrained and blithe enough. Occasionally she turned to water a plant that chanced to be in shadow; but for the most part she was idly and merrily chattering to the old man.

"Nan!" her father called.

She instantly turned, and a swift color sprang to her face on recognizing this visitor; but when, without hesitation, he went forward to her and modestly made some excuse, and explained his object in thus calling upon them, her embarrassment insensibly departed, and she found herself listening unreservedly and even with gratitude to what this handsome lad had to say. His voice was quiet and reassuring; his manner was frank and natural; his eyes were honest—there was no trace of pretence or hypocrisy in them. It is true that when she removed her gloves in order to take the open book into her hands the small plump white fingers were slightly tremulous; but that was only for a second, and probably she herself did not know how easily she fell into the way of answering him and questioning him, and thanking him with her eyes as well as with her speech. She

was an apt pupil and a willing one, though he disclaimed having anything but the most amateurish knowledge of the subject. Then he opened the tin box he had brought with him and gave her the snowflakes; and still further she expressed, both by word and look, her gratitude. And now it was time for him to be gone; his mission was accomplished.

There was a moment of embarrassment. It was she who interposed.

"You were speaking of the columbine," she said, adroitly. "We have some beautiful ones just now. Won't you come and look at them? I think some of the cottage-garden flowers are as pretty as any."

She led the way, and the next minute he was regarding the slender and graceful plants, with their pendulous blossoms of various hues—blue-black, rose-purple, rose, and waxen white. And from that starting-point the rest was easy. She took him leisurely round the garden, showing him what they had done and what they meant to do, and all her timidity seemed to have fled. She was talking to him lightly, naturally, and with the most musical and magnetic voice he had ever heard. An amazing experience truly, to be in this solitary world of beautiful, basking, and glowing things, with sweet scents wafted about by the warm wind, and the distant landscape—wooded hills shimmering green in the sunlight—lying remote and silent, as if it belonged to another universe altogether, while this rare creature revealed still another charm—a voice that seemed to thrill his very heart-strings with its soft melodious tones! Once or twice she laughed as she turned to make some remark to her father, and there was a gleam of perfect teeth between the parted lips. Her face was mostly in shadow, under the straw hat, but her eyes were full of light. And there was no fear in them now. Her companion asked himself how he had ever managed to startle away the gladness and natural gayety and content that seemed to dwell habitually there.

"Nan," said her father at length, "you must not take up too much of Mr. Hume's time, proud as you are of your garden."

"But it is I who must apologize," the young man said, "for calling at such an hour. Of course you have all your day's occupations before you. So I'm afraid I must bid you good-morning."

But again it was Nan Summers who interposed. It seemed a pity he should go away in this fashion. He had shown himself so modest and pleasant-mannered, she would not have him hurry away.

"Are you—are you going back to Henley?" she asked, with a certain shyness.

"Oh yes," he answered her, with a look of inquiry.

"Because," said she—"because my father and I will be walking in quite shortly; in a few minutes we shall be starting."

She could not, in maiden bashfulness, say more; but surely this was enough. And Sidney promptly seized the opportunity. "If you wouldn't mind," he said, "if I am not in the way, I should like to wait and walk in with you."

The quick unguarded look in her eyes revealed what she herself would have answered to this proposal, but she mutely turned to her father.

"Why not?" said he. He could read her wishes in her face, and for him that was sufficient. "I am sorry I cannot drive you in. I have sent away our trap to get an alteration made in it. But a walk will be pleasant enough on so fine a morning."

"Yes, indeed," said this lucky young man, before whom an entrancing prospect had just been opened at the very moment when he thought the gates of Paradise were about to be closed on him.

And meanwhile Nan had sped away to make some change in her attire; and when she reappeared the straw hat had been discarded for something of a more young-ladyish kind, while her costume generally bore evidences of attention and care. Then they left the house together, and passed along the lane, and, under her guidance, entered a beech wood, where the soft carpet of coppery leaves, the legacy of the previous autumn, was not yet quite hidden by the young grass and the half-uncurled fronds of the bracken. It was very still and quiet in this wood; their footfalls sounded strangely. Sometimes a sigh of wind would stir the topmost branches with a moan as of some distant sea; then again peace and silence, save for the light crackling tread as they walked. There was a shadowed twilight in here, but far away through the tall stems they could see a warmer glow, the glow of the shining world without.

"I hear you are very proud of your garden," he said to her amid their multi-

farious light-hearted talk. "I suppose it keeps you quite busy."

"And a very good thing too," her father put in, in his mild way. "For, you see, she has been quietly brought up, and she has few friends and hardly any acquaintances; and if she were not kept interested by her gardening, I'm afraid it might be rather dull for her at Crowhurst."

"Dull, Dodo?" she exclaimed. "I haven't time to be dull. It isn't only helping old John in the garden, it's a hundred different things. And here is another;" for they had come to some wide patches of woodruff—innumerable small white stars set in tiny green whorls of leaves. "I must have whole armfuls of that woodruff gathered to sweeten the cupboards and the linen-chests."

And then Sidney, eager to join in on any excuse, must needs tell her of the why and wherefore of the name—woodreeve—waldmeister; from which it was but a step to the other herbs that increased in fragrance after they were cut and dried; and these again led on to the mysterious plant that looks so innocent in dell or dingle, but when transferred to the herbarium discloses all sorts of jet-black imps and hobgoblins on the blue sheet. At random, unreservedly, with quick and happy give and take, they talked of every haphazard thing that presented itself. Though for the most part Mr. Summers listened, he seemed pleased to see his daughter in such high spirits. Whenever his eyes were turned in her direction they grew soft and kind.

Then the ferns and the woodruff gave place to briers, which dragged at her dress, so that she was forced to return to the highway. And here they came again in sight of the wider landscape—upland fields and hedges dappled with sunlight and shadow; the slow moving arms of a windmill on the high sky-line; far away in the east softly wooded hills, with one solitary white mansion set amongst the shimmering sunny green. None the less was it a changeable, indeterminate sort of day. As they continued on—Sidney thinking only of the bewitching music of this girl's voice and the fascination of her careless laughter, and even the inexplicable charm of the light and free fashion in which she walked—they became aware of a curious darkness all around. It broadened out. The green of the fields near them became livid and intense. Overhead a pall of sombre purple had slowly gathered itself together in the midst of the noonday heat; there was a weight of menace in the louring sky. And at last came one or two heavy drops of rain.

"There may be a shower," Mr. Summers said; "we'd better wait for a bit under those elms."

And so they left the highway, and went and stood under the spreading branches of one of the largest of the trees, close by the rugged trunk. As for Sidney, this was but another godsend, another marvellous stroke of good fortune; there was to be some little addition to those priceless minutes that had been all too surely slipping away. What did he care if the surrounding landscape grew black as night, so long as all the sunshine of the world was near to him—in those stray waifs of golden-brown hair that clustered around her neck and ears? This overshadowing gloom was the welcomest thing that could happen; it kept her almost within touch of him; he could detect some slight perfume from the silk ribbons of her bonnet. With her parasol, or with the timid toe of her boot, she toyed with the scant spears of grass; he could watch the outcurving lashes that hid the too eloquent eyes. And when she laughed, it was a quiet sort of laughter; she rarely looked up.

But this happy imprisonment was not to last. By-and-by there was a perceptible lightening of that brooding darkness; there came a brisker stirring of wind; the fields and spinneys began to resume their natural color. Presently, as they still lingered to make sure, a dazzling gleam of blue and silver overhead, through the topmost branches of the elms, told them that the threatening storm-cloud was peacefully passing over; and as they stepped out into the road a glory of sunshine fell around them, and oak and ash and hawthorn hedge, with the golden buttercups among the grass, were all rustling and swaying and nodding in the cheerful warmth.

But what particularly struck Sidney, even amidst the bewilderment of these rare opportunities and this light and joyous talk, was the studious way in which the girl's father kept himself in the background. This powerfully built man, with his quiet demeanor and patient eyes, seemed to have not one atom of self-asser-

tion; he appeared never to think about himself at all; his care was solely lavished upon his daughter, and that in a singularly humble and wistful way. He almost seemed to treat her with deference, as if she were some superior being, so abject was his affection. If he saw her smiling and interested, he did not seek to join in the conversation at all. When he looked to make sure that the storm-cloud had passed over, it was on her account, not his own. When he was appealed to about any projected excursion or the like, it was to his daughter's face that he instinctively turned to learn whether he was to say yes or no. It was an unusual attitude of father towards child; but not less remarkable was the fact that it had resulted in no sort or kind of spoiling. The girl appeared to return his devotion a hundred times over; some little touch or caress now and again told of the confidence and trust between them; and if he were given to an unnecessary diffidence and self-effacement, that was not in the least with her consent or approval, for she lost no chance of belauding him and proclaiming her faith in him. All this position of affairs was clear enough to Sidney Hume, and he was not slow to take advantage of it—in his present desperate need.

For they had now reached the top of Gravel Hill, and were about to descend into Henley; and he was distractedly conscious that in a few minutes he would be saying good-by to them, without any distinct assurance as to their meeting again. And so, as it were by accident, but really with some wild incoherent purpose, he recalled her father's exploit of the day before in the Fair Mile, and praised it highly, and made much of it, and said how people had always admired feats of physical strength and skill; how the natural man loved fighting; how the Greeks had glorified boxing and wrestling; how even a king's son had stepped into the ring at the funeral games of Patroklos. To all this she listened with great favor, and even with some little air of triumph. He could see how pleased she was. She glanced over to her father as if to say, "Do you hear that, Dodo?" But the young man, in rapid furtherance of his own desperate schemes, went on to speak of the tendency in the popular mind to transform heroic deeds into myths, and he wondered whether the tusks shown in Rome were really those of the boar killed by Meleager. Now it is surely a far cry from knocking over two navvies in the Oxford road to the hunting of the wild boar in Calydon; but there are rivers in Macedon and Monmouth, and on this occasion the connection served, for he proceeded to remark, in a casual kind of manner,

"One would like to know what kind of beast it really was that St. George slew over there in Berkshire."

"In Berkshire? St. George?" she asked, with puzzled eyes.

"Yes," he answered her straightway. "Haven't you heard of Dragon Hill, near by Uffington, where St. George slew the ravenous beast? Oh, but you must certainly drive over there. Well, it might be too far to drive there and back in one day, but you could easily go by rail to some neighboring town, and then hire a trap. Wantage, for example—why, surely you ought to see the birthplace of King Alfred; and then there is the great white horse cut on the hill-side to commemorate the battle of Ashdown—all close by. Supposing, now, I were to plan out an excursion, would you let me be your guide for the day?"

So this was what he had been occultly driving at by means of Euryalos, and Meleager, and the bacon saint? And for a second of suspense her answer seemed doubtful. It was a bold thing for him to ask and for her to grant, seeing how short-lived had been their knowledge of each other. But then his praise of her father's strength and skill had left her in a grateful mood; and if the request was audacious, the manner of making it was modest enough; and perhaps, she may have thought, as for a moment she regarded his supplicating eyes, a refusal might appear a little hard-hearted. So she turned to her father.

"What do you say, Dodo?"

"Well, would you like it, Nan?" he made answer, with his invariable deference to her own inclination. "Just what you would like, you know. You deserve a holiday from your housekeeping. And it might make a little break. You must not let Crowhurst become monotonous; that would never do."

Then she turned again to Sidney.

"Are you sure it would not be taking up too much of your time?"

"Oh! I shall be delighted," he ex-

claimed, joyfully. "And I will make all the necessary inquiries, and will find out what the best plan will be. Then I will come out to Crowhurst, and you can fix whichever day you may think will suit."

"It is so very kind of you," she said; and the speedwell eyes, grown brave for a second, also conveyed to him her thanks, and perhaps something more, now that she was about to bid him farewell. For they had come to the corner of Bell Street, and there was no longer any excuse for his lingering in their society.

But this was no tragic parting, no hopeless and irrevocable good-by. Even as he mutely pressed her hand, and had his last glimpse of her downcast face, rose-tinted, radiant, bashful, he knew that there were to be more of those clear-shining June mornings, in a wonderland of flowers and scents and sunlit colors, with the young queen of all these beautiful things, herself more beautiful than any of them, no longer possessed of any dread of him, but bland, complaisant, with kindness and gratitude in her lucent eyes.

Nevertheless, on this afternoon and evening, being left all to himself and his own forecasts and imaginings, he fell into a curiously morbid and disquieted and restless mood. His mind was filled with vague apprehensions, formless and unreasoned things, shapeless phantoms that seemed to threaten him out of the future. There was no rejoicing in that he had so far established a certain relationship with this beautiful friend; he longed for more; he longed for some assurance of the permanence of that relationship; he longed to be near her, to know that she had not already quite forgotten. By this time she would be back at Crowhurst; and it was with a dull inexplicable pain that he thought of the distance that lay between him and her, and of the possibility of her attention being given to this or that in which he had no concern. If she had forgotten, he had not; with the most extraordinary vividness he could recall every feature and incident of that enchanted morning walk—the joyous stroll through the beech wood, the black cloud gathering in the blue and white, their halt under the elm, her moving the blades of grass with her small out-peeping foot, her shadowed face and exquisite profile. And quite clearly —in this river-side silence that was only broken by the clink and clank of some belated boat or by the distant laughter of some girls going home—he could recall the magical sound of her voice, with certain peculiarities that had for him an irresistible fascination. For example, she slightly lengthened the diphthong in such words as *town*, *now*, *out*, *abound*, and this was to him like music. He had never heard any one speak quite in this manner before, and his heart thrilled in response. It was only an additional wonder in this incomparable creature that seemed to consist of wonders—of smiles that were like sunlight, and glances that all unwittingly struck merciless and deep.

Walking up and down in the twilight, as the river gradually became deserted, and here and there the golden star of a gas-lamp glimmered through the green foliage, he thought he might as well take out and read more carefully a letter he had received that afternoon from London. It was Mrs. Hume who was the writer, and she was inclined to be angry in her remonstrances. Lady Helen — dearest Helen, rather—had more than once expressed surprise over his absence; and no wonder. Were there not books enough in the British Museum, or at the London Library? The season was in full swing, a brilliant round of festivities; everybody meeting everybody, and going everywhere. Why should he immure himself in the country? The Greeks had had their day.

Well, this reference to his favorite studies for a moment recalled to his mind the Dionysiac folk whom he had left lone-wandering in those hollow centuries that are all so silent now. But they seemed remote and voiceless—shadows that hardly concerned him; whereas the actual and living world around him had suddenly become filled with the strangest and wildest possibilities; and he himself was being racked and rent by conflicting agitations —a passionate and unappeasable longing and heart-hunger; forebodings, misgivings, that were terrible in their very vagueness. Then, again, bewildering hopes and masterful grapplings with fate and circumstance outrunning all reason and limit; and these, again, in agonizing recoil, succeeded by a poignant and hopeless sense of the unattainable that was at times near akin to despair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE GERMAN SOLDIER.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.



MY friend Captain Zinnowitz came to dinner with me one night in Berlin. He was invited particularly to meet Remington, and we spent a long evening together talking about his work as an officer of the Prussian army. I knew that he had been into Russian Poland several times for the benefit of his government, and therefore drew the conversation on to the best means of succeeding at this delicate work.

"When I go into Poland," said he, "I am not an officer any longer; I dress my hair differently, and become simply plain Mr. ——, who is seeking employment as a hydraulic engineer. I have, of course, an address in a small provincial German town, from which all my letters come, and where I have a trusted friend ready to answer all questions in regard to my occupation and identity should the Russian secret police make inquiries in regard to me. Last year I was instructed to report upon a line of railway projected at a certain point in Poland, and for that reason hired a Jew to pilot me. We went together for some distance, when the Jew told me that there were two policemen on the train evidently on our tracks, and that he would go no further. I went on alone, and at the next station jumped off on the side farthest from the railway station, and made for the woods. I had not gone far, however, when the two policemen overtook me, and demanded to know what my business was. Of course I had to make up a plausible story, and therefore remarked that I was buying wood, and had to inspect the forests of the neighborhood. Upon this, one of them said that there were no forests in the direction in which I was going, and that I must accompany them to the police station. To this I objected, protesting that I had been informed of a vast amount of timber cut and stored near here. Now this timber had all been cut for the purposes of the railway I was to report upon. The Russian policemen admitted that such was the case, much to my satisfaction, but said that they must take me to headquarters under any circumstances, where I would be examined as a matter of form. So off we went together, the policemen leading me into the very fort that I did not dream of getting into, because it was a new one, guarded with particular jealousy, and one about which my government was very anxious to gain accurate information. As we marched along, however, the question of how to get rid of my secret notes embarrassed me, for had anything of this kind been found upon me, of course I should have been taken out and hanged. To accomplish my object I pulled out cigars, which I offered to my guardians; they accepted them with an ill grace, but did not smoke them. As I proceeded to light mine, I held with the cigar a bit of the tissue-paper on which I had made memoranda,



DRAGOON OFFICER IN STREET DRESS.

and as my match burned it lit not only my cigar, but consumed the tissue-paper I held in the hollow of my hand. I had to allow my cigar to go out several times in order to get rid of the notes I had made, and heaved a great sigh of relief when the last piece was destroyed. When we reached the fortress I was taken to the commandant, and inspected carefully; that is to say, every part of my person was investigated to see if I had not concealed the smallest scrap of paper. My passport was then copied out, and I was allowed to go. They ordered me back the same way, but, by dint of very energetic language, I succeeded in persuading them to let me pass on to the next town, by which means I was enabled to go completely through the works of the fort, and report exactly upon their extent. On arrival home, after several more episodes of the same kind, my government suggested to me the desirability of knowing more of the interior construction of this work, and when I see you next year I will tell you some more."

Neither Remington nor I ever saw him again. He spoke of his adventures as lightly as though he were recounting some steeple-chase episode, and regarded quite as naturally that he should run the risk of being hanged from day to day as that he should wear his uniform and go to parade. A few months after this little dinner I dined with another interesting character, a young army surgeon with whom I had long had friendly relations. He appeared rather depressed, at first reluctant to answer my questions, but finally told me this:

"I have just come from Thorn, a fortress of Prussia on the Vistula, close to the Russian frontier. Last night I held the hand of a man who died in a semi-delirious state. He had crawled across the frontier with great difficulty, for he was in the last stages of disease, and had been brought down the river to this fortress to the military hospital. He gave a name that is not in the army list, and died without our being able to make out very much about him. I presume that now the authorities have discovered what they wish; but I was forced to leave him immediately after his death. The night before he died he managed, with great difficulty, to let me know this much: He was an officer in the Prussian army, had disguised himself as a Lithuanian peasant, and had sought employment in the neighborhood of a fortress in Poland. For this purpose he had to make himself as dirty and ragged as the peasants about him, and to harden his hands and features so that he might not arouse the suspicion of his employers. He lived in a peasant's hut, and after several weeks succeeded in being employed to carry wood into the fortress. Little by little he succeeded in gaining the information he desired, partly by pacing off distances, partly by personal inspection, and partly by careful questioning of his fellow-workmen. The nervous exhaustion which followed this painful kind of work—laboring with his hands all day, and then using the night hours for his scientific work, combined with the hourly fear of detection—produced a state of body and mind which ended in a fever. The notes he

had made were too valuable to be abandoned, so he determined, cost what it might, to get into Germany before he died. He just managed to succeed. The Prussian Intelligence Department has now complete knowledge on one point at least, and another officer has died happy in the consciousness of having done his duty."

This little anecdote is one of hundreds illustrating the difficulties in the way of keeping up what the Germans consider the Intelligence Department, or the Great General Staff of their army. Every German officer knows that if he wishes a furlough for six months, he can always get it accorded provided he gives his superiors the assurance that he means to employ his time not in seeking pleasure, but in gathering information valuable to his country; he may wish to learn a new language, to make a report upon a particular equipment of a particular foreign army, to study horse-breeding. No matter what it is, inquiry of every kind is encouraged, provided it bears directly or indirectly upon the efficiency of the service.

To illustrate the care taken of the soldier in the German army, let me mention the subject of shoes. There is in Berlin, in a very out-of-the-way place, a government museum devoted entirely to hygiene. The famous Professor Koch is the head of this excellent institution, or at least he was so when I last visited it. Among the exhibits the most interesting to me was a lot of boots and shoes, with explanatory legends in regard to the relative merit of them for marching purposes. The ones that appear to have given the greatest satisfaction were very broad in the toes; in fact, so broad that the foot appeared to have no support except upon the sole, thus allowing the greatest possible room for the expansion of the bones. In lieu of stockings, the article recommended was a woollen rag cut square and folded over the foot according to the taste of the wearer. The great advantage of these square woollen rags over the stocking is that while the stocking is apt to wear a hole either at the heel or at the toe, this woollen rag is shifted every time the boot is taken off, and thus insures an equal distribution of friction over all its parts. When the woollen rag is taken off it is very easily washed, and dries much more readily than the stocking; it is also more conveniently folded in the knapsack, and perhaps even on the score of economy has something in its favor. Between this excellent woollen rag and the care taken in regard to the selection of boots and shoes, so much has been achieved for the foot-gear of the soldier that it has now



CUIRASSIER.
From a sketch in Unter den Linden.



A HEAVY SWELL—GUARD HUSSAR.

become axiomatic that any difficulty with a soldier's feet must be presumed to spring from a soldier's own carelessness. There are two things which the German officer does not and cannot condone—one is non-efficiency of the soldier's rifle, the other a chafed foot. If either of these two takes place on the march or during the manœuvres, the soldier is immediately punished with arrest, and is not allowed to offer any excuse. During the different manœuvres of German army corps that I have attended, I cannot recall a handful of foot-sore men in the course of a day's work, and yet at all these field operations forced marches are a feature, in order to test the endurance of officers and men. The secret of this uniform excellence, as regards marching powers, lies in the training which the men receive. When they enter their company as recruits in October, the first thing that is impressed upon their minds is the importance of the shoe and the musket. No pains are spared in giving the men at the start comfortable foot-gear, and they are expected to look after this with as much interest as if it were a chronometer. In the spring following, when the snow is off the ground, marches are undertaken, and these are regulated as carefully as are the strokes and the courses of the college crew under the hands of the trainer. Each day the men march half a mile or so further than the day before; each day they carry on their back an ounce or two more; each day the speed they are able to maintain is carefully noted; in fact, the record of a company's marching from day to day, until late into the summer, when they move into the open country, is kept as minutely as if it were a single picked company training for a match or competitive drill. The German soldier is educated and trained for the purpose of fighting, and to have a man fall out before he reaches the fire-line is looked upon as quite as much a disaster as if he had been shot and wounded by the enemy. The art of war, as practised in Germany, is very much the art of "getting there," and it is the general who posts himself most advantageously at the critical moment that may be assumed to have won the battle. The marching of German troops is something quite extraordinary, not in the performance of any individual man or company or regiment, but in the fact that the commander-in-chief can count upon all the parts of his command accomplishing a very high average of col-



A STUDY IN SOCIOLOGY IN BERLIN.—From a sketch in Unter den Linden.



THE OLD GENERAL.

lective work, each part doing substantially as much as the other.

The so-called "iron ration" is an institution to which the Germans attach great importance. It is the soldier's food in a preserved shape, and not to be opened except in an extreme case of necessity; as, for instance, on a forced march preceding a battle. In ordinary times he must forage and requisition as well as he can, but the iron ration must not be touched, no matter how weary he is after his day's march. The preparation of this iron ration has been the subject of extensive chemical investigation in Germany, in order to arrive at the article which concentrates the greatest amount of nutrition in the most enduring shape; the factories where this iron ration is prepared are not open to public inspection, although I have no doubt that the French have full information on this subject.

The Germans are very thrifty in their habits, and no one visiting a German barrack-room would suspect their military authorities of extravagance, yet in regard to uniforms they seem to us extremely liberal; each soldier has five uniforms for varying degrees of work. The most inexpensive is the coarse linen one used in summer about the barracks, and the most valuable one is that which he wears on extraordinary festive occasions, as, for instance, the grand review of the Guards in the spring of the year; but beyond all those which he wears at more or less frequent intervals is the uniform which he puts on when the Emperor issues his order to mobilize for war. Then is taken out the absolutely new uniform, and with this he marches to the front. The troops that marched to the frontier in 1870 looked as though ready for a review rather than for the dirty work of campaigning.

There is a tyranny amongst German officers which would strike us as outrageous—not tyranny over soldiers, but tyranny of superior officers over inferior ones. It can only be explained by the rules governing the admission of officers to the German army. In most countries, as with us, admission to the army is gained by passing stiff examinations and nothing more. In the German army, not only must a series of difficult examinations be passed, but the candidate for epaulets must at the same time be chosen into a regiment by the officers of that regiment. Thus a young man who may have shown his proficiency in military science may yet fail to become an officer if he is regarded as a disagreeable mess-fellow by every regiment in the army. Perhaps it is possible to plead that any man who cannot get an election to a single regiment had better remain out of the army, on the presumption that if he is unpopular with those who have every opportunity of

knowing about him, he would most likely be an unpopular officer with the men, and consequently be a detriment to the service. Nominally the German army is the most democratic institution in Europe, for all able-bodied men must serve in it, without distinction of race, color, or rank. As a matter of fact, the veto power which a regimental mess has upon would-be members is not a serious deterrent to candidates, because, as a rule, the man who desires to become an officer usually has friends in some regiment of the service; and it is only fair to say that no German regiment would ever exclude a man without reasons which would be considered valid by the Department of War. The present rules, however, have this advantage, that it creates among the officers of a regiment not merely the feeling that they are parts of a great machine, but that they are a social organization bound together by ties as intimate as those uniting a lodge of Freemasons; that they have to stand one by the other in peace and war, and that the honor of one is the honor of all. The regiments of the German army differ as families differ. In some regiments names reproduce themselves for centuries back, and also groups of names, showing that the traditions of social life have passed down from one generation to another in one unbroken line from a time when Prussia was merely a province of the Roman Empire. Life in a regimental mess is so intimate that the admission to it of an outsider is a matter of grave debate on the part of all members, from the colonel down; and the greatest pains are taken that the candidate shall sustain the traditions which the regiment has accumulated. When the German officer becomes a member of a regiment, almost all his actions are influenced by the opinion of his superior officers—even matrimony. No officer can marry without the consent of his colonel, and this consent can be obtained only after a careful inquiry into all the circumstances surrounding the proposed alliance. First, is the young lady suitable for association with the wives of the other officers? Secondly, will the bridegroom be able to live respectably and bring up his family? Thirdly, are his means or those of his wife invested in proper securities, so that he is not liable to be expelled by reason of bankruptcy? These precautions seem exceedingly paternal,



THE "SUB."

but I am assured that they prevent a great deal of unhappiness, for a young officer is very apt to contract matrimony without reference to the future means of support; and, moreover, is apt to be more rash than he would be if he could see himself through the eyes of more experienced men.

This paternal care is also illustrated by the attitude of German military au-



UHLAN OFFICER IN FIELD TRIM.

thorities in regard to the duel. Fighting is happily rare amongst German officers, owing to its discouragement by the present Emperor, and the regulations governing the appeal to the sword. The German army has decided that all duelling is wrong, and that it can only be condoned in cases where every other remedy has been tried and found insufficient. German officers have courts of honor convened for the special purpose of entertaining charges which would lead to a duel; before these courts only the most delicate personal matters are tried, and the question determined as to how far an apology can be brought about or a duel avoided. Any officer who ventures upon a duel without having received first the consent of a court of honor renders himself liable to immediate disgrace by dismissal. It is safe to say that these courts of honor do an enormous amount towards making duelling difficult, if not impossible.

The social position of the German officers is the most coveted in Germany. This is not merely because as a rule German officers spring from ancient or noble families, or that their regimental messes are very paternally managed, so as to exclude undesirable elements. He is recognized, over and above that, as of a superior training intellectually, as a hard worker, and one to whom the nation looks for defence in case of war. A foreign invasion is at all times so present to the mind of the German that the army never for a moment loses its great significance to the people. With us, our men are so far away on the outskirts of civilization that we scarcely hear of them, and many an American has grown to manhood without being able to describe the uniform of the American army. The German officer always wears his uniform, and wherever he moves represents the majesty of the law as well as the national power. If a landlord wishes to recommend his beer-room to you, he can say nothing higher than that it is frequented by officers. A theatre in which officers do not appear is considered to have sunk below the level of good society. Officers at German dinners and balls are much coveted, for the officer is assumed to have good-breeding, and to be in all respects a cultivated man. During the great military operations in the autumn, officers are quartered upon the proprietors of the neighborhood, and far from this being regarded as a nuisance, those who have officers billeted upon them consider the circumstance rather agreeable than otherwise. When parades and reviews are the order of the day, when traffic is blocked upon the streets, the friendship of an officer is more than sentimental pleasure, for he can take you through all the lines which the police hold against the great army of citizens. An officer can go anywhere in uniform,

and enjoys social advantages from the very moment of putting on his shoulder-straps which men in other walks of life do not attain until they have distinguished themselves very much indeed. It is in Germany a great thing to go to court, and very few ever succeed in entering that charmed circle excepting through the army. An officer goes to court as a matter of course, although if his wife is not of a certain rank she may be excluded. In England pretty much everybody goes to court who chooses to incur the expense of the court dress, and all Americans that come to London are presented to the Queen if they choose. In Germany Mr. William Walter Phelps remarked recently that no American had been presented at court in eighteen years, unless by special request either of the Department of State or for some corresponding official reason. This gives one an idea of the enormous importance attaching in Germany to the mere formal presentation to the sovereign, which causes so much heart-burning amongst those who cannot get it.

The extraordinary social advantages enjoyed by the German officer, and the pecuniary responsibility growing naturally from such advantage, make his small pay, which amounts only to about a dollar a day in the case of a first lieutenant, appear even smaller than it is. An American lady who had been spending a winter in Dresden told me that all the bachelors of the garrison were furnished with a list of marriageable women, each name ornamented with the property she might be expected to inherit. This, I have no doubt, was a mistake on her part, but it is a very common one. German officers stationed in desirable towns are very apt to get into debt, and have to



THE OFFICERS' MESS.

choose between leaving the army in disgrace or marrying a rich girl. This explains why it is that so many officers in Germany have married Jewesses, in spite of the fact that no Jew can become an officer. I do not pretend that German officers are more mercenary than those of other armies, but as there are so many of them, nearly 30,000 in time of peace, the number of bad ones must necessarily be great. The same tendency I have heard complained of in the English army, where the pay is correspondingly small and the social demands equally great. From my own experience in Germany the officers would appear to have married for love, and to be very happy in consequence. The number of those who get into debt and fail to secure a rich wife is considerable, although it makes no particular ripple on the surface; such men simply disappear, and turn up sooner or later in America, where they take employment as coachmen, waiters, teachers, or instructors in riding-schools. The change of life is very violent, and is adopted only as preferable to suicide.

The number of German officers one sees on the streets is remarkably small compared to the size of the garrison, and the explanation of this fact is that they are too hard at work to have any time for exhibiting themselves. At four o'clock in the morning, during the favorable seasons of the year, they are up and in the saddle, out with their men drilling them with all their might; their afternoon is occupied with barrack-work, reports, and a lot of odds and ends of routine work, which leaves them pretty well tired out when evening arrives. In France, Russia, Italy, and Austria officers seem to have very much more time on their hands, to judge by the appearance of the streets alone. In England and America the officer may be regarded as having great difficulty in employing his time so as not to be bored, unless he is a singular character, regarded by his comrades as rather a "dig," or one riding a hobby. The German officer not only has an amount of daily routine work far in excess of what is customary in other armies, but he has to prepare for periodical examinations upon which his promotion depends. This, perhaps, explains why in society the German officer is found to know usually one or more languages besides his own. Last month I met at dinner a German officer of the artillery, who was not even on the Great General Staff, and discovered by accident that he understood and used six foreign languages, namely, Russian, Polish, English, French, Scandinavian, and Italian. He was a man of means, yet constantly working at some new subject for the mere love of improvement.

The swagger of the officer on the street, which strikes the travelling Anglo-Saxon, can be compared to that of the university student, who puts upon his head a little cap about the size of a saucer, and parades the street in a costume intended to arrest the attention of others by its ridiculousness. The very young officer is apt to swagger because of the novelty he enjoys in wearing a uniform for the first time, but this swagger is rarely maintained excepting amongst cavalry officers, who are mostly recruited from the wealthier aristocracy, and are not presumed to bring with them as much intellectual weight as the rest of the army. The German school-boy is kept in a species of slavery from the time he is seven years of age to the moment when he either goes to the university or becomes an officer. During these years of hard mental training he is almost entirely deprived of any opportunity to develop himself either in the field of sports or in society. The transition, therefore, is most violent when, from the nursery as it were, he is suddenly placed upon the highest level of social consideration by investing himself with epaulets. That he should not make a fool of himself on many occasions is unreasonable to expect, and it is only a source of wonder that he so soon conquers the natural tendency of an inexperienced man.

In the autumn of every year, when the bulk of the crops has been harvested, so that troops may march across country without doing very much damage to crops, the whole of the German army, including a large proportion of reserves who are called in for special training, may be said to appear in the field on a war footing. Instead of sending a regiment or so to spend a few weeks sheltered by canvas, the whole country becomes alive with marching companies and regiments, marching sometimes hundreds of miles to meet an imaginary enemy, as though war had been declared. During these marches they skirmish with detach-



FIELD DRILL OF PRUSSIAN INFANTRY.



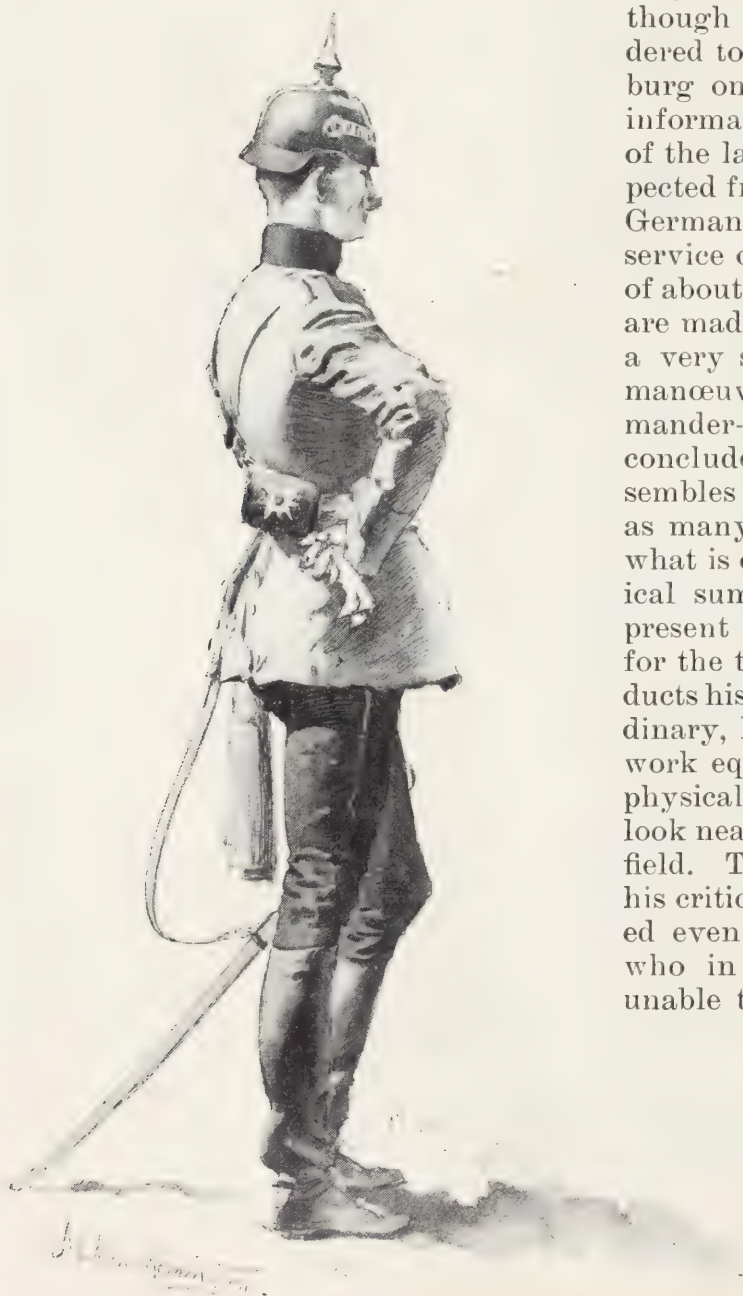
AN OFFICER OF ARTILLERY.

ments sent to meet them; they have to guard against attack by night as well as by day; they have to provide for forage and food as though in actual war; they quarter themselves as best they can in villages, and often sleep out in the open with no protection over their heads, and none beneath them unless they can find some straw to lie upon. The annual mobilization of troops all over the country, amounting to about half a million of men, is a serious source of expense, which is, however, cheerfully borne, because it is recognized to be the only means of teaching a soldier his duty in the presence of an enemy. So far as I know, the only work done in our army that corresponds in any degree to that in the German is that represented by the long marches which General Miles initiated in our Southwestern country amongst our cavalry, sending them hundreds of miles through the wilderness, liable not only to capture by the rival columns of United States troops, but also to actual destruction by Apaches. Any one who has seen the thoroughly businesslike way in which our cavalry does its duty as compared with the methods of such of our troops as are quartered in or about large towns, without any corresponding training, will quickly appreciate the distinction between the real soldier and the make-believe one. Each year in Germany, over and above the infinite number of small field operations, there is one on a larger scale, commonly referred to as the grand manœuvres, which take place when all the scattered garrisons representing one army corps unite in order of battle against another army corps gathered together in the same way. From the time of a company's leaving its garrison to the time when it becomes part of an army corps the distance marched may be two or three hundred miles, and the time occupied two or three months, according to circumstances. These grand manœuvres are always attended by the Emperor in person, who commands now on one side and now on the other, testing the efficiency of every branch of his service as thoroughly as is possible without the use of ball-cartridge. When one bears in mind that a single army corps marching along a single road occupies for its 30,000 men between thirty and forty miles, it is easy to see how much complication can be produced by attempting to bring those men rapidly to the front in line of battle, extending, perhaps, ten miles between the extremities of the two wings. Then, too, there are the difficulties in the way of bringing up to each company or battalion the ammunition and food supplies, quartering the men, providing them with water, and keeping them fit for the next day's hard work. These problems never enter into the manœuvres undertaken at Peekskill or Aldershot, where the men return to the same quarters every



HUSSARS SCOUTING.

night. The German officer knows that aside from his professional knowledge as tested by paper examinations, his promotion and general career as an officer will be largely modified by the work which he does during the autumn manœuvres. He may know his theoretical strategy by heart, but if he plants his battery too far one way or the other, if he neglects to seize the right position, if he leads his cavalry into a swamp, if he brings his men under a fire where they may presumably expect annihilation, if he does a hundred things which in real war would be fatal, and against which no text-books can protect him, he is immediately the object of severe criticism by the commander-in-chief. The field is studded with experienced officers who act solely as umpires, riding from one detachment to the other, and making minute notes of everything which they see. The great war game is played under certain rules which military experience has shown to be well devised, based upon experience in actual war, and when these rules are violated the officer may expect to suffer in consequence. The troops taking part in these manœuvres have no previous knowledge of the country over which they are to operate, and therefore their officers have to become as practised in the use of map and compass as a sailor at sea. They are told simply that between two points several hundreds of miles apart a battle may be reasonably expected—much as though a column of our troops were ordered to march from New York to Pittsburg on a certain day, having only the information that within a hundred miles of the latter place resistance might be expected from a certain force. Of course in Germany the very best maps are at the service of the officers—maps on the scale of about one mile to the inch. These maps are made by the government, and sold at a very small price. During the grand manœuvres it is the custom of the commander-in-chief, after the day's work is concluded, to sound the bugle call that assembles all the officers about him—at least as many as can come; he then delivers what is called the critique, a general critical summary of the day's work. The present Emperor is particularly noted for the thoroughness with which he conducts his critiques; his memory is extraordinary, his knowledge of soldiers' detail work equally so, and he has besides the physical energy that enables him to overlook nearly every part of the great battle-field. This is an advantage which makes his critical discussions much more dreaded even than those of his grandfather, who in his latter years was naturally unable to attend manœuvres more than in a somewhat perfunctory manner.



AN OFFICER OF DRAGOONS IN THE FIELD.

For the officers and men in general the manœuvres afford little amusement. They have to be up long before the sun, their work all day is of the hardest kind, they are quartered in stables and peasants' houses almost as comfortless



CAVALRYMAN WATERING HIS HORSE.

as the bare ground, and if they had any hours of leisure they are not where they could possibly enjoy any social relaxation, but in fact the care of their men must necessarily occupy all their time, to say nothing of preparations for the morrow.

It is a little better for those who are immediately in the suite of the Emperor, either as guests or as officers commanded to headquarters, as, for instance, the inspectors of different departments, the umpires, and high officers of other army corps. These have no great responsibilities after the day's fighting closes, and at once return to the headquarters in some town, where they are properly lodged and fed. The Emperor usually gives a dinner every evening to the principal officers and officials in the neighborhood, as well as to the principal citizens residing near by. He seizes the opportunity of the grand manœuvres to make the acquaintance personally of the principal people in the different sections of his country, and combines politics with war in an efficient way. The social features of the grand manœuvres do very much to bring notable people of different parts of the country together, and thus little by little to efface the jealousies which naturally exist among citizens of the different states who have only been united since the Franco-German war. The year 1892 was the first in the reign of the present Emperor that had no imperial or grand manœuvres, for the obvious reason that cholera was present in many German towns, and particularly in France close to the German border. They will probably, however, take place this year—1893



A JOLLY PARTY BY THE WAY-SIDE.

—as usual, and in the neighborhood of where they should have been last year, namely, about Metz. It is much to be hoped that they will be carried out so as to bring the people of this province into contact with the Emperor and his surroundings. The result cannot fail to at least modify those feelings of antipathy which people of the lately French provinces are still said to entertain for their German conqueror. The French press persists in nurturing the idea that Germans are more or less coarse and cruel masters, and that Alsace and Lorraine cannot long remain separated from the land of Napoleon. Nothing will do more to alter any such feeling than to come into personal relations with the chief of the German nation, and to see the manner in which he handles troops. He commands with a skill that does not encourage the idea of Alsace and Lorraine changing hands during his lifetime at least.

The German officer does remarkably little in the way of athletics or sport of any kind; the main reasons are that he is short both of time and of money, particularly of time. The training to the eye and the judgment which comes from cross-country riding over hedges and ditches in pursuit of a fox or a deer would be a very valuable addition to the accomplishments of the German officer of to-day. Among the crack cavalry regiments there is considerable steeplechasing, but, on account of the expense, it is limited to those who have large means. It is a rare thing for an officer to take part in rowing, sailing, bicycling, football, cricket, tennis, baseball, golf, or any of the games which do so much to render a man master of his muscles. The present Emperor has done very much to make sport popular and fashionable. He realizes fully the advantages which a man brought up to athletic games has over one who has only the training of

the professional soldier, but I fear it will take a generation educated differently from the present to bring about a reform so much to be desired. The evil commences during the school years.

The German boy, up to his eighteenth or nineteenth year, when he leaves school, is looked upon merely as a machine for grinding out Latin, Greek, and mathematics. If he has in each week two or three hours devoted to gymnastic exercises, he considers himself fortunate. It never enters his head that he should spend at least three hours a day in outdoor games of some kind. His teachers hold up their hands in horror at the idea of devoting as much attention to the physical culture of their pupils as to the cramming of their minds with dead knowledge. Even my excellent German tutor who fitted me for Yale, and who was himself a teacher of gymnastics, regarded it as monstrous that boys should spend two or three hours a day in playing football or rowing. The whole professorial caste of Germany, loyal as it is to the Hohenzollerns, regards this Emperor with ill-disguised suspicion because of his desire that the German schoolboy should be a typically vigorous creature as well as an educated one. The drudgery of the schoolboy's life can scarcely be credited by one who has not lived it, and it is only because the Emperor has suffered under it that he is now so strong an advocate for improvement.

The injury to health, which is the direct result of the unnatural life led by the German boy, has become strangely apparent in late years, through published statistics; but even without them the evils manifest themselves to impartial eyes in the difficulty of getting men of proper build to fill the ranks of the officers' corps. If the War Department accomplishes nothing more than to bring pressure upon the academic bodies in this one direction, it will have justified its existence; and if the present Emperor should die having done nothing greater than to leave every school-child the right to physical development as well as mental, he will have earned the gratitude of every mother



CUIRASSIER ON STAFF DUTY.



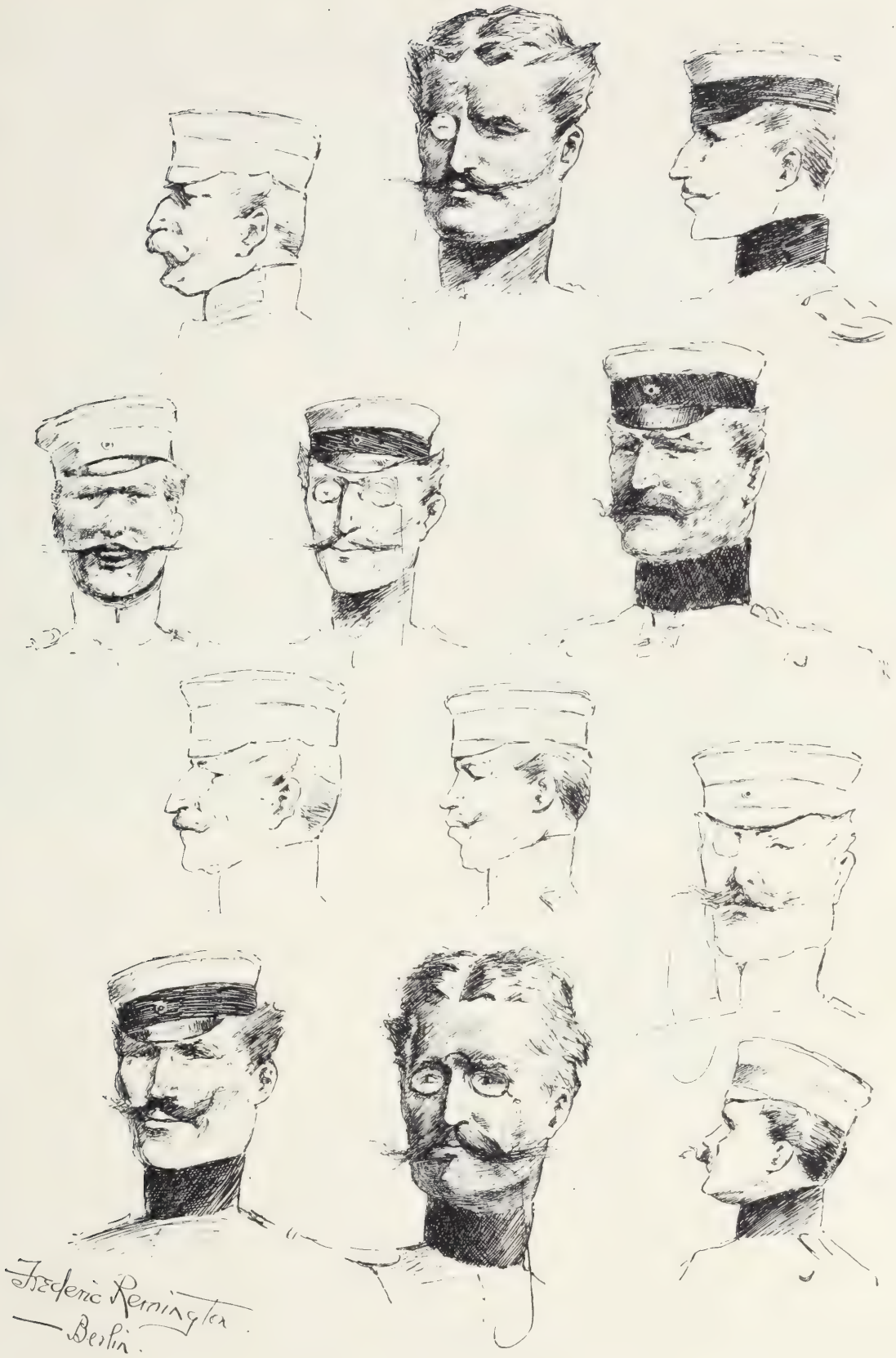
A DRAGOON TRUMPETER.

and school-child in the father-land. Already football clubs, rowing clubs, sailing clubs, are in existence, and are destined to increase in number and importance. Germany has made enormous strides in the last ten years in the field of sport, and shows no signs of going backwards. German oarsmen and bicyclists are making excellent records; they take to sport naturally wherever they are afforded the opportunities, and as soon as the school-boy is allowed his afternoons free for out-door exercise, there is no reason to doubt that the German fields will be studded with active lads hard at their games, exactly as in every Anglo-Saxon community to-day; nor is there any reason to suppose that in consequence of this liberty the German will prove less able to defend his country, or hold his own as a manufacturer or merchant or professional man in competition with those of other countries.

When the school-boy becomes the student or the officer, he immediately practises fencing very assiduously to defend what he is pleased to call his honor, and he is very apt to conclude that only an officer or a student is possessed of such an ornament. This exercise of swordsmanship is very good as far as it goes; but judging by the appearance of the students who indulge most in this manly exercise, beer-drinking forms so large a share of the work done as to almost neutralize the benefits claimed for it. The fencing takes place mostly in rooms dense with tobacco smoke, dust, and human exhalation, and does not compare for physical benefit to a game of baseball or football. It would assist very much in dissipating a great deal of nonsense in Germany if students at the universities could measure their prowess by competing for prizes in out-door sports where previous training of a severe kind has to be undergone.

The influence of the German officer upon German life and sport is so great that we can hardly imagine sport to become thoroughly popular in the father-land until clubs are formed among the officers, and thus made fashionable. The beginning to this better state of things has been made by the Emperor, who is not only a good yachtsman, oarsman, huntsman, tennis-player, but even threatens to sail a canoe. When his views in regard to the physical education of men and boys become general among his subjects, we may look for a development of the German officer that shall bring him to a considerably higher level than even at present.

In theory the German soldier has substantially the same legal guarantees in regard to his rights and personal liberty as the private of the United States regular army or of England. Any officer is liable to court martial if he addresses his superior officer in language that is unprofessional, exactly as it is with us. Practically, how-



TYPES OF PRUSSIAN OFFICERS.—From pencil notes in Berlin.

ever, the German officer often reprimands his stupid subordinate by a cuff on the ears, which the victim receives with equanimity. In fact, he would rather have the cuff and have done with it in a few minutes, than be tried in a more legal form and punished by arrest for days, perhaps weeks. Germans are irritable, as all people of great brain activity are, and in a moment of excitement use language that is unparliamentary and administer a box on the ears with striking rapidity. The



MOUNTED HUSSAR.

laws governing the army are very strict in enforcing the proper treatment of the soldier by his superior, particular stress being laid on the necessity of maintaining the self-respect of the soldier.

Whoever takes the trouble to attend the manœuvres of French or Russian army corps must be surprised by the many precautions taken to prevent their seeing anything. In Germany, on the contrary, I am able to say from having attended all the grand manœuvres during the present reign that no one bothers his head about who may or may not be among the spectators. There are, of course, a number of field gendarmes, who are detailed to protect the spectators from sudden charges of cavalry, and to keep order; but it never enters their head that they are to arrest a Frenchman or a Russian, whether he be a spy or not. Whenever the German troops operate near the frontier, it is well known that many of the French officers swell the crowd of spectators; every one knows that they are French officers dressed up as civilians; in fact, the story is told of a humorous gendarme who was clearing the road, and addressed the crowd in front of him as follows: "Gentlemen and Messieurs the French officers will please move on." The explanation of this apparent indifference on the part of German war authorities in regard to being scrutinized by their enemies lies in the fact that they know pretty well everything that their enemies know in regard to their neighbors, and they are equally confident that their enemies are pretty well informed about German affairs. If it should come to a war, they are willing to depend upon the superiority of their organization, and, above all, on the superiority of the material composing their army, both officers and men, particularly the officers.



AT ENSIGN SHELDON'S HOUSE THE MORNING AFTER THE MASSACRE.

SILENCE.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

AT dusk Silence went down the Deerfield street to Ensign John Sheldon's house. She wore her red blanket over her head, pinned closely under her chin, and her white profile showed whiter between the scarlet folds. She had been spinning all day, and shreds of wool still clung to her indigo petticoat; now and then one floated off on the north wind. It was bitterly cold, and the snow was four feet deep. Silence's breath went before her in a cloud; the snow creaked under her feet. All over the village the crust was so firm that men could walk upon it. The houses were half sunken in sharp, rigid drifts of snow; their roofs were laden with it; icicles hung from the eaves. All the elms were white on their windward sides, and the snow was so nearly ice and frozen to them so strongly that it was not shaken off when they were lashed by the fierce wind.

There was an odor of boiling meal in the air: the housewives were preparing supper. Silence had eaten hers: she and her aunt, Widow Eunice Bishop, supped early. She had not far to go to Ensign Sheldon's. She was nearly there when she heard quick footsteps on the creaking snow behind her. Her heart beat quickly, but she did not look around. "Silence," said a voice. Then she paused, and waited, with her eyes cast down and her mouth grave, until David Walcott reached her. "What do you out this cold night, sweetheart?" he said.

"I am going down to Goodwife Sheldon's," replied Silence. Then suddenly she cried out, wildly: "Oh, David, what is that on your cloak? What is it?"

David looked curiously at his cloak. "I see naught on my cloak save old weather stains," said he. "What mean you, Silence?"

Silence quieted down suddenly. "It is gone now," said she, in a subdued voice.

"What did you see, Silence?"

Silence turned toward him; her face quivered convulsively. "I saw a blotch of blood," she cried. "I have been seeing them everywhere all day. I have seen them on the snow as I came along."

David Walcott looked down at her in a bewildered way. He carried his musket over his shoulder, and was shrugged up in his cloak; his heavy flaxen mustache was stiff and white with frost. He had just been relieved from his post as sentry, and it was no child's play to patrol Deerfield village on a day like that, nor had it been for many previous days. The weather had been so severe that even the French and Indians, lurking like hungry wolves in the neighborhood, had hesitated to descend upon the town, and had staid in camp.

"What mean you, Silence?" he said.

"What I say," returned Silence, in a strained voice. "I have seen blotches of blood everywhere all day. The enemy will be upon us."

David laughed loudly, and Silence caught his arm. "Don't laugh so loud," she whispered. Then David laughed again. "You be all overwrought, sweetheart," said he. "I have kept guard all the afternoon by the northern palisades, and I have seen not so much as a red fox on the meadow. I tell thee the French and Indians have gone back to Canada. There is no more need of fear."

"I have started all day and all last night at the sound of war-whoops," said Silence.

"Thy head is nigh turned with these troublous times, poor lass. We must cross the road now to Ensign Sheldon's house. Come quickly, or you will perish in this cold."

"Nay, my head is not turned," said Silence, as they hurried on over the crust; "the enemy be hiding in the forests beyond the meadows. David, they be not gone."

"And I tell thee they be gone, sweetheart. Think you not we should have seen their camp smoke had they been there? And we have had trusty scouts out. Come in, and my aunt Hannah Sheldon shall talk thee out of this folly."

The front windows of John Sheldon's house were all flickering red from the hearth fire. David flung open the door, and they entered. There was such a goodly blaze from the great logs in the wide fireplace that even the shadows in the remote corners of the large keeping-room were dusky red, and the faces of all the people in the room had a clear red glow upon them.

Goodwife Hannah Sheldon stood before the fire, stirring some porridge in a great pot that hung on the crane; some fair-haired children sat around a basket shelling corn, a slight young girl in a snuff-yellow gown was spinning, and an old woman in a great quilted hood crouched in a corner of the fireplace, holding out her lean hands to the heat.

Goodwife Sheldon turned around when the door opened. "Good-day, Mistress Silence Hoit," she called out, and her voice was sweet, but deep like a man's. "Draw near to the fire, for in truth you must be near perishing with the cold."

"There'll be fire enough ere morning, I trow, to warm the whole township," said the old woman in the corner. Her small black eyes gleamed sharply out of the gloom of her great hood; her yellow face was all drawn and puckered toward the centre of her shrewdly leering mouth.

"Now you hush your croaking, Goody Crane," cried Hannah Sheldon. "Draw the stool near to the fire for Silence, David. I cannot stop stirring, or the porridge will burn. How fares your aunt this cold weather, Silence?"

"Well, except for her rheumatism," replied Silence. She sat down on the stool that David placed for her, and slipped her blanket back from her head. Her beautiful face, full of a grave and delicate stateliness, drooped toward the fire, her smooth fair hair was folded in clear curves like the leaves of a lily around her ears, and she wore a high, transparent, tortoise-shell comb like a coronet in the knot at the back of her head.

David Walcott had pulled off his cap and cloak, and stood looking down at her. "Silence is all overwrought by this talk of Indians," he remarked, presently, and a blush came over his weather-beaten blond face at the tenderness in his own tone.

"The Indians have gone back to Canada," said Goodwife Sheldon, in a magisterial voice. She stirred the porridge faster; it was smoking fiercely.

"So I tell her," said David.

Silence looked up in Hannah Sheldon's sober, masterly face. "Goodwife, may I have a word in private with you?" she asked, in a half-whisper.

"As soon as I take the porridge off," replied Goodwife Sheldon.

"God grant it be not the last time she takes the porridge off!" said the old woman.

Hannah Sheldon laughed. "Here be Goody Crane in a sorry mind to-night," said she. "Wait till she have a sup of this good porridge, and I trow she'll pack off the Indians to Canada in a half-hour!"

Hannah began dipping out the porridge. When she had placed smoking dishes of it on the table and bidden everybody draw up, she motioned to Silence. "Now, Mistress Silence," said she, "come into the bedroom if you would have a word with me."

Silence followed her into the little north room opening out of the keeping-room, where Ensign John Sheldon and his wife Hannah had slept for many years. It was icy cold, and the thick fur of frost on the little window-panes sent out sparkles in the candle-light. The two women stood beside the great chintz draped and canopied bed, Hannah holding the flaring candle. "Now, what is it?" said she.

"Oh, Goodwife Sheldon!" said Silence. Her face remained quite still, but it was as if one could see her soul fluttering beneath it.

"You be all overwrought, as David saith," cried Goodwife Sheldon, and her voice had a motherly harshness in it. Silence had no mother, and her lover, David Walcott, had none. Hannah was his aunt, and loved him like her son, so she felt toward Silence as toward her son's betrothed.

"In truth I know not what it is," said Silence, in a kind of reserved terror, "but there has been all day a great heaviness of spirit upon me, and last night I dreamed. All day I have fancied I saw blood here and there. Sometimes, when I have looked out of the window, the whole snow hath suddenly glared with red. Goodwife Sheldon, think you the Indians and the French have in truth gone back to Canada?"

Goodwife Sheldon hesitated a moment, then she spoke up cheerily. "In truth have they!" cried she. "John said but this noon that naught of them had been seen for some time."

"So David said," returned Silence; "but this heaviness will not be driven away. You know how Parson Williams hath spoken in warning in the pulpit and elsewhere, and besought us to be vigilant. He holdeth that the savages be not gone."

Hannah Sheldon smiled. "Parson Williams be a godly man, but prone ever to look upon the dark side," said she.

"If the Indians should come to-night—" said Silence.

"I tell ye they will not come, child. I shall lay me down in that bed a-trusting in the Lord, and having no fear against the time I shall arise from it."

"If the Indians should come— Goodwife Sheldon, be not angered, hear me. If they should come, I pray you keep David here to defend you in this house, and let him not out to seek me. You know well that our house be musket-proof as well as this, and it has long been agreed that they who live nearest, whose houses have not thick walls, shall come to ours and help us make defence. I pray you let not David out of the house to seek me, should there be a surprise to-night. I pray you give me your promise for this, Goodwife Sheldon."

Hannah Sheldon laughed. "In truth will I give thee the promise, if it make thee easier, child," said she. "At the very first war-screech will I tie David in the chimney-corner with my apron-string, unless you lend me yours. But there will be no war-screech to-night, nor to-morrow night, nor the night after that. The Lord will preserve His people that trust in Him. To-day have I set a web of linen in the loom, and I have candles ready to dip to-morrow, and the day after that I have a quilting. I look not for Indians. If they come I will set them to work. Fear not for David, sweetheart. In truth you should have a bolder heart, an you look to be a soldier's wife some day."

"I would I had never been aught to him, that he might not be put in jeopardy to defend me!" said Silence, and her words seemed visible in a white cloud at her mouth.

"We must not stay here in the cold," said Goodwife Sheldon. "Out with ye, Silence, and have a sup of hot porridge, and then David shall see ye home."

Silence sipped a cup of the hot porridge obediently, then she pinned her red blanket over her head. Hannah Sheldon assisted her, bringing it warmly over her face. "'Tis bitter cold," she said. "Now have no more fear, Mistress Silence; the Indians will not come to-night; but do you come over to-morrow, and keep me company while I dip the candles."

"There'll be company enough—there'll be a whole houseful," muttered the old woman in the corner, but nobody heeded her. She was a lonely and wretched old creature whom people sheltered from pity, although she was somewhat feared and held in ill repute. There were rumors that she was well versed in all the dark lore of witchcraft, and held commerce with unlawful beings. The children of Deerfield village looked askance at her, and clung to their mothers if they met her on the street, for they whispered among themselves that old Goody Crane rode through the air on a broom in the night-time.

Silence and David passed out into the keen night. "If you meet my goodman, hasten him home, for the porridge is cooling," Hannah Sheldon called after them.

But they met not a soul on Deerfield street. They parted at Silence's door. David would have entered had she bidden him, but she said peremptorily that she had a hard task of spinning that evening, and then she wished him good-night, and without a kiss, for Silence Hoit was chary of caresses. But to-night she called him back ere he was fairly in the street. "David," she called, and he ran back.

"What is it, Silence?" he asked.

She put back her blanket, threw her arms around his neck, and clung to him trembling.

"Why, sweetheart," he whispered, "what has come over thee?"

"You know—this house is made like—a fort," she said, bringing out her words in gasps, "and—there are muskets, and—powder stored in it, and—Captain Moulton, and his sons, and—John Carson will come, and make—a stand in it. I have—no fear should—the Indians come. Remember that I have no fear, and shall be safe here, David."

David laughed, and patted her clinging shoulders. "Yes, I will remember, Silence," he said; "but the Indians will not come."

"Remember that I am safe here, and have no fear," she repeated. Then she kissed him of her own accord, as if she had been his wife, and entered the house, and he went away, wondering.

Silence's aunt, Widow Eunice Bishop, did not look up when the door opened; she was knitting by the fire, sitting erect with her mouth pursed. She had a hostile expression, as if she were listening to some opposite argument. Silence hung her blanket on a peg; she stood irresolute a minute, then she breathed on the frosty window and cleared a little space through which she could look out. Her aunt gave a quick fierce glance at her, then she tossed back her head and knitted. Silence stood staring out of the little peep-hole in the frosty pane. Her aunt glanced at her again, then she spoke.

"I should think if you had been out gossiping and gadding for two hours, you had better get yourself at some work now," she said, "unless your heart be set on idling. A pretty housewife you'll make!"

"Come here quick, quick!" Silence cried out.

Her aunt started, but she would not get up; she knitted, scowling. "I cannot afford to idle if other folk can," said she. "I have no desire to keep running to windows and standing there gaping, as you have done all this day."

"Oh, aunt, I pray you to come," said Silence, and she turned her white face over her shoulder toward her aunt; "there is somewhat wrong surely."

Widow Bishop got up, still scowling, and went over to the window. Silence stood aside and pointed to the little clear circle in the midst of the frost. "Over there to the north," she said, in a quick, low voice.

Her aunt adjusted her horn spectacles and bent her head stiffly. "I see naught," said she.

"A red glare in the north!"

"A red glare in the north! Be ye out of your mind, wench! There be no red glare in the north. Everything be quiet in the town. Get ye away from the window and to your work. I have no more

patience with such doings. Here have I left my knitting for nothing, and I just about setting the heel. You'd best keep to your spinning instead of spying out of the window at your own nightmares, and gadding about the town after David Walcott. Pretty doings for a modest maid, I call it, following after young men in this fashion!"

Silence turned on her aunt, and her blue eyes gleamed dark; she held up her head like a queen. "I follow not after young men," she said.

"Heard I not David Walcott's voice at the door? Went you not to Goody Sheldon's, where he lives? Was it not his voice—hey?"

"Yes, 'twas, an' I had a right to go there an I chose, an' 'twas naught unmaidenly," said Silence.

"'Twas unmaidenly in my day," retorted her aunt; "perhaps 'tis different now." She had returned to her seat, and was clashing her knitting-needles like two swords in a duel.

Silence pulled a spinning-wheel before the fire and fell to work. The wheel turned so rapidly that the spokes were a revolving shadow; there was a sound as if a bee had entered the room.

"I staid at home, and your uncle did the courting," Widow Eunice Bishop continued, in a voice that demanded response.

But Silence made none. She went on spinning. Her aunt eyed her maliciously. "I never went after nightfall to his house that he might see me home," said she. "I trow my mother would have locked me up in the garret, and kept me on meal and water for a week, had I done aught so bold."

Silence spun on. Her aunt threw her head back, and knitted, jerking out her elbows. Neither of them spoke again until the clock struck nine. Then Widow Bishop wound her ball of yarn closer, and stuck in the knitting-needles, and rose. "'Tis time to put out the candle," she said, "and *I* have done a good day's work, and feel need of rest. They that have idled cannot make it up by wasting tallow." She threw open the door that led to her bedroom, and a blast of icy confined air rushed in. She untied the black cap that framed her nervous face austerely, and her gray head, with its tight rosette of hair on the crown, appeared. Silence set her spinning-wheel back, and raked the ashes over the hearth fire. Then she took the candle and climbed the stairs to her own chamber. Her aunt was already in bed, her pale, white-frilled face sunk in the icy feather pillow. But she did not bid her goodnight: not on account of her anger; there was seldom any such formal courtesy exchanged between the women. Silence's chamber had one side sloping with the slope of the roof, and in it were two dormer-windows looking toward the north. She set her candle on the table, breathed on one of these windows, as she had on the one downstairs, and looked out. She stood there several minutes, then she turned away, shaking her head. The room was very cold. She let down her smooth fair hair, and her fingers began to redden; she took off her kerchief; then she stopped, and looked hesitatingly at her bed, with its blue curtains. She set her mouth hard, and put on her kerchief. Then she sat down on the edge of her bed and waited. After a while she pulled a quilt from the bed and wrapped it around her. Still she did not shiver. She had blown out the candle, and the room was very dark. All her nerves seemed screwed tight like fiddle-strings, and her thoughts beat upon them and made terrific waves of sound in her ears. She saw sparks and flashes like diamond fire in the darkness. She had her hands clinched tight, but she did not feel her hands nor her feet—she did not feel her whole body. She sat so until two o'clock in the morning. When the clock down in the keeping-room struck the hours, the peals shocked her back for a minute to her old sense of herself; then she lost it again. Just after the clock struck two, while the silvery reverberation of the bell tone was still in her ears, and she was breathing a little freer, a great rosy glow suffused the frosty windows. A horrible discord of sound arose without. Above everything else came something like a peal of laughter from wild beasts or fiends.

Silence arose and went down stairs. Her aunt rushed out of her bedroom, shrieking, and caught hold of her. "Oh, Silence, what is it, what is it?" she cried.

"Get away till I light a candle," said Silence. She fairly pushed her aunt off, shovelled the ashes from the coals in the fireplace, and lighted a candle. Then she threw some wood on the smouldering fire.

Her aunt was running around the room screaming. There came a great pound on the door.

"It's the Indians! it's the Indians! don't let 'em in!" shrieked her aunt. "Don't let them in! don't let them!" She placed her lean shoulder in her white bed-gown against the door. "Go away! go away!" she yelled. "You can't come in! O Lord Almighty, save us!"

"You stand off," said Silence. She took hold of her aunt's shoulders. "Be quiet," she commanded. Then she called out, in a firm voice, "Who is there?"

At the shout in response she drew the great iron bolts quickly and flung open the heavy nail-studded door. There was a press of frantic white-faced people into the room; then the door was slammed to and the bolts shot. It was very still in the room, except for the shuffling rush of the men's feet and now and then a stern gasping order. The children did not cry; all the noise was without. The house might have stood in the midst of some awful wilderness peopled with fiendish beasts, from the noise without. The cries seemed actually in the room. The children's eyes glared white over their mothers' shoulders.

The men hurriedly strengthened the window-shutters with props of logs, and fitted the muskets into the loop-holes. Suddenly there was a great crash at the door and a wilder yell outside. The muskets opened fire, and some of the women rushed to the door and pressed fiercely against it with their delicate shoulders, their white desperate faces turning back dumbly, like a spiritual phalanx of defence. Silence and her aunt were among them.

Suddenly Widow Eunice Bishop, at a fresh onslaught upon the door and a fiercer yell, lifted up her voice and shrieked back in a rage as mad as theirs. Her speech, too, was almost inarticulate, and the sense of it lost in a savage frenzy; her tongue stuttered over abusive epithets; but for a second she prevailed over the terrible chorus without. It was like the solo of a fury. Then louder yells drowned her out; the muskets cracked faster; the men rammed in the charges; the savages fell back somewhat; the blows on the door ceased.

Silence ran up the stairs to her chamber, and peeped cautiously out of a little dormer-window. Deerfield village was roaring with flames, the sky and snow were red, and leaping through the glare came the painted savages, a savage white face and the waving sword of a French officer in their midst. The awful war-whoops and the death-cries of her friends and neighbors sounded in her ears. She saw, close under her window, the dark sweep of the tomahawk, the quick glance of the scalping-knife, and the red starting of caps of blood. She saw infants dashed through the air, and the backward-straining forms of shrieking women dragged down the street; but she saw not David Walcott anywhere.

She eyed in an agony some dark bodies lying like logs in the snow. A wild impulse seized her to run out, turn their dead faces, and see that none of them was her lover's. Her room was full of red light; everything in it showed distinctly. The roof of the next house crashed in, and the sparks and cinders shot up like a volcano. There was a great outcry of terror from below, and Silence hurried down. The Indians were trying to fire the house from the west side. They had piled a bank of brush against it, and the men had hacked new loop-holes and were beating them back.

John Carson's wife clutched Silence as she entered the keeping-room. "They are trying to set the house on fire," she gasped, "and—the bullets are giving out!" The woman held a little child hugged close to her breast; she strained him closer. "They shall not have him, anyway," she said. Her mouth looked white and stiff.

"Put him down and help, then," said Silence. She began pulling the pewter plates off the dresser.

"What be you doing with my pewter plates?" screamed her aunt at her elbow.

Silence said nothing. She went on piling the plates under her arm.

"Think you I will have the pewter plates I have had ever since I was wed melted to make bullets for those limbs of Satan?"

Silence carried the plates to the fire; the women piled on wood and made it hotter. John Carson's wife laid her baby on the settle and helped, and Widow Bishop brought out her pewter spoons, and her silver cream-jug when the pewter ran low, and finally her dead husband's knee-buckles from the cedar chest. All the pewter and silver in Widow Eunice

Bishop's house was melted down on that night. The women worked with desperate zeal to supply the men with bullets, and just before the ammunition failed, the Indians left Deerfield village, with their captives in their train.

The men had stopped firing at last. Everything was quiet outside, except for the flurry of musket-shots down on the meadow, where the skirmish was going on between the Hatfield men and the retreating French and Indians. The dawn was breaking, but not a shutter had been stirred in the Bishop house; the inmates were clustered together, their ears straining for another outburst of slaughter.

Suddenly there was a strange crackling sound overhead; a puff of hot smoke came into the room from the stairway. The roof had caught fire from the shower of sparks, and the stanch house that had withstood all the fury of the savages was going the way of its neighbors.

The men rushed up the stair, and fell back. "We can't save it!" Captain Isaac Moulton said, hoarsely. He was an old man, and his white hair tossed wildly around his powder-blackened face.

Widow Eunice Bishop scuttled into her bedroom, and got her best silk pelisse and her gilt-framed looking-glass. "Silence, get out the feather bed!" she shrieked.

The keeping-room was stifling with smoke. Captain Moulton loosened a window-shutter cautiously and peered out. "I see no sign of the savages," he said. They unbolted the door, and opened it inch by inch, but there was no exultant shout in response. The crack of muskets on the meadow sounded louder; that was all.

Widow Eunice Bishop pushed forward before the others; the danger by fire to her household goods had driven her own danger from her mind, which could compass but one terror at a time. "Let me forth!" she cried; and she laid the looking-glass and silk pelisse on the snow, and pelted back into the smoke for her feather bed and the best andirons.

Silence carried out the spinning-wheel, and the others caught up various articles which they had wit to see in the panic. They piled them up on the snow outside, and huddled together, staring fearfully down the village street. They saw, amid the smouldering ruins, Ensign John Sheldon's house standing.

"We must make for that," said Captain Isaac Moulton, and they started. The men went before and behind, with their muskets in readiness, and the women and children walked between. Widow Bishop carried the pelisse and looking-glass; somebody had helped her to bring out her feather bed, and she had dragged it to a clean place well away from the burning house.

The dawnlight lay pale and cold in the east; it was steadily overcoming the fire-glow from the ruins. Nobody would have known Deerfield village. The night before the sun had gone down upon the snowy slants of humble roofs and the peaceful rise of smoke from pleasant hearth fires. The curtained windows had gleamed out one by one with mild candle-light, and serene faces of white-capped matrons preparing supper had passed them. Now, on both sides of Deerfield street were beds of glowing red coals; grotesque ruins of door-posts and chimneys in the semblances of blackened martyrs stood crumbling in the midst of them, and twisted charred heaps, which the people eyed trembling, lay in the old doorways. The snow showed great red patches in the gathering light, and in them lay still bodies that seemed to move.

Silence Hoit sprang out from the hurrying throng, and turned the head of one dead man whose face she could not see. The horror of his red crown did not move her. She only saw that he was not David Walcott. She stooped and wiped off her hands in some snow.

"That is Israel Bennett," the others groaned.

John Carson's wife had been the dead man's sister. She hugged her baby tighter, and pressed more closely to her husband's back. There was no longer any sound of musketry on the meadows. There was not a sound to be heard except the wind in the dry trees and the panting breaths of the knot of people.

A dead baby lay directly in the path, and a woman caught it up, and tried to warm it at her breast. She wrapped her cloak around it, and wiped its little bloody face with her apron. "'Tis not dead," she declared, frantically; "the child is not dead!" She had not shed a tear nor uttered a wail before, but now she began sobbing aloud over the dead child. It was Goodwife Barnard's, and no kin to her. She was a single woman. The

others were looking right and left for lurking savages. She looked only at the little cold face on her bosom. "The child breathes," she said, and hurried on faster that she might get succor for it.

The party halted before Ensign John Sheldon's house. The stout door was fast, but there was a hole in it, as if hacked by a tomahawk. The men tried it and shook it. "Open, open, Goodwife Sheldon!" they hallooed. "Friends! friends! Open the door!" But there was no response.

Silence Hoit left the throng at the door, and began clambering up on a slant of icy snow to a window which was flung wide open. The window-sill was stained with blood, and so was the snow.

One of the men caught Silence and tried to hold her back. "There may be Indians in there," he whispered, hoarsely.

But Silence broke away from him, and was in through the window, and the men followed her, and unbolted the door for the women, who pressed in wildly, and flung it to again. And a child who was among them, little Comfort Arms, stationed herself directly with her tiny back against the door, with her mouth set like a soldier's, and her blue eyes gleaming fierce under her flaxen locks. "They shall not get in," said she. Somehow she had gotten hold of a great horse-pistol, which she carried like a doll.

Nobody heeded her, Silence least of all. She stared about the room, with her lips parted. Right before her on the hearth lay a little three-year-old girl, Mercy Sheldon, her pretty head in a pool of blood, but Silence cast only an indifferent glance when the others gathered about her, groaning and sighing.

Suddenly Silence sprang toward a dark heap near the pantry door, but it was only a woman's quilted petticoat.

The spinning-wheel lay broken on the floor, and all the simple furniture was strewn about wildly. Silence went into Goodwife Sheldon's bedroom, and the others followed her, trembling, all except little Comfort Arms, who stood unflinchingly with her back pressed against the door, and the single woman, Grace Mather; she staid behind, and put wood on the fire after she had picked up the quilted petticoat, and laid the dead baby tenderly wrapped in it on the settle. Then she pulled the settle forward before the fire, and knelt before it, and fell to chafing the little limbs of the dead baby, weeping as she did so.

Goodwife Sheldon's bedroom was in wild disorder. A candle still burned, although it was very low, on the table, whose linen cover had great red finger-prints on it. Goodwife Sheldon's decent clothes were tossed about on the floor; the curtains of the bed were half torn away. Silence pressed forward unshrinkingly toward the bed; the others, even the men, hung back. There lay Goodwife Sheldon dead in her bed. All the light in the room, the candle-light and the low daylight, seemed to focus upon her white frozen profile propped stiffly on the pillow, where she had fallen back when the bullet came through that hole in the door.

Silence looked at her. "Where is David, Goodwife Sheldon?" said she.

Eunice Bishop sprang forward. "Be you clean out of your mind, Silence Hoit?" she cried. "Know you not she's dead? She's dead! Oh, she's dead, she's dead! An' here's her best silk hood trampled underfoot on the floor!" Eunice snatched up the hood, and seized Silence by the arm, but she pushed her back.

"Where is David? Where is he gone?" she demanded again of the dead woman.

The other women came crowding around Silence then, and tried to soothe her and reason with her, while their own faces were white with horror and woe. Goodwife Sarah Spear, an old woman whose sons lay dead in the street outside, put an arm around the girl, and tried to draw her head to her broad bosom.

"Mayhap thou'lt find him, sweetheart," she said. "He's not among the dead out there."

But Silence broke away from the motherly arm, and sped wildly through the other rooms, with the people at her heels, and her aunt crying vainly after her. They found no more dead in the house; naught but ruin and disorder, and bloody footprints and handprints of savages.

When they returned to the keeping-room, Silence seated herself on a stool by the fire, and held out her hands toward the blaze to warm them. The daylight was broad now, and the great clock that had come from overseas ticked; the Indians had not touched that.

Captain Isaac Moulton lifted little Mercy Sheldon from the hearth and carried her to her dead mother in the bedroom, and

two of the older women went in there and shut the door. Little Comfort Arms still stood with her back against the outer door, and Grace Mather tended the dead baby on the settle.

"What do ye with that dead child?" a woman called out roughly to her.

"I tell ye 'tis not dead; it breathes," returned Grace Mather; and she never turned her harsh plain face from the dead child.

"An' I tell ye 'tis dead."

"An' I tell ye 'tis not dead. I need but some hot posset for it."

Goodwife Carson began to weep. She hugged her own living baby tighter. "Let her alone!" she sobbed. "I wonder our wits be not all gone." She went sobbing over to little Comfort Arms at the door. "Come away, sweetheart, and draw near the fire," she pleaded, brokenly.

The little girl looked obstinately up at her. "They shall not come in," she said. "The wicked savages shall not come in again."

"No more shall they, an the Lord be willing, sweet. But, I pray you, come away from the door now."

Comfort shook her head, and she looked like her father as he fought on the Deerfield meadows.

"The savages be gone, sweet."

But Comfort answered not a word, and Goodwife Carson sat down and began to nurse her baby. One of the women hung the porridge-kettle over the fire; another put some potatoes in the ashes to bake. Presently the two women came out of Goodwife Sheldon's bedroom with grave, strained faces, and held their stiff blue fingers out to the hearth fire.

Eunice Bishop, who was stirring the porridge, looked at them with sharp curiosity. "How look they?" she whispered.

"As peaceful as if they slept," replied Goodwife Spear, who was one of the women.

"And the child's head?"

"We put on her little white cap with the lace frills."

Eunice stirred the bubbling porridge, scowling in the heat and steam; some of the women laid the table with Hannah Sheldon's linen cloth and pewter dishes, and presently the breakfast was dished up.

Little Comfort Arms had sunk at the foot of the nail-studded door in a deep slumber. She slept at her post like the faithless sentry whose slumbers the night before had brought about the destruction of Deerfield village. Goodwife Spear raised her up, but her curly head drooped helplessly.

"Wake up, Comfort, and have a sup of hot porridge," she called in her ear.

She led her over to the table, Comfort stumbling weakly at arm's-length, and set her on a stool with a dish of porridge before her, which she ate uncertainly in a dazed fashion, with her eyes filming and her head nodding.

They all gathered gravely around the table except Silence Hoit and Grace Mather. Silence sat still, staring at the fire, and Grace had dipped out a little cup of the hot porridge, and was trying to feed it to the dead baby, with crooning words.

"Silence, why come you not to the table?" her aunt called out.

"I want nothing," answered Silence.

"I see not why you should so set yourself up before the others, as having so much more to bear," said Eunice, sharply. "There be Goodwife Spear, with her sons unburied on the road yonder, and she doth eat her porridge with good relish."

John Carson's wife set her baby on her husband's knee, and carried a dish of porridge to Silence.

"Try and eat it, sweet," she whispered. She was near Silence's age.

Silence looked up at her. "I want it not," said she.

"But he may not be dead, sweet. He may presently be home. You would not he should find you spent and fainting. Perchance he may have wounds for you to tend."

Silence seized the dish and began to eat the porridge in great spoonfuls, gulping it down fast.

The people at the table eyed her sadly and whispered, and they also cast frequent glances at Grace Mather bending over the dead baby. Once Captain Isaac Moulton called out to her in his gruff old voice, which he tried to soften, and she answered back, sharply: "Think ye I will leave this child while it breathes, Captain Isaac Moulton? In faith I be the only one of ye all that hath regard to it."

But suddenly, when the meal was half over, Grace Mather arose, and gathered up the little dead baby, carried it into Goodwife Sheldon's bedroom, and was gone some time.

"She has lost her wits," said Eunice Bishop. "Think you not we should follow her? She may do some harm."

"Nay, let her be," said Goodwife Spear.

When at last Grace Mather came out of the bedroom, and they all turned to look at her, her face was stern but quite composed. "I found a little clean linen shift in the chest," she said to Goodwife Spear, who nodded gravely. Then she sat down at the table and ate.

The people, as they ate, cast frequent glances at the barred door and the shuttered windows. The daylight was broad outside, but there was no glimmer of it in the room, and the candles were lighted. They dared not yet remove the barricades, and the muskets were in readiness: the Indians might return.

All at once there was a shrill clamor at the door, and men sprang to their muskets. The women clutched each other, panting.

"Unbar the door!" shrieked a quavering old voice. "I tell ye, unbar the door! I be nigh frozen a-standing here. Unbar the door! The Indians be gone hours ago."

"'Tis Goody Crane," cried Eunice Bishop.

Captain Isaac Moulton shot back the bolts and opened the door a little way, while the men stood close at his back, and Goody Crane slid in like a swift black shadow out of the daylight.

She crouched down close to the fire, trembling and groaning, and the women gave her some hot porridge.

"Where have ye been?" demanded Eunice Bishop.

"Where they found me not," replied the old woman, and there was a sudden leer like a light in the gloom of her great hood. She motioned toward the bedroom door.

"Goody Sheldon sleeps late this morning, and so doth Mercy," said she. "I trow she will not dip her candles to-day."

The people looked at each other; a subtler horror than that of the night before shook their spirits.

Captain Isaac Moulton towered over the old woman on the hearth. "How knew you Goodwife Sheldon and Mercy were dead?" he asked, sternly.

The old woman leered up at him undauntedly; her head bobbed. There was a curious grotesqueness about her blanketed and hooded figure when in motion. There was so little of the old woman herself visible that motion surprised, as it would have done in a puppet. "Told I not Goody Sheldon last night she would never stir porridge again?" said she. "Who stirred the porridge this morning? I trow Goody Sheldon's hands be too stiff and too cold, though they have stirred well in their day. Hath she dipped her candles yet? Hath she begun on her weaving? I trow 'twill be a long day ere Mary Sheldon's linen-chest be filled, if she herself go a-gadding to Canada and her mother sleep so late."

"Eat this hot porridge and stop your croaking," said Goodwife Spear, stooping over her.

The old woman extended her two shaking hands for the dish. "That was what she said last night," she returned. "The living echo the dead, and that be enough wisdom for a witch."

"You'll be burned for a witch yet, Goody Crane, an you be not careful," cried Eunice Bishop.

"There be fire enough outside to burn all the witches in the land," muttered the old woman, sipping her porridge. Suddenly she eyed Silence sitting motionless opposite. "Where be your sweetheart this fine morning, Silence Hoit?" she inquired.

Silence looked at her. There was a strange likeness between the glitter in her blue eyes and that in Goody Crane's black ones.

The old woman's great hood nodded over the porridge-dish. "I can tell ye, Mistress Silence," she said, thickly, as she ate. "He be gone to Canada on a moose-hunt, and unless I be far wrong, he hath taken thy wits with him."

"How know you David Walcott is gone to Canada?" cried Eunice Bishop; and Silence stared at her with her hard blue eyes.

Silence's soft fair hair hung all matted like uncombed flax over her pale cheeks. There was a rigid, dead look about her girlish forehead and her sweet mouth.

"I know," returned Goody Crane, nodding her head.

The women washed the pewter dishes, set them back on the dresser, and swept the floor. Little Comfort Arms had been carried up stairs and laid in the bed whence poor Mary Sheldon had been dragged and haled to Canada. The men stood talking near their stacked muskets. One

of the shutters had been opened and the candles put out. The winter sun shone in the window as it had shone before, but the poor folk in Ensign Sheldon's keeping-room saw it with a certain shock, as if it were a stranger. That morning their own hearts had in them such strangeness that they transferred it like motion to all familiar objects. The very iron dogs in the Sheldon fireplace seemed on the leap with tragedy, and the porridge-kettle swung darkly out of some former age.

Now and then one of the men opened the door cautiously and peered out and listened. The reek of the smouldering village came in at the door, but there was not a sound except the whistling howl of the savage north wind, which still swept over the valley. There was not a shot to be heard from the meadows. The men discussed the wisdom of leaving the women for a short space and going forth to explore, but Widow Eunice Bishop interposed, thrusting in her sharp face among them.

"Here we be," scolded she, "a passel of women and children, and Hannah Sheldon and Mercy a-lying dead, and me with my house burnt down, and nothing saved except my silk pelisse and my looking-glass and my feather bed, and it's a mercy if that's not all smooched, and you talk of going off and leaving us!"

The men looked doubtfully at each other; then there was the hissing creak of footsteps on the snow outside, and Widow Bishop screamed. "Oh, the Indians have come back!" she proclaimed.

Silence looked up.

The door was tried from without.

"Who's there?" cried out Captain Moulton.

"John Sheldon," responded a hoarse voice. "Who's inside?"

Captain Moulton threw open the door, and John Sheldon stood there. His severe and sober face was painted like an Indian's with blood and powder grime; he stood staring in at the company.

"Come in, quick, and let us bar the door!" screamed Eunice Bishop.

John Sheldon came in hesitatingly, and stood looking around the room.

"Have you but just come from the meadows?" inquired Captain Moulton. But John Sheldon did not seem to hear him. He stared at the company, who all stood still staring back at him; then he looked hard and long at the doors, as if expecting some one to enter. The eyes of the others followed his, but no one spoke.

"Where's Hannah?" asked John Sheldon.

Then the women began to weep.

"She's in there," sobbed John Carson's wife, pointing to the bedroom door—"in there with little Mercy, Goodman Sheldon."

"Is—the child hurt, and—Hannah a-tending her?"

The women wept, and pushed each other forward to tell him, but Captain Isaac Moulton spoke out, and drove the knife home like an honest soldier, who will kill if he must, but not mangle.

"Goodwife Sheldon lies yonder, shot dead in her bed, and we found the child dead on the hearth-stone," said Isaac Moulton.

John Sheldon turned his gaze on him.

"The judgments of the Lord are just and righteous altogether," said Isaac Moulton, confronting him with stern defiance.

"Amen," returned John Sheldon. He took off his cloak, and hung it up on the peg where he was used.

"Where is David Walcott?" asked Silence, standing before him.

"David, he be gone with the Indians to Canada, and the boys, Ebenezer and Remembrance."

"Where is David?"

"I tell ye, lass, he be gone with the French and Indians to Canada; and you need be thankful he was but your sweetheart, and ye not wed, with a half-score of babes to be taken too. The curse that was upon the women of Jerusalem is upon the women of Deerfield." John Sheldon looked sternly into Silence's white wild face; then his voice softened. "Take heart, lass," said he. "Erelong I shall go to Governor Dudley and get help, and then after them to Canada, and fetch them back. Take heart; I will fetch thee thy sweetheart presently."

Silence returned to her seat in the fireplace. Goody Crane looked across at her. "He will come back over the north meadow," she whispered. "Keep watch over the north meadow; but 'twill be a long day ere ye see him."

Silence paid seemingly little heed. She paid little heed to Ensign John Sheldon relating how the French and Indians, with Hertel de Rouville at their head, were on the road to Canada with their captives; of the fight on the meadow be-

tween the retreating foe and the brave band of Deerfield and Hatfield men, who had made a stand there to intercept them; how they had been obliged to cease firing because the captives were threatened; and the pitiful tale of Parson John Williams, with two children dead, dragged through the wilderness with the others, and his sick wife.

"Had folk listened to him, we had all been safe in our good houses with our belongings," cried Eunice Bishop.

"They will not drag Goodwife Williams far," said Goody Crane, "nor the babe at her breast. I trow well it hath stopped wailing ere now."

"How know you that?" questioned Eunice Bishop, turning sharply on her.

But the old woman only nodded her head, and Silence paid no heed, for she was not there. Her slender girlish shape sat by the hearth fire in John Sheldon's house in Deerfield, her fair head showed like a delicate flower, but Silence Hoit was following her lover to Canada. Every step that he took painfully through pathless forests, on treacherous ice, and desolate snow fields, she took more painfully still; every knife gleaming over his head she saw. She bore his every qualm of hunger and pain and cold, and it was all the harder because they struck on her bare heart with no flesh between, for she sat in the flesh in Deerfield, and her heart went with her lover to Canada.

The sun stood higher, but it was still bitter cold; the blue frost on the windows did not melt, and the icicles on the eaves, which nearly touched the sharp snow-drifts underneath, did not drip. The desolate survivors of the terrible night began work among the black ruins of their homes. They cared as well as they might for the dead in Deerfield street, and the dead on the meadow where the fight had been. Their muscles were all tense with the cold, their faces seamed and blue with it, but their hearts were strained with a fiercer cold than that. Not one man of them but had one or more slain, with dead face upturned seeking his in the morning light or on that awful road to Canada. Ever as the men worked they turned their eyes northward, and met grimly the icy blast of the north wind, and sometimes to their excited fancies it seemed to bring to their ears the cries of their friends who were facing it also, and they stood still and listened.

Silence Hoit crept out of the house and down the road a little way, and then stood looking over the meadow toward the north. Her fair hair tossed in the wind, her pale cheeks turned pink, the wind struck full upon her delicate figure. She had come out without her blanket.

"David!" she called. "David! David! David!" The north wind bore down upon her, shrieking with a wild fury like a savage of the air; the dry branches of a small tree near her struck her in the face. "David!" she called again. "David! David!" She swelled out her white throat like a bird, and her voice was shrill and sweet and far-reaching. The men moving about on the meadow below, and stooping over the dead, looked up at her, but she did not heed them. She had come through a break in the palisades; on each side of her the frozen snow-drifts slanted sharply to their tops; over the drifts the enemy had passed the night before, and they glittered with blue lights like glaciers in the morning sun.

The men on the meadow saw Silence's hair blowing like a yellow banner between the drifts of snow.

"The poor lass has come out bareheaded," said Ensign Sheldon. "She is near out of her mind for David Walcott."

"A man should have no sweetheart in these times, unless he would her heart be broke," said a young man beside him. He was hardly more than a boy, and his face was as rosy as a girl's in the wind. He kept close to Ensign Sheldon, and his mind was full of young Mary Sheldon travelling to Canada on her weary little feet. He had often, on a Sabbath day, looked across the meeting-house at her, and thought that there was no maiden like her in Deerfield.

Ensign John Sheldon thought of his sweetheart lying with her heart still in her freezing bedroom, and stooped over a dead Hatfield man whose face was frozen into the snow.

The young man, whose name was Freedom Wells, bent over to help him. Then he started. "What's that?" he cried.

"'Tis only Silence Hoit calling David Walcott again," replied Ensign Sheldon.

The voice had sounded like Mary Sheldon's to Freedom. The tears rolled over his boyish cheeks as he put his hands into the snow and tried to dig it away from the dead man's face.



"'DAVID!' SHE CALLED. 'DAVID! DAVID! DAVID!'"

"David! David! David!" called Silence.

Suddenly her aunt threw a wiry arm around her. "Be you gone clean daft," she shrieked against the wind, "standing here calling David Walcott? Know you not he is a half-day's journey toward Canada, an the savages have not scalped him and left him by the way? Standing here with your hair blowing and no blanket! Into the house with ye!"

Silence followed her aunt unresistingly. The women in Ensign Sheldon's house were hard at work. They were baking in the great brick oven, spinning, and even dipping poor Goodwife Sheldon's candles.

"Bind up your hair, like an honest maid, and go to spinning," said Eunice, and she pointed to the spinning-wheel which had been saved from her own house. "We that be spared have to work, and not sit down and trot our own hearts on our knees. There be scarce a yard of linen left in Deerfield, to say naught of woollen cloth. Bind up your hair!"

And Silence bound up her hair, and sat down by her wheel meekly, and yet with a certain dignity. Indeed, through all the disorder of her mind, that delicate maiden dignity never forsook her, and there was never aught but respect shown her.

As time went on, it became quite evident that although the fair semblance of Silence Hoit still walked the Deerfield street, sat in the meeting-house, and toiled at the spinning-wheel and the loom, yet she was as surely not all there as though she had been haled to Canada with the other captives on that terrible February night. And it became the general opinion that Silence Hoit would never be quite her old self again and walk in the goodly company of all her fair wits unless David Walcott should be redeemed from captivity and restored to her. Then, it was accounted possible, the mending of the calamity which brought her disorder upon her might remove it.

"Ye wait," Widow Eunice Bishop would say, hetchelling flax the while as though it were the scalp-locks of the enemy—"ye wait. If once David Walcott show his face, ye'll see Silence Hoit be not so lacking. She hath a tenderer heart than some I could mention, who go about smiling when their nearest of kin lay in torment in Indian lodges. She cares naught for picking up a new sweetheart. She hath a steady heart that be not so easy turned as some. Silence was never a light hussy, a-dancing hither and thither off the bridle-path for a new flower on the bushes. An', for all ye call her lacking now, there be not a maid in Deerfield does such a day's task as she."

And that last statement was quite true. All the Deerfield women, the matrons and maidens, toiled unceasingly, with a kind of stern patience like that which served their husbands and lovers in the frontier corn fields, and which served all the dauntless border settlers, who were forced continually to rebuild after destruction, like way-side ants whose nests are always being trampled underfoot. There was need of unflinching toil at wheel and loom, for there was great scarcity of household linen in Deerfield, and Silence Hoit's shapely white maiden hands flinched less than any.

Nevertheless, many a day, in the morning when the snowy meadows were full of blue lights, at sunset when all the snow levels were rosy, but more particularly in wintry moonlight when the country was like a waste of silver, would Silence Hoit leave suddenly her household task, and hasten to the terrace overlooking the north meadow, and shriek out: "David! David! David Walcott!"

The village children never jeered at her, as they would sometimes jeer at Goody Crane if not restrained by their elders. They eyed with a mixture of wonder and admiration Silence's beautiful bewildered face, with the curves of gold hair around the pink cheeks, and the fret-work of tortoise-shell surmounting it. David Walcott had given Silence her shell comb, and she was never seen without it.

Many a time when Silence called to David from the terrace of the north meadow, some of the little village maids in their homespun pinafores would join her and call with her. They had no fear of her, as they had of Goody Crane.

Indeed, Goody Crane, after the massacre, was in worse repute than ever in Deerfield. There were dark rumors concerning her whereabouts upon that awful night. Some among the devout and godly were fain to believe that the old woman had been in league with the powers of darkness and their allies the savages, and had so escaped harm. Some even whispered that in the thickest of the slaughter,

when Deerfield was in the midst of that storm of fire, old Goody Crane's laugh had been heard, and one, looking up, had spied her high overhead riding her broomstick, her face red with the glare of the fire. The old woman was sheltered under protest, and had Deerfield not been a frontier town, and graver matters continually in mind, she might have come to harm in consequence of the gloomy suspicions concerning her.

Many a night after the massacre would the windows fly up and anxious faces peer out. It was as if the ears of the people were tuned up to the pitch of the Indian war-whoops, and their very thoughts made the nights ring with them.

The palisades were well looked to; there was never a slope of frozen snow again to form foothold for the enemy, and the sentry never slept at his post. But the anxious women listened all winter for the war-whoops, and many a time it seemed they heard them. In the midst of their nervous terror it was often a sore temptation to consult old Goody Crane, since she was held to have occult knowledge.

"I'll warrant old Goody Crane could tell us in a twinkling whether or no the Indians would come before morning," Eunice Bishop said one fierce windy night that called to mind the one of the massacre.

"Knowledge got in unlawful ways would avail us naught," returned Goodwife Spear. "I trow the Lord be yet able to protect His people."

"I doubt not that," said Eunice Bishop, "but I would like well to know if I had best bury my pelisse and my spinning-wheel and looking-glass in a snow-drift to-night. I have no mind the Indians shall get them. I warrant she knoweth well."

But Eunice Bishop did not consult Goody Crane, although she watched her narrowly and had a sharp ear to her mutterings as she sat in the chimney-corner. Eunice and Silence were living in John Sheldon's house, as did many of the survivors for some time after the massacre. It was the largest house in the village, and most of its original inhabitants were dead or gone into captivity. The people all huddled together fearfully in the few houses that were left, and the women's spinning-wheels and looms jostled each other.

As soon as the weather moderated, the work of building new dwellings commenced, and went on bravely with the advance of the spring. The air was full of the calls of spring birds and the strokes of axes and hammers. A little house was built on the site of their old one for Widow Bishop and Silence Hoit. Widow Sarah Spear also lived with them, and Goody Crane took shelter at their fireside for the most part. So they were a household of women, with loaded muskets at hand, and spinning-wheels and looms at full hum. They had but a scanty household store, although Widow Bishop tried in every way to increase it. Several times during the summer she took perilous journeys to Hatfield and Squakheak, for the sake of bartering skeins of yarn or rolls of wool for household articles. In December, when Ensign Sheldon with young Freedom Wells went down to Boston to consult with Governor Dudley concerning an expedition to Canada to redeem the captives, Widow Eunice Bishop, having saved a few shillings, burdened him with a commission to purchase for her a new cap and a pair of bellows. She was much angered when he returned without them, having clean forgotten them in his press of business.

On the day when John Sheldon and Freedom Wells started upon their terrible journey of three hundred miles to redeem the captives, Eunice Bishop scolded well as she spun by her hearth fire.

"I trow they will bring back nobody," said she, her nose high in air, and her voice shrilling over the drone of the wheel; "an they could not do the bidding of a poor lone widow-woman, and fetch her not the cap and bellows from Boston, they'll fetch nobody home from Canada. I would I had ear of Governor Dudley. I trow men with minds upon their task would be sent." Eunice kept jerking her head as she scolded, and spun like a bee angry with its own humming.

Silence sat knitting, and paid no heed. She had paid no heed to any of the talk about Ensign Sheldon's and Freedom Wells's journey to Canada. She had not seemed to listen when Widow Spear had tried to explain the matter to her. "It may be, sweetheart, if it be the will of the Lord, that they will bring David back to thee," she had said over and over, and Silence had knitted and made no response.

She was the only one in Deerfield who

was not torn with excitement and suspense as the months went by, and the only one unmoved by joy or disappointment when in May John Sheldon and Freedom Wells returned with five of the captives. But David Walcott was not among them.

"Said I not 'twould be so?" scolded Eunice Bishop. "Knew I not 'twould be so when they forgot to get the cap and the bellows in Boston? The one of all the captives that could have saved a poor maid's wits they leave behind. There's Mary Sheldon come home, and she a-coloring red before Freedom Wells, and everybody in the room a-seeing it. I trow they might have done somewhat for poor Silence," and Eunice broke down and wailed and wept, but Silence shed not a tear. Before long she stole out to the terrace and called "David! David! David!" over the north meadow, and strained her blue eyes toward Canada, and held out her fair arms, but it was with no new disappointment and desolation.

There was never a day nor a night that Silence called not over the north meadow like a spring bird from the bush to her absent mate, and people heard her and sighed and shuddered. One afternoon in the last of the month of June, as Silence was thrusting her face between the leaves of a wild cherry-tree and calling "David! David! David!" David himself broke through the thicket and stood before her. He and three other young men had escaped from their captivity and come home, and the four, crawling half dead across the meadow, had heard Silence's voice from the terrace above, and David, leaving the others, had made his way to her.

"Silence!" he said, and held out his poor arms, panting.

But Silence looked past him. "David! David! David Walcott!" she called.

David could scarcely stand for trembling, and he grasped a branch of the cherry-tree to steady himself, and swayed with it.

"Know—you not—who I am, Silence?" he said.

But she made as though she did not hear, and called again, always looking past him. And David Walcott, being near spent with fatigue and starvation, wound himself feebly around the trunk of the tree, and the tears dropped over his cheeks as he looked at her; and she called past him, until some women came and led him away and tried to comfort him, telling him how it was with her, and that she would soon know him when he looked more like himself.

But the summer wore away and she did not know him, although he constantly followed her beseechingly. His elders even reproved him for paying so little heed to his work in the colony. "It is not meet for a young man to be so weaned from usefulness by grief for a maid," said they. But David Walcott would at any time leave his reaping-hook in the corn and his axe in the tree, leave aught but his post as sentry, when he heard Silence calling him over the north meadow. He would stand at her elbow and say, in his voice that broke like a woman's: "Here I be, sweetheart, at thy side. I pray thee turn thy head." But she would not let her eyes rest upon him for more than a second's space, but turned them ever past him toward Canada, and called in his very ears with a sad longing that tore his heart: "David! David! David!" It was as if her mind, reaching out ever and speeding fast in search of him, had gotten such impetus that she passed the very object of her search and knew it not.

Now and then would David Walcott grow desperate, fling his arms around her, and kiss her upon her cold delicate lips and cheeks as if he would make her recognize him by force; but she would free herself from him with a passionless resentment that left him helpless.

One day in autumn, when the borders of the Deerfield meadows were a smoky purple with wild asters, and golden-rods flashed out like golden flames in the midst of them, David Walcott had been pleading vainly with Silence as she stood calling on the north terrace. Suddenly he turned and rushed away, and his face was all convulsed like a weeping boy's. As he came out of the thicket he met the old woman Goody Crane, and would fain have hidden his face from her, but she stopped him.

"Prithee stop a moment's space, Master David Walcott," said she.

"What would you?" David cried out in a surly tone, and he dashed the back of his hand across his eyes.

"'Tis full moon to-night," said the old woman, in a whisper. "Come out here to-night when the moon shall be an hour

high, and I promise ye she shall know ye."

The young man stared at her.

"I tell ye Mistress Silence Hoit shall know ye to-night," repeated the old woman. Her voice sounded hollow in the depths of her great hood, which she donned early in the fall. Her eyes in the gloom of it gleamed with a small dark brightness.

"I'll have no witch-work tried on her," said David, roughly.

"I'll try no witch-work but mine own wits," said Goody Crane. "If they would hang me for a witch for that, then they may. None but I can cure her. I tell ye, come out here to-night when the moon is an hour high; and mind ye wear a white sheep's fleece over your shoulders. I'll harm her not so much with my witch-work as ye'll do with your love, for all your prating."

The old woman pushed past him to where Silence stood calling, and waited there, standing in the shadow cast by the wild cherry-tree until she ceased and turned away. Then she caught hold of the skirt of her gown, and David stood, hidden by the thicket, listening.

"I prithee, Mistress Silence Hoit, listen but a moment," said Goody Crane.

Silence paused, and smiled at her gently and wearily.

"Give me your hand," demanded the old woman.

And Silence held out her hand, flashing white in the green gloom, as if she cared not.

The old woman turned the palm, bending her hooded head low over it. "He draweth near!" she cried out suddenly; "he draweth near, with a white sheep's fleece over his shoulders! He cometh through the woods from Canada. He will cross the meadow when the moon is an hour high to-night. He will wear a white sheep's fleece over his shoulders, and ye'll know him by that."

Silence's wandering eyes fastened upon her face.

The old woman caught hold of her shoulders and shook her to and fro. "David! David! David Walcott!" she screamed. "David Walcott with a white sheep's fleece on his back! On the meadow! To-night when the moon's an hour high! Be ye out here to-night, Silence Hoit, if ye'd see him a-coming down from the north!"

Silence gasped faintly when the old woman released her and went muttering away. Presently she crept home, and sat down with her knitting-work in the chimney-place.

When Eunice Bishop hung on the porridge-kettle, Goody Crane lifted the latch-string and came in. It was growing dusky, but the moon would not rise for an hour yet. Goody Crane sat opposite Silence, with her eyes fixed upon her, and Silence, in spite of herself, kept looking at her. A gold brooch at the old woman's throat glittered in the firelight, and that seemed to catch Silence's eyes. She finally knitted with them fixed upon it.

She scarcely took her eyes away when she ate her supper; then she sat down to her knitting and knitted, and gazed, in spite of herself, at the gold spot on the old woman's throat.

The moon arose; the tree branches before the windows tossed half in silver light; the air was shrill with crickets. Silence stirred uneasily, and dropped stitches in her knitting-work. "He draweth near," muttered Goody Crane, and Silence quivered.

The moon was a half-hour high. Widow Bishop was spinning, Widow Spear was winding quills, and Silence knitted. "He draweth near," muttered Goody Crane.

"I'll have no witchcraft!" Silence cried out, suddenly and sharply. Her aunt stopped spinning, and Widow Spear started.

"What's that?" said her aunt. But Silence was knitting again.

"What meant you by that?" asked her aunt, sharply.

"I have dropped a stitch," said Silence.

Her aunt spun again, with occasional wary glances. The moon was three-quarters of an hour high. Silence gazed steadily at the gold brooch at Goody Crane's throat.

"The moon is near an hour high; you had best be going," said the old woman, in a low monotone.

Silence arose directly.

"Where go you at this time of night?" grumbled her aunt. But Silence glided past her.

"You'll lose your good name as well as your wits," cried Eunice. But she did not try to stop Silence, for she knew it was useless.

"A white sheep's fleece over his shoul-

ders," muttered Goody Crane as Silence went out of the door; and the other women marvelled what she meant.

Silence Hoit went swiftly and softly down Deerfield street to her old haunt on the north meadow terrace. She pushed in among the wild cherry-trees, which waved, white with the moonlight, like ghostly arms in her face. Then she called, setting her face toward Canada and the north: "David! David! David!" But her voice had a different tone in it, and it broke with her heart-beats.

David Walcott came slowly across the meadow below; a white fleece of a sheep thrown over his back caught the moonlight. He came on, and on, and on; then he went up the terrace to Silence. Her face, white like a white flower in the moonlight, shone out suddenly close before him. He waited a second, then he spoke. "Silence!" he said.

Then Silence gave a great cry, and threw out her arms around his neck, and pressed softly and wildly against him with her wet cheek to his.

"Know you who 'tis, sweetheart?"

"Oh, David, David, 'tis thou, 'tis thou, 'tis thou!"

The trees arched like arbors with the weight of the wild grapes, which made the air sweet; the night insects called from the bushes; Deerfield village and the whole valley lay in the moonlight like a landscape of silver. The lovers stood in each other's arms, motionless, and seemingly fixed as the New England flora around them, as if they too might reappear hundreds of spring-times hence, with their loves as fairly in blossom.

SLEEP.

BY ALICE BROWN.

WITHDRAW thee, soul, from strife.
Enter thine unseen bark,
And sail across the dark
And silent sea of life.
Leave Care and Grief, feared now no more,
To wave and beckon from the shore.

Thy tenement is bare.
Shut are the burning eyes,
Ears deaf against surprise,
Limbs in a posture fair.
The body sleeps, unheeding thee,
And thou, my sailing soul, art free.

Rouse not to choose thy way;
To make it long or short,
Or seek some golden port
In haste, ere springs the day.
Desire is naught, and effort vain:
Here he who seeks shall ne'er attain.

Dream-winged, thy boat may drift
Where lands lie warm in light;
Or sail, with silent flight,
Oblivion cleaving swift.
Still, dusk or dawning, art thou blest,
O Fortune's darling, dowered with rest!



GOING TO THE DERBY.

THREE ENGLISH RACE MEETINGS.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE Derby, whatever it may have been to the English people in the past, seems to be chiefly patronized to-day by coster-mongers and Americans. I saw at the last Derby about forty thousand coster-mongers and gypsies, and some twenty thousand Americans, equally divided between well-known actors and the people you meet on the steamer. Of course there were other classes there, the idle rich and royalties, but they were not on the scene at all. They had as little to do with it as the Roman senators painted on the back drop in *Julius Cæsar* who remain stiff and dignified whatever befalls, have to do with the super senators who run up the stage crying "Kill, burn, destroy!" They formed a cluster of black hats in a corner of a grand stand that rose as high as the Equitable Building—a wall of human beings with faces for bricks. The real Derby crowd was that which stretched about this sheer wall upon Epsom Downs over miles and miles of dusty turf.

To approach the Derby in a proper frame of mind, and to get its full values, it is necessary to start sixteen miles away from it, and to draw near to it slowly and by degrees, and with humility of spirit. The spirit in which you return depends on different things, generally on a particular horse.

The Derby does not affect London town itself. I should like to be present at the public function which could. It does not overthrow it, and color it with blue and orange and black, as the football match does New York on Thanksgiving day. It sprinkles it with a number of young men with field-glasses about their persons, and a few more coaches than usual, but that is all. You reach the Surrey side and Clapham Road before you note the difference. And from there

on for sixteen miles you are not allowed to forget that you are going to the Derby. You go on a coach if you wish to see it properly. By it I mean the scene and the people, and not the races, which are a very small part of it, and which are like all other races in that the wrong horse comes in first. Clapham Road begins at the other end of Vauxhall Bridge, and as your coach swings into it on a trot you take your place in a procession, and only trot thereafter by accident. This procession is made up of coster-monger carts: coaches with ringing horns and clanking harness: omnibuses, gay with enamelled advertisements: open trucks, carrying kitchen chairs for seats: hansoms, with hampers on top and mosquito nettings in front: and drays and vans and every make of wagon known to the London streets, from the Mile End Road of Whitechapel to the Mile of Hyde Park. To watch this procession on its way, thousands of men and women line the two sidewalks, and fill the windows of houses, the family, on the first floor, dressed for the occasion, and the nurse-maids and house-servants hanging out of the windows above them. These latter are amused or envious, as the case may be, and express themselves accordingly.

In the procession the coster-monger predominates. There is generally not less than six of him in one cart, with the poor little "moke," as they for some unknown reason call their donkey, almost invisible, save for his ears and his little legs, that go pluckily twinkling in and out from beneath the legs of his owner, which are stretched along the shaft and encircle his neck.

"Six men and only one donkey?" some one exclaimed to a coster after the races.

"And why not?" said the man. "We all on us 'ad whips."

The London coster is quite as typical in his way as the London policeman. He wears a white and blue dotted kerchief as the badge of all his race, and a high-cut waistcoat and a full long-tailed coat, both strung with pearl buttons as closely as they can be sewed together. If he is very smart he has his trousers slashed like a Mexican vaquero's, with a triangle of black velvet and more pearl buttons. This is his unofficial uniform. Many of the gypsies wear it too, and it is all the more picturesque because it is unofficial. He pays more than he can afford for one of these suits, and they are handed down from father to son, and so in their time see many Derbys, and Sunday outings at the Welsh Harp, and bank holidays. He leaves Farringdon Road or Spitalfields or Whitechapel at four in the morning of Derby day, and so reaches it about one in the afternoon, after many halts. If he is a good coster, one who jumps upon his mother but seldom and only beats his wife when drunk, he takes the "missus" and the "nipper" and two or three pals with him. If he is not married, he gives the seat of honor to his sweetheart, or his "doner," as he calls her. Her badge of office is a broad silver chain with a large silver locket attached, and a bonnet. She can also be told by the way she bangs her hair. The silver chain is inevitable; the bonnet is wonderful. The coster girls pay for these latter a sixpence a week on the instalment plan, and some of these bonnets from Petticoat Lane cost as much as the milliners on Bond Street ask for theirs. But the coster girl gets much more for her money. Her bonnet is as broad as a sombrero, slanting down in front over her eyes and hair, and towering at the back above her head, covered with colored feathers and ribbons and velvet. This bonnet is as characteristic and local to the coster girls of the east of London as are the gold head-dresses to the women of Scheveningen.

It is necessary to give the coster-monger so much space because the Derby really belongs to him, although he does not grudge you the spectacle. He rather enjoys your being there. He considers catching your eye a sufficient introduction, and bids you with solicitude to be careful of your health, and asks, "Wot cheer, Govenor?" or exclaims ecstatically: "My! *wot* noice laidies you 'ave got along o' you; *hain't* you? 'Er with the straw 'at in *particular*. I'm plaiying you to win, your ladyship, and the laidy next you for a plaice;" or he will stop suddenly in the middle of his song (for every wagon-load sings, so that as you go along you are steadily passing out of the burden of one melody into the rhythm of another), and standing up, cry, warningly: "Don't you listen to 'im, laidy. 'Es a-deceiven of you. It's just 'is gammon. Ahh! you sees, I knows you."

There is a great deal of this sort of thing. It is extremely funny, or rough and vulgar, if you like, but that is really

no reason why English women of the better class should not see it, as none of them apparently have done. That, however, touches on a national characteristic which would take very long to explain, even were it not to me, at least, still unintelligible.

After two hours you draw away from the solid rows of suburban villas, with immortal names painted on their very little door-posts, and drive by parks, and into villages and past public-houses, in front of which hundreds of wagon-loads have been emptied, and where the occupants, having been refreshed and enlivened, are taking the stiffness out of their limbs by dancing on the very dusty village green, the "doners" in their young men's Derby hats, and the young men in the marvellous bonnets aforesaid. It is the noisiest and the best-natured of crowds, and the thirstiest, for the public houses apparently are not frequent enough, and many wagons carry their own kegs of ale on temporary tables running down the centre, upon which the occupants sprawl, lean, and pound with their pewter mugs.



ON THE ROAD TO THE DERBY.

The commons and parks give way to broad fields and bunches of trees and hedges, and the procession breaks into a trot and breathes the fresh air thankfully; or we pass between the high stone walls of some great estate, and can see the tennis-court from the top of the coach, and the owner and his friends, even at this early hour, taking tea, which in England is like a motion to adjourn. Even this far from town small boys, very red of countenance and covered with dust, accompany us on our way, turning cartwheels or somersaults, and landing heavily on their backs, only to scramble up again and run after us to call, "Throw us your mouldy coppers, sir," or "'Ope you'll pick the winner, sir." At one place hundreds of orphans, in the uniform of the asylum to which they belong, are ranged behind a hedge under the care of sweet-looking teachers, and cheer wildly and continually, like a mob in a play, apparently at the prospect that some one at least, if not themselves, is going to enjoy himself. And men throw coppers, for which they scramble. It struck me that all the dear little girls in mob-caps, and the sweet little boys in regimentals playing so bravely in the asylum band, were learning a very curious lesson along that dusty highway, and that making beggars of them, and objects of careless pity from such a mob, would be hardly worth in years to come the few pennies which the day brought in.

To many of the crowd the day was an old story, and to wear away the time they played cards on the tables placed in their vans, or danced up and down the confined limits of the wagon, while the others beat time on their knees. The good-nature is the most marked feature of the day, and quite well worth remarking when one considers that thousands of drivers are handling from four horses to one donkey each, and that each is trying to get ahead of the one immediately in front, and that each thinks his particular animal is best entitled to take and to hold the right of way. Nothing, I think, speaks more highly of the Englishman's inborn knowledge of driving, whether he be a butcher

boy or Arthur Fownes, than this procession, three deep and sixteen miles long, on Derby day, with not a wheel gone nor a broken shaft to mark the course.

It is one o'clock before you leave the cultivated lands behind, and toil slowly up the steep hill to the downs, where the white dust rises suddenly like a mist and shuts out the rest of the world, leaving you in a white cloud, which blinds and suffocates you. It makes you understand the mosquito nets in front of the hansoms and the blue and green veils around the men's hats.

It is a dust which conceals everything from view except the rear of the coach just in front and the flashes of light where the sun strikes on a piece of brass mounting. It is like moving through a fog at sea. One hears the crack of the whips and the creaking of wheels and leather all around, and the half-hearted protest of some guard on his horn, but one can only imagine what the dust hides, and comes out of it on the top of the downs as out of a Turkish bath, gasping and tearful, and wondering if those other people know how white and bedraggled and haggard they look. The top of the downs is one vast encampment—an encampment without apparent order or government, with every dust-covered hedge in sight lined with picketed horses and donkeys, and with hundreds more grazing along lines of rope which early risers have stretched for your convenience and their possible profit. You must pass through a mile of this impromptu stabling before you reach the race-track proper, and between rows and rows of carts resting upon their shafts, and hansom-cabs with the driver's seat pointing skywards, and omnibuses abandoned for the time to gypsies and hostlers. It is a bivouac as great as that of an army corps. In the centre of these open-air stables rises the grand stand, with its back towards London. It is the highest grand stand in the world, and the people on the top of it cannot be recognized from the ground even with an opera-glass. It faces one end of a horseshoe track—a turf track, with stout rails on either side of it. In the centre of this horseshoe track is a valley; and this valley, and the track, and the downs beyond the horseshoe track, are covered for miles with what looks like a succession of great and little circuses and their accompanying side-shows. There is not a row of booths here and a bunch of tents there, but long irregular avenues and streets built of booths and flag-covered tents, with canvas pictures for walls, stretching on beyond one another for a mile, like a fighting line of old battle-ships with all their canvas set and all their signals flying; and in amongst these are thousands of people pushing and shoving and moving in black blocks and streams and currents, with a soldier's scarlet coat or a gypsy's yellow shawl showing for an instant, and then disappearing again in the ocean of black heads and white faces.

The Derby is quite free; at least unless you mount the monster grand stand, or go inside the enclosure between it and the track; but the rest is as free as a Lord Mayor's show, and on the day that I was there sixty thousand people availed themselves of this freedom. In a country given to spectacular exhibitions—Wimbledon's, jubilee processions, boat-races, naval reviews—the Derby strikes one as quite the most remarkable thing of this sort that the English do, and they do them all particularly well. In no other country, I believe, do sixty thousand people travel sixteen miles to camp out around a race-track, and then break up camp and march back again the same night.

As a matter of fact, they do not all march back the same night. The gypsies and the fakirs, and hundreds of others around the training-stables (for the racing at Epsom Downs lasts a week), remain overnight, and this encampment, with the fires burning in the open air and the lights showing from under the canvas, makes as weird and wonderful a scene as that of the Derby day itself. But in the morning this sleeping bivouac rouses itself, and the tents go up as easily as umbrellas, and an army of people crowd the track and the grounds, as thickly as the City Hall Square is crowded on the night of a Presidential election. The coaches face the grand stand from the opposite side of the track. They are packed as closely together as the omnibuses in front of the Bank of England, so that one could walk for half a mile from one to the other of them without once touching the ground. The first which come of these take the best places, and the last are crowded in on them by the servants and the unemployed, who take out the leaders and shove with the wheelers until they have locked wheels with two other



AT THE DERBY.

coaches, and have apparently entangled themselves forever. These coaches form a barrier three rows deep along the course, and the dresses of the women on top of them, and the luncheons, before their pyramids are demolished, make the place look like a succession of picnics in mid-air.

Back of these, down the valley between the curves of the horseshoe, are tents and the rings where wooden horses circle and prance, and railroad cars which mock the laws of gravity, dashing up and down wooden hills, and where there are shooting-galleries and boxing-booths and swings, and rows after rows of gypsy wagons (little green and red houses on wheels, with a pair of steps at the back like a bathing-machine), and solid phalanxes of shouting book-makers. These last stand in couples, dressed ridiculously alike, as a guarantee that they do not intend to lose themselves in the crowd, and with banners behind them to tell who they may be, from whence they come, and what a very old and trustworthy firm theirs is.

"Good old Ted Marks," and "Splasher Getters of Manchester"; "Diamond Jack of Birmingham"—"Fair play, quick pay, and civility to all" is his motto—and "Ikey Kennedy, the Music Hall pet," in a gilded four-wheel wagon, with his portrait in oils on the sides. There are dozens of such wagons and hundreds of book-makers. Some in white flannel caps, clothes, and shoes, others all in red silk with red silk opera hats and evening dress, others with broad sashes spangled with bright new shillings like shirts of chain armor, and others in velvet or Scotch plaids. They are grotesque, loud-voiced, red-faced, and each couple identical in appearance, even to the flower in the button-hole and the scarf-pin. They will take anything from a shilling to a five-pound note, and they take a great many of both.

But if you would get something for your money other than a ticket with "Lucky Tom Tatters of London" printed upon it, you can throw wooden balls at cocoanuts in front of a screen, or at

wooden heads, or at walking-sticks, and perhaps get one of the cocoanuts, or a very bad cigar. You can also purchase a purse in which you have seen a gentleman in a velveteen coat put a sovereign, which is not there when you open the purse, or bet on which one of three cups the little round ball is under, or buy wooden doll babies with numerous joints to stick in your hatband, or colored paper flowers and feathers to twine around it, these latter being traditional. People always put doll babies in their hats after the Derby—you can see them in Frith's picture: "it has always been done," they will tell you, if you ask, and that is all the reason you can obtain, or that you desire if you are a good Englishman. There are also numerous venders of tin tubes and dried pease, with which joyous winners on their way home pepper the legs of the helpless footmen on the back of the coach in front, and of pewter squirts filled with water with which they re-freshen the dust-covered "bobbies"; or, if you are a sportsman, you can watch a prize-fight which is always just about to begin, or shoot at clay pipes with a rifle, or try your strength by pounding a peg into the ground.

These are all very moderately priced pleasures, but there is much you can get for nothing at all. You do not have to pay to see the clown on stilts walking above the heads of the crowd, and frightening Eliza by putting one leg over her shoulder and trusting that she will not jump the wrong way; or to see the man who allows any one in the crowd to break with a sledge-hammer the rocks which he holds on his breast, and who jumps up unharmed and dashes after the dissolving audience with his tattered hat.

You see so much to entertain you on the grounds that you forget about the races, although the sight from the coach is, in its broader view, quite as amusing and impressive as the one you obtain by pushing through the crowd. Instead of moving about to see other people, the other people come to call on you, chiefly musicians of several nationalities, who sing sentimental songs sentimentally to the young women on the next drag, who try to pretend they do not know that they are being made to look ridiculous; and little yellow-haired girls on stilts, who seat themselves on the box, and draw their stilts up out of the way, and sing, "I'm er blushin' bud of innercence; papa says I'm a great expense"; and troops of burnt-cork comedians who pretend they know the people on the coaches, and who flatter the weak in spirit by crying: "Ahh! glad to see your lordship 'ere to-doiy. I 'ain't forgot the 'arf-crown your lordship give me when your lordship won that pot of money off King Remus, Kemton Park Waiy. Your lordship allus wos a good one at pickin' a winner. Now, wot can we sing at your lordship's command ter-day?" At which his lordship, being a real-estate agent from Chicago, is extremely pleased, and commands his favorite melody.

There are a great many Americans at the Derby. It is something of which they have all heard, and in consequence want to see. An Englishman has also heard about it, but that does not necessarily make him want to see it.

There are some things there which no one cares to see — men fighting in the dirt for the chicken bones some groom has scraped off a plate and thrown between the wheels, and men who, when some one on the coach, seeing this, hands them decent food in a decent way, tremble all over as a dog does when you hold up a stick, and choke the food into their mouths with one hand while the other (wasted one) is stretched out for more, and men and boys sleeping heavily under the very feet of the crowd, worn out with the endless noise and excitement and the sixteen-mile walk and drink, and the young bank clerk who came overdressed, and was suddenly beset on all sides, and who now stands stunned and silly with empty pockets and a hole in his scarf to show where his pin had been. Or one sees a quick congestion of the crowd in one spot, and policemen making through it like men through water, arm over arm, until they meet around and rescue some poor wretch of a book-maker who has tried to sneak away from his debts, and upon whom one of his creditors, knowing that the law of England will not recognize a gambling debt, has called down the unwritten law of the race-track, and has hurled the cry of "Welsher." An awful word, that means nothing to us, but which sometimes on an English race-course means death from man-handling. And the fellow is run out into the track trembling with terror and clinging to the officers about him, with his tawdry suit of velvet torn from his back, and his face



THE WELSHER.

and naked shoulders covered with sweat and dust, and the blood that shines brilliantly in the sunlight, all his blatant noisy swagger gone, and with nothing left but an awful terror of his fellow-men. When Englishmen used to deprecate the sad prevalence of lynch-law in some parts of my own country, I used to ask them if they had ever heard a man cry "Welsher" in England, and they would fall back on the evils of our protective tariff and of our use of ice-water at dinner.

The races at the Derby are very beautiful examples of how grand a spectacle a horse-race can be. I can only speak of them as a spectacle, and not knowingly in sporting phraseology, because a compositor once made me say that the odds on a horse were 60 to 0, and a great many clever sporting editors, whose experience was limited to Guttenburg, pointed out by this how little I knew. Since that I have avoided writing of horse-races, except as a picturesque and pretty institution.

What first puzzles one at the Derby is to see where the horses are going to find room to run, for the track is blocked with the mob, which stands doubtfully fingering the sixpences in its pockets, and listening to the young men who are selling tips on the race to follow, and beseeching the crowd about them to remember what they foretold at the Manchester races a year ago.

"*Did* I soiy Orleander would win? Did I? I arsk you now, as man to man, *did* I, or did I not? I *did*. Right, sir, I did. And the gents wot patronized me got a quid for every bob they 'ad up. I don't spend *moi* toime 'anging round pubs, *I* don't. *I'm* hup every mornin' on these 'ere downs a-watchin' these 'ere 'orses run, and *I* knows wot's wot, and it's all writ down 'ere in these 'ere pieces of paiper which I'm givin' away for a tanner." Mixed with these young men are evangelists with an organ on wheels, to the accompaniment of which they sing hymns. They are not the Salvationists, though one sees the red jerseys of these also, but soberly clothed, earnest-looking men, perfectly impassive to the incongruity of their surroundings, and fervent in their hope of accomplishing some good. They have as large a circle about them as has the tipster, and they are too familiar a sight wherever many people are gathered together in England to be either scoffed at or encouraged. But when the bell rings, all of these—tipster, evangelist, and colored comedian—fly before the important business of the moment, and there is a rush to the rails, which men clutch desperately like wrecked mariners to a mast-head, and a sudden overflow among the carriages as the mounted police ride slowly along the length of the track, leaving a clear broad green road behind them.

And then the horses canter up the course, and come back again with a rush of colors and straining necks amidst what



THE LAST HORSE.



RETURNING FROM THE DERBY.

is almost, for so large a multitude, complete silence. Englishmen do not make themselves heard as does a racing crowd in America. The most interesting effect in the race to one who is looking up the track, and who is not interested in the finish, is what seems to be a second race, as the crowd breaks in after the last of the horses and sweeps down the track, making it appear shortened behind as the horses move forward.

When it is all over there is the desperate hurry of departure, the harnessing up of frightened horses, and the collecting of the stray members of the different coaching parties, and a great blowing of horns and cracking of whips, and much inelegant language, and long and tiresome waits of a quarter of an hour each, while the great mob that arrived at different hours tries to get out and depart at the same moment. But as soon as the downs are cleared, and Clapham Road is reached, the procession of the morning is re-formed; the crowds, only greater in number, line the way on either side, and there is much more singing and much more blowing of horns and playing of accordions and airy persiflage. The coster does not object to making himself look ridiculous. He rejoices intensely in a false nose and a high paper cap. He would not feel that he had enjoyed the day or done it proper honor if some one in his party did not sing or play the accordion, and if all of them did not wear plumes in their pot hats. We have nothing which exactly corresponds with this at home; the people of the east and west sides, when they go off for a day's holiday, do not make themselves ridiculous on purpose. If one of their party wore a false nose, or a red and yellow hat two feet high, or stuck doll babies all over his person, he would be frowned upon as being too "fresh." The day is not complete to the east side tough here unless he helps to throw some one off the barge, or thrashes the gentleman who wants to "spiel" with his girl. And the Englishman of the

lowest class is much more musically inclined than his American brother. From the downs to High Street, Whitechapel, there is one continual burst of song,—the songs, as a rule, it is interesting to note, being those which a man of an entirely different class had written for audiences of as wholly different a class, but which were hailed and adopted unanimously by the people of the class about which they were written. I refer to Albert Chevalier and his coster-monger ditties. One sees the same thing in the way the British soldiers in India sing Mr. Kipling's barrack-room ballads, and the inhabitants of Cherry Street have adopted Mr. Braham's "Maggie Murphy's Home."

Many of these vocalists fall by the wayside, under a hedge or against the walls of a public-house, and the waits at these places become more general and more frequent, and so it is quite dark before you reach the asphalt again, and find the streets ablaze with light and rimmed with black lines of spectators and beggars, who hope you have had a lucky day, and who entreat, with a desperation which recognizes this to be the last chance for another year, that you will throw them what remains of your "mouldy coppers."

One finds the Cup day of Royal Ascot a somewhat tame affair after the rowdy good-nature and vast extent of the Derby. It is neither the one thing nor the other. There is rather too much dust and too frequent intrusions of horses upon the scene to make it a successful garden party, and there are too many women to make it a thoroughly sporting race meeting. There seem to be at least four women — generally twins, to judge by their gowns—to every man. The crowd that makes the Derby what it is, is only present at Ascot on sufferance. The smart people, to whom Ascot primarily and solely belongs, have all the best places and the best time; but even the best time does not seem to be a very good time. They all appear to be afraid of mussing their frocks, which, when they have so many, seems rather mean-spirited. There is a track at Ascot over which horses run at great speed at irregular intervals, but nobody takes them seriously. One is either back in the royal enclosure taking tea, or behind the grand stand on the lawn, quite out of sight of the track, or lunching on the long line of coaches facing it, or in the club and regimental tents back of these, where, for all one can see of it, the race might be coming off in Piccadilly. Every well-known regiment has its own luncheon tent, with its soldier-servants in front, the native Indians in white and red turbans and the sailors being the most successful, and many of the London clubs have their tents also, and the pretty women, and the big narrow-waisted young men, all of whom look and walk and dress alike—even to the yellow leather field-glass over the right shoulder, which never comes out of its case—pass from tent to tent, and from coach to coach, and from the Enclosure to the grand stand throughout the whole of the day, seeking acquaintances and luncheon, and tasting horrible claret-cup and warm champagne. The Ascot races were under the especial charge last year of the Earl of Coventry, who, as master of the Queen's buckhounds, had, among other duties, that of refusing the applications of five thousand people for a place in the Enclosure. This in itself must be something of a responsibility, although it is likely that after one has refused three thousand, the other two thousand would not weigh on one's mind. It is also his duty and pleasure, when the court is not in mourning, to ride at the head of a group of richly attired gentlemen leading the royalties in their carriages.

This is a very pretty sight. The horses are very fine, and the coats very pink, and Lord Coventry is, as he should be, the ideal of an English gentleman M. F. H. He only clears the track once; after that the ordinary mounted police perform this service, which is a somewhat superfluous duty, as the crowd go on with their own pursuits whether the track is clear or not. The Ascot gowns are probably the most striking effect of the day; a woman would recall one or two of them, but to a man they appear as a dazzling whole; they are the first and the last thing he sees; they force themselves upon him before anything else, as the multitude of hansom-cabs on a London street press on the eye before you recognize which street it is.

To the American there must always be something delightful in the idea of the Enclosure; but the reality is a trifle disappointing. He has, of course, outgrown the idea that royalties look differently from other people, but such an aggrega-



THE ASCOT.

tion of social celebrities penned up, as it were, and on view to such an immense mob, seems to promise something less conventional. But it is interesting to hear the present bearer of a very great name fuss and fret because there are two and not three lumps in his tea, and to find that the very much made up lady is *the* professional beauty, and *not* the young and very beautiful one who is laughing so heartily at a song of a colored comedian on the other side of the rail, and that she in turn was once a clergyman's daughter and is now a Personage indeed, and "walks in" before all the other great ladies and professional beauties and the young girl friends of her own age with whom she once used to play tennis and do parish work. It is also curious to consider that "only a brandy bottle" stands between a shy little man and a title which is written up in bronze from Hyde Park corner to Westminster Bridge, and that the "black man," who is not at all black, in the ill-fitting gray frock-coat, is a prince of half of India, and that the very much bored young man who is sitting down while three women are standing and talking to him is a manufacturer's son who is worth a million pounds sterling. It is also interesting to hear the policemen tell the crowd outside the fence that they must not even "touch the railing." It makes you think you are at a circus, and listening to the keeper warning the group in front of the lion's cage. I really could not see what harm it would have done had they happened to touch the railing itself, especially when it was the fault of those behind who were so keen to see. And it is only fair to say that the lions behaved admirably, and were quite unconscious of the presence of so many awe-stricken spectators. That is all that saved it from being ridiculous on both sides of the barrier.

I do not think that royalty looks well in the garb of every day, and in the sunlight to which we can all lay claim. Its members should be reserved for functions and dress parades and levees. They look much better then. Their appearance in high hats and in jewels worn with cloth

walking dresses is artistically and politically wrong. It is much better not to have royalty at all than to have a democratic royalty which stops to laugh at Punch and Judy shows, as did George III., or goes to smoking concerts, as do some of his descendants. Such conduct may endear royalty to the hearts of the people, but it is extremely annoying to the visiting American. Royalty is either royal or it is nothing; and when it steps off the red plush and walks over to Tattersall's to back Orvieto, it loses its only excuse and its only interest.

What impresses you most about Henley is the way in which every one contributes to make it what it is. It is not divided into those who are looked at and those who look on. Every one helps, from the young man in the blue coat and the red ribbon of the Leander Club, who lounges on the house-boat, to the perspiring waterman, with his brass shield and red coat, who ferries you from one bank to the other. The chance spectator gives just as much to the scene as does the winner of the Diamond Sculls. Every one and every boat-load is part of a great panorama of color and movement, some giving more than others. Letty Lind, of the Gaiety Theatre, for instance, under her lace parasol in the Gaiety enclosure, is more pleasing to look at than the stout gentleman who is bumping everything within reach of his punt, and who is kept busy begging pardons from one end of the course to the other; but even he makes you smile lazily, and so contributes to the whole.

You are impressed, as you are at so many of the big English out-of-door meetings, with the system and the order of the thing, and with the rules which govern your pleasure, and the fact that the rules which control the Henley week are as strictly in force as those which govern the Bank of England, and are quite as excellent. There is no scrambling for places, nor mixture of the good with the bad, and the speculator, who does all he can to spoil every successful meeting in America, from the football matches and the Horse Show to a Paderewski recital, is unknown. A governing committee, or board of trustees, or some such important body, sit in conclave long before Henley week, and receive applications from clubs for places along the bank, and from families for portions of the lawns, and from the owners of house-boats for positions on the course. And the board of trustees decide who shall go where and which shall have what, and the lordly house-boat and the humble fakir who asks room on the opposite bank for his cocoa-nut-stand are treated with equal consideration. And so when you come down from town in your flannels, prepared to be pleased and to enjoy yourself, you find the scene set, and the ushers in their places, and your seat reserved for you. That is the great thing about England—its law and order, which keeps the hired carriages out of the Row, which arrests you for throwing an envelope out of a hansom-cab, and which controls the position of your canoe at Henley. In America it is every one for himself. In England it is every one for every one else, and though the individual may occasionally suffer, the majority rejoice. It may annoy you to find that you must not anchor your launch to a house-boat, and leave it there while you walk about on the turf; but if it is left there it annoys hundreds of others who need the room it takes, and so when you return you will find that the river police have removed it, and tied it up at some place where lost articles are classified and cared for. This hurts your feelings, but it is good for the public.

The racing is a very small part of Henley. It must necessarily be so when two boats only can row at the same time, and when the advantage of position means an advantage of two lengths to the crew which pull under the shelter of the house-boats. An arrangement so absurd as that cannot be considered as coming under the head of serious sport. Henley is a great water picnic, not a sporting event; it is the out-of-door life, the sight of the thousands of boats and thousands of people in white and colors, all on pleasure bent, and the green trees, and beautiful flowers of the house-boats, and the colored lanterns at night and the fireworks, which make Henley an institution. It strikes one at first as being very small, as it really is, much smaller than the name and fame of the race and place lead one to expect.

You enter into the spirit of Henley when you get your ticket in town, and find hundreds of young men and maidens crowding the platform, and dressed as no



AT HENLEY.

one would dare to dress in New York city —in the most barbarous blazers and brilliant boating suits—the sort of garments men or girls might have worn a few years ago at the Pier or at Bar Harbor, but which they would certainly not expose to the stares of Broadway, or to the criticisms of the idlers around a railroad station. America is a fine free country in many ways, but England is much more free in one, and allows her subjects or the strangers within her gates to dress as they please, and where they please. Hundreds more of such holiday-looking beings met the special trains at Henley station, and from that on you see no more round hats, or black coats, or varnished boots. The whole boating fraternity of the Thames seems to have been turned into the queer quaint town, with its crooked streets and more crooked red roofs, and every one is sunburnt and comfortable-looking and happy.

From the big stone bridge to a point a mile below, the house-boats stretch along one bank, and green grass and high trees line the other, and on the river between are processions and processions of boats, so close that the owners touch with their hands; they move along in blocks, or pull out of the crush by stealing a tow from the boat just ahead. A skilful and agile athlete could cross the river dry-shod at places by stepping from one boat to another. The boats and their crews disappear and reappear like a shuttle in a loom, moving slowly in and out, or shooting ahead if they are small enough, and you catch a glimpse of a pretty face or a more than striking costume only to lose it again as another boat slips in the way like the slide in a stereopticon. Whether you look down upon it from a house-boat or are in the midst of it in a canoe, the effect is more brilliant and the changes more bewildering than are the advancing and retreating lines of any great ballet you have ever seen. And at night, even when you try to sleep, you still see the colors and the shining sunlight flashing on the



THE HENLEY PANORAMA.

polished wood-work, and the boats as they move in and out and swallow each other up.

The setting of the scene is very good. Nature has been the landscape-gardener of one bank with trees and gradually rising hills, and man has made the other brilliant with the long row of house-boats. A house-boat can be a very modest and barnlike affair, or it can suggest a bower of fresh flowers and a floating Chinese pagoda combined. Those at Henley are of this latter kind. Some of them were pink and white, with rows of pink carnations, or white and gold, with hanging vines of green, or brilliantly blue, with solid banks of red geraniums. Some of them were hidden entirely by long wooden boxes of growing flowers, which overflowed and hung down in masses of color to the water's edge, and all had gorgeously striped awnings and Chinese umbrellas and soft Persian rugs everywhere, and silk flags of the owners' own design flapping overhead. It is only a step along the gang-plank to the lawn, and so on down the line to the next open space, where some club has a bit of lawn reserved for it, and has erected a marquee, and brilliant standards proclaiming its name, and guiding the thirsty and hungry member to its luncheon table.

There are possibly more profitable ways of employing one's time and more intellectual amusements, but you are very near to content when you fall back in a wicker chair on the top of one of these water-houses, and feel the breeze lifting the awning overhead, and hear the trees scraping it with their leaves; and were it not for the necessity of getting up to watch two crews of young men pulling violently past at an unusual speed, the race week at Henley would be quite ideal.

THE MILKY WAY.

(A PERSIAN LEGEND.)

BY WALLACE BRUCE.

THEY lived and dreamed in silent ages past—
Two lovers parted through long bitter years—
And died in hope; but Fate, still cruel, cast
Their future lot in far-off different spheres,
To grieve in vain; and heaven itself was naught,
An empty joy,—for what is life at best
Till with the threads of being there is wrought
A chord responsive to another breast?
Their spirits yearned across the chasm drear;
An answering wish shot swift from soul to soul—
A bridge of light o'er that wide waste to rear,
An arch of stars across the flaming scroll.
They waited not, nor asked they God above,
For time or space cannot dissever Love.

Long æons pass; and now the narrowing zone
Needs but one star to make the span complete,
One crowning sphere from out the living throne
To bind the arch. Straightway archangels fleet
Sought God and spake: "See'st Thou yon Starry Way
Where spirits bold would bridge the realms of space?
Have they Thy will with wandering spheres to play,
And rob Thy throne presumptuous pride to grace?"
"Shall I destroy," God said, "the works of Love,
I who am Love?" (In glory bright
Those lovers wept with joy. Around, above,
For one sweet instant thrilled all worlds with light.)
"The keystone take from God's eternal throne.
The works of Love abide, and they alone!"



ALGERIAN RIDERS.

BY COLONEL T. A. DODGE, U. S. A.

WHOSO, when he reaches the home of the Moor or the Bedouin, or stands where, scorning to live under a roof, the Arab of the desert pitches his camel's-hair tent, and lazes away a profitless existence, eating his bread in the sweat, not of his own brow, but of that of his slaving wives and daughters—whoso fondly imagines that he will find himself among better horses than surround him at home, is doomed to grievous disappointment. Good horseflesh is as rare in the desert as it is in England or America. There are more high-grade horses in Kentucky to-day, per head of population, than the first home of the ancestor of all blooded stock has ever boasted. A faultless horse is a pearl of great price; it is rarely to be found; and, like the Scriptural jewel, a man must often sell all that he hath to buy it.

"Where are the Arabian horses?" you ask, on reaching Morocco or Algeria. "Those are Arabians — thoroughbreds!" comes the answer, with a gesture towards some diminutive equine specimens for all the world like broncos. "But the splendid, beautiful Arabians of which we have heard — which we have come, lo, these many thousand weary miles to worship?" "Ah, you must go to the desert for those!" You accordingly journey to the edge of the desert, perhaps Biskra way, or perchance to the first oasis on your route beyond; but, alas, it is always a sheik or a caliph further on who has the perfect creature your eyes long to feast upon.

The reason is not far to seek. Good horses come solely from selection and breeding. But, you will object, there was no breeding to produce the bronco, of whose wonderful qualities you have heretofore told us. On the contrary, there was natural selection of the very best. Starting with pure blood — the Moorish horses carried by the Spaniards to America, and there fugitive or abandoned—the survival of those fittest to flee from wolves, or to search pasture and water over immense stretches of prairie-land, bred the hardiest of stock. Man, with the utmost care and skill, could scarcely have done better by the race in all except beauty. On the other hand, starting from the same stock, let man overwork and underfeed the horse, and neglect his breeding, and in a few generations the noblest race will degenerate. It is just this which has taken place in almost all the countries which ought to possess the very highest grade of horseflesh.

There are two kinds of Arab tribes: those dwelling in communities — small towns and villages — subsisting by agriculture, and not ashamed to live in a mud-walled hut, roofed with thatch, sod,

or tile; and the tent-dwellers, who rove from place to place, and are purely a pastoral people. Among the first the horse has become a beast of burden, a means of transportation, or an item in husbandry, and has, as a matter of course, fallen from his high estate. Among all the latter he has kept some of his early qualities; among some of the wealthy, all of his attributes.

An Arab—meaning a tent-dweller, for, in an equine sense, the town-dweller is no Arab—loves first and above all his horse. No need to recite the oft-sung affection he will lavish upon him. Next he loves his fire-arm. This, poetically speaking, ought to be a six-foot, gold-inlaid, muzzle-loading horror of a matchlock, which would kick any man but an Arab flat on his back at every shot; but actually, in Algeria or Tunis, when he lives near a city, it is rather more apt to be a modern English breech-loader. You must fly from the busy haunts of men to find the matchlock. Next to his gun he loves his oldest son. Last comes his wife—or one of his wives. Daughters don't even count: I mean the Arab scarcely takes the trouble to count them, unless in so far as they can minister to his comfort, dietetic or otherwise. Until some neighbor comes along and proposes to marry, in other words, to make a still worse slave of one of them, she is only a chattel, a soulless thing. And yet she is said to be a pretty, amiable, helpful being;—said to be, for no one by any hap ever chances to cast his eyes on one worth seeing. This disregard for women, be it said to their honor, does not always apply to the Bedouins of the Syrian and Arabian deserts.

Let me premise that it is not my purpose to descant solely upon the choice mares of the Arabian desert. This is the burden of the song of all who tell us of the horse of the Orient. The Anazeh mares are claimed to be the only royal stock of the eldest branch; but no Frank ever gets such a prize. In America, a long purse will buy a Sunol or an Arion; the Sultan himself has neither money nor power to get the best, or even second-best Anazeh mare. I shall tell you of the average Arabian, the horse which a Frank may buy, and which is of as good lineage as the animal a well-to-do citizen rides with us. Few of us throw our legs across a pure descendant of Lexington, or even of Justin Morgan.

The Arab's undoubted love for his steed has kept up, in some few places over the entire area covered by the Arabian horse, a more or less pure strain of the wonderful old stock. The wealthy or princely have improved on the original, though not as the English have done. The heritage of the Arabian or the Barb—there is only a difference in nomenclature and *habitat* between them, they are otherwise, barring some points, the same animal—is the power of transmitting his qualities unchanged to his offspring, and the power of extraordinary endurance at speed. What the latter means I can only describe illustratively. It is not distance that kills, but speed. Any decent horse can go thirty miles a day with a reasonable load over good roads at a walk, and keep on doing it day in day out for years, fat and hearty. No horse that was ever foaled could run or trot at the top of his speed (say a 1.45 or a 2.20 gait) three one-mile dashes every day for a season without breaking down. In other words, at speed a horse cannot do one-tenth of the distance he can at a slow gait. Few coarse-bred horses have speed. If one has it, he still cannot stay at speed. But this is just what the old desert blood can do; and it is this which, through the English thoroughbred, we have got at home in our runners and trotters and saddle beasts, and by a principle of natural selection in the bronco. And it is this quality we Anglo-Saxons may fairly claim to have improved.

Where this wonderful creature—the Arabian horse—originally came from will never be known. In modern Algeria—the Mauritania of the Romans, and the home of Carthage long before disdainful Remus hopped over Romulus's wall—there is little doubt that the nimble, intelligent runt of a steppes pony, which furnished the mounts for the Numidian cavalry that later all but destroyed Rome in the second Punic War, which had no bridle, but was guided by a stick, or by the legs and voice, and whose endurance knew no bounds, was the ancestor of the native horse of to-day. The same thing applies to Morocco. There were other similar breeds in other parts of the East, some of which had been earlier perfected; but the horse of the Algerian country no doubt descended from the Numidian pony as he is known in history. The steppes horse, of whatever country, is

generally a stayer and good progenitor. Upon this animal an impress was made from time to time by importations of markedly good individuals from further east—for the horse, like civilization, has travelled westward; but when the French conquered the country in 1830, they found the Algerian horse on a decidedly low level. Nor was much done for some time to improve the stock; but later the best grade of stallions was bought by the government for public use; a number of fine ones were purchased from the trans-Jordan Bedouins of Syria; breeding for the army was carefully attended to; and now the cavalry of the entire Nineteenth Corps d'Armée is mounted on what may be called Arabian horses, while numbers go to France. The corps has about 15,000 such animals. Only stallions are used. Mares within the limits of civilization are put to work in the fields. One almost never sees a gelding. This rule may be said to be universal in Africa, except 'way out in the desert; but in Asia it is so only in the cities.

This Algerian horse may be highly commended. He is docile from inherited kind treatment, is readily broken, and without tricks. He has the kind eye and gentle manner of the Barb, a small but not very bony head, a short round barrel, and perfect legs and feet. He is often leggy, but has good lung power. He has not much body. That roundness which we all like behind the girths, and which we consider essential to good qualities of endurance, does not exist. We should say he did not in appearance "carry his feed" well. He is neat-turned and averages good-looking, but he does not carry an extra head, and rarely has a decent tail. They hog his mane not infrequently, a habit generally bred of Anglomania among the French, though not unknown even to the Bedouins. The drawing-book or lady's album Arabian one may go many a Sabbath-day's journey to find. There do exist Arabians with the wonderful head, speaking eye, nervous ear, teacup muzzle, delicate throttle, powerful shoulder, wrought-steel legs, high croup, and tail a poem; but they are like black pearls. Two Arabians were sent over to General Grant as a present. They were fair specimens. Some French officers in Algeria have picked up fine Arabians from sheiks in the desert, at from two thousand francs and upwards. But, like trotters in the 2.20 class, the number is limited. One thing you may be very sure of. Your every-day utility horse does not carry about his patent of nobility with him. He proves his lineage by what he can do. If you want to have a show horse, you must keep him for show. You will find him at Palo Alto, in Lexington, in many of our Eastern stables—in every great breeding establishment, in fact. He bears his pedigree in his fervid eye, his grand arched crest, his perfect form, his noble bearing, his high switching tail, and his bold free step. He points to the performances of his get to prove what he himself might accomplish. On the whole, however, I doubt if entire Arabia boasts as noble a specimen as, say, old Longfellow, or Electioneer.

The Algerian cavalry horse is a very attractive fellow. He stands from $14\frac{1}{2}$ to $15\frac{1}{2}$ hands; not often higher; weighs, I gauge him, 800 to 900 pounds—though they claim that he actually weighs a fifth less than this—and is able to carry his mount with sixty pounds of baggage, 210 to 225 pounds in all, a strong day's journey and repeat. I have been unable to find good proof of any wonderful performances, such as broncos, or our cavalry on the plains, often enough exhibit; but there is not the same call for exceptional performance here; and if one were to believe the Arab when he is boasting about his pet's ability to go, one would set the average Arabian down as equal to a trifle more than a Baldwin locomotive. Great tests of distance and speed have to be called out by trying circumstances, and they are rarely needed among a people to whom time is nothing. More can be told about camels. There is one post-route that I heard of in Algeria but cannot vouch for, which a camel covers between sunup and sundown, 175 kilometres, or 108 miles, and back again next day, month in month out. I have found no record of great work by horses. About 80 miles a day is quoted as very great going. This distance is in truth excellent, but has been much exceeded at home. One cannot well measure the ground covered by the horses on the desert for lack of statistics.

The best performance of which I have heard in the Orient is 1500 kilometres, say 950 miles, in 45 days—28 days' actual travelling—on one horse, or 33 miles a day. This was done by an old school-



SPAHI AND BARB WITH ACCOUTREMENTS.

mate of mine, now a pacha of high degree, so that I can vouch for the fact. But the feat was performed, not by an Arabian, but a Kurd horse, bred by an Arabian sire on a Persian dam. And this was a single rider. Many of our cavalry regiments have equalled this speed. Single riders or groups of half a dozen have beaten it far and away.

The Arabian's gait is usually pure; you see many trappy goers who have a peculiarly Arabian style of picking up their feet, neat, but not too high, and very attractive. I have seen more shying Arabians than I expected; no more, perhaps, than with us; but a horse which is so docile ought not to shy.

One finds in Algiers a number of Percherons at draught; occasionally a mixture between Percheron and Arab. An occasional cob, stranded by some swell from London or Paris, disconsolately seeks his kind on the streets. A few ponies, and now and then a fine English hunter type of imported horse for a heavy-weight officer or a winter resident, may be observed. There are many heavy French officers. They have a habit of putting on fat which is quite noticeable, and need weight-carriers. But, as a rule, whether under saddle, or in the cabs, or drawing wagons, or harnessed to pleasure-carriages, every city horse bears some mark of the old blood. Either the face, or the throttle, or the clean leg and mule hoof, or the flea-bitten gray—a distinctive Arabian color—will tell the story. The impress is as strong as it is attractive, and will always remain. The Morocco and Algeria type of horse is rounder than it is east of the Libyan Desert.

Three of the regiments of light cavalry in Algeria are recruited from Arabs alone. They are called Spahis, and are said to be excellent in their place—amenable to discipline and apt to prove effective. The Berbers, or aborigines, do not appear as a distinct type in the army. They seem to have lost the old Punic trick of fighting. Most Arabs—all the pastoral or nomad Arabs—are stanch French-haters. They are held down with the strong hand alone. They are not even allowed to have powder or lead in their possession. But an Arab who has once accepted the situation, as does the Spahi who enlists, may be trusted, they say, implicitly.



FRENCH CAVALRYMAN ON ALGERIAN ARAB OR BARB.

The Spahi retains his national dress, furbished up to make him feel proud. He rides in a saddle which is all but as bad as the one the Indian used to make with straight up-and-down pommel and cantle. The tree and bearings are long. The pommel is coarse, and rises with scarce a slope to about the waistband when the man sits down. The cantle rises almost perpendicularly, and is two inches higher—really above the small of the back. Saddle-cloths *ad libitum;* woven girths and leather fittings. The stirrup leather hangs from the middle of the tree, and the foot is thrust 'way into a huge metal stirrup, with a foot-piece square and as big as a platter. A breast-strap holds the saddle in place for lack of body, and the horse is bitted with a gag held in a peculiar bridle with blinders. The Spahi's sword rides under his left leg, like the Mexican's; his carbine he carries or slings. He has revolvers in his holsters — all of the best make and pattern.

He is quite a stunning fellow, this same Spahi, with his turbaned head and flowing red, white-lined burnoose, his light blue, baggy leg-gear, dark blue jacket, and generally dramatic manner. His face is bronzed, his eye flashing, and his manner quick and decisive. From a glance at his saddle, one may readily see how it is that he can stand so high in his stirrups as he gallops past you. He mounts as we do, though one would imagine that he could not get his foot up to his short-hung stirrup, nor throw his leg over his peaked cantle; but he mounts indifferently from either side. The fact that his tall-appearing horse averages barely 14.2 accounts for his mounting so easily.

His seat is peculiar. It is from the side view much like the type of the aboriginal Indian of our plains. When he sits in the saddle he is apt to lean forward; from hip down to knee the leg is all but perpendicular, and from knee down it is thrust back at what we civilized folk deem a most unhorsemanlike angle. He hates spurs, because they prevent his drubbing his horse's flanks with his heels as well as of holding on by them. Still, fashion often claims him for her own; he puts on spurs and tries to keep his heels where they belong. He is very expert in the saddle, both in the way of tricks and at drill.

Most Arab saddles have such an abnor-

mal breadth between the legs as obliges you to spread your knees. If you want to try the way Orientals usually sit in the saddle, get an extra wide cane-seat chair, sit astride it facing the back, and then put your heels up on the side rounds. Don't lean on the chair back; imagine a cantle behind you about two inches above the buttons on the back of your coat, and you have it exactly. If you want to ride this way, make up your mind to the acme of discomfort until you are used to it. Your feet will go to sleep, and your hips will get tired enough to make you howl before you have covered ten miles. Even an old horseman who is used to an English or to our military saddle must undergo the same trial.

All Arabs ride with a severe gag-bit, just as all bronco-riders are wont to do. The bit of the country is like the Mexican bit—a ring in the horse's mouth, with a single branch at the back of it, to which the reins are attached. Of course the horse guides by the neck, as all but hyper-English horses do, and as all horses should. The rein is slack, but the least tightening of it on the severe bit makes the horse jerk up his head. The nice use of the curb taught by the school is quite unknown. The Englishman and his imitators ride a gentle, easy-mouthed horse on a snaffle, and let him carry his head in a natural way without much suppling. The school-taught horse brings his head in to either curb or snaffle with that delightful give-and-take of the rein which is the height of comfort to man and beast, and is indicative of an ability in each to understand the other that exists in no other method. The cowboy *et id genus omne*, and the Arab, use a bit which throws up the horse's head, an act which appears to interrupt communication between hand and mouth. And yet the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and both cowboy and Spahi are, each in his way, inimitable. I have a photograph of a line of Spahis coming to a sharp "Halt!" and every single horse in the line has his nose in the air. A line of school-taught horses would, on the contrary, probably have not one whose head had not been brought in quietly to the bit. And yet they would stop just as short, and vastly more comfortably to man and beast alike. Artists have a trick of painting an Arabian with his neck arched; this is just what the gag-bit pre-



SPAHI RACKING.

vents. It is the rarest thing to see an Arabian carry what we call a good school head. His nose is uniformly in the air when his head is up; only when fretting on the bit does he arch his neck. That nature has given him a peculiarly fine neck is true; that he almost never arches it is equally so. The three-year-old (see page 274) brings his head in because he is being broken with a bit and bridoon.

Speaking of guiding by the neck, the Arabs have a very queer way of driving with a rope, almost as peculiar as our own way of driving army mules. The horse or mule has only a rope halter, from which the rein rope passes back to the cart on the nigh side of his neck. He has a very high, round saddle bearing the cart shafts. If the driver wishes to turn to the left, he simply pulls the rope. If to the right, he tosses the rope over to the off side of the saddle, and then pulls. This pull bears the rope against the nigh side of the horse's neck, and thus turns him to the right. In other words, the horse is taught to guide one way by the neck and the other by the rein. This is common under saddle, but the method of driving seems original.

One of the Spahis illustrated is racking along in a very horsemanlike manner, except that one does not admire the nose in the air—it suggests a bit which the horse fears. The other, at first blush, is riding a brute. But a look at him shows that the rise is not horse-play or ugliness; the rider is forcing him to rear as an exhibition of horsemanship. This is by no means the fine performance which the school requires, but rather a crude and shallow trick, common at the *fantasiyas* or horse parties, where all the riders of the neighborhood meet to show off their steeds and let off superfluous steam. The shawl hanging over the croup is the drapery usual at this ceremony. Still the Spahi is one of the best of horsemen—as he understands the art—and is as devoted to his beast as the most traditional of Arabs.

The French cavalryman rides well—all well-drilled cavalrymen do. His saddle is much like our old-fashioned artillery saddle. But in order to make his horse walk fast, which he accomplishes well enough, he is continually drubbing his flanks with his heels, a habit that tends to make him grip too much with the calf of the leg. A man ought to ride close, and be ready to grip with all the legs he has got, but one does not like to see the heels too close. The leg, from knee down, should be nearly or quite perpendicular—in fact, naturally pendent. One sees lamentably unmilitary riding even in Berlin or Paris, where a cuirassier or an Uhlan is often seen trotting along trying to rise, and leaning forward for the purpose, when his stirrups are too long to enable him to do so otherwise than with an awkward bump. After observing army riding in most of the countries of the accessible world, I am inclined to prefer a thoroughly good West Point seat; not the tongs-on-the-wall seat which sometimes obtains, but that which most nearly approaches the natural seat in our usual army saddle. And be it noted that the Briton of to-day is coming back from his very short stirrups to a seat more like the bareback seat than he used to ride.

The French officers have of late years all taken to the English saddle, and ride ostentatiously *à l'anglaise*—a regular "to cover" gait. It has its advantages, this same "to cover" gait, and no doubt Continental officers have profited by the bit of English rough-riding they have learned of late years; but it looks like overdoing the practical. When uniforms have all been brought by smokeless powder down to butternut or some other humdrum color, well and good; but so long as the gay and gaudy is *de rigueur* in the uniform, the method of riding ought to correspond. Not that there is the least objection to English horsemanship or English tweed suits. On the contrary, both are practical, admirable. But to see an officer in red trousers and cap, and a light blue jacket trimmed "with ribbons and bibbons and loops and lace," and with a dangling sabre, on an English saddle and riding as if he were astride a cover hack, is much like serving you Veuve Clicquot in a pewter mug. Each is good, but the two jar. Moreover, if a soldier uses his two hands to guide his horse, how shall he use his sabre or his carbine? I must not be construed as objecting to the trot. On the contrary, it is an essential gait. But a soldier should ride a soldier's trot, not a cross-country rider's, at least when in uniform. Else why the uniform? This being but an outward and visible sign, why not preserve the other elements which go to show the soldier?

Of all horseflesh, so to speak, the patient, little, commonplace, every-day ass takes the lead. There is no denying him the palm. Were I a Homer, or a Dante, or even a Holmes, I would indite an epic, or at least a rhyme, to the character, strength, and courage of this noblest of the race. In every country where severe economics are thrust upon the people, the donkey comes to the rescue, and does the work which no other creature alive can do. He lives on nothing; he is rarely fed—in times of drought or severe work some barley—but is turned loose to find what he may. He is never vicious or obstinate, but works faithfully till his poor old ears flop downward from age, and he literally falls under his load and dies in his tracks, after serving his often cruel master some score or more of years. When he is put to work as a yearling he does not last so long. I have ridden one at eighteen months which had been trained but two weeks, and yet was gentle, bridle-wise, and well gaited. Where is there such a horse?

The habit of cruelty to the ass is universal; sometimes it is only thoughtlessness. It is bred in the bone. You will see a child cuffing and beating a donkey, standing under his load at the door, "just to learn how." The utility of the ass is always recognized. Æsop, who tells us that to the ass's prayer for a less cruel master, Jove replied that he could not change the human heart, but would do



ALGERIAN SPAHI MAKING HIS HORSE REAR FOR SHOW.



THREE-YEAR-OLD REMOUNT HORSE OF THE FRENCH CAVALRY.

the next best thing, and give his supplicant a tough hide, unquestionably knew both men and donkeys. In Mexico, when two Indian farmers meet, they pass the time of day, inquire for each other's wives and children, and then always comes the question, "How is the *burro?*" Indeed, as the *burro* earns the daily bread for the family, this is natural enough. No doubt the *h'mar* of the East is equally considered; but he is the victim of man's heedlessness and capacity for cruelty and experimenting.

There is one queer trick the Arabs have. With the notion that the Lord did not know how to make a donkey's nostril, they slit it upwards two or three inches, "to give him more room to breathe." They say, too, that it improves the tone of his bray, though this may be questioned by all who have listened to that delectable song. Still there are comparatively few sore-backed donkeys in Algeria, Tunis, and Egypt, which speaks more for the people than can be said for those of Italy or Spain.

There is no question that, feeding quite apart, the ass will kill any horse or mule; and it is clear that, weight for weight and load for load, he daily outdoes the camel. The latter, weighing fifteen hundred pounds, carries five hundred. The ass weighs two hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds, and, carrying one hundred and fifty to three hundred, out-walks the camel by a mile an hour.

The donkey is guided by the voice, a stick, or a rope halter. The halter rope lies on the left side, and is pulled to turn him to the left, or borne across his neck to turn him to the right. It is habitually the stick which is used, and which serves the double purpose of striking and guiding. But, Lord save the mark! it is wont to be the man who needs the stick, not the beast. No more patient creature exists; it is not he who is obstinate or treacherous, it is his master. Dear, patient ass, did we but appreciate the half of thy virtues, we should glory in, not resent, being called by thy name!

The donkey in the Orient is often very small. I have measured them only thirty-two inches high; no bigger than a St. Bernard; not so big as the prize-winners. I rode to Abraham's oak from Hebron one on which my toes touched the ground, though I was on a pad, and measure only five feet seven. The little fellow seemed to make nothing of my one hundred and fifty pounds, but racked away a good four and a half miles an hour. On a creature like this a load equal to half his own weight will habitually be put, his owner will ride atop of the load, and the little

hero will go off at a sharpish running walk and do his twenty-five miles a day. This sounds incredible, but it is true. The ass in Algeria often carries three-fourths of his own weight all day long. One sees two men on a donkey which weighs a bare four hundred pounds: a load and one man on a donkey they claim to weigh only two hundred pounds. The little creature can be bought for seven or eight francs, does during his life the work of a dozen men, and exhibits the qualities of a score of saints. I was tempted to buy a hundred to send to the Columbian Fair, and a contractor offered to deliver them on board the Marseilles packet for seven hundred francs.

One sees Arabs coming into Constantine with a donkey-load of wood, which they sell for three francs. They have come twenty-five miles with it, sell it, and next day ride the donkey back. As a meal costs them but two cents, the wood nothing, and the donkey does all the work, what seems a small profit is really a good one. And who is it that earns it?

All saddle beasts in the East go what our Anglomaniacs call "artificial" gaits. In fact, three-fourths of all the animals in the world do so. Mules which are ridden always "sidle" or amble; all donkeys running-walk, rack, or amble. But nowhere except in our Southern States have these gaits been studied as an art, improved on, and bred from.

The donkey in Algeria rarely has a saddle. He has a pad, very similar to the pad on which the bespangled queens of the sawdust ring dance their short hour to delighted boys and rustics. This pad has no stirrups, and is so wide as to make a seat on it extremely tiring to the uninitiated. The Arab sits astride or sidewise, and as the pad is rarely girthed, or at best by a slender rope, it is like walking a tight-rope or managing a birch-bark canoe to sit on it, until you "catch on." Between this pad, which serves equally for riding or loading, and the saddle of the Spahi, there is a vast category of sizes and styles, all, however, much too wide. A pair of stirrups is often improvised by tying two bags together, putting them across the pad, turning in one corner, and thrusting the foot into the pocket thus made. The flimsy pretext for saddle or harness used all over the East would be cast on the dump by the poorest American farmer. He would not risk his bones with it.



COUNTRYMAN ON AN ASS.

HORACE CHASE.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Chapter XV.

THE four-horse stage, having crossed the Blue Ridge, was coming slowly along the last mile or two of road above Old Fort. It was a crazy old vehicle, so thickly bespattered with red clay that its original hue was indistinguishable. It was early in the evening; the stars were shining brightly, and the forest also appeared to be starlit, owing to the myriads of fire-flies that gleamed like sparks against the dark trees.

A man who was coming up the road hailed the stage as it approached. "Hello! Is Mr. Hill inside? The Rev. Mr. Hill of Asheville?"

"Yes," answered a voice from the back seat of the stage, and a head appeared at the window. "What—Mr. Chase? Is that you?" And opening the door, Malachi Hill, with his bag in his hand, jumped out.

"I came up the road thinking I might meet you," Chase explained. "Can you walk back with me, so as to gain time? There's something I want to talk over with you." They went on together, leaving the creaking stage behind. "I've got a new idea," Chase began. "Instead of your taking charge of the ladies back to Asheville, what do you say to going up to New York to get my wife? I had intended to go for her myself, as you know, starting from here to-night. But Mrs. Franklin looks pretty bad; and Dolly—she might have one of her attacks; and, take it altogether, I've begun to feel that it's my business to see 'em through. For it's a long drive over the mountains at best, and though the night's fine so far, there's no moon, and the road is always awful. I have four men from Raleigh along—the undertaker (who is a —— fool, always talking) and his three assistants; and so there'll be three carriages and the hearse. If you can fix it so as to take my place, I guess then I'll go along with them."

"Certainly. I am anxious to help in any way you think best," answered Malachi. "I wish I could start at once. But the stage is so late to-night that of course the train has gone."

"That's just it—I kept it," Chase answered; "I knew one of us would want to take it. You'll have to wait over at Salisbury in the usual stupid way. But as Ruth can't be here in time for the funeral, it's not of vital importance. The only thing that riles me is that, owing to that confounded useless wait, you can't be on the dock to meet her when her steamer comes in at New York; you won't be able to get there in time. There'll be people, of course—I've telegraphed. But no one she knows as well as she knows you."

Reaching the town, they walked quickly towards the railroad, and finished their talk as they stood beside the waiting train. There was no station; the rails simply came to an end in the main street of the village. A small frame structure, which bore the inscription "Blue Ridge Hotel," faced the end of the rails.

"He's in there," said Chase, in a low tone, indicating a lighted window of this house; "that room on the ground-floor. And the old lady—she is sitting there beside him. She is quiet; she doesn't say anything; but she just sits there."

"Mrs. Jared and Miss Dolly are with her, aren't they?"

"Well, Dolly is keeping Gen in the other room across the hall as much as she *can*. For Dolly tells me that her mother likes best to sit there alone. Women, you know, about their sons—sometimes they're queer."

"The mother's love—yes," Malachi answered, his voice uncertain for a moment. He swallowed. "There isn't a man who doesn't feel, sooner or later, after it has gone, that he hasn't prized it half enough—that it was the best thing he had!" He was thinking of his own mother, who had died two years before. "It was brain-fever, wasn't it?" he went on.

"Yes, and bad. He was raving; he knocked down one of the doctors. After the fever left him, it was just possible, they told me, that he might have pulled through if he had only been stronger. But he was played out to begin with; I saw that myself as soon as I reached Raleigh. Gen got there in time to see him, but the old lady was too late; and pretty

* Begun in January number, 1893.

hard lines for her! She kept telegraphing from different stations as she and Dolly hurried up from Charleston, and I did my best to cheer her up by messages that met her here and there. But she just missed it. By only half an hour. When I saw that it had come—that he was sinking, and she wouldn't find him alive—I went out, and just cursed, cursed the luck! For Gen had his last words, his good-by and everything. And his poor old mother had nothing at all."

Here the conductor came up.

"Ready?" said Chase. "All right, then. Here's your through ticket, Hill—the one I bought for myself. And inside the envelope is a memorandum, with the number and street of our house in New York, and other items. I'm no end obliged to you for going." They shook hands cordially. "When you come back, don't let her travel straight through," added the husband. "Make her stop over and sleep."

"I'll do my best," answered Hill, as the train started. In deference to the mourning party which it had brought westward, there was no whistle, no ringing of the bell; the locomotive moved quietly away, and the young clergyman, standing on the rear platform, holding on by the handle of the door, watched as long as he could see it the lighted window of the room where lay all that was mortal of Jared Franklin.

An hour later the little procession started up the mountain. First there was a light wagon, with the undertaker and his three assistants. Then followed the heavy hearse, drawn by four horses. Next came a carriage containing Mrs. Franklin and Dolly; and, finally, a second carriage for Genevieve and Horace Chase.

"Poor mamma is sadly changed," explained Genevieve to her companion. "She insisted upon being left alone with the remains at the hotel, you know; and now she wishes her carriage to be as near the hearse as possible. Fortunately, these things are very unimportant to me, Horace. I do not feel as they do, that Jay is *here*. My husband has gone—gone to a better world. He knew that he was going; he said good-by to me so tenderly. He was always so—*so* kind." And covering her face, Genevieve gave way to tears.

"Yes, he thought the world and all of you, Gen. There's no doubt about that," Chase answered.

He did full justice to the sobbing woman by his side. He was more just to her than her husband's family had ever been, or ever could be; he had known her as a child, and he comprehended that according to her nature, and according to her unyielding beliefs as to what was best, she had tried to be a good wife. In addition (as he was a man himself), he thought that it was to her credit that her husband had always been fond of her, that he had remained devoted to her to the last. "That doesn't go for nothing," he said to himself.

The ascent began. The carriage plunged into holes and lurched out of them; they jolted across bits of corduroy; now and then, when the track followed a gorge, they forded a brook. Many of the curves were slippery, owing to the red clay. And often, without warning, in the midst of mud, would come an unexpected sharp grind of the wheels over a ledge of bare rock. Before midnight clouds had obscured the stars and it grew very dark. But the lamps on the carriages burned brightly, and a negro was sent on in advance carrying a pitch-pine torch.

At the top of the pass there was a halt. Chase had made Genevieve comfortable with cushions and shawls, and soon after this second start she feel asleep. Perceiving this, he drew up the window on her side, and then opening the carriage door softly, he got out. It was easy to do it, as all the horses were walking. Making a detour through the underbrush, so that he should not be seen by Mrs. Franklin and Dolly in case they were awake, he appeared by the side of the hearse.

"Don't stop," he said to the driver in a low tone; "I'm going to get up there beside you." He climbed up and took the reins. "I'll drive the rest of the way, Jason, or at least as far as the outskirts of the town; for between here and there are the worst places. You go on and join that fellow in front. You might carry a second torch; you'll find some in the wagon."

The negro, an Asheville man, who knew Chase, gave up his place readily. There were bad holes ahead, and there was also a newly mended place which was a little uncertain. He would not have minded taking the stage over that place (none of the Blue Ridge drivers minded taking the stage anywhere), but he was

superstitious about a hearse. "Fo' de Lawd, I'm glad to be red of it," he confided to the other negro, as they went on together in advance. "It slips an' slews when dey ain't no 'casion. Sump'n' mighty quare 'bout it—I tell you dat!"

Presently the plateau came to an end, and the descent began. Rain was now falling. The four vehicles moved slowly on, winding down the zigzags cautiously in the darkness, slipping and swaying as they went.

After half an hour's progress the torch-bearers in front came hurrying back to give warning that the rain had loosened the temporary repairs of the mended place, so that its edge had given away; for about a hundred yards, therefore, the track was dangerously narrow, and entirely undefended, with the precipice on one side and the high cliff on the other; in addition, the roadway slanted towards this verge, and the clay was slippery.

Chase immediately sent word back to the drivers of the carriages behind to advance very slowly, but not to stop, for that might waken the ladies; then, jumping down from his perch, and leaving one of the negroes in charge of his team, he hurried forward to make a personal inspection. The broken shelf, without its parapet, certainly looked precarious; so much so that the driver of the wagon, when he came up, hesitated about going on. Chase, ordering him down, took his place, and drove the wagon across himself. Whereupon the verbose undertaker began to thank him.

"Don't worry; I didn't do it for *you*," Chase answered, grimly. "If you'd gone over, you'd have carried away more of the track, that's all." Going back, he resumed his place; then, speaking to his horses, he guided the hearse on to the shelf. He stood, in order to see more clearly, the men on the far side watching him breathlessly, and trying meanwhile (at a safe distance) to aid him as much as they could by holding their torches high. The ponderous hearse slipped by its own weight towards the verge. Then, with strong hand, Chase sent his team sharply to the cliff, and kept them grinding along against it as they advanced, the two on the inside rubbing the rock, until, by main strength, the four together had dragged their load from the verge. Then, in a minute or two, it began over again. It happened not once, but four times. At last it was done; the long dark car stood safely on the other side. Then Chase, in turn, drove the two carriages across. Through these last two transits not a word was spoken by anybody. He mounted while the carriages were in motion; Genevieve slept on, therefore, undisturbed; and Mrs. Franklin and Dolly, gazing vaguely at the darkness outside, had no suspicion of a new hand on the reins, no knowledge of the danger. Leaving one of the negroes on guard to warn any one who might be approaching of the wash-out, Chase, resuming his place, drove onward down the mountain.

After a while the first vague light of dawn appeared; the rain had ceased. Happening to turn his head, he was startled to see the figure of a woman beside the hearse. It was Mrs. Franklin. The road was now better, and she walked steadily on, keeping up with the walk of the horses. As the light grew clearer, she saw who the driver was, and her eyes met his with recognition. But her rigid face seemed to have no power for further expression; it was set in lines that could not alter. Chase, on his side, bowed gravely, lifting his hat. He made no attempt to stop her, to persuade her to return to her carriage; for he recognized the presence of one of those moods which, when they take possession of a woman, no power on earth can alter.

As they came to the first outlying houses of Asheville he gave up his place to the negro driver, and getting down on the other side of the hearse, away from Mrs. Franklin, he went back for a moment to Dolly. "You must let her do it! *Don't* try to prevent her," Dolly said, imperatively, in a low tone, the instant she saw him at the carriage door.

"I'm not thinking of preventing her," Chase answered. Waiting until the second carriage passed, he looked in; Genevieve was still asleep. He then joined Mrs. Franklin, and walked by her side, without speaking, up the long gradual ascent which leads into the town.

The sun now appeared above the mountains; early risers coming to their windows saw the dreary file pass—the three carriages heavy with mud, the hearse with the mother walking beside it. As they reached the main street, Chase spoke. "The cottage?"

"No; home," Mrs. Franklin answered. As the hearse turned into the driveway

of L'Hommedieu, she passed it, and going on in advance, opened the house door. Here, waving away old Zoe and Rinda, who came hurrying to meet her, she waited on the threshold until the men had lifted out the coffin; then leading the way to the sitting-room, she pointed to the centre of the floor.

"Oh, not to *our* house? His own home?" Genevieve had whispered, her eyes full of tears.

But Dolly, to whom she spoke, limped in without answering, and Mrs. Franklin paid no more heed to her daughter-in-law than as though she did not exist. Genevieve, quivering from her grief, turned to Horace Chase.

He put his arm round her, and led her from the sitting-room into the hall. "Give way to her, Gen," he said, in a low tone. "She isn't well—don't you see it? She isn't herself; she isn't herself; she has been walking beside that hearse for the last hour. Let her do whatever she likes; it's her only comfort. And now I am going to take you straight home, and you must go to bed. If you don't, you won't be able to get through the rest—and you wouldn't like that. I'll come over at noon and arrange with you about the funeral; to-morrow morning will be the best time, won't it?" And half leading, half carrying her, for Genevieve was now crying helplessly, he took her home.

When he came back, Dolly was in the hall waiting for him.

There was no one in the sitting-room save Mrs. Franklin; he could see her through the half-open door. She was sitting beside the coffin, with her head against it, and one arm laid over its top. Her dress was stained with mud; she had not taken off her bonnet; her gloves were still on. Dolly closed the door and shut out the sight.

"You ought to see to her; she must be worn out," Chase said, expostulatingly.

"I'll do what I can," Dolly answered. "But mother has now no desire to live; that will be the difficulty. Her father, her husband, and her son—these have been mother's life. And now that the last has gone, she doesn't care to stay longer—stay only with us. That is what she is thinking now as she sits there."

"Come—you can't possibly know what she is thinking," Chase answered, impatiently.

"I always know what is in mother's mind; I wish I didn't," said Dolly, her features working convulsively for a moment. Then she controlled herself. "I am sorry you came all the way back with us, Mr. Chase. It wasn't necessary; and it seems to me that it would have been better if you had gone for Ruth yourself. For Ruth is—I am afraid she will suffer more than—Ruth was so fond of Jared—" And then, feeling her tears coming in a flood, the elder sister disappeared.

Chase, left alone, went out to see to the horses. The men were waiting at the gate; the carriages and the hearse were drawn up at a little distance; the undertaker and his assistants were standing in the garden. "Get your breakfast at the hotel; I'll send for you presently," he said to the latter. Then he paid the other men and dismissed them. "You go and tell whoever has charge to have that bad bit of road put in order to-day," he directed. "Tell them to send up a double gang of hands, and keep at work all night if necessary; *I'll* pay the extra."

Chapter XVI.

The morning after the funeral, Chase, upon coming down to breakfast, found Mrs. Franklin already in the sitting-room. She had not taken the trouble to put on the new mourning garb which had been hastily made for her; her attire was a brown dress which she had worn in Florida. She sat motionless in her easy-chair, with her arms folded, her feet on a footstool, and her face had the same fixed look, which had not varied since she was told, upon her arrival at Raleigh, that her son was dead.

"Well, ma'am, I hope you have slept?" Chase asked, as he extended his hand.

She gave him hers, lifelessly. "Yes, I believe so."

"Ruth will soon be here now," her son-in-law went on, as he seated himself. "I told Mr. Hill not to let her travel straight through, for it would only tire her; and she needs to keep well, ma'am, so as to be of use to you. I'm going to drive over to Old Fort to-day, starting late—about six o'clock, I guess. I've calculated that if Ruth spent a night in New York (as she probably did, waiting for Hill to get there), and if she stops over one night on the way, she could reach Old Fort to morrow. Then I'll bring her back."

"Yes, bring her. And let her stay."

"As long as ever you like, ma'am. I can't hold on long myself just now, but I'll leave her with you and come for her later. I am thinking of taking a house at Newport for the summer; and I hope that you and Miss Dolly will feel like spending some time there with Ruth, before long? Say August and September?"

"I shall travel no more. Leave her here with me; it won't be for long."

"You must cheer up, ma'am. For your daughters' sake."

"Ruth has you," Mrs. Franklin answered. "And *you* are good." Her tone remained lifeless. But it was evident that her words were sincere: that a vague sense of justice had made her rouse herself long enough to utter the commendation.

"That's a mistake. I've never laid claim to anything of *that* sort," Chase had answered, rather curtly, his face growing red.

"When I say '*good*,' I mean that you will be good to Ruth," responded the mother; "it is the only sort of goodness I care for! At present you don't like Dolly. But Dolly is so absolutely devoted to her sister that you will end by accepting her, faults and all; you won't mind her little hostilities. I can therefore trust them both to you—I do so with confidence," she added. And with her rigid face still unmoved, she made him a little bow.

"Why talk that way, ma'am? We hope to have you with us many years longer," Chase answered. "A green old age is a very fine thing to see." (He thought rather well of that phrase.) "My grandmother—she stuck it out to ninety-eight, and I hope you'll do the same."

"Probably she wished to live. I have no such desire. As I sat here beside my son the morning we arrived, I knew that I longed to go to him. I want to follow and be with him again—and with my husband—and my dear father. My life here has now come to its end. For *they* were my life."

"That queer Dolly knew!" thought Chase. "But perhaps they've talked about it?" He asked this question aloud: "Have you told your daughter that, ma'am?"

"Told my poor Dolly? Of course not. She couldn't help it, could she, that she was only a girl? Nor Ruth, either. Please go to breakfast, Mr. Chase. I am sure it is ready." Chase went to the dining-room. A moment later Dolly came in to pour out the coffee.

"Is there anything I can do for you this morning?" Chase asked, as he took a piece of Zoe's hot corn-bread. "I am going to drive over to Old Fort this afternoon, and wait there for Ruth."

Dolly looked at him for a moment. Then she said: "You have a great deal of influence with Genevieve; perhaps you could make her understand that for the present it is better that she should not try to see mother. Tell her that mother is much more broken than she was yesterday; tell her that she is very nervous. Tell her, in short, anything you like, provided it only keeps her away!" Dolly added, suddenly giving up her long effort to hide her bitter dislike.

Chase glanced at her, and said nothing; he ate his corn-bread and finished his first cup of coffee in silence. Then, as she poured out the second, he said: "Well, she might keep away entirely? She might leave Asheville? She has a brother in St. Louis, and she likes the place, I know; I've heard her say so. If her property here could be taken off her hands—at a good valuation—and if a well-arranged, well-furnished house could be provided for her there, near her brother, I guess she'd go. I even guess she'd go pretty quick," he added; "she'd be a long sight happier there than here." For though he had no special affection for Genevieve, he at least liked her better than he liked Dolly.

Dolly, however, was indifferent to his liking or his disliking. "*Oh!*" she said, her gaze growing vague in the intensity of her wish, "if it could only be done!" Then her brow contracted; she pushed her plate away. "But we cannot possibly be so much indebted to you as that—I mean so much *more* indebted."

"You needn't count yourself in, if it worries you," Chase answered, with his deliberate utterance; "for I should be doing it principally for Ruth, you know. When she comes, the first thing she'll want, of course, is to make her mother comfortable. And if Gen's clearing out, root and branch, will help that, I rather guess Ruth can fix it."

"You mean that *you* can."

"Well, we're one: I don't think that

even you can quite break that up yet," Chase answered, ironically. Then he went on, in a gentler tone: "I want to do everything I can for your mother. She has always been very kind to me."

And Dolly was perfectly well aware that, as he looked at her (looked at her yellow, worn, scowling face), his feeling for her had become simply pity—pity for the plain, sickly, ill-tempered old maid whom no one could possibly please, not even her sweet young sister.

Soon after breakfast Chase went to the cottage. Genevieve received him gratefully. Her cheeks were pale; her eyes showed the traces of yesterday's tears.

Her visitor remained two hours. Then he rose, saying: "I must see about horses if I am to get to Old Fort to-night. I shall tell Ruth about this new plan of ours, Gen. She'll be sure to like it; she'll enjoy going to St. Louis to see you; we'll both come often. And you'll be glad of a change yourself, for Asheville will seem forlorn enough to you now. The other house, too, is likely to be shut up; for though they don't say so yet, I guess the old lady and Dolly will end by spending most of their time with Ruth in New York."

"I must go over and see mamma at once," answered Genevieve. "I must have her opinion first of all. I shall ask mamma's advice more than ever now, Horace; it will be my pleasure as well as my duty. For Jay was very fond of his mother; he often told me—" Her voice quivered, and she stopped.

"Now, Gen, listen to me," said Chase, taking her hand. "Don't go over there at all to-day. And when you go to-morrow, and later, don't try to see the old lady; wait till she asks for you. For she is all unhinged; I've just come from there, and I know. She is very nervous, and everything upsets her. It won't do either of you any good to meet at present; it would only be a trial to you both. And Dolly says so too. Promise me that you'll take care of yourself; promise me especially that you won't leave the house at all to-day, but just stay at home and rest."

Genevieve promised. But after he had gone, the sense of duty that was a part of her nature led her to reconsider her determination. That her husband should have been laid in his grave only twenty-four hours before, and that she, the widow, should not see his bereaved mother through the whole day, when their houses stood side by side; that they should not mingle their tears, and their prayers also, while their sorrow was still so new and so poignant—this seemed to her wrong. In addition, it seemed hardly decent. The mother was ill and broken? So much the more, then, was it her duty to go to her. At four o'clock, therefore, she put on her bonnet and its long crape veil and her black mantle, and crossed the meadow towards L'Hommedieu.

Mrs. Franklin was still sitting in the easy-chair, with her arms folded, as she had sat in the morning when Chase came in. The only difference was that now a newspaper lay across her lap; she had hastily taken it from the table and spread it over her knees when she recognized her daughter-in-law's step on the veranda.

Genevieve came in. She was startled at first by the sight of the brown dress, which happened to have red tints as well as brown in its fabric. But it was only another cross to bear: her husband's family had always given her so many! "I hope you slept last night, mamma?" she said, bending to kiss Mrs. Franklin's forehead.

"Yes, I believe so," the older woman answered, mechanically, as she had answered Chase. She was now indefinitely the older. Between the wife of forty and the slender, graceful, vivacious mother of fifty-eight there had been but the difference of one short generation. But now the mother might have been any age; her shoulders were bent forward, her skin looked withered, and all the outlines of her face were set and sharpened.

Genevieve took off her crape mantle, folding it (with her habitual carefulness) before she laid it on a chair. "You must let me see to your mourning, mamma," she said, as she thus busied herself. "I suppose your new dress doesn't fit you? It was made so hastily. I shall be sitting quietly at home for the present, day after day, and it will occupy me and take my thoughts from myself to have some sewing to do. And I know how to cut crape to advantage also, for I was in mourning so long when I was a girl."

Mrs. Franklin made no reply.

Her daughter-in-law, seating herself

beside her, stroked back her gray hair. "You look so tired! And I am afraid Dolly is tired out also, as she isn't here with you?"

"I sent her to bed half an hour ago; for she has had pain to-day," Mrs. Franklin answered, her lips tightening as she endured the caress. Genevieve's touch was gentle, but Mrs. Franklin did not like to have her hair stroked.

"Poor Dolly! But surely it is not surprising. I must see her before I go back. But shall I go back, mamma? As you are alone, wouldn't it be better for me to stay here for the rest of the day? I could read to you; I should love to do it. It seems providential that my dear copy of *Quiet Hours* should have come back from Philadelphia only yesterday; I had sent it to Philadelphia, you know, to be rebound. But there have been greater providences still; for instance, how I was able to get to Raleigh in time. For the stage had gone when Horace's telegram came, and Mrs. Bebb's having arranged, by a mere chance, to drive to Old Fort with that first pair of horses at the very *moment* I wished to start—surely that was providential? But you look so white; do let me get you some tea? Or, better still, won't you go to bed? I should so love to undress you and bathe your face with cologne."

Mrs. Franklin shook her head; through her whole life she had detested cologne. On the top of her dumb despair, on the top of her profound enmity, rose again (a consciousness sickening to herself) all the petty old irritations against this woman; against her "providential"; her "*Quiet Hours*"; "her "surely"; her "cutting crape to advantage"; and even her "cologne." She closed her eyes, so that at least she need not *see* her.

"I have had a letter from my sister," Genevieve went on. "I brought it with me, thinking that you might like to hear it, for it is so *beautifully* expressed. As you don't care to lie down, I'll read it to you. My sister reminds me, mamma, that in the midst of my grief I ought to remember that I have had one great blessing—a blessing not granted to all wives; and that is, that from the first moment of our engagement to his last breath dear Jay was perfectly devoted to me; he never looked—he never cared to look—at any one else!"

Mrs. Franklin refolded her arms; her hands, laid over her elbows, tightened on her sleeves.

Genevieve began to read the letter. But when she came to the passage she had quoted, the tears dropped upon her cheeks. "I won't go on," she said, as she wiped them away. "For we must not dwell upon our griefs—don't you think so, mamma? Not *purposely* remind ourselves of them; surely that is unwise. I have already arranged to give away Jay's clothes, for instance—give them to persons who really need them. For as long as they are in the house, I can't help cr-crying whenever I see them." Her voice broke, and she stopped; her effort at self-control, both here and at home, was sincere.

She replaced the letter in her pocket. And as she did so, the crape of her sleeve, catching on the edge of the newspaper which lay over Mrs. Franklin's knees, drew it so far to one side that it fell to the floor. And there, revealed on the mother's lap, lay a little heap: a battered top; a package of letters in a school-boy hand; a baby's white robe yellow with age; and some curls of soft baby hair.

"Oh! mamma, are you letting yourself brood over these things? Is it wise? Let me put them away."

But Mrs. Franklin, gathering her poor treasures from Genevieve's touch, placed them herself in her secretary, which she locked. Then she began to walk to and fro across the broad room—to and fro, to and fro, her step feverishly quick.

After a minute, Genevieve followed her. "Mamma, try to be more resigned. Try to be calm."

Mrs. Franklin stopped. She faced round upon her daughter-in-law. "You dare to offer advice to me, you barren woman? What do *you* know of a mother's love for her son—you who have never borne a child? You can comprehend neither my love nor my grief. Providential, is it, that you reached Raleigh in time? Providence is a strange thing if it assists *you*. For you have killed your husband—killed him as certainly as though you had given him slow poison. You broke up his life—the only life he loved; you never rested until you had forced him out of the navy. And then, your greed for money made you urge him incessantly to go into business—into business for himself, which he knew nothing about. You gave him no

peace; you drove him on; your determination to have all the things *you* care for—a house of your own and a garden; chairs and tables; handsome clothes; money for charities" (impossible to describe the bitterness of this last phrase)—"these have been far more important to you than anything else—than his own happiness or his own welfare. And lately your process of murder has gone on faster. For he has been very ill all winter (I know it *now!*), and you have not been near him; you have staid here month after month, buying land with Ruth's money, filling your pockets and telling him nothing of it, adding to your house, and saying to yourself comfortably meanwhile that this wise course of yours would in the end bring him round to your views. It *has* brought him round—to his death! His life for years has been wretched, and you were the cause of the misery. For it was his feeling of being out of his place, his gradual discouragement, his sense of failure, that finally broke down his health. If he had never seen *you* he might have lived to be an old man, filling with honor the position he was fitted for. Now, at thirty-nine, he is dead. He was faithful to you, you say? He was. And it is my greatest regret! I do not wish ever to see your face again. For he was the joy of my life, and you were the curse of his. Go!"

These sentences, poured out in clear low tones, had filled Genevieve with horror. And something that was almost fear followed, as the mother, coming nearer, her eyes blazing in her deathlike face, emphasized her last words by stretching out her arms in a gesture that was tragic.

Genevieve escaped to the hall. Then, after waiting a moment uncertainly, she hurried home.

When the sound of her footsteps had died away, Mrs. Franklin went to the secretary and took out again the little dress and the top, the letters and the baby curls; seating herself, she began to rearrange them. But her hands only moved for a moment or two. Then her head fell back and her eyes closed.

Chapter XVII.

It was characteristic of Horace Chase that he could devote the night to business matters. He had decided to wait for the doctor's report before starting on his drive to Old Fort, and as that report might come at any moment, he did not go to bed. Left to himself in the sitting-room, he had first looked through the newspapers, smoking a cigar or two meanwhile, with the window open. Then, as he closed it, his mind turned to what it always turned to when he was alone; drawing a chair to the table, he took out some memoranda, pulled forward the inkstand, and sat down.

It was midnight. When he entered that same room at five in the afternoon he had found Mrs. Franklin breathing heavily, her head thrown back, her hands hanging by her sides. The doctor, who had been hastily summoned, had remained in the house ever since. After being removed to her own room, Mrs. Franklin had been extremely restless; she had moved her head incessantly from side to side on the pillow, and she had seemed to be half blind; her mind wandered, and her voice, as she spoke incoherently, was very weak. Then suddenly she had sunk into a lethargic slumber, and the doctor was waiting to see in what condition she would waken, for there were symptoms that he did not like. Miss Billy was installed as nurse.

Mrs. Kip, Maud Muriel, and Miss Billy had visited this house of mourning many times since the arrival of the funeral procession two days before, with the mother walking into the town beside the hearse. And now that this poor mother was stricken down, they had all come again, anxious to be of service. Chase, who liked her gentle ways, had selected Miss Billy.

Dolly knew nothing of her mother's sudden prostration; her pain (her old enemy) having been deadened for the moment by an opiate, she was now sleeping. In order that she should not suspect what had happened, Miss Billy did not show herself at all in Dolly's room; Rinda, who was accustomed to this service, was established there on a pallet, ready to answer if called.

One o'clock came. Two o'clock came. The watcher in the sitting-room downstairs still sat by the table, absorbed; Mrs. Franklin's reading-lamp, burning brightly beside him, lighted up his hard, keen face. For it looked hard now, with its three deeply set lines, one on each side of the mouth, and one between the eyes; and the eyes themselves were sharp.

But though the business letter he was now engaged upon was a masterpiece of shrewdness (as those who received it would discover sooner or later), and though it dealt with large interests that were highly important, the faintest sound upstairs would have instantly caught the attention of the writer. On a chair beside him were railroad time-tables and a sheet of commercial note-paper, with two lines of figures jotted down in orderly rows side by side; these represented the two probabilities regarding the trains which his wife might take—the hours of departure and the connections. He had received no telegrams, and this had surprised him. "What can the little chap be about?" he had more than once thought. His adjective "little" was not depreciatory. Malachi Hill was, in fact, very short; in addition, his fresh pink-tinged complexion and bright blue eyes gave him a boyish air. To Horace Chase, who was over six feet in height, and whose dark face looked ten years older than it really was, the young missionary (whom he sincerely liked) seemed juvenile; his youthful appearance, in fact, combined with his unmistakable "grit" (as Chase called it), had been the thing which had first attracted the notice of the millionaire.

A little before three there was a sound outside; steps were coming up the walk from the gate. Chase went quickly into the hall, and as he did so the house door opened; Ruth came in.

Behind her there was a momentary vision of Malachi. The young clergyman, however, did not enter; upon seeing Chase, he closed the door quietly and went away.

Ruth's face, even to the lips, was so white that her husband hastily put his arm round her; then he drew her into the sitting-room, closing the door behind them.

"Where is he?" Ruth asked, or, rather, her lips formed the words. "Didn't you *wait* for me?"

"My darling, he was buried yesterday," Chase answered, sitting down and drawing her into his arms. "Didn't Mr. Hill tell you?"

"Yes, but I didn't believe it. I thought you would wait for me. I thought you would *know* that I wanted to see him."

"No one saw him after we left Raleigh, dear. The coffin was not opened again."

"If I had been here, mother would have—*mother* would have—"

"It was your mother who arranged everything," Chase explained, gently, as with careful touch he took off her hat, and then her gloves: her hands were icily cold, and he held them in his to warm them.

"Where *is* mother? And Dolly? Weren't they expecting me? Didn't they *know* I would come?"

"Your mother is sick upstairs. No, don't get up—you can't see her now; she is asleep, and mustn't be disturbed. But the first moment she wakes up, the doctor is to let me know, and then you shall go to her; Miss Breeze is up there keeping watch. Dolly has broken down too. But Dolly's case is no worse than it has often been before, and you'd better let her sleep while she can. And now, will you stay here with me, Ruthie, till the doctor comes? Or would you rather go to bed? If you'll go, I promise to tell you the moment your mother wakes." He put his hand on her head protectingly, and kissed her cheek. Her face was cold. Her whole frame had trembled incessantly from the moment of her entrance. "My darling little girl, how tired you are!"

Ruth moved nearer to him. "Don't leave me. And tell me everything—everything about Jared."

Though she was so white, it was evident that she had not shed tears; her eyes were feverishly bright; her lips were parched. Her husband, with his rough-and-ready knowledge of women, knew that it would be better for her to "have her cry out," as he would have phrased it; it would quiet her excitement and subdue her so that she would sleep. As she could not eat, he gave her a spoonful of brandy from his own flask, and wrapped her cold feet in his travelling-shawl; then putting her on the sofa, he sat down beside her, and holding her tenderly in his arms, he told her the story of Jared's last hours.

His account was truthful, save that he softened the details. In his narrative Mrs. Nightingale's shabby house became homelike and comfortable, and Jared's bare attic a pleasant place; Mrs. Nightingale herself (here there was no need for exaggeration) was an angel of kindness. He dwelt upon Jared's having agreed to go with him the next day to New York. "I had planned to start at ten o'clock

the next morning, Ruthie, having a doctor along without his knowing it; and I had ordered a private car—a Pullman sleeper—to go through to New York. Once there, I thought you could make him take a good long rest. That kind woman had been sitting up at night in the room next to his. So I fixed that by taking the same room myself; I didn't undress, but I guess I fell asleep, and I woke up hearing him talking to himself. And then he walked about the room, and he even climbed out on the roof; but we soon got him back all right. Everything possible was done, dear; the best doctor in Raleigh, and a nurse—two of 'em. But it was of no use. It was brain-fever, or inflammation of the brain, rather, and after it had left him, he was too weak to rally. They thought everything of him at Raleigh. Your mother wanted him brought here, and when we went to the depot, everybody who had ever known him turned out, so that there was a long procession; and all the ladies in the house where he had been staying brought flowers. At Old Fort I had intended to let Hill (who was coming to meet them) take charge of them across the mountains, for I wanted to go to New York to get you. But the night was dark, and the road is always so bad. I thought, on the whole, you'd rather have me stay with your mother. And she has been tolerably well, too, until this afternoon, when she had an attack of some sort. But I guess it's only that she is over-tired; the doctor will probably come down and tell us so pretty soon."

"I *wanted* to see him," repeated Ruth, her eyes still dry and bright. "It was very little to do for me, I think. If I could have just taken his poor hand once —even if it *was* dead. Everybody else got there in time to speak to him—to say good-by."

"No; your mother didn't get there," Chase explained.

"She didn't get there? And Genevieve *did?* I know it by your face. Let me go to mother—poor mother! No matter if she *is* asleep. Let me go to her, and never leave her again."

"You shall go the instant she wakes; you shall stay with her as long as you like," Chase answered, drawing her down again, and putting his cheek against her head as it lay on his breast. "There is nothing in the world I wouldn't do for your mother, darling; you have only to choose. And for Dolly too. You shall stay here with them. Or they can go with you. Or anything you think best."

Ruth still trembled, and no tears came to her relief. But she seemed to be soothed a little by her husband's tenderness. Her hands, as he held them to his breast, began to lose their lifeless chill.

Her cry, "And Genevieve *did?*" had struck him. "How they all hate her!" he thought.

He had seen Genevieve since Mrs. Franklin's attack; he had gone over for a moment to tell her what the doctor had said. Genevieve, when driven from L'Hommedieu, had taken refuge in her own room at the cottage; here, behind her locked door, she had spent a long exhausting hour in examining herself searchingly, examining her whole married life. Her hands trembled as she looked over her diaries, and as she turned the pages of her "Questions for the Conscience." But with all her efforts she could not discern any point where she had failed. Finally, at the end of the hour, she summed the matter up more calmly: "It *was* best for Jared to be out of the navy. He was forming habits there that *I* understood better than his mother. And I *know* that I am not avaricious. I know that I have always tried to do what was best for him, that I have tried to elevate him and help him in every way. I have worked hard—hard! I have never ceased to work. It is all a falsehood! Or rather, it is a delusion; for she is, she *must* be, insane." Having reached her conclusion (with Genevieve conclusions were final), she put away her diaries and went down stairs to tea. When Chase came in and made his report, all she said was, "I fear you may find poor mamma's mind somewhat affected, Horace. But surely it would not be surprising; she has been through *so* much!" She told him nothing of her terrible half-hour at L'Hommedieu. She never told any one. Unbroken silence was the only course; it was due to the dignity of the name she bore.

At L'Hommedieu the door now opened, and the doctor came in. "*You* here, Mrs. Chase! Oh!" He paused.

"What is it? Tell me," said Ruth, starting up. She went to him. "Tell me! *Tell* me!"

The doctor glanced at Chase.

Chase came up and took his wife's hand. "You may as well tell her."

"I am afraid it's a stroke—a stroke of paralysis," the doctor answered, gravely.

"But she'll *know* me?" cried Ruth, in an agony of tears.

"She *may*. You can come up, if you like."

But the mother heard nothing, saw nothing on earth again. She breathed quietly; she might live for years; but she did not know her child.

Chase came and took his wife away at last—took her to her own room.

"Oh, be good to me, be good to me, Horace! What shall I do if you are not good to me now?"

She clung to him. She had come back to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO'S GENTLE SIDE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

WHEN I wrote my first paper upon Chicago, I supposed myself well equipped for the task. I saw Chicago day after day, lived in its hotels and clubs, met its leading business men and officials, and got a great deal which was novel and striking from what I saw around me, and from what I heard of the commercial and other secrets of its marvellous growth and sudden importance. It is customary to ridicule the travellers who found books upon short visits to foreign places, but the ridicule is not always deserved. If the writers are travelled and observant spectators, if they ask the right questions of the right men, and if they set down nothing of which they are not certain, the probability is that what they write will be more valuable in its way than a similar work from the pen of one who is dulled to the place by familiarity. And yet I know now that my notes upon Chicago only went half-way. They took no heed of a moiety of the population, the women, with all that they stand for.

I saw the rushing trains of cable-cars in the streets and heard the clang-clang of their gongs. It seemed to me then (and so it still seems, after many another stay in the city) that the men in the streets leap to the strokes of those bells; there is no escaping their sharp din; it sounds incessantly in the men's ears. It seems to jog them, to keep them rushing along, like a sort of Western conscience, or as if it were a goad, or the perpetual prod of a bayonet. It is as if it might be the voice of the Genius of the West crying, "Clang-clang (hustle)!—clang-clang (be lively)!" And it needs no wizard sight to note the effect upon the men as they are kept up to their daily scramble, and forge along the thoroughfares—more often talking to themselves when you pass them than you have ever noticed that men in other cities are given to do. I saw all that; but how stupid it was not to notice that the women escaped the relentless influence!

They appear not to hear the bells. The lines of the masculine straining are not furrowed in their faces. They remain composed and unmoved. They might be the very same women we see in Havana or Brooklyn, so perfectly undisturbed and at ease are they—even when they pass the Board of Trade, which I take to be the dynamo that surcharges the air for the men.

I went into the towering office buildings, nerving myself for the moment's battle at the doors against the outpouring torrent and the missilelike office-boys, who shoot out as from the mouths of cannon. I saw the flying elevators, and at every landing heard the bankers and architects and lawyers shout "Down!" or "Up, up!" and saw them spring almost out of their clothes, as if each elevator was the only one ever built, and would make only one trip before it vanished like a bubble. The office-girls were as badly stricken with this *St. Vitus hustle* as the men, which must account for my not noticing that the main body of women, when they came to these buildings to visit husbands or brothers, were creatures apart from the confusion—reposeful, stylish, carefully toileted, serene, and unruffled.

I often squeezed into the luncheon crowd at the Union League Club, and got the latest wheat quotation with my roast, and the valuation of North Side lots with my dessert; but I did not then know that there was a ladies' side entrance to the club-house, leading to parlors and dining-

rooms as quiet as any in Philadelphia, where impassive maids in starched caps sat like bits of majolica-ware, and the clang-clang of the car bells sounded faintly, like the antipodean echoes in a Japanese sea-shell. I smoked at the Chicago Club with Mayor Washburne, and the softening influence of women in public affairs happened not to come into our talk; with Mr. Burnham, the leading architect, and heard nothing of the buildings put up for and by women. Far less was there any hint, in the crush at that club, of the Argonauts—those leisurely Chicago Club men who haunt a separate house where they loaf in flannels, and the women add the luxurious, tremulous shiver of silk to the sounds of light laughter and elegant dining.

And every evening, while that first study of the city went on, the diurnal stampede from the tall buildings and the choking of the inadequate streets around them took place. The cable-cars became loaded and incrusted with double burdens, in which men clung to one another like caterpillars. Thus the crowded business district was emptied and the homes were filled. Any one could see that, and I wrote that there were more home-going and home-staying there than in any large Eastern city in this country. But who could guess what that meant? Who could know the extent of the rulership of the women at night and in the homes, or how far it went beyond those limitations? Who would dream that—in Chicago, of all places—all talk of business is tabooed in the homes, and that the men sink upon thick upholstering, in the soft shaded light of silk-crowned lamps, amid lace-work and bric-à-brac, and in the blessed atmosphere of music and gentle voices—all so soothing and so highly esteemed that it is there the custom for the men to gather accredited strangers and guests around them at home for the enjoyment of dinner, cigars, and cards, rather than at the clubs and in the hotel lobbies? I could not know it, and so, for one reason and another, the gentle side of Chicago was left out of that article.

"Great as Chicago is, the period of her true greatness is yet to come," writes Mr. James Dredge, the editor of London *Engineering*, and one of the British commissioners to our Columbian Exposition. "Its commencement will dawn when her inhabitants give themselves time to realize that the object of life is not that of incessant struggle; that the race is not always to the swift, but rather to those who understand the luxury and advantage of repose, as well as sustained effort." In whichever of our cities an Englishman stays long enough to venture an opinion of it, that is what he is sure to say. It is true of all of them, and most true of Chicago. But to discover that there is a well-spring of repose there requires a longer acquaintance than to note the need of it. There is such a reservoir in Chicago. It is in the spirit of the women, and it is as notable a feature of Chicago homes as of those of any American city. But the women contribute more than this, for from the polish of travel and trained minds their leaders reflect those charms which find expression in good taste and manners, a love of art and literature, and in the ability to discern what is best, and to distinguish merit and good-breeding above mere wealth and pedigree.

What the leaders do the others copy, and the result is such that I do not believe that in any older American city we shall find fashionable women so anxious to be considered patrons of art and of learning, or so forward in works of public improvement and governmental reform as well as of charity. Indeed, this seems to me quite a new character for the woman of fashion, and whether I am right in crediting her with it the reader will discover before he finishes this paper. It is necessary to add that not all the modish women there belong in this category. There is a wholly gay and idle butterfly set in Chicago, but it is small, and the distinctive peculiarity of which I speak lies in the fact that in nearly all the societies and movements of which I am going to write we see the names of rich and stylish women. They entertain elegantly, are accustomed to travel, and rank with any others in the town, yet are associated with those forceful women whose astonishing activity has worked wonders in that city. The Chicago woman whose name is farthest known is Mrs. Potter Palmer. She is the wife of a man who is there not altogether improperly likened, in his relation to that city, to one of our Astors in New York. Yet she is at the head of the Woman's Department or Commission of the exposition, and is active in perhaps

a score of women's organizations of widely differing aims. Her name, therefore, may stand as illustrating what has been here said upon this subject.

There is no gainsaying the fact that, in the main, Chicago society is crude; but I am not describing the body of its people; it is rather that reservoir from which are to spring the refinement and graces of the finished city that is here to be considered. If it is true that hospitality is a relic of barbarism, it still must be said that it flourishes in Chicago, which is almost as open-armed as one of our Southern cities. As far as the men are concerned, the hospitality is Russian; indeed, I was again and again reminded of what I have read of the peculiarities of the Russians in what I saw of the pleasures of the younger generation of wealthy men in Chicago. They attend to business with all their hearts by day, and to fun with all their might after dark. They are mainly college men and fellows of big physique, and if ever there were hearty, kindly, jolly, frank fellows in the world, these are the ones. They eat and drink like Russians, and from their fondness for surrounding themselves with bright and elegant women, I gather that they love like Russians. In like manner do they spend their money. In New York heavy drinking in the clubs is going out of fashion, and there is less and less high play at cards; but in Chicago, as in St. Petersburg, the wine flows freely, the stakes are high. Though the pressure is thus greater than with us in New York, I saw no such effects of the use of stimulants as would follow Chicago freedom were it indulged in the metropolis.

But enough of what is exceptional and unrepresentative. The Chicago men are very proud of the women, and the most extravagant comments which Max O'Rell makes upon the prerogatives of American ladies seem very much less extravagant in Chicago than anywhere else. Their husbands and brothers tell me that there is a keen rivalry among the women who are well-to-do for the possession of nice houses, and for the distinction of giving good and frequent dinner parties, and of entertaining well. "They spend a great deal of money in this way," I was told; "but they are not mercenary; they do not worship wealth, and nag their husbands to get more and more, as do the women of the newer West. Their first question about a new-comer is neither as to his wealth nor his ancestry. Even more than in Washington do the Chicago women respect talent, and vie with one another to honor those who have any standing in the World of Intellect." In the last ten years the leading circles of women there have undergone a revolution. Women from the female colleges, and who have lived abroad or in the Eastern cities, have displaced the earlier leaders, have married and become the mistresses of the homes, as well as the mothers of daughters for whose future social standing they are solicitous.

The noted men and women who have visited Chicago, professionally or from curiosity, in recent years, have found there the atmosphere of a true capital. They have been welcomed and honored in delightful circles of cultivated persons assembled in houses where are felt the intangible qualities that make charming the dwellings of true citizens of the world. For costliness and beauty the numerous fine residences of Chicago are celebrated. Nowhere is there seen a greater variety in the display of cultivated taste in building. All over Christendom fine houses are put up in homage to women, and we shall see, if I mistake not, that these Chicago women deserve the palaces in which they rule. But, to return to the interiors of the homes, what I find to praise most highly there is the democracy of the men and women. It is genuine. The people's hearts are nearer their waistcoats and bodices out there. They aren't incrusted with the sediment of a century of caste-worship and pride and distrust. They are genuine and natural and frank.

I have seen a thing in Chicago—and have seen it several more times than once—that I never heard of anywhere else, and that looked a little awkward at first, for a few moments. I refer to a peculiar freedom of intercourse between the sexes after a dinner or on a rout—*camaraderie* and perfect accord between the men and the women. In saying this I refer to very nice matrons and maidens in very nice social circles who have nevertheless staid after the coffee, and have taken part in the flow of fun which such a time begets, quite as if they liked it and had a right to. In one case the men had withdrawn to the library, and a noted entertainer was in the full glory of his

career, reciting a poem or giving a dialect imitation of a conversation he had overheard on a street car. The wife of the host trespassed, with a little show of timidity, to say that the little girls, her daughters, were about to go to bed, and wanted the noted entertainer to "make a face" for them—apparently for them to dream upon.

"Why, come in," said the host.

"Oh, may we?" said the wife, very artlessly, and in came all the ladies of the party, who, it seems, had gathered in the hallway. The room was blue with smoke, but all the ladies "loved smoke," and so the evening wore on gayly.

The next occasion was in a mansion on the lake-side. An artist and a poet, well known in both hemispheres, were the especial guests, and the company generally would have been welcome in the best circles in any of the world's capitals, except, possibly, in New York, where it is said that an ultra swell personage told the Lord Chief Justice of England that he had met no explorers, historians, poets, scholars, generals, or naval heroes, "because none of them is in society." Of the ladies one was literary, one was a philanthropist and reformer, and the others were just wives, but wives of the brilliant fellows, and all able to coach the men and to tell queer little bits of their own experiences. When the coffee was brought on, on this occasion, there was no movement on the part of the women towards leaving the table. No suggestion was made that they do so; there was no apology offered for their not doing so; the subject was not mentioned. There were glasses of "green mint" for all, and cigars for the men. Then the stories flowed and the laughter bubbled. The queer thing was that there was no apparent strain; all were at perfect ease—the ladies being as much so as other men would have been without them. One of the women told two long stories of a comical character, imitating the dialect and mannerisms of different persons precisely as a man given to after-dinner entertaining would have done. Once there was a pause and a little hesitation, and a story-teller said, "I think I can tell this here, can't I?" "Why, of course, go on," said his wife. So he told whatever it was, the point being so pretty and sentimental that it was a little difficult to determine why he had hesitated, unless it was that it had "a big, big D" in one sentence.

I have been present on at least a dozen occasions when the men smoked and drank and the women kept with them, being—otherwise than in the drinking and smoking—in perfect fellowship with them. Such conditions are Arcadian. They are part and parcel of the kinship that permits the Chicagoans to bring their rugs out and to sit on the stoops in the evenings.

Their stylishness is the first striking characteristic of the women of Chicago. It is a Parisian quality, apparent in New York first and in Chicago next, among all our cities. The number of women who dress well in Chicago is very remarkable, and only there and in New York do the shop-girls and working-women closely follow the prevailing modes. Chicago leads New York in the employment of women in business. It is not easy to find an office or a store in which they are not at work as secretaries, accountants, cashiers, type-writers, saleswomen, or clerks. It has been explained to me that women who want to do for themselves are more favored there than anywhere else. The awful fire of twenty years ago wrecked so many families, and turned so many women from lives of comfort to paths of toil, that the business men have from that day to this shown an inclination to help every woman who wants to help herself.

The influence of the homes is felt everywhere. It is even more truly a city of homes than Brooklyn, for its flats and tenements are comparatively few. Such makeshifts are not true homes, and do not carry household pride with them in anything like the degree that it is engendered in those who live in separate houses which they own.

One of the famous towering office buildings of Chicago is, in the main, the result of a woman's financiering. I refer to "the Temple" of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, an enormous and beautiful pile, which is, in a general way, like the great Mills Building in Broad Street, New York. It is thirteen stories high, it cost more than a million of dollars, and the scheme of it, as well as the execution thereof, from first to last, was the work of women and children. Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, who is grandiloquently spoken of in the Chicago newspapers as "the chief business woman of the conti-

nent," inspired and planned the raising of the money. For ten years she advocated the great work, and in the course of that time she formed a corporation, called "The Woman's Temple Building Association," for carrying forward the project. She was elected its first president, in July, 1887, and it was capitalized at $600,000. Frances Willard, of the National organization of the Union, cooperated towards enlisting the interest and aid of the entire Temperance Union sisterhood, which adopted the building as its headquarters or "Temple." Four hundred thousand dollars' worth of the stock was purchased with what is referred to as "the outpouring of 100,000 penny banks," and bonds were issued for $600,000. The building is expected to yield $250,000 a year in rentals. The income is to be divided, one-half to the National organization, and the rest *pro rata* to the various State organizations, according to the amount each subscribed to the fund. Mrs. Carse's was the mind which planned the financial operation, but the credit of carrying it out rests with Miss Willard, the several other leaders of the Union, and the good women everywhere who have faith in them.

Mrs. Carse is the woman to whom the members of the Chicago Woman's Club refer all plans for raising funds. The Chicago Woman's Club is the mother of woman's public work in that city. An explanation of what that means seems to me to rank among the most surprising of the chapters which I have had occasion to write as the result of my Western studies. I know of no such undertakings or cooperation by women elsewhere in our country. This very remarkable Woman's Club has five hundred members and six great divisions, called the committees on Reform, Philanthropy, Education, Home, Art and Literature, Science and Philosophy. The club has rooms in the building of the famous Art Institute. It holds literary meetings every two weeks, each committee or division furnishing two topics in a year. The members write the papers and the meetings discuss them. Each committee officers and manages its own meetings, the chairwoman of the committee being in charge, and opening as well as arranging the discussions. The Art and Literature and the Science and Philosophy committees carry on classes, open to all members of the club. They engage lecturers, and perform an educational work. Apart from these class meetings, the club rooms are in use every day as a headquarters for women. They include a kitchen, a dining-room, and a tea-room — tea, by-the-way, being served at all the committee meetings.

The membership is made up of almost every kind of women, from the ultra-fashionable society leaders to the working-women, and includes literary and other professional women, business women, and plain wives and daughters. "And," say the members, "women who never hear anything anywhere else, hear everything that is going on in the world by attending the club meetings." It is impossible to name all the women who are conspicuous in the club. Of the fashionable women, such ones as Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Dunlap, a brilliant society leader, and Mrs. Charles Henrotin are active members. Frances Willard, the head of the Temperance Union, is a member, and so is Mrs. Carse. She is a wealthy woman also, as well as one of great force of mind. Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman, a writer widely known for her energetic pursuit of philosophical studies, is active in the Science and Philosophy classes. Mrs. George E. Adams, wife of the member of Congress of that name from Illinois, is a social ruler, and yet is very active in the hard work the club undertakes. She helped raise the University Fund, of which I shall speak. A very active personage, not of the fashionable class, is Miss Ada C. Sweet, who was disbursing officer at Chicago for the Pension Bureau under four Presidents, and paid out something more than a million of dollars a year. She devotes her right hand to the defence of her sex, and her left hand to her own support. Of other leaders on the gentle side of that robust city there will be mention as their works here are considered. So far as any one can see, the wealthy and fashionable women are as active as any others. Those who are referred to as representative of the riches and refinement of the town not only have given of their wealth, but of their sympathy and time in the various movements I am about to describe.

Each woman on entering the club designates which division she wishes to enter. Her name is catalogued accordingly, and she works with that committee. Each committee holds periodic meetings, at

which subjects are given out for papers and discussion at the next session. The Home Committee, for instance, deals with the education and rearing of children, domestic service, dress reform, decorative art, and kindred subjects. That has always been the method in the club, but a result of that and other influences has been that "Chicago ladies have been papered to death," as one of them said to me, and in the last few years the development of a higher purpose and more practical work has progressed. It began when the Reform Committee undertook earnest work, and ceased merely to hear essays, to discuss prison reform, to go "slumming," and to pursue all the fads that were going. This committee began its earnest work with the County Insane Asylum, where it was found that hundreds of women were herded without proper attention, three in a bed, sometimes; with insufficient food, with only a counterpane between them and the freezing winter air at night, and no flannels by day. The root of the trouble was the old one—the root of all public evil in this country—the appointment of public servants for political reasons and purposes. The first step of the Reform Committee was to ask the county commissioners to appoint a woman physician to the asylum. Dr. Florence Hunt was so appointed, and went there at $25 a month. She found that the nurses made up narcotics by the pailful to give to the patients at night so as to stupefy them, in order that they might themselves be free for a good time. The new doctor stopped that and the giving of all other drugs, except upon her order. Then she insisted upon the employment of fit nurses. She and the women doctors who followed her there suffered much petty persecution, but a complete reform was in time accomplished, and the woman physician became a recognized necessity there. Today, as a consequence, the asylums at Kankakee, Jackson, and Elgin—all Illinois institutions—have women physicians also. I am assured that no one except a physician can appreciate how great a reform it was to establish the principle that women suffering from mental diseases should be put in charge of women. Mrs. Helen S. Shedd was at the front of the asylum reform work, which is still going on.

She next led the Reform Committee into the Poor-house, where they went, as they always do, with the plea, "There are women there; we want a share in the charge of that place for the sake of our sex." They have adopted the motto, "What are you doing with the women and children?" and they find that the politicians cannot turn aside so natural and proper an inquiry. The politicians try to frighten the women. They say, "You don't want to pry into such things and places; you can't stand it." But the Chicago ladies have proved that they can stand a very great deal, as we shall see, on behalf of humanity; especially feminine humanity. "You are using great sums of money for the care of the poor, the sick, the insane, and the vicious," they say. "One-half of these are women; and we, as women, insist upon knowing how you are performing your task. We do not believe you bring the motherly or the sisterly element to your aid; we know that you do not understand women's requirements." That line of argument has always proved irresistible.

While I was in Chicago in August some of the women were looking over the plans for four new police stations. It transpired as they talked that they have succeeded in establishing a Woman's Advisory Board of the Police, consisting of ten women appointed by the Chief of Police, and in charge of the quarters of all women and children prisoners, and of the station-house matrons, two of whom are allotted to each station where women are taken. Through the work of her women, Chicago led in this reform, which is now extending to the chief cities of the country. Now, all women and juveniles are separated from the men in nine of the Chicago precinct stations, to one of which every such prisoner must be taken, no matter at what time or on what charge such a person is arrested. The chief matron is Mrs. Jane Logan, a woman who came to Chicago from Toronto and became conspicuous in the Woman's Club and in the Household Art Association. Miss Sweet "coaxed her into the police work," and the Mayor appointed her chief matron. She has an office in a down-town station, where the worst prisoners are taken, as well as the friendless girls and waifs who drift in at the railway stations. The waifs are all taken to her, and she never leaves them until they are on the way back to their homes, or to

better guardianship. She maintains an "annex," kept clean and sweet, with homelike beds and pictures, and to this place are taken any first offenders and others of saving whom she thinks there is a chance. Female witnesses are also kept there instead of in the prisoners' cells, and all who go to the annex are entirely secluded from reporters as well as all others. Two of the best matrons of the force are in charge day and night. All women and girl prisoners are attended at court, even the drunken women being washed and dressed and made to look respectable. Mrs. Logan always goes herself with the young girls to see that they are not approached, and in order that, if it is just and advantageous that they should escape punishment, she may plead with the court for their release. Formerly, every woman who was arrested was searched by men, and thrown into a cell in the same jail room with the male prisoners. Lost children, homeless girls, and abandoned women were all huddled together. The women of the city "couldn't stand it," they say. They worked eight years, led by Miss Sweet, to bring about the now accomplished reform.

In all cases in which women complain of abuse or mistreatment by the police or others, Mrs. Logan sits on the Police Trial Board, "to show the unfortunate woman that she has a friend." The Board is composed of five inspectors and the assistant chief of police, and the president asked her to join its sessions whenever a woman is involved in any case that comes before it. The police do not oppose the work of the women. Desperate and abandoned females used to make fearful charges against the patrolmen and others on the force under the old *régime*.

Mrs. Logan is described as beautiful and refined, as gentle and unassuming in the highest degree, as about thirty-five years of age, and as having humanity for her propelling force—almost for her religion. Her work is a prolonged effort of patience, kindness, and justice. Last Christmas-time seventy-five girls were arrested for shoplifting. She found one, eighteen years of age, flat on her face on a cell floor. She took her to the annex, away from the sight of prison bars, and got her story from her. It was that she was of a respectable family, and had come to town to work as a stenographer, but could get no employment. Her brother sent money for her board in a quiet household, but she had little other money, and in time she spent her last cent. She mended her gloves until they were mended all over, and then her stockings gave out. She drifted into a store, saw the profusion of things there, and stole three handkerchiefs, thinking she would sell them. She was caught in the act. As she could not go to trial until morning, Mrs. Logan went to her boarding-house and explained that she was "going to spend the night with friends." Next day, to oblige the chief matron, the court released the girl, and then Mrs. Logan told the police reporters the whole story, and got their promise that they would not publish a word of it. Mrs. Howe, the president of the Advisory Board, sent ten dollars to the girl, and she returned five dollars "for the next girl who needed it." She is nicely situated now, through the efforts of the women. I heard many such stories of Mrs. Logan's work. She is incessantly rushing about, getting passes and money, sending for the ladies of the Advisory Board to go to court or to the station-houses; telegraphing to parents to take back runaway girls and boys; and speaking for those who have no one else to say a kind word for them.

Mrs. R. C. Clowry, wife of the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office, is a member of the Police Advisory Board; she is also on the Woman's Commission of the World's Fair, and is a music composer of some celebrity. She and Miss Sweet are the representatives of the Woman's Club on the Board. From the Woman's Protective Agency to the Board came Mrs. Fanny Howe, the president of the Board, and Mrs. Flora P. Tobin.

Mrs. Howe is also president of the Protective Agency, one of the most remarkable humanitarian organizations in the city. Its founder, Mrs. J. D. Harvey, is the daughter of Judge Plato, who was distinguished among the early settlers of town; but one of the greatest workers in it, and the person who has done the most towards developing it, is Mrs. Charlotte Cushing Holt. She is tenderly described by her friends as "a very small, short, pretty, doll-like woman, in a Quakerish reform dress"; and it is added that "the amount of work she can do is astounding." She is studying law just now, because she needs that branch of knowledge in order to advise the poor. The Protec-

tive Agency protects women and children in all their rights of property and person, gives them legal advice, recovers wages for servants, sewing-women, and shop-girls who are being swindled; finds guardians for defenceless children; procures divorces for women who are abused or neglected; protects the mothers' right to their children. It has obtained heavy sentences against men in cases of outrage—so very heavy that this crime is seldom committed. In a matter akin to this, the women of this society perform what seems to me a most extraordinary work. It is a part of the belief of these ladies that all women have rights, no matter how bad or lost to decency some of them may be. Therefore they stand united against the ancient custom, among criminal lawyers, of destroying a woman's testimony by showing her bad character. This these women call "a many-century-old trick to throw a woman out of court and deny her justice."

As an instance of the manner in which they display their zeal on behalf of the principle that no matter how bad a woman is she should have fair play, there was this state of affairs: Five mistresses of disorderly resorts had brought as many young girls to Mrs. Logan, and had said they wanted them saved. The girls were pure, but had been brought to the houses in question by men who had pretended that they were taking them to restaurants or respectable dwellings. The Agency caused the arrest of the men implicated; and when the first case came up for trial, the Agency sent for fourteen or sixteen married women of fine social position to come to court and sit through the trial to see fair play. When the bagnio-keeper, who was the chief witness against the prisoner, took the stand, she testified that the girl had been told that her house was a restaurant where she was to have supper. Undeceived, she was greatly frightened, and the woman took charge of her. Then the counsel for the defence began to draw out the story of the woman's evil life and habits. He was rebuked from the Bench, and was told that the woman's character for chastity could not affect her testimony, and that when counsel asked such questions of women witnesses the Court would insist that similar questions be put to all male witnesses in each case, with the same intent to destroy the force of their depositions. Thus was established a new principle in criminal practice. In the other cases prosecuted by the Agency the same array of matrons in silks, laces, and jewels was conspicuous in the court-rooms. The police and court officials are said to have been astonished at this proceeding by women of their standing. But the women have not only gained a step towards perfect justice for their sex, they say that their presence in court has put an end to the ribaldry that was always a feature of trials of the kind. Not far removed from this work has been the successful effort of the women to raise what is called "the age of consent" from twelve to sixteen years.

The Philanthropy Committee of the Woman's Club began its active work in the county jail, where it found a shocking state of affairs. There was only one woman official in the jail, and at four o'clock every afternoon she locked up the women and went away. When she had gone the men were free to go in, and they did. The women of the committee demanded the appointment of a night matron, and the sheriff said he required an order from certain judges who were nominally in charge. This they obtained, and then they were told they must secure from the county an appropriation for the proposed matron's salary. The county officials granted the money conditionally upon the nomination for the place being made by the Woman's Club. The matron was appointed, the work of reform was begun, and it was as if a fresh lake breeze had blown through the unwholesome place. The men cannot intrude upon the women now, and little vagrant girls of ten to fourteen years of age are no longer locked up with hardened criminals. The children have a separate department, where toys and books and a kindly matron brighten their lives while they are awaiting trial. Still another department in the jail is a school for the boys, who are sometimes kept there three or four months before being tried. It was after this work in the jail that the Philanthropy Committee took up the police-station reforms. The first matrons who were put in charge of the stations were political appointees, except a few who were nominally recommended by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The whole system was a sham; the matrons had to have political backing; they were not in sympathy with the move-

ment, and were not competent. They were "just poor," and had large families, and merely wanted the money. There are twenty-five satisfactory matrons now.

A few years ago there was a movement among Chicago men for the foundation of an Industrial School for Homeless Boys who were not criminals. The idea was to train the boys and put them out for adoption. The plan languished and was about to be abandoned, when the Woman's Club took hold of it. Mr. George, a farmer, had promised to give three hundred acres of land worth $40,000 if any one would raise $40,000 for the buildings. The Woman's Club rose "as one man," got the money in three months, and turned it over to the men, who then founded the Illinois Manual Training School at Glenwood, near the city. An advisory board of women in the club attends to the raising of money, the provision of clothing, and the exercise of a general motherly interest in the institution, which is exceptionally successful.

This list of gentle reforms and revolutions is but begun. The Education Committee of this indomitable club discovered, a few years since, that the statute providing for compulsory education was not enforced. The ladies got up a tremendous agitation, and many leading men, as well as women, went to the Capitol at Springfield and secured the passage of a mandatory statute insuring the attendance at school of children of from six to fourteen years during a period of sixteen weeks in each year. Five women were appointed among the truant officers, and the law was strictly carried out. It is found that it works well to employ women in this capacity. They are invited into the houses by the mothers, who tell them, as they would not tell men, the true reasons for keeping their children from school, as, for instance, that they have but one pair of shoes for six children. A beautiful charity resulted from this work. There was established in the club an aid society. Mrs. Murray F. Tuley, the wife of Judge Tuley, a woman long identified with free kindergarten work, became very active in establishing this society. She interested all classes, obtained the use of a room in the City Hall, recruited workers from the Church societies, the Woman's Club, and from almost everywhere else, to sew for the children. She got the merchants to send great rolls of flannels, and shoes and stockings by the hundreds of pairs. These are stored in the room in the City Hall, and when the truant officers discover a case of need they report it, and the Board of Education orders relief granted through the truant agency.

Some members of the Woman's Club are physicians, such as Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, Dr. Mary A. Mixer, Dr. Marie J. Mergler, Dr. Julia Ross Low, Dr. Frances Dickinson, Dr. Elizabeth L. Chapin, Dr. Sarah H. Brayton, Dr. Rose S. Wright Bryan, and Dr. Leila G. Bedell. There are between 200 and 250 women doctors in Chicago, by-the-way, and in the club are two women preachers.

Mrs. Dr. Julia Ross Low came to the club one day with a solemn tale of the need of a hospital for sufferers from contagious diseases. There was none in the city. No hospital would take such cases, and they were kept at home to endanger whole neighborhoods. She told of the fearful results of contagion in places where whole families occupied one room, and where, when disease came, two or three must die. Her words made a great impression. A woman who had lost two children by some dread disease offered to give ten thousand dollars towards founding such a hospital; but it was discovered that under the law the hospital must be a public institution. Therefore a monster mass-meeting was held. The county and city officials attended, and so did many physicians and a host of influential persons. Franklin Head presided, under the rule the women have adopted of asking men to preside on such occasions so as not to offend ultra-conservative minds. Strong resolutions were adopted, and later the press helped the movement enthusiastically. The women say that the Chicago newspapers always co-operate with them gallantly and ardently. The county commissioners then appropriated thirty thousand dollars and put up a building, the planning of which was supervised by the women.

In this case, as whenever a committee has more than it can do, the whole club took hold. "Now, everybody pull for the contagious hospital," was the signal, and every woman in the club dropped everything else, went home, enlisted the husbands, fathers, and brothers, and so quickly stirred all Chicago.

Last May one of the committees invited President Harper, of the Chicago University, to deliver an address on the Higher Education of Women, and particularly upon the plans of the university in that respect. He made it evident that the university plans were very liberal; that women were to have the same advantages as men, the same examinations, the same classes, the same professors, and that they would be eligible to the same professorships. Considering the great endowment of the institution, this was seen to be the fullest and richest opportunity that American women enjoy for the pursuit of learning; but it also came out that, although there had been five hundred applications from the graduates of other female schools and colleges, there were to be no accommodations whatever for them. The donations to the university had come in such a way that no money could be set apart for the construction of dormitories. The chairman of the Education Committee (all the heads of committees in the club are called "chairmen") proposed that the club pledge itself to raise $150,000 for a Woman's Building for the university. The motion was carried unanimously, a committee was appointed, and in sixty days (on July 10, 1892) it had collected $168,000. Three different women gave $50,000 each, so that when the committee had time to count what it had, there was $18,000 more than was needed. Of course dollars never go begging for a use to which to be put, and these will be used for interior appointments. Another committee was appointed to insure the planning of a building satisfactory to women, and to furnish the apartments, which are not to be merely bedrooms, but are to include a large assembly-room, dining-rooms and parlors, a gymnasium, library, baths, and whatever, the parlors being common to every two or three bedrooms, and all the appointments being homelike and inviting.

Mrs. Dr. Stevenson was in the chair when this great movement was set on foot, and she has since interested Chicago anew by demanding bath-houses on the lake front for the boys, and afterwards for the poor in general.

A very remarkable member of the Woman's Club is Jane Addams, of whose gentle character it is sufficient to say that her friends are fond of referring to her as "Saint Jane." She is not robust in health, but, after doing more than ten men would want to do, she usually explains that it is something she has found "in which an invalid can engage." She is a native of Illinois, is wealthy, and while on a visit to London, becoming interested in Toynbee Hall, evolved a theory which has brightened her own and very many other lives. It is that "the rich need the poor as much as the poor need the rich"; that there is a vast number of girls coming out of the colleges for whom there is not enough to do to interest them in life, and who grow *ennuyée* when they might be active and happy. It is her idea that when they interest themselves in their poor brothers and sisters they find the pure gold of happiness. She asked the aid of many ladies of leisure, and went to live in one of the worst quarters of Chicago, taking with her Miss Ellen Starr, a teacher, and a niece of Eliza Allen Starr, the writer. She found an old-time mansion with a wide hall through the middle and large rooms on either side. It had been built for a man named Hull, as a residence, but it had become an auction-house, and the district around it had decayed into a quarter inhabited by poor foreigners. The woman who had fallen heir to it gave it to Miss Addams rent free until 1893. She and Miss Starr lived in it, filled it plainly, but with fine taste, with pictures and ornaments as well as suitable furniture and appointments for the purposes to which it was to be put. A piano was put in the large parlor or assembly-room, which is used every morning for a kindergarten. A beautiful young girl, Miss Jennie Dow, gave the money for the kindergarten, and taught it for a year. Miss Fanny Garry, a daughter of Judge Garry, organized a cooking-school, and, with her young friends to assist her, teaches the art of cooking to poor girls.

A great many of the best-known young men and ladies in North Side circles contribute what they can to the success of this charity, now known as Hull House, and the subject of general local pride. These young persons teach Latin classes, maintain a boys' club, and instruct the lads of the neighborhood in the methods of boyish games; support a modelling class, a class in wood-carving, and another in American history. Every evening in the week some club meets in Hull House—a political economy club, a German club, or what not. Miss Addams's idea is that the

poor have no social life, and few if any of the refinements which gild the intercourse that accompanies it. Therefore on one night in each week a girls' club meets in Hull House. The girls invite their beaux and men friends, and play games and talk and dance, refreshing themselves with lemonade and cake. The young persons who devote their spare time to the work go right in with the girls and boys and help to make the evenings jolly, one who is spoken of as "very swell" bringing his violin to furnish the dance music. The boys' club has one of the best gymnasiums in the city. The boys prepare and read essays and stories, and engage in improving tasks. There is a *crèche* in the Hull House system, and the sick of the district all go there for relief. College extension classes are also in the scheme, and public-school teachers attend the classes with college graduates, who enlist for the purpose of teaching them.

One of the new undertakings of the Chicago women is the task set for itself by the Municipal Reform League. It was organized in March, 1892, by the ladies who were connected with the World's Fair Congresses, a comprehensive work, for the description of which I have no space. A large committee was studying municipal reform when they decided to found an independent society, to endure long after the World's Fair, and to devote itself to local municipal reform, and especially to the promotion of cleanliness in the streets. A mass-meeting was held in Music Hall, and Judge Gresham presided. Many of the city officials and the local judges came, and the hall was crammed. Among the speakers were the Mayor, the Commissioner of Public Works, and the health commissioners. A clergyman arraigned them as responsible for the sorry state of the streets, and was followed by Miss Ada C. Sweet and Dr. Stevenson. A public meeting was held next day in the Woman's Club to organize the new society. Miss Sweet was elected president, and the other offices were filled by women. A constitution was adopted to admit everybody to membership who would express a desire to assist in the work and to keep their own premises in order. Six hundred members are on the rolls, and these include one hundred men, among whom are millionaires and working-men. Money has been contributed liberally, but only the secretary receives compensation. The work performed is all in the direction of forcing the public officials to do their duty. The Health Department is in charge of the alleys, and the Street Department of the streets. To keep these departments up to their work, all the members of Miss Sweet's society are constituted volunteer inspectors, pledged to report once a week whatever remissness they discover. Thus the society has the eyes of Argus to scan the entire city. Where these eyes are kept wide open the greatest improvement is already apparent. Miss Sweet knows what every contractor is doing, as well as who is negligent and who is faithful, and she says she knows that there is not a single contractor whose contract could not be annulled to-morrow. She insists that the plan adopted by her society, if pursued, will transform Chicago into the model city of the world so far as public tidiness is concerned. Already many wealthy ladies drive down the alleys instead of the streets, and even walk through the byways, and so do many influential men, for the purpose of detecting negligence and reporting it. The complaints are forwarded, in the society's formal manner, to the responsible commissioners, and they do all they can, Miss Sweet admits, yet are rendered measurably impotent because they cannot appoint proper inspectors. The reformers will not stop until they have destroyed the entire contract system, and have made the police do the work of inspection. Already ten policemen are detailed to do this work, and eighteen more are to extend the system. An amazing and disheartening discovery attended the beginning of this undertaking. The garbage of the city was supposed to be burned as it accumulated; instead, it was being dumped in a circle of hillocks around the outskirts of the town. A plan for disposing of it by fire had failed, and the officials sat helplessly down and gave up the job. The women took up the task, and last year three methods were undergoing trial, and 180 tons a day were being burned. That mere incident in the history of this movement for clean streets is a grand return for the investment of interest in the project which the public has made.

Miss Sweet is no beginner at these almost superhuman tasks of awakening a great community to a perception of its rights and requirements. Three years

ago she found that the police patrol wagons were the only vehicles in Chicago for the transportation of the sick and injured. Men and women, falling ill or meeting with disabling accidents, were picked up by the police and carted home or to the hospitals in heavy open patrol wagons built with springs fitted to bear a load of two dozen patrolmen. She first tried to get the officials to buy and equip ambulances and organize an ambulance corps in the Police Department. Failing in this, she raised money among her friends, and had an ambulance made and fitted with necessary appliances for the sick and desperately injured. She presented it to the city, requesting that it be put into immediate use in the Central District. Last year the Police Department had six of these ambulances in use, each carrying a medical man. It also maintains a corps of men trained to the care of the sick and injured. More of the wagons are promised, and a perfect ambulance system extending over the whole city is not a far-distant consummation.

Mrs. James M. Flower, a member of the School Board, and of a family of great social distinction, should be mentioned here as having, with other noble dames, organized and pushed to success a training-school for nurses. The Art and Literature Committee of the Woman's Club also deserves credit and mention for raising money for a scholarship at the Chicago Art Institute, the prize being given each year to the girl or boy graduate of the public schools who shows the most artistic talent.

These unusual activities and undertakings are but a part of what the women are doing, and are in addition to the kindly and humane efforts which the reader had doubtless expected to hear about, and which but parallel those which interest and occupy American ladies everywhere. There are proportionately as many workers in the hospitals, schools, and asylums, as many noble founders and supporters of refuges and hospitals, as many laborers in church and mission work, in Chicago as in New York or Boston. If the reader understand that those of which I have told are all added, like jewels upon a crown, to all the usual benefactions, the force of this chapter will be appreciated.

There are in Chicago, as elsewhere, Browning and Ibsen and Shakespearian circles and clubs, and if the city boasts few *littérateurs* or artists of celebrity, there is no lack of lovers and students of the work of those who live elsewhere. The Twentieth Century Club, founded, I believe, by the brilliant Mrs. George Rowswell Grant, is the most ambitious literary club, and has a large and distinguished membership. It meets in the houses of wealthy ladies, and is at times addressed by distinguished visitors whom it invites to the city. The Chicago Literary Club is another such organization, and of both these men as well as women are members. The Chicago Folk-lore Society, a new aspirant to such distinction, was organized in December, 1891, the first meeting being called by Mrs. Fletcher S. Bassett at the Chicago Woman's Club rooms. Eugene Field, of whose verse and of whose delightful personality Chicago cannot be too proud, George W. Cable, General and Mrs. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, Charles W. Deering, Mr. and Mrs. C. Henrotin, and Mr. and Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh are among the members. The motto of this society illumines its field of work. It is, "Whence these legends and traditions?" It has started a museum of Indian and other relics and curios, and may make an exhibition during the World's Fair. It will certainly distinguish itself during the congress of folk-lore scholars to be held in Chicago in 1893. The president of the society is Dr. S. H. Peabody. The directors are all women—Mrs. S. S. Blackwelder, Mrs. Fletcher S. Bassett, and Mrs. Potter Palmer; and the treasurer is Helen G. Fairbank.

I had a most interesting talk with one of the women active in certain of the public works I have described, and she told me that one reason why the women succeeded so well with the officials and politicians is that they are not voters, are not in politics, and ask favors (or rights) not for themselves, but for the public. That, she thought, sounded like an argument against granting the suffrage to women; but she said she would have to let it stand, whatever it sounded like. She said that the Chicago men not only spring to the help of a woman who tries to get along, "but they hate to see her fail, and they won't allow her to fail if they can help it." She remarked that the reason that active Chicago women do

not show the aggressive, harsh spirit and lack of graceful femininity which are often associated with women who step out of the domestic sphere is because the Chicago women have not had to fight their way. The men have helped them. She gloried in the strides the women have made towards independence in Chicago. "A fundamental principle with us," she said, "is that a girl may be dependent, but a woman must be independent in order to perform all her functions. She must be independent in order to wisely make a choice of her career—whether she will be a wife and mother, and, if so, whose wife and mother she will be."

THE VESTAL VIRGIN.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

"YES, my dear, my only son, it will be a sore trial to live without you," murmured Mrs. H. G. Wylkynse, while she softly groomed her son Chesterfield's hair with one jewelled hand, and employed the other to gently draw toward her his unresisting form. "The four years that you are in college will be full—oh, so full!—of anxieties for me. But you are all ready now, and will enter in a few days—"

"That ith if I don't get plucked on the exthamination," interrupted "Chessie," as the fond little family called him. He spoke with a slight lisp, and parted his yellow hair in the middle. It is fairly probable that he could not help dividing his tresses in two equal sections, or lisping like a young girl, any more than being sometimes called "Sissie." In fact, to use a figure, Nature had already called him by that sibilant name: she had constructed him after a semi-feminine pattern. A man cannot entirely resist the way he is made up, or unmade down.

Chessie was not to blame very much for all his "she ways," as playmates used to call them; could not help being called "Jane," "Ellen," and "Kittie," and "The Vestal Virgin." He was, to a certain extent, as he was; and all education, refinement, and experience would simply result in different modifications of that one mental fact in his nature. It would almost seem, at times, as if we owed some forgotten, prenatal responsibility of our own as to the elemental constitution of our being, we are so rewarded and punished on account of it.

"I shall indeed miss you very much," repeated the fond mother; "I have had you with me so constantly, Chessie—"

"But, mamma," replied the young man (he had never got over calling her "mamma," as some hard, unfeeling young man might have done), "I shall see you occasionally during the time, and it will thoon path. Cheer up, mother. Do not, do not give way to thuch grief!"

While Mrs. Wylkynse was still conducting an elaborate struggle with her sorrow, the door-bell rang, and Barnes Dillingworthy not long afterwards came into the half sitting-room, half library, in which mother and son were conversing. Barnes (called after the great Biblical commentator)—or "Barnsie," as he was designated by his pet-namers—was the only bone of contention between Mrs. Wylkynse and her only son; in fact, he was several very sturdy bones of contention, being a reformed middle-weight champion "putter-to-sleep," as the boys called it.

He had been converted to religion, and induced to see the benefits of an upright life and a godly conversation, somewhat late in his youthhood—in fact, after his fifth successful engagement in the ring. He had found himself austerely petted ever since by a wealthy uncle, who now determined to whittle a polished clergyman out of this gnarled and knotted tree, so happily transplanted from the forests of sin into the placidly blooming and well-trained garden of the church. Barnsie was a sturdy, enthusiastic convert, was anxious to commence a regular theological prize-fight with the hosts of sin; and meant to prepare for a thorough college course as soon as possible. But the readjustment of his natural faculties proceeded rather slowly. He had a bewildering large number of obstacles in his mental make-up, the removal of which was a very difficult and tedious process. Reader, if you are conscious of any natural traits which it is desirable to eradicate, begin as early as possible.

This young man had not commenced

soon enough; and his difficulties were, in consequence, no feather-weights. For instance, he would even now dream during the night that he was once more in the praise-environed precincts of the ring. He had often amid these unhallowed visions risen in his strength and *robe de nuit*, rushed about the room, and scattered things here and there in a very lively manner, the items once demolished including pictures of several distinguished divines and a plaster cast of the Rev. John Knox.

He had, however, indulged also in tenderer dreams: he had fallen in love with Mrs. Wylkynes's only daughter, and developed a dense, inexorable, never-to-be-got-over-or-resisted determination to some time marry her. He was so bashful, with all his physical strength, as never to have tried winning her personally; but his mind was evidently more or less engaged all the while in a mill with the young lady's indifference. He was not an accomplished wooer, and seemed inclined to do the courting by proxy, or, rather, compel the young lady so to receive it. He was continually putting delicate little attentions, such as one would give a girl, upon the young man Chessie whenever the object of his affection was near to see him do so, or when he thought the brother would tell her of the same; but seldom spoke directly to her. Mrs. Wylkynes had an idea that this thoroughly objectionable young person was trying to court both her daughter and her son, and was jealous of him in each case.

"Helloa, Barnthie, give us your flipper!" exclaimed Chessie, with a kind of half manlike, half maidenlike heartiness, grasping the reformed one's hand. "I'm tho thorry you're not going to college with me, you know. But you'll come out and thee me once in a while, won't you, now, Barnthie?"

The reconstructed young gladiator hoarsely whimpered an assent, glanced toward Miss Gladys, the daughter of the mansion, who was spinning with her needles a delicate spider-web of embroidery, and then picked up Chessie's handkerchief, which he had dropped, returning it to him with a bow and a voluminously caressing gesture. There was a slight change in the expression of the corner of Miss Gladys's eye. She knew that this miniature courtesy was intended to reach her through the roundabout medium of Chessie, and was rather enjoyably diverted by this novel method of receiving evidences of adoration. It must be owned, too, that she rather liked Barnsie, although really half engaged to one Fitzherbert Netherwood.

"You see," she used to say to Chessie, as a profound secret, knowing that it would soon be told also to Barnsie as one —"you see very well that I could never marry one who had been guilty of maltreating his fellow-beings, no matter how reformed he might be, or even if he were a minister of the gospel. Supposing he should get angry on one of his 'blue' Mondays. Why, he might write his rage on the floor of the manse in letters of my own blood, and then use me for a blotting-pad, any time! And then imagine how I would look, at my next reception! I never could dare to marry one who had made it a specialty to cause people to appear any worse than they naturally do."

Then, after a few days, Chessie would tell her of several very hard cases who had been brought into the fold, and had been very kind and exemplary husbands and fathers all their lives. She knew who had told him this, and always giggled softly in her daintily embroidered sleeve.

"Oh, Mr. Dillingworthy," suddenly piped up Gladys this evening, in a couple of sentences sounding like a little crisp tune on a flute, "is it all so, about the examinations being awfully hard? And do you really think poor Chessie will have a close time to get in?"

If there was anything Mr. Dillingworthy believed, it was that all examinations were beastly hard; and he readily, though blushingly, answered in the affirmative.

"And do the students treat each other so—so—inconsiderately, and have little military engagements on the campus, and —fumigate new young men out of their rooms, and steal each other's class dinners, and — and — commit murder once in a while almost? Fitzherbert Netherwood says they do."

"Naw, they dawn't, I dawn't believe," snarled Barnsie, with a thoroughly disgusted look. The mention of Fitzherbert Netherwood always affected him as the filing of a saw would a more sensitive person.

Miss Gladys repressed an optical twinkle. "Well, I didn't more than about two-thirds believe it," the young lady rejoined, pensively adding another tiny strand

to her spider-web. "But Fitzherbert is there, you know, and a Sophomore; and he seemed to think he was sure of it. Still, Sophomores are always exaggerating, I suppose. I shall be *so* glad when Fitzherbert graduates!" Barnsie resented inwardly this manifestation of womanly interest in his rival, and almost wished he could stand up before him once, with or without boxing-gloves.

"You must be very careful, Chessie," broke in the mother, "with your new light lavender-colored suit. And don't let any of those terrible creatures get hold of your silk hat. Do not put on your patent-leather boots in cold weather without first warming them—they might crack. Do not soil your neckties unduly, my dear son, and refrain from making any unmerited sentimental attachments."

"Yeth, mamma," replied Chessie, in a submissive and compliant tone. "I shall try to make mythelf worthy of you in every rethpect, O mamma."

He placed his hand in hers, and looked so gentle, so confiding, so altogether mild and lovely, that few could have helped being touched at the sight. Barnsie was touched. He moved a screen to prevent certain more or less imaginary draughts from striking the young man who was so soon to leave the maternal protector.

"They gamble, too," I have heard, remarked Miss Gladys, quietly resuming the conversation concerning students, and ignoring the late affecting little scene.

Chessie looked horrified, and the mother more so. "Oh, Chessie, do not do that," she murmured, "whatever you do! It would keep you up late nights, and spoil your complexion!"

"And have tri-weekly drunken bouts," continued the terrible young lady. "And thrash their professors when they meet them in the dark. And—and—"

"Gladys, I *command* you, do not pack any more such dreadful things into poor Chessie's head!" exclaimed the mother. "Do you not see that he is already growing pale? Can you not realize that he will have a hard enough time without your making it more so? The leaving home to go to college is a solemn, solemn thing for a young man."

"Oh, I don't think it's anything, compared to boarding-school," declared the young lady, positively. "Do *you*, Barnsie?"—looking him full in the face, and spreading the spider-web all over her lap.

It was the first time she had ever called him "Barnsie," and the circumstance produced a powerful effect on the young man—at least from a chromatic point of view. His face became a plaque of fiery red, and he redoubled his attentions to Chessie.

II.

The arrival at college did not seem so very formidable an affair, at first. It was in the edge of the evening, when a brakeman telescoped his head and neck into the coach and yelled, "Maryville!" Chessie was alone; his mamma would have come with him, but her anxiety had made her ill; and so Miss Gladys also had to stay at home, though she would have liked nothing better than to chaperon Chessie on his trip. Mrs. Wylkynse objected to Barnsie's accompanying him, under any consideration, or in any capacity whatever.

The university seemed arranged with a very fine view to the comfort of its student-guests; there was apparent none of the cold heartlessness which characterizes some institutions upon the arrival of a pre-Freshman. A polite, refined-looking man, with the legend "University" smiling from a small badge on the lapel of his coat, stepped up to Chessie, asked him if he was a student just arrived, took him to a cab, whose driver had the same badge on his hat, and left him. Presently a learned-looking gentleman with white beard entered, and the vehicle moved away. "Are you about to become a student?" he inquired, genially, looking at the young man with a fatherly smile.

"Yeth, thir, that ith the understanding," said Chessie.

"I am the Secretary," rejoined the gentleman with the white whiskers, simply, "and we will go directly to the President's house, where you can have your examination in a little while, and be all ready for work in the morning. The ordeal is not hard, and you will feel better with it over."

Chessie would have preferred to take a night's rest before the ordeal, but the manner of this Secretary was so kind and reassuring that he felt his plan to be the better. After a half-hour's drive they came to a large building, which looked rather imposing, although the young stu-

dent could not see much of its exterior through the darkness.

But within, everything was light and life. The peaceful intruder (for he modestly felt himself such) was led into a little reception-room, where a cozy-looking table stood, strewn with various erudite books. Presently a smiling gentleman, whose youngish face and snow-white hair indicated hard thought and a placid disposition in one, entered the room, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"A part of my corps of professors," he said, simply, pointing to a number of clerical-looking persons circled around the room, and reclining in easy, not to say careless, positions. Chessie made them a profound bow, which they returned, with more or less dignity and grace.

"Now, my young friend," continued the President, in a kind but businesslike voice, "you are about to commence with us the great life work of culture and of trained thought; to sink shafts with us in the hidden mines of knowledge; to sail with us the breezy and variegated oceans of the past; to aid us in contributing to the grandeurs of the future. Kindly attach your autograph, sir, to this paper."

Chessie did so, very kindly indeed. The amiable though dignified manner of this refined gentleman, so high in position, impressed him more deeply than he could tell, even to himself. "How much better," he thought, "than a haughty, self-sufficient, hard-hearted old file! I know I shall like him."

"Mr. Wylkynse," continued the President, looking over, through, and under his glasses at the young candidate for collegiate honors, "it will be necessary that I ask you a few plain questions at the outset, and that you answer them fully and frankly."

"Thertainly, thir," replied poor Chessie. "Protheed, pleathe."

"I suppose you are aware, Mr. Wylkynse," continued the President, "that affection, more or less apparent, is the basis of everything desirable upon this earth. And now I inquire of you, sir, were you ever in love?"

"No, thir," replied poor Chessie, after a few seconds' hesitation. "Never thteady; never more than tho as to thigh when the name of the object of my thenthibiliteth was mentioned."

"What?" shouted the whole company of professors in chorus, rising to their feet, and fiercely surrounding the candidate. "At his age, and in this age, and never wildly, deeply, and irrevocably in love? No true student is he! Never will he be one! Away with him!"

"Do not be over-hard with the young man, my fellow-educators," interposed the President. "It may not be too late to repair the error. Do you consent, Mr. Wylkynse, to do your utmost in correcting this singular and unique mistake? You are willing, sir, to fall in love, are you not?"

"Thertainly, thir, if it is nethethary in order to conform with the ruleth," replied Chessie, trembling. "I will do my betht, thir—my very betht."

"Professor of Mental and Moral Science, record his answer," exclaimed the President. "He will do his best. Be seated, my fellow-instructors. The young man is willing to do anything reasonable in this respect, as, perchance, in others. I will now propound to you another question, which I call on you to answer in perfect sincerity and truth. Mind, sir, and do not evade. Are you a roisterer?"

"A what-thterer?" asked Chessie, in his haste and confusion.

"A roisterer, sir," repeated the President, in a tone whose kindness was just the least bit tempered with severity. "Can you roister? Tell me, and tell me truly."

"I don't think I ever did, thir," replied Chessie, his face a blank white leaf. "I do not exthactly underthand what that ith. But I am willing, thir, to try, thir, *tho* hard—"

"What!" shouted the professors in chorus, rising as one man. "He has never roistered? Away with him!"

"Fellow-instructors, pray be not so precipitate!" interposed the President, blandly but reproachfully. "By your impetuosity this night you may spoil a promising career upon its very threshold, as it were. Condemn him not entirely for what he has or has not done. He is willing to roister, nay, eager, I have no doubt, if he only knew the details of the process. Professor of Bibliology, record the answer. I now have another question to ask you, sir," continued the President. "Are you a reader of that great students' poet, Professor Longfellow?"

"My mamma taught me 'The Childrenth Hour,'" murmured Chessie, faltering. He was getting homesick.

"Professor of Rhetoric," exclaimed the

President, "record the fact that his mamma taught him 'The Children's Hour.'"

Chessie noticed, as he glanced timidly about, that the instructors were all touched by this. They laid their heads down on their arms. Even the President looked suddenly serious, and smiled sadly.

"Are you familiar with that beautiful line in the 'Psalm of Life,'" he asked, mildly, "'Learn to labor and to wait'?"

"I have heard it, thir," replied Chessie, hopefully.

"Do you accord with its teaching and its spirit?"

"I do, thir," asserted Chessie.

"You will now, my dear young friend, have an opportunity of demonstrating the fact," said the President. "Professor of Gastronomy, bring the toga."

The toga was brought. Chessie had heard something about this garment of the ancient Romans, but never had an idea that it so much resembled a modern waiter's apron. His coat was taken off, and the toga placed upon him. He was then conducted into an adjoining room, where there was a table covered with every delicacy. He was glad at seeing this, being hungry. But there seemed no room for him, after the President and professors were all seated.

"You must labor and wait, my dear young friend," observed the President, smiling kindly. "Bring hither the soup."

Poor Chessie labored and waited for a matter of three-quarters of an hour. It was strange what a lively set of men these professors were, when it came to eating. They kept him continually on the go; now at one side of the table, and then at another; now bringing this, then bringing that; he never had a moment's peace. He made several terrible blunders; smashed some of the dishes, spilled soup all over his toga, got his fingers in the pie, transferred some of it accidentally to his hair—in fact, had refreshments upon nearly every outward part of his anatomy, though not a morsel inside. To his surprise, the President and the professors never once rebuked him for his blunders; they seemed rather to be amused. "How kind and patient they are!" thought the young man.

At last the little scholastic banquet was over, and the young man was conducted back again to the President's room.

"I will now proceed further with the examination," remarked the President. "Mr. Wylkynse, can you dance?"

"I think I have been danthing quite conthantly during the patht theveral minuteth, thir," replied Chessie, rather spiritedly.

This remark amused several of the professors, and they laughed heartily. "Good boy!" shouted one of them.

"I think that is true, Mr. Wylkynse," rejoined the President, cheerfully; "you have already shown that you can dance, after a fashion. But there is another department of physical education which we never allow our students to dispense with. Professor of Athletics, stand forth!"

The Professor of Athletics, a gentleman who looked as if he might be a very good boxer, put on a pair of gloves, and suavely invited Chessie to do the same. But the new student demurred.

"If you pleathe, thir," he protested, piteously, "would you conthent to have the retht of the examination pothponed till to-morrow?"

The professors all laughed again, and the request was finally granted. But everybody except Chessie looked disappointed. "No more fun to-night?" one of them muttered.

"We have one more new student this evening," remarked a professor. "He is with me now. One of the boys brought him in while we were at dinner, and he has been waiting for us. I think he is green enough to be good eating. He wishes to be examined immediately."

"Good!" shouted the Faculty in chorus. "Bring him right in."

Chessie gave a start; he knew him. But the would-be student shook his head slightly and declined recognition. Chessie felt hurt, but submissive.

The ceremonies with this young man were much shorter than had been used with Student Wylkynse.

"Let us examine him as to his physical structure, the first thing we do," proposed the Professor of Athletics. "You have no objection, have you?" he inquired, politely, handing him the gloves.

"Oh, certainly not, if you wish," replied the new student, grimly. He put on the gloves very readily. Chessie was perfectly dumb with surprise.

"A physical foundation is the basis of all true education, my young friend," remarked the President. "Time!"

It was certainly "Time," and the Professor of Athletics began in a minute or two to wonder if it wasn't somewhere

near Eternity. The new student threw up his blow as if it were one of the play strokes of a kitten, and then gave him a return one on the right side of the head; then one on the left; immediately afterwards one on the nose; then two somewhere among the ribs; and concluded with an honest straightforward punch in the stomach that sent him speechless and windless against the wall. "Enough! enough!" exclaimed the President, rising.

"No, no, not half enough!" shouted the new student. "I ain't one-third examined yet! Do you want to cheat me out o' my examination? Say, you gray-haired soul, do you?" and he deserted the Professor of Athletics, and gave the President a blow that displaced a wig and a set of white whiskers both at once, and doubled him over his chair, displaying Fitzherbert Netherwood's flushed pale face.

"Oh, come on and examine me!" shouted Barnsie; for it was he. "I ain't anywhere near examined yet. Let the Professor of Rhetoric waltz to me, for instance! Bring on your anatomical instructor, an' I'll give him some points!"

"Run him down, boys, and hold him!" shouted the strongest of the group. Some of them made a rush toward the sturdy neophyte.

"Oh! are you all goin' to examine me at once, perfessors?" shouted the ex-prize-fighter, hastily flinging off the gloves. "Bare-handed too? Good! Hurray!" and then he commenced on them, with combined science and strength. He piled the first five he could reach on the floor, neatly across each other; he then engaged in a grand amateur professor-hunt all over the room. Some of his quarry tried the door, which, however, was locked, and the key in the new student's pocket. He chased the panic-stricken young men about very much as he pleased. They rushed into the supper-room; he followed, pursued them all around the demolished banquet again and again, and mixed several of them up with the various dishes. Neckties, gravy, collars, cuffs, soup, wigs, Worcestershire sauce, false hair, and students were all mingled together in a large and unclassified museum. At last the students found a blessed window, and, panic-stricken, sprung from it, one by one, the muscular candidate giving each a hearty kick as he went out.

When the last one had disappeared, Barnsie came back into the "President's" room, feeling that he had for once employed his fists in a worthy cause, and that he had had "a rum good time." "It's the first decent scrap, Chessie, that I've had since I was converted," he muttered, as the other flew to his arms. "Poor dear Chessie! Did they startle you?"

"Thtartle me?" replied the Virgin, with wide-open eyes. "Thtartle ith no thort of name for it; why, it wath a conthant and bewildering theries of dithathters."

"Well, Chessie, my dear, the disasters didn't all come onto you; that's one consolation," chuckled Barnsie, tenderly. "Disasters got pretty middlin' thick along towards the last of it, but none of the concluding series came your way. Here's a little catastrophe, now, that we'll nip in the bud."

He was reading the paper that Chessie had signed. It was an order on the largest restaurant in the city for the banquet that had just been devoured by the self-constituted Faculty; the young man had signed it supposing it to be something entirely different. The order had evidently been intended for presentation by the restaurant-keeper to Chessie after the feast had been digested. Evidently the bill for the repast would now have to be paid by the students who really contracted for it. The two young men went to a hotel, feeling that they were ahead, while Chessie ate steadily for an hour and a half.

"How did you happen to come to my rethcue?" he asked.

"I chanced to hear that you was goin' to have a racket," said Barnsie. "I arrived on a later train. I met a student, and asked him where any one went to get examined. He took me right to the place, and I sustained an examination they won't be likely to forget for one while —eh, Chessie?"

The next morning, as they were taking a walk together, they met a young man with his arm in a sling, and one eye that had evidently been carefully groomed to conceal crape.

He greeted them with a laugh, and shook hands. "I'm the instructor in physical exercise," he said to Barnsie, "and would like to have you take me to your room, when I get a little better, and give me some points. That was a great lark last night; but you had the best end of the fun. Of course you'll run this so low that the Faculty won't pipe it. And anything we can do for this kid, or for

you either, we're in for, and hold no malice."

"I'm coming next year," growled Barnsie, amiably. "Ain't fully up to it just yet. But I'll be all here when I arrive. Meanwhile I'll stay a few days and get Chessie started."

Before three days were gone he was on famous terms with all the students of the eventful evening just described, and was giving them gruff sermons on the frivolity of their conduct, and sage hints how most quickly to remove abrasions. Just before leaving for home, he received a stylish letter, containing only a few words, but which to him was a whole dictionary of joy. It was as follows:

"You gave it to them well, especially to Fitzherbert Netherwood. I have read Chessie's account of your glorious fight in his behalf to mamma, and she has visibly softened in regard to you. She says, 'I am inclined to think there is something good in that young man, after all.'"

THE FUNCTION OF SLANG.

BY PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IT is characteristic of the interest which science is now taking in things formerly deemed unworthy of consideration that philologists no longer speak of slang in contemptuous terms. Perhaps, indeed, it was not the scholar, but the amateur philologist, the mere literary man, who affected to despise slang. To the trained investigator into the mutations of language and into the transformations of the vocabulary, no word is too humble for respectful consideration; and it is from the lowly, often, that the most valuable lessons are learned. But until recently few men of letters ever mentioned slang except in disparagement and with a wish for its prompt extirpation. Even professed students of speech, like Trench and Alford (now sadly shorn of their former authority), are abundant in declarations of abhorrent hostility. De Quincey, priding himself on his independence and on his iconoclasm, was almost alone in saying a good word for slang.

There is this excuse for the earlier author who treated slang with contumely, that the differentiation of *slang* from *cant* was not complete in his day. *Cant* is the dialect of a class, often used correctly enough, as far as grammar is concerned, but often also unintelligible to those who do not belong to the class or who are not acquainted with its usages. *Slang* was at first the *cant* of thieves, and this seems to have been its only meaning until well into the present century. In *Redgauntlet*, for example, published in 1824, Scott speaks of the "thieves' Latin called *slang*." Some time during the middle of the century *slang* lost this narrow limitation, and came to signify a word or a phrase used with a meaning not recognized in polite letters, either because it had just been invented, or because it had passed out of memory. While *cant*, therefore, was a language within a language, so to speak, and not to be understanded of the people, *slang* was a collection of colloquialisms gathered from all sources, and all bearing alike the bend sinister of illegitimacy.

Certain of its words were unquestionably of very vulgar origin, being survivals of the "thieves' Latin" Scott wrote about. Among these are *pal* and *cove*, words not yet admitted to the best society. Others were merely arbitrary misapplications of words of good repute, such as the employment of *awfully* and *jolly* as synonymes for *very*—as intensives, in short. Yet others were violent metaphors, like *in the soup*, *kicking the bucket*, *holding up* (a stage-coach). Others, again, were the temporary phrases which spring up, one scarcely knows how, and flourish unaccountably for a few months, and then disappear forever, leaving no sign; such as *shoo-fly* in America and *all serene* in England.

An analysis of modern slang reveals the fact that it is possible to divide the words and phrases of which it is composed into four broad classes, of quite different origin and of very varying value. Toward two of these classes it may be allowable to feel the contempt so often expressed for slang as a whole. Toward the other two classes such a feeling is wholly unjustifiable, for they are performing an inestimable service to the language.

Of the two unworthy classes, the first is that which includes the survivals of

the "thieves' Latin," the vulgar terms used by vulgar men to describe vulgar things. This is the slang which the police-court reporter knows and is fond of using profusely. This is the slang which Dickens introduced to literature. This class of slang it is which is mainly responsible for the ill repute of the word. Much of the dislike for slang felt by people of delicate taste is, however, due to the second class, which includes the ephemeral phrases fortuitously popular for a season, and then finally forgotten once for all. These mere catchwords of the moment are rarely foul, as the words and phrases of the first class often are, but they are unfailingly foolish. *There you go with your eye out*, which was accepted as a humorous remark in London, and *where did you get that hat?* which had a like fleeting vogue in New York, are phrases as inoffensive as they are flat. These temporary terms come and go, and are forgotten swiftly. Probably most readers of Forcythe Wilson's *Old Sergeant* need now to have it explained to them that during the war a *grape-vine* meant a lying rumor.

It must be said, however, that even in the terms of the first class there is a striving upward, a tendency to disinfect themselves, as any reader of Grose's *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* must needs remark when he discovers that phrases used now with perfect freedom had a secret significance in the last century. There are also innuendoes not a few in certain of Shakespeare's best-known plays which fortunately escape the notice of all but the special student of the Elizabethan vocabulary.

The other two classes of slang stand on a different footing. Although they suffer from the stigma attached to all slang by the two classes already characterized, they serve a purpose. Indeed their utility is indisputable, and it was never greater than it is to-day. One of these classes consists of old and forgotten phrases or words, which, having long lain dormant, are now struggling again to the surface. The other consists of new words and phrases, often vigorous and expressive, but not yet set down in the literary lexicon, and still on probation. In these two classes we find a justification for the existence of slang, for it is the function of slang to be a feeder of the vocabulary. Words get threadbare and dried up; they come to be like evaporated fruit, juiceless and tasteless. Now it is the duty of slang to provide substitutes for the good words and true which are worn out by hard service. And a many of the recruits slang has enlisted are worthy of enrolment among the regulars. When a blinded conservative is called a *mossback*, who is so dull as not to perceive the poetry of the word? When an actor tells us how the travelling company in which he was engaged got *stranded*, who does not recognize the force and the felicity of the expression? And when we hear a man declare that he would to-day be rich if only his foresight had been equal to his *hindsight*, who is not aware of the value of the phrase? No wonder is it that the verbal artist hankers after such words which renew the lexicon of youth! No wonder is it that the writer who wishes to present his thought freshly seeks these words with the bloom yet on them, and neglects the elder words desiccated as though for preservation in a herbarium!

The student of slang is surprised that he is able to bring forward an honorable pedigree for many words so long since fallen from their high estate that they are now treated as upstarts when they dare to assert themselves. Words have their fates as well as men and books; and the ups and downs of a phrase are often almost as pathetic as those of a man. It has been said that the changes of fortune are so sudden here in these United States that it is only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. The English language is not quite so fast as the American people, but in the English language it is only three centuries from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. What could seem more modern, more Western even, than *deck* for *pack* of cards, than to *lay out* or to *lay out cold* for *knockdown*, than to *fire out* for to *expel forcibly*? Yet these are all good old expressions, in decay no longer, but now insisting on their right to a renewed life. *Deck* is Elizabethan, and we find in Shakespeare's *King Henry VI.* (p. iii., a. v., sc. i.) that

> "The king was slily finger'd from the deck."

To *lay out* in its most modern sense is very early English. And *fire out* is in Shakespeare's 144th sonnet:

> "Till my good angel fire my bad one out."

And it is also in the earliest of English

comedies, *Ralph Roister Doister*—acted before 1553.

Even more important than this third class of slang expressions is the fourth, containing the terms which are, so to speak, serving their apprenticeship, and as yet uncertain whether or not they will be admitted finally into the guild of good English. These terms are either useful or useless; they either satisfy a need or they do not; they therefore live or die according to the popular appreciation of their value. If they expire, they pass into the limbo of dead and gone slang, than which there is no blacker oblivion. If they survive, it is because they have been received into the literary language, having appealed to the perceptions of some master of the art and craft of speech, under whose sponsorship they are admitted to full rights. Thus we see that slang is a training-school for new expressions, only the best scholars getting the diploma which confers longevity, the others going surely to their fate.

Sometimes these new expressions are words only, sometimes they are phrases. To *go back on*, for instance, and to *give one's self away* are specimens of the phrase characteristic of this fourth and most interesting class of slang at its best. In its creation of phrases like these, slang is what idiom was before language stiffened into literature, and so killed its earlier habit of idiom-making. After literature has arrived, and after the school-master is abroad, and after the printing-press has been set up in every hamlet, the idiom-making faculty of a language is atrophied by disuse. Slang is sometimes, and to a certain extent, a survival of this faculty, or at least a substitute for its exercise. In other words (and here I take the liberty of quoting from a private letter of one of the foremost authorities on the history of English, Professor Lounsbury), "slang is an effort on the part of the users of language to say something more vividly, strongly, concisely than the language as existing permits it to be said"; and he adds that slang is therefore "the source from which the decaying energies of speech are constantly refreshed."

Being contrary to the recognized standards of speech, slang finds no mercy at the hands of those who think it their duty to uphold the strict letter of the law. Nothing amazes an investigator more, and nothing more amuses him, than to discover that thousands of words now secure in our speech were once denounced as interlopers. "There is death in the dictionary," said Lowell, in his memorable linguistic essay prefixed to the second series of the *Biglow Papers;* "and where language is too strictly limited by convention, the ground for expression to grow in is limited also, and we get a *potted* literature — Chinese dwarfs instead of healthy trees." And in the paper on Dryden he declared that "a language grows and is not made," noting that "almost all the new-fangled words with which Jonson taxes Marston .... are now current." Pedants are ever building the language about with rules of iron in a vain effort to keep it from growing naturally and according to its needs. *Mob* was once thought to be a low word; and *cab* was a vulgar word; and *humbug* was no word at all—though it was even then most useful to characterize the attempt its contemners were making.

It is true that *cab* and *mob* are clipped words, and there is always a healthy dislike of any clipping of the verbal currency. *Cycle* for *bicycle* has not yet been accepted, although its derivative *cyclist*, seems to have made good its position. And who can say whether or not *photo* will succeed in supplanting *photograph?* But *consols* is firmly established. Two clipped words there are which have no friends—*gents* and *pants*. Dr. Holmes has put them in the pillory of a couplet:

> "The things named *pants*, in certain documents,
> A word not made for gentlemen, but *gents*."

And I saw recently a sign, suspended outside a big Broadway building, announcing that there were "Hands wanted on pants," the building being a clothing-factory, and not, as one might suppose, a boys' school.

The slang of a metropolis, be that where you will, in the United States or in Great Britain, in France or in Germany, is nearly always stupid. There is neither fancy nor fun in the Parisian's *Ohé Lambert* or *on dirait du veau*, nor in the Londoner's *all serene* or *there you go with your eye out*—catchwords which are humorous, if humorous they are, only by general consent and for some esoteric reason. It is to such stupid phrases of a

fleeting popularity that Dr. Holmes refers, no doubt, when he declares that "the use of slang, or cheap generic terms, as a substitute for differentiated specific expressions is at once a sign and a cause of mental atrophy." And this use of slang is far more frequent in cities, where people often talk without having anything to say, than in the country, where speech flows slowly.

Perhaps the more highly civilized a population is, the more it has parted with the power of pictorial phrase-making. It may be that a certain lawlessness of life is the cause of a lawlessness of language. Of all metropolitan slang that of the outlaws is most vigorous. It was after Vidocq had introduced thieves' slang into polite society that Balzac, always a keen observer and always alert to pick up unworn words, ventured to say, perhaps to the astonishment of many, "that there is no speech more energetic, more colored, than that of these people." Balzac was not academic in his vocabulary, and he owed not a little of the sharpness of his descriptions to his hatred of the cut-and-dried phrases of his fellow-novelists. He would willingly have agreed with Montaigne when the essayist declared that the language he liked, written or spoken, was "a succulent and nervous speech, short and compact, not so much delicated and combed out as vehement and brusque, rather arbitrary than monotonous, ... not pedantic, but soldierly rather, as Suetonius called Cæsar's." And this brings us exactly to Mr. Bret Harte's

> "Phrases such as camps may teach,
> Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech."

There is a more soldierly frankness, a greater freedom, less restraint, less respect for law and order, in the West than in the East; and this may be a reason why American slang is superior to British and to French. The catchwords of New York may be as inept and as cheap as the catchwords of London and of Paris, but New York is not as important to the United States as London is to Great Britain and as Paris is to France; it is not as dominating, not as absorbing. So it is that in America the feebler catchwords of the city give way before the virile phrases of the West. There is little to choose between the *how's your poor feet?* of London and the *well, I should smile*, of New York, for neither phrase had any excuse for existence, and neither had any hope of survival. The city phrase is often doubtful in meaning and obscure in origin. In London, for example, the four-wheel cab is called a *growler;*—why? In New York a can brought in filled with beer at a bar-room is called a *growler*, and the act of sending this can from the private house to the public-house and back is called *working the growler;*—why?

But when we find a Western writer describing the effects of *tangle-foot* whiskey, the adjective explains itself, and is justified at once. And we discover immediately the daringly condensed metaphor in the sign, "*Don't monkey with the buzz-saw*"; the picturesqueness of the word *buzz-saw* and its fitness for service are visible at a glance. So we understand the phrase readily and appreciate its force when we read the story of "Buck Fanshaw's Funeral," and are told "that he never *went back on* his mother," or when we hear the defender of "Banty Tim" declare that

> "Ef one of you teches the boy
> He'll *wrestle his hash* to-night in hell,
> Or my name's not Tilman Joy."

To wrestle one's hash is not an elegant expression, one must admit, and it is not likely to be adopted into the literary language; but it is forcible at least, and not stupid. To *go back on*, however, bids fair to take its place in our speech as a phrase at once useful and vigorous.

From the wide and wind-swept plains of the West came *blizzard*, and although it has been suggested that the word is a survival from some local British dialect, the West still deserves the credit of having rescued it from desuetude. From the logging camps of the Northwest came *boom*, an old word again, but with a new meaning, which the language promptly accepted. From still further west came the use of *sand*, to indicate staying power, backbone—what New England knows as *grit*, and old England as *pluck* (a far less expressive word). From the Southwest came *cinch*, from the tightening of the girths of the pack-mules, and so by extension indicating a grasp of anything so firm that it cannot get away.

Just why a *dead cinch* should be the securest of any, I confess I do not know. *Dead* is here used as an intensive; and the study of intensives is as yet in its

infancy. In all parts of Great Britain and the United States we find certain words wrenched from their true meaning and most arbitrarily employed to heighten the value of other words. Thus we have a *dead cinch*, or a *dead sure thing*, a *dead shot*, a *dead level*—and for this last term we can discover perhaps a reason. Lowell noted in New England a use of *tormented* as a euphemism for *damned*, as "not a tormented cent." Every American traveller in England must have remarked with surprise the British use of the Saxon synonyme of *sanguinary* as an intensive, the chief British rivals of *bloody* in this respect being *blooming* and *blasted*. All three are held to be shocking to polite ears, and it was with bated breath that the editor of a London newspaper wrote about the prospects of "a b——y war"; while, as another London editor declared recently, it is now impossible for a cockney to read with proper sympathy Jeffrey's appeal to Carlyle, after a visit to Craigenputtock, to bring his "blooming Eve out of her blasted paradise." Of the other slang synonymes for *very—jolly*, "he was *jolly* ill" is British; *awfully* was British first, and is now American also; and *daisy* is American. But any discussion of intensives is a digression here, and I return as soon as may be to the main road.

"To *freeze to*" anything or any person is a Down East phrase, so Lowell records, but it has a far-Western strength; and so has "to *get solid with*," as when the advice is given that if a man is courting a girl it is best "to get solid with her father." What is this phrase, however, but the French *solidarité*, which we have recently taken over into English to indicate a communion of interests and responsibilities? The likeness of French terms to American is no new thing; Lowell told us that Horace Mann, in one of his public addresses, commented at some length on the beauty and moral significance of the French phrase *s'orienter*, and called upon his young "friends to practise it," although "there was not a Yankee in his audience whose problem had not always been to find out what was *about east*, and to shape his course accordingly." A few weeks ago, in turning over *Karikari*, a volume of M. Ludovic Halévy's clever and charming sketches of Parisian character, I met with a delightful young lady who had *pas pour deux liards de coquetterie;* and I wondered whether M. Halévy, if he were an American, and one of the forty of the American Academy, would venture the assertion that his heroine was *not coquettish for a cent.*

Closely akin to *freeze to* and *solid with* is *jumped on:* when severe reproof is administered the culprit is said to be *jumped on;* and if the reproof shall be unduly severe, the sufferer is said then to be *jumped on with both feet.* All three of these phrases belong to a class from which the literary language has enlisted many worthy recruits in the past, and it would not surprise me to see them answer to their names whenever a new dictionary calls the roll of English words. Will they find themselves shoulder to shoulder with *spook*, a word of Dutch origin, now volunteering for English service both in New York and in South Africa? And by that time will *slump* have been admitted to the ranks, and *fad*, and *crank*, in the secondary meaning of a man of somewhat unsettled mind? *Slump* is an Americanism, *crank* is an Americanism of remote British descent, and *fad* is a Briticism; it is perhaps the most needed word of the three, and from it we get a name for the *faddist*, the bore who rides his hobby hard and without regard to the hounds.

Just as in New York the "Upper Ten Thousand" of N. P. Willis have shrunk to the "Four Hundred" of Mr. Ward McAllister, so in London the *swells* soon became the *smart* set, and after a while developed into *swagger* people, as they became more and more exclusive and felt the need of new terms to express their new quality. But in no department of speech is the consumption of words more rapid than in that describing the degrees of intoxication; and the list of slang synonymes for the drunkard, and for his condition, and for the act which brings it about, is as long as Leporello's. Among these, *to get loaded* and *to carry a load* are expressions obvious enough; and when we recall that *jag* is a provincialism, meaning a light load, we see easily that the man who *has a jag on* is in the earlier stages of intoxication. This use of the word is, I think, wholly American, and it has not crossed the Atlantic as yet, or else the British author could never have blundered into a definition of *jag*

as an umbrella, quoting in illustration a paragraph from a St. Louis paper, which said that "Mr. Brown was seen on the street last Sunday in the rain carrying a large fine jag." One may wonder what this British author would have made out of the remark of the Chicago humorist, that a certain man was not always drunk even if he did jump "from jag to jag like an alcoholic chamois."

Here, of course, we are fairly within the boundaries of slang—of the slang which is temporary only, and which withers away swiftly. But is *swell* slang now, and *fad*, and *crank*? Is *boom* slang, and is *blizzard*? And if it is difficult to draw any line of division between mere slang on the one side, and idiomatic words and phrases on the other, it is doubly difficult to draw this line between mere slang and the legitimate technicalities of a calling or a craft. Is it slang to say of a picture that the chief figure in it is *out of drawing*, or that the painter has got his *values* wrong? And how could any historian explain the ins and outs of New York politics who could not state frankly that the *machine* made a *slate*, and that the *mugwumps* broke it. Such a historian must needs master the meaning of *laying pipe* for a nomination, of *pulling wires* to secure it, of *taking the stump* before election, and of *log-rolling* after it; he must apprehend the exact relation of the *boss* to his *henchmen* and his *heelers;* and he must understand who the *half-breeds* were, and the *stalwarts*, and how the *Swallow-tails* were different from the *short-hairs.*

To call one man a *boss* and another a *henchman* may have been slang once, but the words are lawful now, because they are necessary. It is only by these words that the exact relation of a certain kind of political leader to a certain kind of political follower can be expressed succinctly. There are, of course, not a few political phrases still under the ban because they are needless. Some of these may some day come to convey an exact shade of meaning not expressed by any other word, and when this shall happen, they will take their places in the legitimate vocabulary. I doubt that this good fortune will ever befall a use of *influence*, now not uncommon in Washington. The statesman at whose suggestion and request an office-holder has received his appointment is known as that office-holder's *influence.* Thus a poor widow, suddenly turned out of a post she had held for years, because it was wanted by the henchman of some boss whose good-will a Senator or a department chief wished to retain, explained to a friend that her dismissal was due to the fact that her *influence* had died during the summer. The inevitable extension of the merit system in the civil service of our country will probably prevent the permanent acceptance of this new meaning.

The political is only one of a vast number of technical vocabularies, all of which are proffering their words for popular consumption. Every art and every science, every trade and every calling, every sect and every sport, has its own special lexicon, the most of the words in which must always remain outside of the general speech of the whole people. They are reserves, to be drawn upon to fill up the regular army in time of need. Legitimate enough when confined to their proper use, these technicalities become slang when employed out of season, and when applied out of the special department of human endeavor in which they have been evolved. Of course, if the public interest in this department is increased for any reason, more and more words from that technical vocabulary are adopted into the wider dictionary of popular speech; and thus the general language is still enriching itself by the taking over of words and phrases from the terminology devised by experts for their own use.

So it is that many of the locutions of the Stock Exchange have won their way into general knowledge, and there are few of us who do not know what *bears* and *bulls* are, what a *corner* is, and what is a *margin.* The practical application of scientific knowledge makes the public at large familiar with many principles hitherto the exclusive possession of the experts, and the public at large gets to use freely to-day technicalities which even the learned of yesterday would not have understood. *Current*, for example, and *insulation*, made familiar by the startlingly rapid extension of electrical possibilities in the last few years, have been so fully assimilated that they are now used independently and without avowed reference to their original electrical meaning.

The prevalence of a sport or of a game brings into general use the terms of that special amusement. The Elizabethan

dramatists, for example, use *vy* and *revy* and the other technicalities of the game of primero as freely as our Western humorists use *going it blind* and *calling* and the other technicalities of the game of poker, which has been evolved out of primero in the course of the centuries. Some of the technicalities of euchre also, and of whist, have passed into every-day speech; and so have a many of the terms of baseball and of football, of racing and of trotting, of rowing and of yachting. These made their way into the vocabulary of the average man one by one as the seasons went around, and as the sports followed one another in popularity. So during the war many military phrases were frequent in the mouths of the people, and have established themselves firmly, although there has been peace in the land now for nearly thirty years.

"In language, as in life," so Professor Dowden tells us, "there is, so to speak, an aristocracy and a commonalty; words with a heritage of dignity, words which have been ennobled, and a rabble of words which are excluded from positions of honor and trust." Some writers and speakers there are with so delicate a sense of refinement that they are at ease only with the ennobled words, with the words that came over with the conqueror, with the lords, spiritual and temporal, of the vocabulary. Others there are, parvenues themselves, and so tainted with snobbery that they are happy only in the society of their betters, and who express the utmost contempt for the mass of the vulgar. Yet again others there are who have Lincoln's liking for the plain words of the plain people, the democrats of the dictionary, homely, simple, direct. These last are tolerant of the words, once of high estate, which have lost their rank and are fallen upon evil days, preferring them over the other words, plebeian once, but having pushed their fortunes energetically in successive generations, until now there are none more highly placed.

Perhaps the aristocratic figure of speech is a little misleading, because in the English language, as in France after the Revolution, we find *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, and every word has a fair chance to attain the highest dignity in the gift of the dictionary. No doubt family connections are still potent, and it is much easier for some words to rise in life than it is for others. Most people would hold that war and law and medicine made a more honorable pedigree for a technical term than the stage, for example, or than some sport. George Eliot was reproved for her fondness for scientific slang, for speaking of the *dynamic* quality of Gwendolen Harleth's glance, for instance; but the reproof would have been far severer, I fancy, if she had drawn on theatrical slang instead of on scientific.

And yet the stage has its own enormous vocabulary, used with the utmost scientific precision. The theatre is a hot-bed of temporary slang, often as lawless, as vigorous, and as picturesque as the phrases of the West; but it has also a terminology of its own, containing some hundreds of words, used always with absolute exactness. A *mascot*, meaning one who brings good luck, and a *hoodoo*, meaning one who brings ill fortune, are terms invented in the theatre, it is true; and many another odd word can be credited to the same source. But every one behind the scenes knows also what *sky-borders* are, and *bunch-lights*, and *vampire-traps*, and *raking-pieces*—technical terms all of them, and all used with vigorous exactitude. Like the technicalities of any other profession, those of the stage are often very puzzling to the uninitiated, and a greenhorn could hardly even make a guess at the meaning of terms which every visitor to a green-room might use at any moment. What layman could explain the office of a *cut-drop*, the utility of a *carpenter's scene*, or the precise privileges of a *bill-board ticket*?

There is one word which the larger vocabulary of the public has lately taken from the smaller vocabulary of the playhouse, and which some strolling player of the past apparently borrowed from some other vagabond familiar with thieves' slang. This word is *fake*. It has always conveyed the suggestion of an intent to deceive. "Are you going to get up new scenery for the new play?" might be asked; and the answer would be, "No; we shall *fake* it," meaning thereby that old scenery would be retouched and readjusted so as to have the appearance of new. From the stage the word passed to the newspapers, and a *fake* is a story invented, not founded on fact, "made out of whole cloth," as the stump-speakers say. Mr. Howells, always bold in using new words, accepts *fake* as good enough for him, and prints it in *The Quality of*

Mercy without the stigma of italics or quotation marks; just as in the same story he has adopted the colloquial *electrics* for *electric lights—i. e.*, "He turned off the electrics."

And hereafter the rest of us may use either *fake* or *electrics* with a clear conscience, either hiding ourselves behind Mr. Howells, who can always give a good account of himself when attacked, or else coming out into the open and asserting our own right to adopt either word because it is useful. "Is it called for? Is it accordant with the analysis of the language? Is it offered or backed by good authority? These are the considerations by which general consent is won or repelled," so Professor Whitney tells us, "and general consent decides every case without appeal." It happens that Don Quixote preceded Professor Whitney in this exposition of the law, for when he was instructing Sancho Panza, then about to be appointed governor of an island, he used a Latinized form of a certain word which had become vulgar, explaining that "if some do not understand these terms it matters little, for custom will bring them into use in the course of time so that they will be readily understood. That is the way a language is enriched; custom and the public are all-powerful there." Sometimes the needful word which is thought to be too common for use is Latinized, as Don Quixote preferred, but more often it is ennobled without change, being simply lifted out from among its former low companions.

One of the hardest lessons for the amateurs in linguistics to learn—and most of them never attain to this wisdom—is that affectations are fleeting, that vulgarisms die of their own weakness, and that corruptions do little harm to the language. And the reason is not far to seek: either the apparent affectation, the alleged vulgarism, the so-called corruption, is accidental and useless, in which case its vogue will be brief and it will sink swiftly into oblivion; or else it represents a need and fills a want, in which case, no matter how careless it may be or how inaccurately formed, it will hold its own firmly, and there is really nothing more to be said about it. In other words, slang and all other variations from the high standard of the literary language are either temporary or permanent. If they are temporary only, the damage they can do is inconsiderable. If they are permanent, their survival is due solely to the fact that they were convenient or necessary. When a word or a phrase has come to stay (as *reliable* has, apparently), it is idle to denounce a decision rendered by the court of last resort. The most that we can do to advantage is to refrain from using the word ourselves, if we so prefer.

It is possible to go further, even, and to turn the tables on those who see in slang an ever-growing evil. Not only is there little danger to the language to be feared from those alleged corruptions, and from these doubtful locutions of evanescent popularity, but real harm is done by the purists themselves who do not understand every modification of our language, and who seek to check the development of idiom and to limit the liberty which enables our speech freely to provide for its own needs as these are revealed by time. It is these half-educated censors, prompt to protest against whatever is novel to them, and swift to set up the standard of a narrow personal experience, who try to curb the development of a language. It cannot be declared too often and too emphatically how fortunate it is that the care of our language and the control of its development is not in the hands even of the most competent scholars. In language, as in politics, the people at large are in the long-run better judges of their own needs than any specialist can be. As Professor Whitney says, "the language would soon be shorn of no small part of its strength if placed exclusively in the hands of any individual or of any class." In the hands of no class would it be enfeebled sooner than if it were given to the guardianship of the pedants and the pedagogues.

I have no desire to be misunderstood myself, and I hope, therefore, that this little paper will not be taken as a plea for license and for lawlessness. I am not advocating the indiscriminate employment of the cheap phrases of the day, the meaningless catchwords which succeed one another in the popular vocabulary. On the contrary, I am glad of a chance to say that "a gentleman and a scholar" is never regardless and never reckless in his use of language.

A sloven in speech is as offensive as a sloven in manners or in dress; and neatness of phrase is as pleasant to the ear as

neatness of attire to the eye. A man should choose his words at least as carefully as he chooses his clothes; a hint of the dandy even is unobjectionable, if it be but a hint. But when a man gives his whole mind to his dress, it is generally because he has but little mind to give; and so when a man spends his force wholly in rejecting words and phrases, it is generally because he lacks ideas to express with the words and phrases of which he does approve. In most cases a man can say best what he has to say without lapsing into slang; but then slangy expression which tells us something is better than the immaculate sentence empty of everything but the consciousness of its own propriety.

EDITOR'S STUDY

I.

THERE is one institution in this country in which a system of compulsory education without one elective study is successful. It is an application of the Prussian system under circumstances not originally contemplated in it. It proceeds also on two considerations which are not altogether obsolete. One is that the object of a school for the young is to evoke and discipline the faculties. The other is that the means to this end are better ascertained by long experience than by the inclination and choice of those to be trained. The original idea of a school, we may suppose, was to fit the pupil for life, that he might carry himself well in its varied exigencies and opportunities. This has gradually given way, in the pressure of an industrial age, to the notion that the object of education is to put a tool or an acquirement into the pupil's hands by which he can, with the least possible delay, make money, or be in a position to make money. And this notion has given rise to the doubt whether what is called a college education is not thrown away upon one intending to be a manufacturer or a farmer or a trader. It has gone further than this in the doubt whether education for any of the learned professions or scientific pursuits should concern itself with anything but the technical knowledge of those professions and pursuits. Of this the young man not yet come to his majority is the judge, and he opens an elective door into any course that seems to him desirable or easy. In this he takes advantage of the present confusion in our American system of the functions of the training-school or college with those of the university.

The institution we have in mind is not a university, and it permits no electives. The variety of pursuits is that which individual needs or capacities suggest to the management. Indeed, the management says: "The schools do not meet the incoming pupil with an intellectual bill of fare for him to select from and experiment with to gratify his tastes and supply his fancied needs. In too many cases the time past has sufficed in which to work out such educational unrighteousness. Their [the pupils'] salvation now depends on the heroic crushing out of conceited individualism and the subjection of their mental growth to the opposite conditions of compulsive, classificative, and collective training. These conditions are not prescribed for the sake of having them, but because only through them can true spontaneity or symmetrical individualism and real personal excellence be secured. The road of development lies through compulsion to choice, through conformity to individuality, and through collective tasks to a personal activity for conscious and desired ends." These ends cannot be attained by hearing recitations and commenting on text-book obscurities and setting puzzling problems; the instructor must be the text-book, and while he imparts a definite amount of knowledge, his business is to marshal the capacity of his class, drill their faculties in exercises that shall give them alertness and steadiness, hold their attention and arouse their enthusiasm, test their previous knowledge and excite interest in that yet to be learned. The practical aim of mental training is not the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge or the employment of faculties in harmless and

interesting activity, not to make pupils knowing and smart, but, together with a certain amount of valuable information, to send the pupils out with perceptions sharpened, memory strengthened, and judgments rectified, with increased power of reasoning, and with regions of honorable ambition and usefulness opened to the mind. The instructors who can do this with crude material must have character and special aptitude as well as scholarship, and they are rare.

This institution, as the reader has guessed, is not West Point, but it has a discipline of conduct as rigorous as that famous school of good manners. And it also cares for the training of the body and the cultivation of physical capacity. There is nothing elective about this either. The whole institution is organized on a military basis, with long hours for drill and evolutions, supplemented, when necessary, by compulsory gymnastic exercise. Thus no part of the development of the man is neglected. Physically, morally, and intellectually he is put under a firm, unrelaxed discipline. And if the pupil have substance enough in him to make a man, given time enough for the formation of permanent habits, a man is made of him. This institution—and it is the first of its kind in the world—is known as the Elmira Reformatory. "Walls," the poet says, "do not a prison make;" but still, this is a new sort of prison that emancipates the mind.

II.

New light has been cast into the discussion of what is humor—as distinguished from wit—by the comparatively recent advent of two humorists. The first to appear was Mr. Bill Williams, who was discovered by Richard Malcolm Johnston in Dukesborough. The other is Tammas Haggart, whose acquaintance J. M. Barrie made in Thrums. Although these two personages are so widely separated geographically and in environment, it is remarkable that their underlying philosophy of life is the same. But there is a difference even in this. It is doubtful if Mr. Bill Williams is aware of his gift, while Tammas Haggart, in a society of more highly developed and sophisticated ignorance, is conscious that he is a humorist, and even of the time when his faculty of seeing the humorous side was developed. It is evident that both became humorists in the contemplation of the great mystery of nature—woman. Mr. Bill's statement of his conception, the axiomatic corner-stone of his philosophy, is "Wimming's wimming," to which he sometimes adds as a corollary, "and they are going to be so always." This is as tersely expressed by Tammas in the exclamation, "O wuman, wuman!" The conception is the same, and it came in both cases after considerable experience, and in both men this humorous acquiescence in life led to resignation. "You can't alter 'em, and it ain't worth while to try," said Mr. Bill. And the great topic of Tammas Haggart was, "Women, and why we should put up with them, however unreasonable." This was experience. There had been a time when Tammas was "not sufficient of a humorist to make allowance for women." With the birth of humor in him had come a sound philosophy and an understanding of human nature, so that when, in his explications of life, he would ask, "Is there a man in Thrums as hasna a kind of fear of his wife?" he was not surprised that his listeners usually looked different ways. So when he remarks that "a man has to be wary about what he tells his wife," and an interlocutor says, "He has so, for she's sure to fling it at him by-and-by like a wet clout," Tammas is able to respond: "What ye say is true. Women doesna understand about men's minds being profounder than theirs, and consequently waur to manage." Another interesting fact about these two humorous personages is that their development was due to woman, and that their existence independent of the other sex is scarcely to be conceived. Tammas without Christie would have been an unnoted weaver, and it was Karline Thigpen who gave respectability to the humor of Bill Williams. "Sense Karline have choosed William Williams," one of her rejected lovers remarked, "I been certain in my mind that there were that in William Williams that the balance of us never supposened." And the sequel justified the observation. It was Mrs. Karline Williams who said, one night, after the twins had been put to bed, "William, you've got to whip somebody." And when Bill had thrashed Mose Grice, he who had been the butt of the town acquired a solid standing in the community, upon which his humorous nature was recognized.

This seems all plain enough to us un-

der the guidance of Mr. Johnston and Mr. Barrie. But the perplexing question will arise, would Bill Williams and Tammas Haggart have appeared to be humorists to the rest of us if we had met them in common life? Both were afraid of their wives, but that emotion is hardly rare enough to constitute the distinction of a humorist. Knowing them as men, without the aid of the authors, should we have perceived that they took a humorist view of life? Where is the humor? Haven't the authors put these persons into certain situations that seem to us humorous? Was there anything in Tammas that seemed humorous to Christie, or did Karline like Mr. Bill on account of any humorous quality she perceived in him? How do women look at this thing? Their verdict is increasingly important. When Tammas attempted any dull playfulness with Christie, did she not tell him to take his dirty feet off the fender; and when Mr. Bill was humorously happy in their twins, Romerlus and Remerlus, did not Karline want him to fight somebody? Have we not, after all, been deceived in the embodiment of this humor? Are not Mr. Johnston and Mr. Barrie the humorists?

III.

The splendid naval review in New York Harbor in April offered a new illustration of the apparently inadequate means that Providence uses to bring about great results. The result was there in sight—vessels of war of the chief and most powerful nations of the earth anchored peacefully together, and a million spectators looking on in the principal port of the great republic. And there also in sight was the cause of this double achievement of civilization, in the counterpart of the fifteenth-century caravel, the *Santa Maria*, the flag-ship of the great discoverer, an astonishing piece of naval architecture that is about as fit to go to sea in as a hen-coop. Yet this was the means that Columbus had at his disposal in his immortal voyage; this was, so to speak, the egg out of which was hatched the New World. The situation was almost ludicrous, and it was not to be wondered at that the spectators regarded this flag-ship and its two comrades, the *Niña* and the *Pinta*—a hen with two chickens at sea—with a feeling in which merriment was too much for veneration. It required all our respect for historic heroism to think of Columbus standing on the poop of this shanty in a tub, in the act of discovering America, without losing a notion of his dignity. There were some very fine vessels near these funny caravels, but not one of them large enough to carry Columbus, according to our conception of him and his achievement. But how the conception of mankind changes! There was nothing ludicrous to the contemporaries of Columbus in his method of travel, and the absurd ark of unsafety in which he appeared to the natives of the new world made a tremendous impression on them. Now we refuse to be very much impressed by a vessel that rushes through the water like a racer and carries on board the population of a small city. And we change our conceptions very rapidly. The glorious men-of-war of fifty years ago, in comparison with the floating machines of death that assembled in the parade, are as antiquated as the caravels.

IV.

This shifting of our point of view we call civilization, and in national rivalry in civilization the most satisfactory evidence is improved facilities for killing each other. Columbus would have been much struck with this if he had been on the *Santa Maria* in the late review. And yet, to confess the truth, there is one thing that would have impressed him still more. There were no pirates in the review, and the ships of all the nations that used to fight and sink each other on sight, when he was a rover, were lying side by side in amity, exchanging friendly if costly salutes—discharges the daily cost of which would build a school-house and equip it with a library, but cheerfully paid for out of taxes on laborers who are proud to carry these chips on their shoulders. Columbus would wonder how this state of things could have been brought about, even in four hundred years. It would have been a pity to tell him that this was only a sort of vacation in war, and that these war-ships were here because they happened at the moment to be out of business, and that there had not been a time before since he left the earth when the great nations here represented were all at peace with each other so that they could join in such a display. And then perhaps he would not have understood how, if there

could be such a long lull in fighting, it is necessary to make a peace review of such an aggressively warlike nature. There was apparently, with all the facilities and the traditional animosities, no desire to fight. Such an opportunity may never occur again for so many nations to pitch into each other with their best equipments, and with so many spectators of the fight; and a general engagement might have settled many questions of claimed superiority. It was not taken advantage of, and the result was a curious sort of *fin de siècle* exhibition, rather industrial in its character than otherwise. It would be a good thing if war could be reduced to this, on land as well as at sea, by international parades and reviews every ten years, with prizes for the nation that should show the best organization and the best implements for killing people, without killing anybody. This review was certainly a most beautiful and satisfactory sight, and the satisfaction in it was not altogether in the gratification of the barbarous instinct in us. Of course there was an American there who allowed that the *Miantonomoh* could clean out that whole harbor, and still float around with two or three feet of steel out of water. But the thoughts of spectators generally did not run in that direction. There was a very happy feeling in the thought that all these belligerents had no desire to smash each other. That made the real holiday. Everybody was glad that the guns discharged were not loaded with ball, the cost being reduced by that fact.

V.

Of course we are all proud of our navies. And we have a right to be, for the modern ship of war, even the light-armed swift cruiser, is not exactly beautiful, to be sure, but is the most ingenious piece of mechanism—next to the fast printing-presses—that we have, and exhibits our scientific and mechanical progress. And yet it is to be hoped that when we have the next marine exhibition there will be no war-vessels in it, at least none except what might be called ships of police. It would be a return to barbarism if we as individuals all went about armed, and settled all our disputes and accounts with the revolver and the cutlass. The lawsuit was a great invention, though the lawyers do sometimes abuse it. And it seems strange that when it works so well, on the whole, for citizens in their differences, nations should not adopt it. It is so much less expensive than the present method, and would be as likely to do justice. Not, of course, that we care much about expense, but it seems such a waste of energy when we have on hand so much to do to make people generally comfortable in this world of sin and incapacity. Not till the millennium, probably, shall we be able to do without police. But we ought to get on as well on sea as on land with those aids to civil processes, and the time will no doubt come when our fine national ships will be for police purposes only, and not for destroying each other.

VI.

For over a century no foreign organized forces for war have marched in New York streets, until the uniformed crews of all nations paraded on the 28th of April through the streets of the metropolis, cheered at every step on their way by admiring thousands. It was a spectacle to bring tears to the eyes, and make one confident of the coming of the golden age of fraternity. But the most striking thing about this parade, as also it was in the mustered crews on shipboard the preceding day, was that the crews to us *did not look like foreigners.* The simple reason of this was that there was no nationality on display of which we have not abundant types in this country with which we are perfectly familiar. The tars who marched, whatever their features or complexion, whatever flag they carried, could find their own kind among the admiring throng that cheered them. It could not have seemed to them like a march in a foreign country; rather as if they were coming home. They saluted, to be sure, the American flag, they were cheered by the American people, yet under that flag are all the nations of the earth in the great republic. No new people were created for our experiment; only a new spirit, we hope, came into the world, which is strong enough to transform all who come under its influence. Yes, it was a splendid parade, and it was peculiarly American, because it included the world. To us, we may say, nothing is foreign.

Note.—A paragraph in the May Study in relation to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States was misleading. It should have said that in the adoption by the several States the action was initiated by the State Legislatures, but was through the medium of conventions.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 8th of May.—The Senate continued in session until April 15th. The following are among the appointments made by the President during the month: Bartlett Tripp, of South Dakota, Minister to Austria-Hungary; Eben Alexander, of North Carolina, Minister to Greece; James O. Broadhead, of Missouri, Minister to Switzerland; Pierce M. B. Young, of Georgia, Minister to Guatemala and Honduras; Hannis Taylor, of Alabama, Minister to Spain; James S. Ewing, of Illinois, Minister to Belgium; Daniel N. Morgan, of New York, Treasurer of the United States; William Lochren, of Minnesota, Commissioner of Pensions; Caleb W. West, Governor of Utah; Louis C. Hughes, Governor of Arizona; William T. Thornton, Governor of New Mexico. The rank of American Minister to France was raised to that of Ambassador.

News was received from Honolulu, April 14th, stating that Commissioner Blount had declared the United States protectorate over the Hawaiian Islands withdrawn. In compliance with his order the American flag had been hauled down from the government buildings.

Carter Harrison, Democrat, was elected Mayor of Chicago April 5th by a large plurality.

At the State election in Rhode Island on the same day there was a failure to elect a Governor and other State officers, as none of the candidates received a majority of the votes cast.

Political dissensions in the Choctaw Nation resulting in riot and bloodshed made it necessary for the War Department to send a body of troops into the Indian Territory on the 12th of April to maintain peace between the two factions.

On the 27th the International Columbian Naval Review, for which provision had been made by act of Congress, occurred at New York. Ten nations, namely, Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Argentina, Brazil, and the United States, were represented. The ceremony of reviewing the fleet was performed by President Cleveland. On the following day there was a land parade of 4000 marines and sailors from the ships.

The World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago was formally opened on the 1st of May; 300,000 people were present at the opening.

An insurrectionary movement in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, was reported on the 20th. The rebels had captured three towns, and defeated a body of government troops.

In Brazil general uneasiness was reported as prevailing, and in Rio Grande do Sul a revolutionary war was in progress. At Alegrette, on the 4th of April, the revolutionists defeated the government forces with great loss of life. On the 6th they took possession of San Juan and other towns in Rio Grande do Sul. Later despatches reported that the rebels had failed to maintain these positions, and were being driven towards the Uruguayan boundary.

In the British House of Parliament, on the 21st, the Irish home-rule bill passed the second reading by a vote of 347 to 304. Very bitter opposition to the bill was manifested in Ulster, Ireland, resulting in several riots at Belfast.

In France a new cabinet was formed on the 3d of April, with Charles Dupuy at its head.

In Belgium, on the 10th of April, the Chamber of Deputies refused to pass a bill for universal suffrage. During the week which followed, strikes and riots occurred throughout the kingdom, and a revolution was thought to be imminent. On the 18th the Chamber reconsidered its action, and passed a universal suffrage bill, with a provision for plural voting. Quiet was restored, and most of the strikers resumed work.

The cholera appeared again in Russia, and the latest despatches reported that it was rapidly spreading. Many deaths from the disease had also occurred at L'Orient, France.

An unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Primate of Hungary was made in Vienna, Austria, on the 10th of April.

At Belgrade, Servia, April 14th, the young King Alexander effected a *coup d'état* by placing the Regents of the kingdom under arrest, and declaring that he would henceforth rule in his own name without their aid or interference. The Skuptschina was dissolved, and a proclamation was made ordering a new election. A new ministry was also chosen. There was general rejoicing among the people of Belgrade, but later despatches reported that a strong feeling in opposition to the King was being encouraged by the Liberals.

Despatches from West Africa, received May 2d, reported that King Behanzin of Dahomey had submitted to French authority, and had agreed to abdicate his throne, the French government to pay him a pension and fix his place of residence.

DISASTERS.

April 11th.—An explosion of gas in a colliery at Pont-y-Pridd, Wales, caused the death of fifty-three men.

April 12th.—A storm in northern Mississippi caused great destruction of property and the loss of sixteen lives.

April 20th.—A storm on Lake Michigan caused the destruction of the new lake crib at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and fourteen workmen were drowned.

April 26th.—Several tornadoes occurred in Oklahoma, destroying much property, and killing more than a hundred people.

OBITUARY.

April 7th.—In San Francisco, California, the Right Rev. William Ingraham Kip, the first Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California, aged eighty-one years.—In New York city, George I. Seney, financier and philanthropist, aged sixty-seven years.

April 10th.—In the city of Mexico, Manuel Gonzales, ex-President of the Mexican Republic, aged seventy-three years.

April 18th.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Lucy Larcom, poet, aged sixty-seven years.

April 19th.—In Rome, Italy, John Addington Symonds, English author and critic, aged fifty-three years.

April 21st.—In London, England, Edward Henry Stanley, Earl of Derby, aged sixty-seven years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

HOW ANDREW CARRIED THE PRECINCT.

A POLITICAL STORY WITHOUT POLITICS.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

ANDREW and Pettigrew were about equally well known in the county. They had both belonged to the same estate as boys, but their lives had been as different as their persons. Pettigrew was a slender, small, keen-looking, bright mulatto, who had been house-servant and had picked up a good deal of information, including both reading and writing, of which he was as vain as he was of his slim figure and bushy hair. Andrew was a big, black, raw-boned creature, as dull as he was ugly, and as ungainly as he was tall. He had been cow-boy till he grew too big, and then he became a steer-driver. It was to this position, coupled with his easy good-nature, that was due the intimacy between him and his young master, out of which possibly grew the following incident.

His "marse Johnnie" had always declared that Andrew had "more sense than people gave him credit for," which did not necessarily imply great wisdom. Between Andrew and Pettigrew there had always existed a strong enmity, and the small mulatto frequently exercised his ingenuity to tease and worry "that ugly, black, big-moufed nigger." Only once did he carry it too far. Andrew got him to write a valentine for him to his sweetheart, a young house-girl in the family, and when Andrew delivered it, it turned out to be a ridiculous piece of nonsense, which brought down upon her black lover her lasting anger. Pettigrew thought it a good joke, and boasted of it, but Andrew suddenly struck out. He would perhaps in his fury have broken his neck, had not his young master come up at the moment and saved him. Pettigrew never forgot it.

After the war Pettigrew turned out to be a great politician, and, with his accomplishments, became quite a leader in his county. Andrew was one of the very few negroes who stood by their masters. He declared that he was "a gent'man," and was going "to vote wid de gent'mens," and he did. It subjected him to no little obloquy and trouble, and his temper and health both suffered.

The county was a very close one, and for several reasons was an important one in the district, and Pettigrew, as "boss" in it, became a man of prominence. His precinct was talked of even in other counties; only Andrew, of all his color who voted there, withstood him. The latter possessed a certain influence due to a singular circumstance. He claimed to see spirits, and to have the gift of prophecy. His habit of roaming about at night, his fearlessness of graveyards, and a certain unusual knowledge of the weather, coupled with his singular appearance and his moody look, gave him credence, and he was not a little feared in the county. This saved him from trouble which he would otherwise have had, and he remained only ostracized by those who, had they not been afraid of him, would have taken more active steps.

Finally Pettigrew, as a reward for his services, was given a position as warden in a negro insane asylum. He had not been there long when it began to be rumored in the old county that Andrew was going crazy. Pettigrew himself, who happened to be at home, was present at the examination, and testified to a number of facts which went far to establish the charge of insanity. Wandering about at night, familiarity with spirits, a claim to the gift of prophecy, all were proved. Andrew, when asked if he wished to say anything, said he was a trapper—that a graveyard was a good place for 'possums and old hares; that he sometimes saw spirits, it was true, but he never troubled them and they never bothered him; and that Pettigrew was a liar. The negro magistrates, with "Brother Johnson" at their head, decided that Andrew was crazy, and sent him on.

There was an election coming on, and Pettigrew himself could not take Andrew to the asylum; but he told him he would be there soon, and he would attend to him; and he kept his word. Andrew was reported so often for refractoriness under Pettigrew's wardenship, and appeared to be getting constantly so much worse, that finally he was removed to another ward, and, to the surprise of every one, was soon pronounced convalescent. In due time, indeed, he was declared well enough to go home for a while, and was released on trial. The report soon came back that he was entirely well.

Some months after this, however, the next election came on. It was deemed very close, and every precinct in the State counted. Andrew's young "marse Johnnie" was a candidate in his county, and it was known that Andrew was working for him and was having much effect, notwithstanding the threats against him. Pettigrew was put up to run against him.

Pettigrew, some little time before the election, went home. In a little while came the

announcement that it might be better to send and bring Andrew back to the asylum. Pettigrew said he would take him. Two nights before the election a large meeting was held in a colored church not far from the voting-place, and it was rumored that Andrew was not crazy at all, and that Pettigrew had persuaded him "to vote right." Pettigrew appeared, and made a telling speech, announcing Andrew's conversion, and that he would appear the following evening and make a full recantation of his errors "befo' de meetin'."

The following evening, just at dusk, the hour appointed, Pettigrew repaired to the rendezvous, at the junction of two paths, and awaited his convert. He had in his hand a book and writing materials to make out a list of the voters. He was just becoming impatient when he heard him coming down the path through the pines. "I jest gwine to give you up," he said, threateningly.

"Well, heah me," said Andrew.

"Yaas, heah you!" said Pettigrew, severely. "Ef you hadn't been heah, you know what I'd done wid you?"

"Yaas, I know," said Andrew.

"You done 'member the times I done laid hick'ry upon yo' back, down yonder, 'ain't you?"

"Yaas, I 'member," said Andrew, meekly.

"Well, now, come 'long, and don' you open yo' mouf 'cep' as I tells you; if you does, I'll—" He made an expressive gesture, as if he held a whip in his hand, and turned down the path through the pines, Andrew walking meekly behind him. They were in a little bottom, Pettigrew still walking before, when a noosed rope was suddenly thrown over his head from behind and jerked tight, and he was slung down on his back, with Andrew's little black eyes close to his face.

"Ef you say a word, I'll kill you right heah;" and his big hands on Pettigrew's throat proved his intention. In a minute more the mulatto's arms were tightly pinioned, and then the lunatic lifted him to his feet and said, "Walk!"

He came near fainting with fear, but he walked till he got to a small stream, his first fright somewhat relieved, as they were going out towards the road.

"Wade!" said Andrew; and he waded in. Half-way across Andrew turned him at right angles and made him wade down stream, bowing low under the bushes which lined its banks. Deeper and deeper into the pines they penetrated, Pettigrew growing more and more alarmed; but the faintest hesitation to obey his captor's command brought the big hands to his throat with a dangerous clutch. Half a mile down the stream Andrew ordered him to turn up a smaller branch, and a hundred or two yards up he lifted him to his shoulder as easily as he would a child, and walking out, pushed upward into the pines. Presently they came to a heavier thicket, and stooping low and making his way through the thorn bushes, Andrew set him down in a little cleared spot. Pettigrew's eyes nearly popped from their sockets; for by the dim light of the stars he saw the dull white of a number of old tombstones, and recognized the fact that he was in an old graveyard which was known throughout the country as being the worst spot for "harnts" in that section.

Andrew set him against a small tree, around which he wrapped the end of the rope that bound him, and then took his seat on a fallen log just before Pettigrew, and looked at him silently. Presently he said, quietly, "You kin talk now." But he was mistaken; the mulatto's mouth was dry and his tongue parched.

"Why'n't you talk?" asked Andrew, calmly.

Pettigrew's teeth chattered.

"You cold?" said Andrew. "I'll warm you." He arose and began to gather sticks. Pettigrew thought he might slip away, and glanced around. His captor appeared to divine his intention, for he suddenly came back to him, and rearranging the rope differently, made fast the end of it to the tree behind him.

"Don't you try it," he said, threateningly.

The divination of his thought struck the mulatto with more terror than all that had gone before. When the fire was kindled Andrew drew up his log and sat down again opposite his captive. Presently he said:

"Le' me heah what you warn me to tell de meetin'."

"I don' warn you to tell 'em nuttin," said Pettigrew.

"Yaas, you does," said Andrew; "'cause you said so. Didn't you say so?"

"Yaas, but I don' warn it now." A gleam struck him. "Andrew," he said, "ef you'll le' me off I won't trouble you no more; I won't take you back to the 'sylum. I'll let you 'lone; I swah I will."

Andrew looked at him in contempt. "Humph!" he grunted. "Le' me heah you speak."

Pettigrew remained silent.

"Say yo' pra'rs, den," muttered Andrew. He leaned over, picked up a burning chunk from the fire, and walked around towards his prisoner.

Pettigrew's eyes popped. "I'll speak," he said.

"All right; begin." Andrew sat down again and stuck the chunk back into the embers.

Pettigrew began, stammeringly enough, and said his prepared speech, "Muh fellow-citizens" and all. He made no mention of Andrew.

"Tell 'em 'bout me," said Andrew.

"What mus' I tell 'em?"

"Tell 'em what a nice white gent'man I is."

His captive uttered a few sentences sufficiently laudatory.

"Dat's enuff," said Andrew, presently. "Now tell 'em how you gwine treat me down yonder at de 'sylum."

Pettigrew protested, but the chunk of fire came out again.

"How many licks you hit me down dar?" asked Andrew.

"I—I—I don' know; I mighty sorry I hit you any."

"I is too," said Andrew. "I don' know how many dey wuz, but I know 'twuz mo'n a hunderd; I know dat; an' I gwine hit you a clean hunderd to even 'em up."

He arose, and turning, cut a bunch of stout switches. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him. "You see dem switches?" he said, pointing at them where they lay on the ground. "Well, I warn you to write me a letter, an' ef you'll write it right, mebby I'll let you off; *mebby* I will. You know you writes mighty good, 'cause you's got a heap o' eddication. You wuz brought up in de house, and I warn't nuttin but a steer-driver. You's a yaller man, an' I ain't nuttin but a ugly, big-mouf black nigger. I done see you write, you know, 'cause you writ me a valentine once, you 'member. You cyahs pen an' ink 'roun' wid you, jes like muh ole marster used to do when he went to court. You got 'em in yo' pocket now, an' now I warn you to write."

Pettigrew by this time was ready to promise anything. "I will," he said. "What you warn me to write? Who mus' I write to?"

"Well," said Andrew, pensively, "I warn you to write to de meetin'."

Pettigrew's eyes brightened; he saw escape in it.

Andrew saw it too. "I warn you to write it mighty good," he said. "Ef you don't, I's gwine to kill you right heah."

A little of Pettigrew's courage came back in



"YOU COLD? I'LL WARM YOU."

the presence of Andrew's mildness, and he said, "Ef you wuz to kill me dey'd hang you."

"Dey don't hang 'stracted folks," said Andrew. "I done larnt dat at de 'sylum, and you know you's de one dat tol' 'em I wuz 'stracted." He leaned down over him and peered into his face.

"I'll write," said Pettigrew, brokenly.

Andrew got out the ink, pen, and paper, and placed the book on Pettigrew's knee. "I's gwine cyah it to muh little Johnnie fust. He kin read writin' mighty good; jes ez good ez you kin," he added. "An' ef dey's anything wrong, er ef he cyarn't read it, I's gwine to let you starve to death right heah."

Pettigrew protested. "What you warn me to write?" he asked, feebly.

"Well," said Andrew, meditatively, "I warn you to write 'em what a nice, white, colored gent'man I is, jes like you done said to me heah, and dat I ain't no mo' 'stracted den you is; an' I warn you to tell 'em dat you done had to go right back to de 'sylum, and dat you done git de word fum Wash'n'ton dat dey's all to vote to-morrow fer muh young marse Johnnie, and dat ef dey don't de word 'll come fum Wash'n'ton 'bout it. Kin you 'member dat?"

Pettigrew remained so long immersed in thought that Andrew said, suddenly rising:

"Nem mine; I don' b'lieve I warn dat anyways; I is a 'stracted nigger, an' I ruther burn you a little anyways." And he turned to the fire and pulled out a chunk again.

Pettigrew protested that he would write, and after a little his keeper replaced the chunk, and loosening his right arm, gave him his pen and book. He squatted by him, and held the inkstand in one hand and the blazing knot in the other.

"Begin by tellin' 'em what a nice gent'man I is," he said, following with his eye the slow tracing of the pen on the paper. Pettigrew wrote carefully.

"Now read it," said Andrew.

He read it, and it appeared to satisfy him.

"Dat's it," he said, approvingly. "Now tell 'em how you's got to go right back to de 'sylum. Now read it. Arn harh!" he said, nodding with satisfaction as it was read. "Now tell 'em how de word done come fum Wash'n'ton, and dey mus' vote fer muh young marster, an' do ev'yt'ing jes like I say." It was written.

"Now sign yo' name to it," he said, "and 'dress it to de meetin', to Brer Johnson; 'cause I ain't no great han' at foldin'," he apologized. "But don' seal it," he said, with a sudden change of manner. "I gwine git my little Johnnie to read it; he can seal it; an' ef dee's a word wrong in it," he said, leaning down and looking at it keenly, "I gwine to lef' you heah to starve to death. You 'member 'bout dat valentine?"

The explanation of his prisoner appeared to satisfy him, and he took the letter and started away.

"You ain' gwine to lef' me heah in dis place by myself, is you?" asked the captive, glancing around fearfully.

"Yaas; you'll have plenty of company," said Andrew, grimly. "Evil sperrits all aroun' heah, thick as dem bushy hyahs on yo' head; I sees 'em heah any time; two on 'em over yonder now, a-settin' upon dat tombstone grinnin' at you." He half turned, faced the tombstone, and taking off his hat, bowed politely. "Good evenin', marster," he said. "Hope you's well dis evenin'. Dey ain' gwine hu't you till I come back," he added, reassuringly, to Pettigrew, "ef you keep right quiet; ef you don', dey'll roas' you right whar you settin'. I gwine to leab de fire heah fer 'em. Jes keep yo' eye on him, good marster, tell I come back," he said, with another bow to the tombstone. He examined the rope carefully, and turning, disappeared with his letter in his hat.

It was ten o'clock when he walked into the meeting at the church. At first there was much excitement with some threats against him, but his coolness held them at bay. He walked up to the desk of the clerk, and with a sudden instinctive power of command, ordered him to call the meeting to order. It was done, and he produced his letter. It created consternation; but the writing was undoubted, and Andrew's story too straightforward and earnest to be questioned. His sudden power of command, or something, placed the meeting under his control, and the leaders became his lieutenants.

The next day the precinct, under the lead of "Brer Johnson," to the astonishment of every one, and of no one more than himself, went solidly for Andrew's "marse Johnnie," and he was elected. It was claimed afterwards that this was a trick of certain politicians; but it is due to Pettigrew to say that he never united in the charge. He moved away from the county shortly afterwards, and he always declared that, whatever others might say, he *knew* that Andrew was "a 'stracted nigger."

A VERY BRIGHT SALLY.

SHE was a partisan of sex. She believed that the world was divided into two great opposing parties, the one made up of men, the other of women. He didn't sympathize with this idea, but he was of a combative disposition. He liked an argument, and so when she discoursed upon the manifest superiority of woman over man, he naturally took up the cudgels for his kind. He did not extol the virtues of man so much as he called attention to the failings of womankind. In the course of his enumeration of these failings he observed that woman has no sense of humor.

Her eyes flashed as she retorted, "Then why is it that all bright bits of repartee, whether made by men or women, are called Sallies?"

And he weakly confessed himself vanquished.



A DEMURRER.

SHE. "The children of cousins are 'most always stupid."
HE. "Oh! no! My father and mother were cousins."

A FINELY CONSTRUCTED SENTENCE.

WHO says there is no American language? Here is evidence that in some portions of our land a tongue is spoken that is as distinctively our own as Baboo is distinctive of the Indian.

Professor F., of Harvard, tells the tale, in which he represents himself as having gone to a picnic. After the affair was well under way a carpenter, a sturdy New-Englander, appeared on the scene with several planks, out of which he proceeded to construct the dinner tables. Noting the unwonted thickness of the planks, the professor chaffingly inquired why it was necessary to use such heavy timber.

"Why?" returned the carpenter. "Why, in order that not when dinner's half eat tables might squush and vittles leave us."

It was some hours before the professor was able to translate this satisfactorily, but he finally discovered that it was possible to do so.

PATRIOTIC.

AN INDEPENDENCE-DAY RHYME.

CAD always speaks bad grammar on
The day we celebrate,
Because, he says, good English then
Is inappropriate.

NO REGARD FOR ETIQUETTE.

HAVING been lavishly entertained in New York, Lord De Void endeavored to show his American friends some attention when they visited Scotland. There was an old castle at hand, and thither the host conducted the party. They were standing on the walls of the ruins, looking downward into the moat.

"I was showing this place to a countryman of yours last year," said his lordship, "when the poor fellow was taken with dizziness and fell. His legs were broken, and he was altogether a wreck." A series of sighs came from the ladies. There was one girl in particular whose sweet face took on a look of sorrow. This touched the host, and he moved to her side.

"Thinking of that poor chap?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, slowly. "It was so American."

His lordship looked puzzled, wondering whether it was a national custom to fall from ruined walls into dry moats, but he only queried, "Yes?"

"Yes," echoed the sweet American, indignantly; "some of my countrymen have no manners. The idea of doing a thing like that in your company, before your lordship had taken precedence!"

SAINTS AND MARTYRS.

[On my suggesting to Mr. Paul when he asked my opinion of his poetry that it did not seem to me to be poetry, he made answer, "No; it's dialect." To the further remark that I did not quite recognize it as dialect, he replied, "Well, anyhow, it's the cold frozen truth."—C. H. W.]

SAINTS an' martyrs?
S'pose there be.
Hain't seen many?
'Tween you an' me,
P'r'aps thar ain't many
For ter see!

But I've hearn a boy
With grumblin' look
A-shoutin', "Ma!
I want my book!"
An' I've seen a martyr
Sarch every nook.

An' a leetle gal
I've known to cry,
With an ache in her head—
That was all in my eye—
An' a saint soothed her
With a lullaby.

An' I've seen a man
Without much hair
Look for a thing
That wasn't there,—
Whar he hadn't put it—
An' swar an' swear.

Then I've seen the martyr
Find the book—
Nary a cross word,
Or scoldin' look,—
An' the boy at school
A spellin' prize took.

An' the leetle gal
Woke up from sleep,
To help the saint
To dust an' sweep,—
An' at night 'fessed up
With contrition deep.

For the feller, too,
Without much hair,
She found the thing
(That lay just there,
Whar he had put it),
An' a kiss to spare.

Now *I* that boy
Would 'a' spanked with his book;
The leetle gal
I'd 'a' shook an' shook,—
An' a feller without
E'er a hair forsook.

Saints an' martyrs
P'r'aps ain't rife,—
The woods ain't full,—
But, bet yer life,
I know one—
An' that's my wife!

JOHN PAUL.

A POSSUM RIDGE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

HE was a tall, gawky specimen of the Possum Ridge type of humanity, and after he had edged his way timidly into a well-known law office he stood for some time in embarrassed silence, nervously twisting his broad-brimmed hat, while he shifted his weight from one foot to the other. The lawyer was busy examining some papers, but after a while he looked up, and scanning his visitor closely, said,

"Well, sir, did you wish to see me?"

"I reckoned I did," the Possum-Ridger replied. "You're one o' them fellers that works at the law business, ain't ye?"

"I'm a lawyer, sir. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I 'lowed so. I wanted a little information on a p'int o' law."

"Well, what is the point?"

The young man gave his hat a twirl, shifted his weight to the other foot, and hesitating a moment, finally replied, "I wanted to ax what it's wuth to fool a gal."

"To fool a girl!" the lawyer exclaimed. "I'm afraid I don't understand what you mean."

"Why, to throw off on a gal. To promise to marry her, an' then not do it."

"Oh, I see! You want to know how much damage the girl could claim?"

"Jest so. I wanted to know what the law says on that p'int."

"Well, it depends a good deal on circumstances in a case like that. The courts, after hearing the evidence, decide on the amount of damage."

"Then the law don't jest set a certain figger up agin a feller?"

"Certainly not."

"An' you can't tell how much the law 'ud be likely to figger the damage, I reckon?"

"No, not unless I was informed on all the points of the case."

"Waal, thar ain't no p'ints to it o' no 'count, I 'low. I jest promised to marry one gal, an' now I want to marry another."

"Did the girl you promised to marry give you any cause for breaking your promise?"

"Waal, not any special cause, I reckon."

"You just simply discovered that you loved another girl better, and concluded that you'd prefer to marry her—eh?"

"Waal, I dunno as it's jest exactly like that thar, but you're gittin' sort o' close to the p'int. I dunno as I love the last gal any better 'an the fust one much, but it 'pears like I'd ruther jine to her."

"If you don't love her better, why would you rather marry her?"

"Because it's to my intrust in the way o' property. The last gal is wuth lots the most."

"Oh, I see! You are wanting to marry her for her money."

"Waal, no, not money exactly; but it's jest 'bout the same thing, I reckon. It's truck that's wuth money."

"Well, do you consider that proper?"

"Don't see whar thar's nothin' wrong in it. It's a feller's business to look out for his own intrusts, ain't it?"

"I presume it is, to a certain extent, but a

person may go too far. The girl you promised to marry has rights that should be respected."

"Reckon she 'ain't no right to expect me to marry her when I'd lose property by it."

"She certainly has, since you promised you would."

"Then you figger that the courts 'ud give 'er damages?"

"They certainly would."

"You hain't no notion how much?"

"Quite a sum, I'm sure."

"Then what you reckon I'd best do?"

"Well, if you don't want to marry the girl, you had better try to compromise the matter. Have you ever tried to settle it that way?"

"Yes: we talked it over some."

"Couldn't you reach any agreement?"

"No; she wants too much. I offered her fair, I think, but she wouldn't nigh accept my offer. She jest wants a whole pile o' damages."

"How much did you offer her?"

"I offered her a bob-tail calf that's wuth ever' cent o' four dollars."

"What?"

"I ackly did, shore an' sartin. It was a wild offer, I know, but I wanted to tote fair with the gal, an' I was willin' to give 'er too much."

"How much did she want?"

"She wanted me to fling in a lame sheep 'long with the calf."

"And you wouldn't do it?"

"Narry time I wouldn't. She's 'way off in her figgerin', I 'low."

"Well, you'd better accept her terms and let the matter rest."

"Whut? Give 'er the calf an' fling in the sheep?"

"Yes; you had better. That is your easiest way out of your difficulty."

"Reckon the law 'ud figger up that much agin me?"

"It certainly would, and a great deal more."

"But jest think, mister, that thar calf an' sheep tuck together air wuth ever' cent o' four dollars an' six bits."

"I don't doubt it."

"Do you reckon the law is goin' to slap sich a 'mount as that on a feller for not marryin' a gal?"

"It will slap a great deal larger amount. I think the courts would give the girl four or five thousand dollars, and send you to prison because you couldn't pay it."

"Whoo-ee! Do you reckon that's a fact?"

"I know it. You'd better compromise."

The Possum-Ridger stared a minute in amazement, then slowly turned and left the office. Five minutes elapsed; then he opened the door again, and poking his head in, said:

"Say, mister, I've figgered it out, an' I've concluded I'd best marry the fust gal. She's only got a feather bed, an' the other's got a cow; but the calf an' the sheep's wuth more than the difference atwixt 'em, an' I'll be six bits ahead in the business by taking the fust gal. Good-by." THOMAS P. MONTFORT.



A TROUBLESOME YOUNGSTER.

"Tode, bring me de tack-hammer an' some tacks. Hain't gwan have de table-clof hauled off."



AN EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

LADY PRATTLER, a confirmed first-nighter (*to eminent actor-manager*): "I congratulate you on your success last night, Mr. McStamp!....how good you were! it was all charmin'—so light, so bright, so well put on the stage!....and oh! *such nice long entr'actes*, you know!"....



[See poem, page 392.]

POLYEUCT AND PAULINE.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVII. AUGUST, 1893. No. DXIX.



The COCK LANE Ghost

By
Howard Pyle.

I.

THE world that reads is the grand high court of appeal to which we all of us may at any time apply for a reversion of sentence. For its judgments are never final; they are always tentative, and open to amendment or revision. So, though the verdict rendered a hundred and thirty years ago against the Cock Lane ghost has so far stood almost without appeal, it cannot even yet be said to be closed, for only one side of this case has been heard; and there is no truism truer than the old adage, "There are two sides to every question."

In the early part of the year 1762 a first little spark of news was dropped that by-and-by set all London in a blaze of talk. It began first to be whispered and then to be talked of that a ghost of a strange and unusual sort had made its appearance in Cock Lane.

Cock Lane was until that time almost unknown to the great world of London, being a most obscure little vein in the great arterial system of the metropolis; a narrow, dirty little street back of St. Sepulchre's Church, and running between Snow Hill and Giltspur Street. Upon the one side of it, and almost adjoining, was West Smithfield, where was held all the gaudy, tawdry splendor of St. Bartholomew's Fair. Upon the other side, and not further distant, was the Old Bailey, and the accompanying gloomy, frowning, forbidding face of Newgate Prison, black, dirty, squalid.

Cock Lane was almost a connecting link between these two extremes of squalid misery and squalid gayety; and more than once in those days, had you stood at the opening of some of its crooked courts or alleyways, you might have heard upon the one side the shouting and the laughing at the fair, the piping of fifes and the drubbing of drums, the squealing of pigs and the rattling and clattering of the pork-pie dishes, the creaking of swings and merry-go-rounds, and the confused cackle and hum and grumble of the motley crowd trying to enjoy itself; while at

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the same time, upon the other side, you might have heard the creaking and rattling of the hangman's cart, carrying the victims of Moloch law to the sacrificial tree at Tyburn.

In the old time, and before the days of modern spirit-rappings, a good, honest, old-fashioned ghost was generally thought to haunt either some old, mossy, mildewed country house, or else the gloomy recesses of a crumbling castle—the scene, perhaps, of some mysterious legendary crime or other. But this particular ghost of Cock Lane was one of a more modern fancy. It was of the spiritualistic order of our days, and was in advance of its



times. So, instead of preferring any such out-of-the-way scene for its doings, it chose this place—the heart of the metropolis, and the midst of a busy, jostling, noisy, tatterdemalion crowd—to make its intangible presence heard. The chosen place of its manifestation was the house of Mr. Parsons, the clerk of the neighboring church of St. Sepulchre's; and its chosen medium was the clerk's daughter, a girl of twelve years of age—a little, mischievous, spiteful, impish creature, if we may trust the faint, evanescent image that stands dimly out from the mists of the past.

Though it was not until 1762 that the town at large took up the matter of the famous ghost, the presence of something mysterious in the house of the clerk in Cock Lane was known of in the neighborhood for some time before. To take a step still further backward, in 1759 a young widower (known in the annals of the Cock Lane ghost indifferently as Mr. Kempe or Kent), who was at that time living at Greenwich—then a semi-rural suburb of London—"employed," says a record in the case, "an agent to carry a letter to a young gentlewoman of reputable family in Norfolk." It was his deceased wife's sister, and the letter contained a final plea that, in spite of the law against their legal union, they should live together as man and wife. By way of answer, the young gentlewoman came up in person to Greenwich in a post-chaise, "and was received most affectionately by Mr. Kent." No attempt at any sort of marriage ceremony was gone through with, but each of the two made a will in favor of the other of all he or she possessed.

One morning Mr. Parsons, who, as was said, was the officiating clerk of St. Sepulchre's, observed at early prayers a lady and gentleman of very genteel appearance standing in the aisle, and seeing them to be strangers, ordered them to a

convenient pew. It was Mr. Kent and the young gentlewoman from Norfolk. After prayers the gentleman took occasion to thank the clerk for his courtesy, and entering into conversation with him, asked him if he knew of any convenient house in the neighborhood where he and his lady might find lodgings. Mr. Parsons offered lodgings in his own house, which the other very gladly accepted, and very soon he and the young lady removed thither. For some time the couple lived pleasantly and intimately at the clerk's house, and constant visits and friendly offices were exchanged. The young lady—Miss Fanny she was called by the family—seemed to take a particular liking to the little daughter of her landlord, and once, when Mr. Kent was away in the country to attend a wedding, she had the child to bed with her for companionship.



It was upon this occasion that the ghost for the first time made itself audible. In the morning Miss Fanny complained to the family that both she and the little girl had been very greatly disturbed throughout the night by loud and continuous noises. She described it as an alternate rapping and scratching of a peculiar kind (afterward described as being like the sound of a cat clawing a cane-bottom chair), which seemed to proceed now from the bedstead, and now from the wainscot of the adjoining wall.

After a great many speculations and surmises, Mr. Parsons advanced the theory that the noise must have been occasioned by a neighboring shoemaker, an industrious fellow, who used sometimes to work far into the small hours of the night, and for the time no more was thought of the matter. But a few days later the young lady said,

"Pray, Mr. Parsons, does your industrious shoemaker work upon Sundays as well as upon other days?"

"No," said Mr. Parsons. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said she, "that noise that we heard was greater last night than ever before."

From that time the noises continued intermittently, becoming now more violent, and now ceasing altogether, but occurring always in the room where the child lay. The matter became the talk of the neighborhood, but for the time no investigation seems to have been made.

Some little time after these manifestations had first occurred Mr. Kent quarrelled with his landlord, and he and the young lady removed to other lodgings in the neighborhood of Clerkenwell. Within a few months after this last removal of the couple the young gentlewoman died rather suddenly, and was interred in the crypt at St. John's.

After their removal the mysterious noises that had disturbed the clerk's house ceased entirely. Nearly two years passed, and then, suddenly and without warning, the same scratching and the same rapping began again—this time with more persistence and violence—and, as before, always haunted the bedroom of the child.



At the time of their first coming she seems to have given little or no thought to them; now it appears to have occurred to her that there was something maybe supernatural connected with them. At their recurrence she was thrown into such violent fits of agitation that a woman of the neighborhood—one Mary Fraser—was called in to stay with her. It seemed to be chiefly through her ingenuity that the idea originated of putting queries to the ghost—as the manifestation was now generally called—to be answered yes or no by a series of taps negative or affirmative, after the manner of our modern spirit-rappings.

This was, perhaps, the first record of any such communication being held with the unseen world, and the result was amazing. By means of affirmative or negative taps or scratchings, the people on this side of the veil of life were informed by the people on the other side that Mr. Kent had poisoned his sister-in-law with red arsenic (a substance perhaps never before heard of, unless it was known in the great unseen world that lies beyond), which he had administered in a mug of purl. Upon being further questioned, the spirit proclaimed itself as being none other than Miss Fanny herself, who took this means of coming back to the world that she might bring justice upon her murderer.

II.

It is impossible to conceive of the blaze of excitement that the news of this manifestation caused in the neighborhood—a blaze that in the end spread to all the extremities of London—nay, the country at large—to Scotland, to Ireland, and even to the Continent. No doubt if Mr. Parsons and the others concerned in the matter had realized the hubbub that his ghost was destined to raise about his ears, he would have been chary enough in spreading the report of its doings. But as it was, the little spark was dropped, and instantly the wildfire spread far beyond his power to circumscribe. Maybe the excitement would have died out as quickly as it had flashed up, extending no further than Cock Lane, had not other and confirmatory circumstances added fuel to the blaze. The child herself, when questioned by the neighbors, asserted again and again that she had seen the figure of a woman surrounded by a blazing light; and the story of this miraculous vision was further confirmed by a publican in the neighborhood, who asserted that he also had seen the bright figure of a woman upon the stairs one night, presumably in the house of Parsons. The figure, he said, had beckoned him to follow her, when, in his agitation, he had (a delicious circumstantial detail) dropped his pot of beer, and had run all the way home.

Then the further circumstance of Miss Fanny's having made her will at Greenwich in favor of Mr. Kent was remembered, and finally it became known that at the time of the funeral of the poor young gentlewoman in the crypt of St. John's, her sister, who had come from

the country for the purpose of attending the ceremony, was much surprised at not seeing Fanny's name upon the coffin plate. She had questioned "Mr. Browne" concerning the matter after the funeral was over, and had lamented that she had not been permitted to see her sister's face, the lid having been screwed down before she came. It was also known that this sister had spoken very bitterly of Mr. Kent, saying that by means of the Greenwich will he had availed himself of the young lady's fortune, "to the prejudice of her brother and sisters, who had all lived in perfect harmony until this unhappy affair happened."

It was, no doubt, the coincidence of these circumstances that first gave a color of plausibility to the tale of the ghost. Anyhow, the curiosity of London itself began to stir and awaken.

The Methodists, under the lead of the benevolent Lord Dartmouth, seem to have been the first to thrust their fingers into the clerk's private ghostly affairs. At that time a considerable faction of this sect were rather inclined to spiritualism. There was not only a deal of talk and questioning concerning the—to say at least—curiously strange phenomena that Mr. John Wesley had experienced, but a deal of belief in these phenomena, and to those who thus believed it seemed quite possible that spirits could come back from the other world to manifest themselves for more or less rational causes to men in this world. To such it would have been indeed a triumphant vindication of what Mr. Wesley had asserted as to his own experiences, if a soul from the unseen world should come to bring the vengeance of God upon a murderer, and they were ready to give credence to the tale.

Upon the other hand, though the regular clergy were much more disposed to stand aloof, yet among them also were a number, chiefly in the purlieus of St. Sepulchre's, who were not disinclined to listen seriously. One of the accounts of the affair tells us that one night between eleven and twelve, the noises being particularly violent, a "respectable clergyman" (probably the Mr. Moore, curate of St. Sepulchre's, who afterward figured so prominently in the case) was sent for by Mr. Parsons to investigate into the matter. He himself not caring to render an immediate decision, two other clergymen and some twenty others were called in, and a regular series of questions was put to the ghost. There is something so solemnly and so grotesquely funny in this examination of the supernatural visitant that the temptation to repeat it in full is not to be resisted. They began by ask-





ing: *Q.* "In what was the poison administered—beer or purl?" *A.* "Purl." *Q.* "How long before your death?" *A.* "Three hours." *Q.* "Is the person called Carrots able to give any information about the poison?" *A.* "Yes." *Q.* "Are you Kent's wife's sister?" *A.* "Yes." *Q.* "Were you married to Kent?" *A.* "No." *Q.* "Was any other person beside Kent engaged in the poisoning?" *A.* "No." *Q.* "Can you appear visibly to any one?" *A.* "Yes." *Q.* "Will you do so?" *A.* "Yes." *Q.* "Can you go out of this house?" *A.* "Yes." *Q.* "Can you follow this child everywhere?" *A.* "Yes." *Q.* "Are you pleased at being asked questions?" *A.* "Yes." *Q.* "Does it ease your mind?" *A.* "Yes." (Here a mysterious noise, compared to the fluttering of wings round the room, was heard.) *Q.* "How long before your death did you tell Carrots that you were poisoned?" *A.* "One hour." Carrots admitted that this was so. *Q.* "How long did Carrots live with you?" *A.* "Three or four days." Carrots attested the truth of this. *Q.* "If the accused shall be taken up, will he confess?" *A.* "Yes." *Q.* "Will it ease your mind if the man be hanged?" *A.* "Yes." *Q.* "How long will it be before he is executed?" *A.* "Three years." *Q.* "How many clergymen are there in the room?" *A.* "Three." *Q.* "How many negroes?" *A.* "Two." One of the clergymen, holding up a watch, asked whether it was white, yellow, blue, or black; to which he was answered black. The watch was in a black shagreen case. *Q.* "At what time in the morning will you depart?" *A.* "At four o'clock;" *which, strange to say, was the case.*

The mysterious rustling of wings appears to have been a great card in the ghostly programme, and subsequently the additional evidence of two other clergymen, who also heard the same mysterious sounds, was added to what had already been published. It was, they said, repeated several times, and was taken as a sign that the spirit was pleased.

London had now become thoroughly aroused. The newspapers were full of the affair, the coffee-houses buzzed with it, and a dozen different pamphlet accounts burst into an ephemeral life in Grub Street garrets, and fluttered out into the light of the reading world.

It became the fashion of the day. Horace Walpole interlards it in a letter written to Mann—a letter relating chiefly to the death of the Czarina and the complicated state of European politics. "I am ashamed to tell you," says he, "that we are again dipping into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost!—a ghost that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennines. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the





world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg, who is just arrived."

Cock Lane and the surrounding courts and alleyways were crowded not only with the motley masses from the mazy wilderness of courts and alleys in the surrounding of St. Paul's, but also with high-stepping, rustling beaux and dames from the neighborhood of St. James's, where coaches and chairs fairly blocked the adjoining way.

We can only see a reflected picture of nether London and its excitement in records of the time; of the manner in which it affected high life we have several accounts, among the most amusing and clever of which is another letter from the ubiquitous Walpole, written in the intervals of his busy gossip of politics, the court, the opera, recapitulation of the droll bric-à-brac which he collected at his still droller mansion at Strawberry Hill, to Montague, then in Ireland. "I could," says he, "send you volumes on the ghost, and I believe if I were to stay a little I might send its life, dedicated to my Lord Dartmouth, by the ordinary of Newgate, its two great patrons. A drunken parish clerk set it on foot out of revenge, the Methodists have adopted it, and the whole town of London think of nothing else. Elizabeth Canning and the rabbit woman were modest impostors in comparison of this, which goes on without saving the least appearances. The Archbishop, who would not suffer the *Minor* to be acted in ridicule of the Methodists, permits this farce to be played every night, and I shall not be surprised if they perform in the great hall at Lambeth. I went to hear it, for it is not an apparition, but an audition. We set out from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House—the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach—and drove to the spot. It rained torrents, yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in. At last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable. When we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We had nothing. They told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning—that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We staid, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage; and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighborhood make

fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wondering when it will be found out; as if there were anything to find out; as if the actors would make their noises when they can be discovered. However, as this pantomime cannot last much longer, I hope Lady Fanny Shirley will set up a ghost of her own at Twickenham, and then you shall hear one. The Methodists, as Lord Aylesford assured Mr. Chute two nights ago at Lord Dacre's, have attempted ghosts three times in Warwickshire."



Nor were the fingers even of intellectual and literary London entirely clean of the dabbling in this squalid supernaturalism. Some years later, when Mr. Boswell ventured to question Doctor Johnson, he received a rebuff from his idol even more boorish and bearish than usual. The subject of the Cock Lane ghost was evidently a sore one with the worthy lexicographer, and the snub royal was administered with more than ordinary of the bludgeon stroke. But though the good doctor then took pains to intimate that, so far from his having been partial to the spirit of Miss Fanny, it was very largely owing to his particular pen strokes administered through the newspapers that the props of superstition which boosted up the ghost were knocked from under it, it is nevertheless almost certain that he was one of a party that went down into the crypt of St. John's, Clerkenwell, to hear the "audition" rap upon its own coffin lid. There is hardly a doubt but that it was his pen that wrote the deliciously funny account published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the time. "The supposed spirit," says that account, "had publicly promised by an affirmative knock that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St. John's, Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there by a knock upon her coffin. It was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit.

"While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that *she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back.*

"The spirit was then very seriously advertised that the person to whom the promise was made of striking upon the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made went, with one more, into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused by the spirit then went down with several others, but no effect was perceived."

Churchill wrote a now unreadable poem strung upon the theme of the ghost, in which he tells how

> "Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd,
> And thrice to turn it vainly try'd;

and then how

> "Silent All Three went In, about,
> All three turn'd Silent, and Came Out."

Elsewhere in the poem the author thus describes the Pomposo of this scene:

> "Pomposo, insolent and loud;
> Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,
> Whose very name inspires an awe,
> Whose ev'ry word is Sense and Law,
> Who, proudly seiz'd of Learning's throne,
> Now damns all Learning but his own;
> But makes each Sentence current pass
> With Puppy, Coxcomb, Scoundrel, Ass;
> For 'tis with him a certain rule,
> The Folly's prov'd when he calls Fool."

There can be no doubt as to whom that likeness fits; so, in spite of the worthy doctor's assurance to his friend Boswell, one cannot help but believe that he himself really was, as reported, one of those poor funny gulls that went down into the crypt of St. John's, Clerkenwell, to hear Miss Fanny rap on her own coffin lid.

III.

For some months the ghost and her chosen medium seemed to have carried everything their own way. The voice of those who would have called for a reasonable examination into the matter was drowned on the one hand by the clamor of those who believed, on the other hand by the laughter and jeers of those who disbelieved. But at last the voice of cooler common-sense began to make itself heard, as it is, in the long-run, always sure to do. First it became publicly known that Miss Fanny's fortune, for which her husband was supposed to have murdered her, amounted to only £100; then, that the physician who attended her in her last sickness had declared that, so far from Miss Fanny's having been murdered, she had died of confluent smallpox; and finally that Mr. Kent had loaned his landlord a considerable sum, for the recovery of which he had brought suit against him.

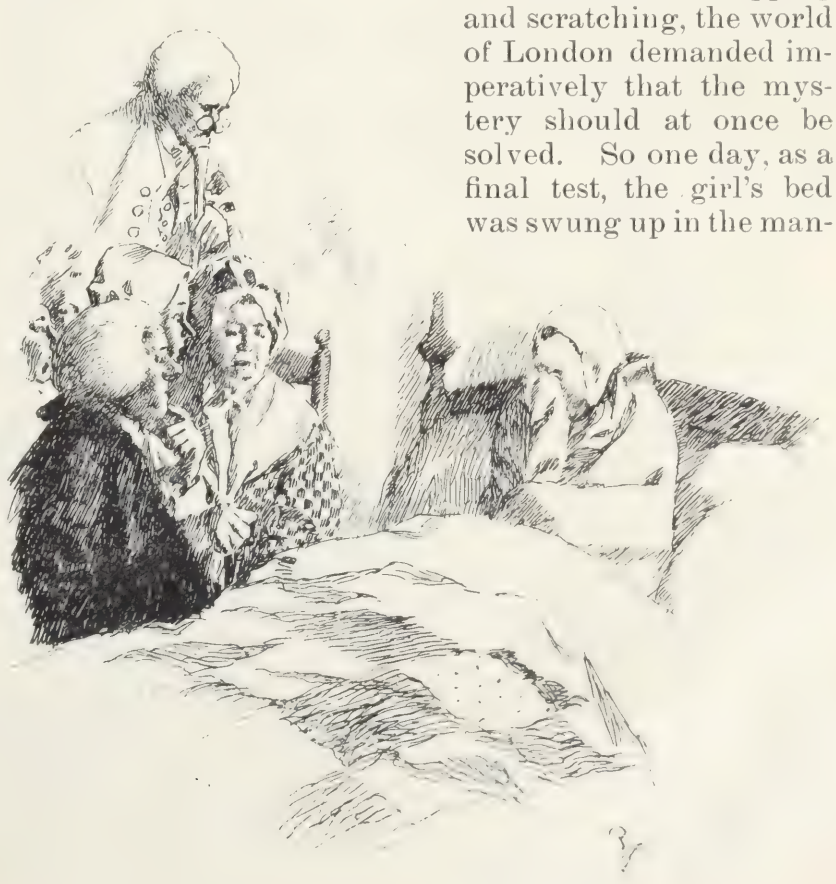
The finding, as a possible root of the whole affair, such a palpable motive as revenge against an overpressing and clamorous creditor tipped the balance, perhaps, with the greatest weight of all; it shook the faith of those who believed most firmly. The child from whom the whole scandal originated was now (by order of the Lord Mayor, it appears) removed from her father's house, and subjected to a strict and rigorous examination.

At first the result was not very promising. The noises seemed rather to increase than to diminish in violence. Nevertheless, the steady drift of the current was now set full against the ghost and its abetters. Numberless little circumstances seemed of a more and more suspicious nature. One account says: "About twenty persons sat up in the room, but it was not until about six o'clock in the morning that the first alarm was given, which, coming spontaneously as well as suddenly, a good deal struck the imagination of those present. The scratching was compared with that of a cat on a cane chair. The child appeared to be in a sound sleep, and nothing further could be obtained. Those who sat around discussed the matter in low tones, questioning what would be likely to happen to the child and her father should the trick be discovered. About seven o'clock the girl seemed to awake in a violent fit of crying and tears. On being asked the occasion and assured that no harm should happen to her, she declared that her tears were the effect of her imagining what would become of her father, who must be ruined and undone if the matter should be supposed to be an imposture.

"'But,' said they who were present, 'who told you anything about an imposture? We supposed you to be sound asleep.'

"To which she answered, 'But not so sound but what I could hear all you said.'"

So, the tide having turned fully against the marvellous rapping and scratching, the world of London demanded imperatively that the mystery should at once be solved. So one day, as a final test, the girl's bed was swung up in the man-



ner of a hammock, about a yard and a half from the ground, and her hands and feet were tied as far apart as might be without hurting her, and fastened with fillets. This was repeated for two or three nights successively, and during that time no noises were heard. It was now felt to be almost a matter of certainty that those noises, whatever they were, had emanated from the child herself, and it was not long before the *dénouement* happened which all the disbelievers had looked forward to with the most perfect confidence — a *dénouement* which forever wrecked the lives of the unfortunate clerk of St. Sepulchre's and his family, and nearly drove him to madness. Feeling now sure that the poor wretched little creature had some means by which she produced the mysterious noises, the examiners began, with an almost inquisitorial severity, to press her to confess; but, in spite of all, she still persisted in the denial of any trickery. She was then told that if she did not make the ghost heard within half an hour, she herself and her father and mother would be sent to Newgate. At that the miserable little hussy began crying, and asked that she might be put to bed to try if the noises would come.

"She lay in bed," says one of the accounts, "much longer than usual, but no noises; this was on Saturday.

"Being told on Sunday that the ensuing night only would be allowed for trial, she concealed a board about four inches long and six inches wide under her stays. Having got into bed, she told the gentlemen that she would bring Fanny at six the next morning.

"The master of the house, however, and a friend of his, being informed by the maids that the girl had taken a board to bed with her, impatiently waited for the appointed hour, when she began to knock and scratch upon the board, remarking, however, what they themselves were convinced of, *that these noises were not like those that used to be made.*

"She was then told that she had taken a board to bed with her, and on denying it, searched, and caught in a lie.

"The two gentlemen who, with the maids, were the only persons present at this scene, sent to a third gentleman to acquaint him that the whole affair was detected, and to desire his immediate attendance; but he brought another along with him.

"Their concurrent opinion was that the child had been frightened into this attempt by the threats which had been made the two preceding nights; and the master of the house also and his friends both declared that *the noises the girl had made that morning had not the least likeness to the former noises.* Probably the organs with which she performed these strange noises were not always in a proper tone for that purpose, and she imagined she might be able to supply the place of them by a piece of board."

The next morning all the newspapers and coffee-houses buzzed with the news that the trick of the ghost had at last been found out. And that, af-





ter all, it was nothing but a little imp of a girl scratching upon a piece of a board.

IV.

One can faintly imagine what must have been the feelings of poor Mr. Kent, the butt and victim of it, while all this had been going on. At first he seems to have brought evidence in rebuttal of the same grotesque sort as the accusations fulminated against him. He was one of those, as has been said, who paid that midnight visit to the crypt of St. John's. He employed a pamphleteer to write a somewhat elaborate defence, in which many of his most private and sacred affairs were set forth at length, especially his relations with "Miss Fanny," the manner of her death, etc., etc. An accusation had been brought forward by the believers in the ghost that Mr. Kent, fearing the detection of his guilt, had had the body secretly removed from the vault. Whereupon Mr. Kent, together with a clergyman, the undertaker, the clerk and sexton of the parish, and two or three gentlemen, went down into the crypt, overhauled the coffins piled up therein, and identified the particular one in which "Scratching Fanny" lay.

At last, upon the final supposed detection of the fraud, he instituted a civil suit for libel against all those concerned in the affair in which his credit had suffered so severely. We read in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July 10, 1762: "Come on before Lord Mansfield in the Court of the King's Bench, Guildhall, a trial by a special jury, on an indictment against William Parsons and Elizabeth his wife, Mary Fraser, a clergyman [Mr. Moore, curate of St. Sepulchre's], and a reputable tradesman [one Mr. James], for a conspiracy in the Cock Lane ghost affair to injure the character, etc., of Mr. William Kent; when they were all found guilty. The trial lasted above twelve hours."

Richard Parsons was ordered to be set on the pillory three times in one month, and imprisoned two years, his wife one year, and Mary Fraser six months in Bridewell, to be kept to hard labor. Mr. Brown, for publishing some matters relating to that foolish affair, was fined £50 and discharged.

Mr. Moore, the curate, and Mr. James, the tradesman, were sentenced to pay Mr. Kent a round sum of money as indemnity; some say between £500 and £600.

Such was the verdict of the court. The verdict of the great, many-headed was given as undoubtedly and as emphatically in favor of the defendant. Among the riffraff and the ragtag of the neighborhood of Cock Lane, faith in the ghost had neither weakened nor waned. They believed in it still, and as heartily as ever. In one of the journals of the day we read, under date March 16, 1763: "Parsons, the fellow who was principally concerned in the Cock Lane ghost, stood on the pillory at the end of Cock Lane, and instead of being pelted, had money given him." Elsewhere we read of the unusual sympathy of the mob, and of a drunken fellow, who jeered at the

unfortunate man whilst he stood in the pillory, being knocked into a kennel by some indignant neighbor of the whilom clerk.

As for that poor Miss Fanny, her bones seem destined to lie very uneasily. In the earlier part of this century we hear of her again from her restless resting-place. "While drawing the crypt of St. John's, Clerkenwell," says Mr. J. W. Archer, "in a narrow cloister on the north side, there being at that time coffins, fragments of shrouds, and human remains lying about in disorder, the sexton's boy pointed to one of the coffins and said that it was 'Scratching Fanny.' This reminded me of the Cock Lane ghost. I removed the lid of the coffin, which was loose, and saw the body of a woman, which had become adipocere. The face was perfect, handsome, oval, with an aquiline nose. Will not arsenic produce adipocere? She is said to have been poisoned, although the charge is understood to have been disproved. I inquired of one of the church-wardens of the time, Mr. Bird, who said the coffin had always been understood to contain the body of the woman whose spirit was said to have haunted the house in Cock Lane."

Such is the true story of the Cock Lane ghost. Since its time the great high court of appeal—the world that reads—has been in a general way satisfied that it was then finally settled. But was it settled?

Undoubtedly the little girl was caught in a trick, but does that prove that the noises heard before were made by a like trick? Even those adverse witnesses, with all their bias against the ghostly nature of the phenomena, acknowledged that the noises she then made "were not like those which used to be made"; and even went so far as to suggest that the poor little wretch, terrified by the threats fulminated against her, resorted to this last shift to imitate a sound which she had at one time made somehow else. Before, when she had been examined and had been put to bed by the committee of ladies, the record as given says: "They first thoroughly examined the bed, bedclothes, etc., and being satisfied that there was no visible appearance of deceit," etc., "yet when the child with its sister was put into bed," it "was found to shake extremely by the gentleman who had placed himself at the foot of it." Apart from the strange shaking of the bed, is it not likely that if she had concealed about her a piece of board four inches long and six broad, those ladies would have found it upon her?

Again, there is a palpable incongruity about the whole affair that has never been explained. If the child were merely a mischievous, cunning, tricky little imp, and her father the low, drunken, vulgar cheat we have been taught to believe, is it likely that they would have been so very short-sighted, so very stupid and dull of wits, as to pretend that the ghost that haunted their house was the ghost of that very Miss Fanny who had one time heard these sounds with her living ears?

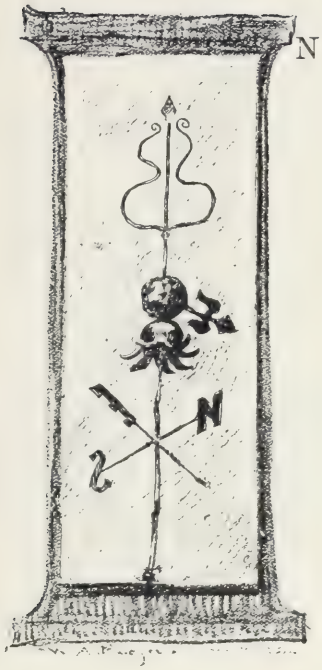
Now, unless it was all planned for the sake of revenge, is it possible to conceive what was to be gained by the whole affair, the sinister result of which, to their own undoing and ruin, seems to have been very plain to the whole Parsons family long before its final collapse?

So maybe, in view of all the evidence, it is not safe to say positively that the secret of the Cock Lane ghost was finally discovered, Lord Mansfield and his verdict to the contrary notwithstanding.



GREENWICH VILLAGE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.



I.

IN the resolute spirit of another Andorra, the village of Greenwich maintains its independence in the very midst of the city of New York—submitting to no more of a compromise in the matter of its autonomy than is involved in the Procrustean sort of splicing which has hitched fast the extremities of its tangled streets to the most readily available streets in the City Plan. The flippant carelessness with which this apparent union has been effected only serves to emphasize the actual separation. In almost every case these ill-advised couplings are productive of anomalous disorder, while in the case of the numbered streets they openly travesty the requirements of communal propriety and of common-sense: as may be inferred from the fact that within this disjointed region Fourth Street crosses Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth streets very nearly at right angles—to the permanent bewilderment of nations and to the perennial confusion of mankind.

In addition to being hopelessly at odds with the surrounding city, Greenwich is handsomely at variance with itself. Its streets, so far as they can be said to be parallel at all, are parallel in four distinct groups; they have a tendency to sidle away from each other and to take sudden and unreasonable turns; some of them start out well enough, but, after running only a block or two, encounter a church or a row of houses and pull up short. Here, in a word, is the same sort of irregularity that is found in the lower part of the city between Broadway and the East River, and it comes from the same cause: neither of these crooked regions was a creation; both were growths. As streets were wanted in Greenwich they were opened—or were made by promoting existing lanes—in accordance with the notions of the owners of the land; and that the village did grow up in this loose and easy fashion is indicative of its early origin. Actually, excepting the immediate vicinity of the Battery, this is the oldest habitation of white men on the Island of New York.

But there were red men living here before the white men came. In the Dutch Records references are made to the Indian village of Sapokanican; and this name, or the Bossen Bouerie—meaning farm in the woods—was applied for more than a century to the region which came to be known as Greenwich in the later, English, times. The Indian village probably was near the site of the present Gansevoort Market; but the name seems to have been applied to the whole region lying between the North River and the stream called the Manetta Water or Bestavaar's Kill.

Although the Manetta Creek no longer is visible on the surface, it still flows in diminished volume through its ancient channel—as those living near or over it sometimes know to their cost. Its east branch rises east of Fifth Avenue between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, whence it flows in nearly a straight line to the southwest corner of Union Square; thence in a slightly curving line to a junction with the west branch (which rises east of Sixth Avenue, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets) near the middle of the block bounded by Eleventh and Twelfth streets and Fifth and Sixth avenues; from this junction it flows to Fifth Avenue and Clinton Place; and thence across Washington Square, through Minetta Street, and nearly parallel with Downing Street, to the North River between Charlton and Houston streets. Notwithstanding the fact that this creek has been either culverted over or filled in throughout its entire length, it still asserts itself occasionally with a most undesirable vigor. Heavy buildings cannot be erected on or near its bed without recourse to a costly foundation of piles, nor can deep excavations be made anywhere near its channel without danger of overflow. Both of these conditions have been in evidence recently—the pile-driving, on a very large scale,



OLD HOUSES ON GREENWICH STREET.

for the Lincoln Building at the southwest corner of Union Square; the inundation, in the deep cellar lately dug on Sixth Avenue a little below Eleventh Street, and also in the cellar of the new building No. 66 Fifth Avenue.

In primitive times the land between Manetta Water and the North River was very fertile—a light loamy soil, the value of which anybody with half an eye for soils could see at a glance. Wherefore Peter Minuit, first of the Dutch Governors, with a becoming regard for the interests of his owners—this was just after he had bought the whole Island of Manhattan from the unsuspecting savages for sixty guilders, or twenty-four dollars—set apart Sapokanican as one of the four farms to be reserved to the Dutch West India Company in perpetuity. With even greater, but more personal, astuteness the second Dutch Governor, Wouter Van Twiller—having a most unbecoming regard for his own strictly individual interests—made himself at once grantor and grantee of this property, and so appropriated the Company's Farm No. 3 as his own private tobacco plantation. He was a weak brother, this Governor Van Twiller, and his governing was of a spasmodic and feeble sort; but his talent for converting public property to private uses was so marked that it would have given him prominence at a very much later period in the history of the Ninth Ward—the whole of which section of the future city, it will be observed, with some considerable slices from the adjacent territory, he grabbed with one swoop of his big Dutch hands.

Van Twiller, coming over in the *Soutberg*, landed on this island in April, 1633. As he was dilatory only in matters of state it is reasonable to suppose that he annexed Sapokanican in time to sow his first crop of tobacco that very year. His farm-house doubtless was the first house erected on the island of Manhattan north of the settlement around Fort Amsterdam; and with the building of this house at the Bossen Bouerie, Greenwich Village was founded—only a dozen years after the formal colonization of the New Netherland, and rather more than two centuries and a half ago.

Things went so easily and gently in those placid times that a long while passed before the Bossen Bouerie suffered the smallest change. Twenty years later, in the time of Governor Stuyvesant, mention is made of "the few houses at Sappokanigan"; and nearly half a century later a passing reference to the settlement there is made in the Labadist journal so fortunately discovered by the late Henry C. Murphy during his residence at the Hague. Under date of September 7, 1679, the journal contains this entry: "We crossed over the island, which takes about three-quarters of an hour to do, and came to the North River, which we followed a little within the woods to Sapokanikee. Gerrit having a sister and friends there, we rested ourselves and drank some good beer, which refreshed us. We continued along the shore to the city, where we arrived at an early hour in the evening, very much fatigued, having walked this day about forty miles. I must add, in passing through this island we sometimes encountered such a sweet smell in the air that we stood still because we did not know what it was we were meeting."

And so for about a century after Governor Van Twiller, in a prophetically aldermanic fashion, had boodled to himself the whole of the future Ninth Ward, the settlement at the Bossen Bouerie, otherwise Sapokanican, was but a hamlet, and a very small hamlet, tucked into the edge of the woodland a little to the northward of where the docks of the Cunard and White Star steamers were to be in the fulness of time: and the hamleters doubtless had very fine trout-fishing between the future Fifth and Sixth avenues in the Manetta Water; and, in the autumn, good duck-shooting over the marsh which later was to be Washington Square.

II.

I know not how long a time may have elapsed between the conquest of this island by the English and the discovery by the Dutch living retired at the Bossen Bouerie that, a sea-change having overswept their destinies, they had passed from the domination of the States General to the domination of the British King.

It is said that when the engineers of the West Shore Railroad, provided with guides and interpreters, penetrated into the valley of the Hackensack, a dozen



ON THE STEPS.



SIR PETER WARREN K.B.
Vice Admiral of the Red Squadron

years or so ago, they created a great commotion among the honest Dutch folk dwelling in those sequestered parts by taking in the news that something more than eighty years previously the American Republic had been proclaimed. Some few of the more wide-awake of these retired country folk had got hold, it was found, of a rumor to the effect that the New Netherland, having been traded away for Surinam by the provisions of the Treaty of Breda, had become a dependency of the British crown; but the rumor never had been traced to an authoritative source, and was regarded by the older and more conservative of the inhabitants of Tenafly and Schraalenburg and Kinderkamack, and the towns thereto adjacent, as mere idle talk. Naturally, the much more impossible story told by the engineers involved so violent a strain upon human credulity that the tellers of it were lucky in getting safely away, across the hills by Rockland Lake to the Hudson Valley, with unbroken theodolites and whole hides. The matter, I may add, is reported to have remained in uncertainty until the running of milk trains brought this region into communication with the outside world.

The case of the people dwelling at Sapokanican was different. This hamlet being less remote, and far less inaccessible, than the towns in the Hackensack Valley, being, indeed, but a trifle more than two miles northward of the Dutch stronghold, there is reason for believing that the news of the surrender of Fort Amsterdam to the English, on the 8th of September, 1664, penetrated thither within a comparatively short period after the gloomy event occurred. Indeed—while there is no speaking with absolute precision in this matter—I can assert confidently that within but a trifle more than half a century after the change of rulers had taken place the inhabitants of this settlement were acquainted with what had occurred: as is proved by an existing land conveyance, dated 1721, in which the use of the phrase "the Bossen Bouerie, alias Greenwich," shows not only that the advent of the English was known there, but that already the new-comers had so wedged themselves into prominence as to begin their mischievous obliteration of the good old Dutch names.

For a long while I cherished the belief that the name of Greenwich had been

given to the Bossen Bouerie by a gallant sailor who for a time made that region his home: Captain Peter Warren of the Royal Navy—who died Sir Peter Warren, K.B., and a Vice-Admiral of the Red Squadron, and whose final honor was a tomb in the Abbey in the company of other heroes and of various kings. Applied by a British sailor to his home ashore, there was an absolute fitness in the name; and it had precisely a parallel in the bestowal of the name of Chelsea upon the adjoining estate by a soldier, Colonel Clarke. But a considerate survey of the facts has compelled me, though very reluctantly, to abandon this pleasingly poetical hypothesis. I am inclined to believe that the name Greenwich was in use as early as the year 1711, at which time Peter Warren was a bog-trotting Irish lad of only eight years old; and it certainly was in use, as is proved by the land conveyance cited above, as early as the year 1721, at which time my gentleman was but a sea-lieutenant, and had not (so far as I can discover) laid eyes on America at all.

Admiral Sir Peter Warren was a dashing personage in his day and generation, but his glory was won in what now are wellnigh forgotten wars. Irish by birth, and with as fine a natural disposition for fighting as ever an Irishman was blessed with, he worked his way up in the service with so handsome a rapidity that he was gazetted a post-captain, and to the command of his Majesty's ship *Grafton*, when he was only twenty-four years old—and his very first service after being posted was in the fleet with which Sir Charles Wager knocked the Rock of Gibraltar loose from the rest of the Spanish possessions, and thereafter, with more rigor than righteousness, annexed it to the dominions of the British Crown.

This was in the year 1727. In the year 1728 Captain Warren was on the American station in the *Solebay*, frigate; probably was here again in 1737; and certainly was here from about 1741 until 1746 in the *Squirrel*, sloop, the *Launceston*, frigate, and the 60-gun ship *Superbe*. In the spring of 1744 Sir Chaloner Ogle left him for a while commodore of a squadron of sixteen sail on the Leeward Island station—where his luck so well stood by him that off Martinique, in but little more than four months (February 12–June 24) he captured no less than twenty-four prizes: one of which was a register ship whereof the lading of plate was valued at £250,000!

Most of these prizes were sent into New York to be condemned; and "Messieurs Stephen De Lancey & Company" (as appears from an advertisement in *The Weekly Post Boy* for June 30, 1744) acted as the agents of Captain Warren in the sale of his French and Spanish swag. Naturally, the good bargains to our merchants which came of his dashing performances made him vastly popular here. After his brilliant cruise he returned to New York that the *Launceston* might "go upon the careen"; and when he had refitted and was about to get to sea again the *Post Boy* (August 27) gave him this fine send-off: "His Majesty's ship *Launceston*, commanded by the brave Commodore Warren (whose absence old Oceanus seems to



RESIDENCE OF ABRAHAM VAN NESS.



OLD HOUSE IN DOWNING STREET.

lament), being now sufficiently repaired, will sail in a few Days in order once more to pay some of his Majesty's enemies a Visit.

"The sails are spread; see the bold warrior comes
To chase the French and interloping Dons!"

III.

I have revived for a moment the personality of this gallant gentleman because the village of Greenwich, while not named by him, had its rise on one of the estates which he purchased with his winnings at sea.

Flying his flag aboard the *Launceston*, commanding on the station, and making such a brave show with his captured ships, Captain—by courtesy Commodore—Warren cut a prodigiously fine figure here in New York about the year of grace 1744; so fine, indeed, that never a man in the whole Province could be compared with him in dignity save only the Governor himself. And under these brilliant circumstances it is not at all surprising that pretty Mistress Susannah De Lancey was quite ready to complete his tale of "Irishman's luck" by giving him in her own sweet person an heiress for a wife; nor that her excellent father—who already must have made a pot of money out of this most promising son-in-law—was more than ready to give his consent to the match. It was about the time of the Commodore's marriage, probably, that he bought his Greenwich farm—a property of not far from three hundred acres; which was a little increased, later, by a gift of land voted to him by the city in recognition of his achievement at Louisburg in 1745.

Pending the building of his country-seat, and probably also as a winter residence, Captain Warren occupied the Jay house near the lower end of Broadway. One of the historians of New York, falling violently afoul of another historian of New York, has asserted hotly that Captain Warren built and lived in the house, known as the Kennedy house, which long occupied the site No. 1 Broadway. Heaven forbid that I should venture to thrust my gossiping nose (if so bold a metaphor may be tolerated) into this archæological wrangle; but, with submission, it is necessary for my present purposes to assert positively that Captain Warren had no more to do with the building of the Kennedy house than he had to do with the casting down of the walls of Jericho. In the English Records, under date of May, 1745, is this entry: "Ordered: That a straight line be drawn from the south corner of the house of Mr. Augustus Jay, now in the occupation of Peter Warren, Esquire, to the north corner of the house of Archibald Kennedy, fronting the Bowling Green in Broadway, and that Mr. William Smith, who is now about to build a house (and all other persons who shall build between the two houses) lay their foundations and build conformably to the aforesaid line." This record, I conceive, fixes definitely Captain Warren's down-town residence, and also sufficiently confirms the accepted genesis of the Kennedy house.

Concerning the country-seat at Greenwich even the historians have not very materially disagreed. It was built by Captain Warren on a scale of elegance appropriate to one who had only to drop across to the Leeward Islands and pick up a Spanish plate ship, or a few French West-Indiamen, in order to satisfy any bills which the carpenters and masons might send in; and the establishment seems to have been maintained upon a

footing of liberality in keeping with this easy way of securing a revenue. The house stood about three hundred yards back from the river, on ground which fell away in a gentle slope toward the water-side. The main entrance was from the east; and at the rear—on the level of the drawing-room and a dozen feet or so above the sloping hill-side—was a broad veranda commanding the view westward to the Jersey Highlands and southward down the bay clear to the Staten Island hills. I like to fancy my round little captain seated upon this veranda of placid summer afternoons, smoking a comforting pipe after his mid-day dinner, and taking with it, perhaps, as sea-faring gentlemen often did in those days, a glass or two of substantial rum-and-water to keep everything down under hatches well stowed. With what approving eyes must he have regarded the trimly kept lawns and gardens below him, and with what eyes of affection the *Launceston*, all a-taunto, lying out in the stream! Presently, doubtless, the whiffs from his pipe came



A STAGE IN THE THIRTIES.

at longer and longer intervals, and at last entirely ceased—as the spirit which animated his plumply prosperous body, lulled by its soft and mellowing surroundings, sank gently into peaceful sleep. And then I fancy him, an hour or two later, wakened by Mistress Sue's playing upon the harpsichord; and his saying handsome things to her (in his rich Irish brogue) when she comes from the drawing-room to join him and they stand together—one of his stout little arms tucked snugly about her jimp waist—looking out across the gleaming river and the Elysian Fields, dark in shadow, at the glowing splendor of the sunset above the foot-hills of the Palisades.

The picture of the house which is here reproduced was made a hundred years after the admiral had ceased to cruise upon the waters of this planet, and when the property was in the possession of the late Abraham Van Ness, Esq.—whose home it was for more than thirty years. Great locust-trees stood guard about it, together with a few poplars; and girding the garden were thick hedges of box, whence came in the summer days of hot sunshine—as I am told by one of the delightful old gentlemen with whom of late I have been holding converse—a sweetly aromatic smell. The poplar-trees, probably, dated from the first decade of the present century, at which period they had an extraordinary vogue. It was in the year 1809 that Mr. Samuel Burling's highly injudicious offer to plant the principal street of New York—from Leonard Street northward to the Greenwich Lane—with poplar-trees was accepted gratefully by the corporation, "because it will be an additional beauty to Broadway, the pride of our city"; and the outcome of that particular piece of beautifying was to make Broadway look for a great many years afterwards like a street which had escaped from a Noah's ark.

But long before anybody had even dreamed that the Broadway ever would be extended to these remote northern regions the Warren farm had passed from the possession not only of Sir Peter, but also from the possession of his three daughters—Charlotte, Anne, and Susannah—who were his sole descendants and heirs. The admiral seems to have been but little in America during the later years of his life; and after 1747—when he was elected a member of Parliament for the borough of Westminster—I find no authentic trace of him on this side of the Atlantic. But Lady Warren, while Sir Peter was spending the most of his time at sea blazing away with his cannon at the French, very naturally continued to reside near her father and brother here in New York; not until his election to Parliament, at which time he became a householder in London, did she join him on the other side.

Doubtless, also, consideration for her daughters—in the matter of schooling, and with a look ahead toward match-making—had much to do with her Ladyship's move. So far as match-making was concerned, the change of base enabled her to make a very fair score—two, out of a possible three. Charlotte, the eldest daughter, married Willoughby, Earl of Abingdon, and Ann, the second daughter, married Charles Fitzroy, afterward Baron Southampton: whereby is seen that real estate in New York, coupled with a substantial bank account, gave as firm assurance of a coronet sevenscore years ago as it does to-day. Susannah, the youngest daughter, was indiscreet enough, I fear, to make a mere love-match. She married a paltry colonel of foot, one William Skinner—and presently died, as did also her husband, leaving behind her a baby Susannah to inherit her third of the chunky admiral's prize-moneys and lands.

The names of the husbands of all three of these ladies became attached to the property in New York. Skinner Road was the present Christopher Street; Fitzroy Road ran north, near the line of the present Eighth Avenue, from about the present Fourteenth Street to about the present Forty-second Street; and the Abingdon Road (called also Love Lane), almost on the line of the present Twenty-first Street, connected what now is Broadway with the Fitzroy Road and eventually was extended to the North River. The only survival of any of these names is in Abingdon Square.

The deeds for the property in the Greenwich region all begin by reciting—with the old-womanly loquacity of deeds—the facts in regard to Sir Peter's issue set forth above; and in addition tell how his estate was partitioned by a process in which the solemnity of legal procedure was mitigated by an agreeable dash of the dicing habits of the day: "In pursuance

of the powers given in the said antenuptial deeds the trustees therein named, on March 31st, 1787, agreed upon a partition of the said lands, which agreement was with the approbation and consent of the cestui que trusts, to wit: Earl and Lady Abingdon, and Charles Fitzroy and Ann his wife, the said Susannah Skinner the second not then having arrived at age. In making the partition the premises were divided into three parts on a survey made thereof and marked A, B, and C; and it was agreed that such partition should be made by each of the trustees naming a person to throw dice for and in behalf of their respective cestui que trusts, and that the person who should throw the highest number should have parcel A; the one who should throw the next highest number should have parcel B; and the one who should throw the lowest number should have parcel C—for the persons whom they respectively represented: and the premises were partitioned accordingly."

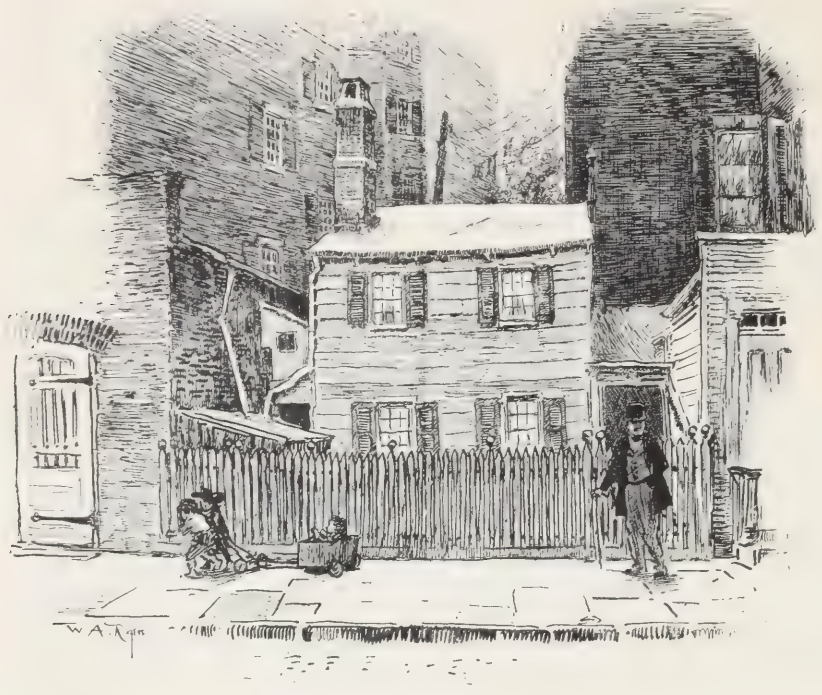
It was on the lines of the map made for this partition that Greenwich went along easily and peacefully until it was brought up with a round turn, in the year 1811, by the formation of the present City Plan.

IV.

The lots into which the Warren property was divided were of twelve or fifteen acres, suitable for small farms or country seats, and the base-line naturally adopted was the present Greenwich Avenue, then Monument Lane. By the turn of the dice, the homestead, with fifty-five acres of land round about it, fell to the share of Lady Abingdon; who united with her husband in selling it, in 1788, for $2200. A little later the property passed into the possession of Abijah Hammond; and from him the mansion-house, with the square bounded by Fourth, Bleecker, Perry, and Charles streets, was purchased by Mr. Van Ness in 1819 for $15,000. Until August, 1865, this beautiful property remained intact—save that the trees ever grew larger and that



A WISTARIA WALK, HORATIO STREET.



TINY HOUSE, WEST TENTH STREET.

the house took on a mellower tone as the years went on—and then it was swept away, and the existing stupid brick houses were built in its place.

For more than a century and a quarter the Warren house was the most important dwelling on this portion of the island. It was the nucleus about which other country-seats clustered—including, before the year 1767, those of William Bayard, James Jauncey, and Oliver De Lancey, Lady Warren's brother, whose estate, later, was confiscated because of his loyalty to the Crown. Very proper and elegant people were all of these, and—their seats being at a convenient distance from the city—their elegant friends living in New York found pleasure in making Greenwich an objective point when taking the air of fine afternoons. And even when visiting was out of the question, a turn through Greenwich to the Monument was a favorite expedition among the gentle-folk of a century or so ago.

Until about the year 1767, access to this region was only by the Greenwich Road, close upon the line of the present Greenwich Street and directly upon the water-side. Where it crossed Lispenard's salt-meadows (the low region lying on each side of the present Canal Street) and the marshy valley (about Charlton Street) of the Manetta Creek, the road was raised upon a causeway—but not to a sufficient height to save it from being heavy in wet weather and in part under water with strong spring tides. For the greater convenience of the dwellers at Greenwich, therefore, inland communication between that region and the city was provided for by opening a lane (formally approved in 1768) from the Post Road (now the Bowery) westward across the fields. Two sections of this lane still are in existence: the bit between the Bowery and Broadway (formerly Art Street) that now is Astor Place; and the bit between Eighth and Fourteenth streets that now is Greenwich Avenue. Being prolonged on the lines thus established, the two sections met at an angle of about 45° near the northwest corner of the present Washington Square.

Greenwich Lane was called also Monument Lane and Obelisk Lane: for the reason that at its northern extremity, a little north of the present Eighth Avenue and Fifteenth Street, was a monument in honor of General Wolfe. After the erection of this memorial to the hero of Quebec the drive of good society was out the Post Road to the Greenwich turning; thence across to the Obelisk; thence by the Great Kill Road (the present Gansevoort Street) over to the Hudson; and so homeward by the river-side while the sun was sinking in golden glory behind the Jersey hills. Or the drive could be extended a little by going out the Post Road as far as Love Lane, and thence south by the Southampton, Warren, or Fitzroy Road to the Great Kill Road, and so by the water-side back to town.

With the exceptions noted, all of the old roads hereabouts have disappeared under the City Plan; yet many traces of them still survive and can be found by careful searching along their ancient lines.* For instance, the Union Road—

* In determining the lines of the old roads, and the boundaries of the old estates, I have had the assistance of Mr. Richard D. Cooke, the highest authority in such matters in New York, and the use of his unique collection of maps.

which connected the Skinner and Great Kill roads — seems at the first glance to have been entirely ploughed under. But such is not the case. It began about in the rear of the frame dwelling No. 33 West Eleventh Street; and not two hundred feet from its beginning its slanting line across Twelfth Street still is defined clearly by the corner cut off and the corner projecting of the houses numbered 43 and 45. On West Thirteenth Street an old wooden house, No. 38, marks with its slanting side the line of the road: and an actual section of the road survives in the alley beside this house, leading diagonally to a very picturesque old wooden dwelling — built when all about here was open country — which is buried in the centre of the block.

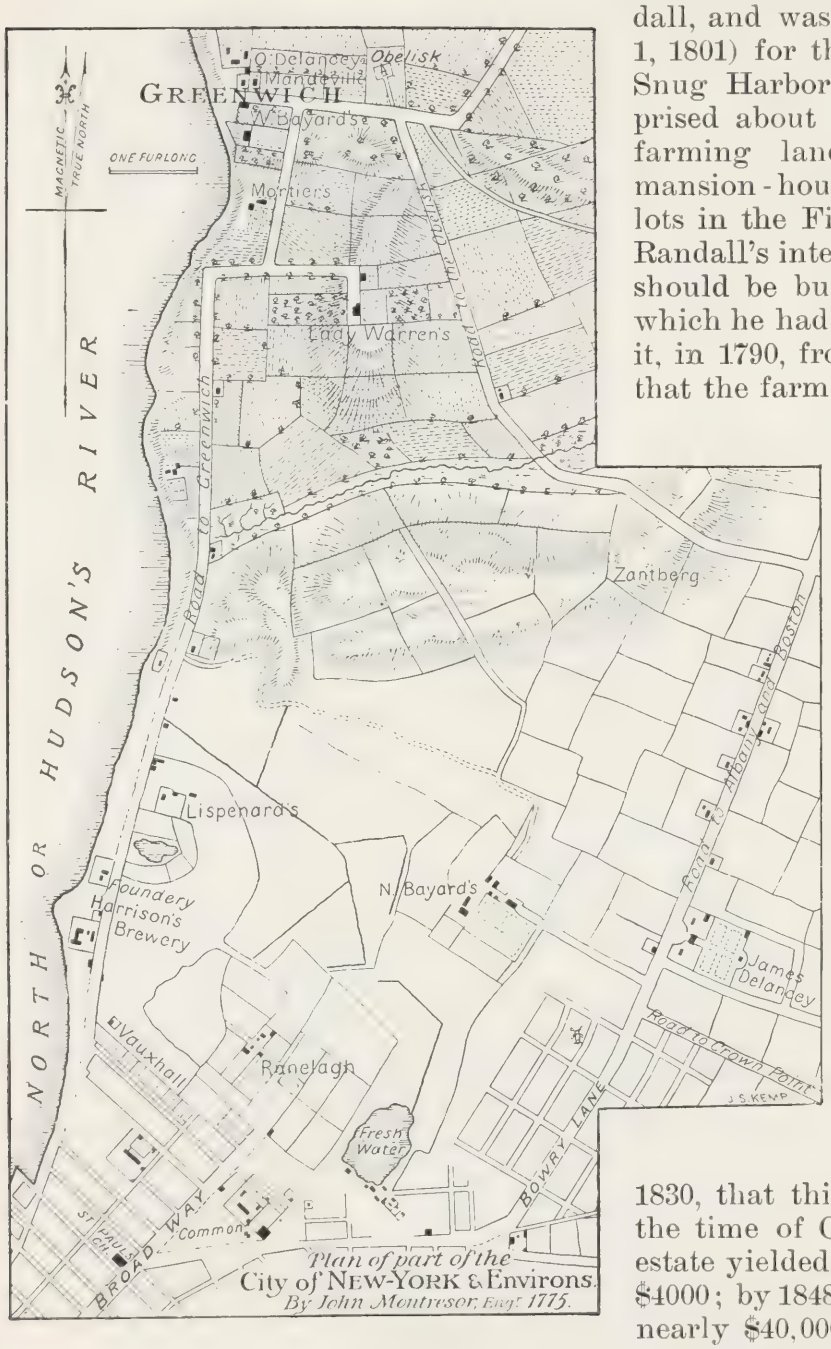
As to the monument to General Wolfe, which gave a name to Monument Lane and an objective point for afternoon drives, it seems to have dissolved into thin air. It certainly was in position during the British occupation of New York in Revolutionary times, but since those times no vestige of it has been found. The theory has been advanced that the English soldiers took away with them this memorial of their gallant countryman — fearing that harm might come to it if left in a rebellious land. But an obelisk is not a handy thing for an army to carry around with it, even though, as in this case, the obelisk is a small one and the army is travelling by sea; nor is it so inconspicuous an object that it can be picked up or set down by an army without attracting a certain amount of attention on the part of the by-standers. Therefore I think that had it really been put aboard ship somebody here would have chronicled the queer fact; and that had it been landed in another country news as to its whereabouts would have come to New York in the century and more that has slipped away since it disappeared. On the other hand, had it remained on this island, it ought still to be somewhere in sight.

On the line of the Monument Lane, or Greenwich Lane, lay the Potter's Field, a part of which now is Washington Square. In 1794 the Potter's Field was established at the junction of the Post Road and the Bloomingdale Road, on land now a part of Madison Square; but this site was abandoned three years later, partly because the United States Arsenal was



GAY STREET.

erected there and partly because reasonable exception was taken to the obtrusion of pauper funerals upon the fashionable drive. On this latter score the move, in 1797, to what now is Washington Square did not much mend matters, and very strong remonstrances were urged against it. But the move was



made, and there the graveyard remained—on the north side of the lane, about at the foot of the present Fifth Avenue—until the year 1823. It was not strictly a pauper's graveyard—a fact that was demonstrated by the unearthing of tombstones (a luxury not accorded to paupers) while excavation was in progress, in the summer of 1890, for the Washington Arch. Unfortunately, I was out of the country when these tombstones were dug up; and, later, when I searched for them they had disappeared.

North of Greenwich Lane, extending from the Bowery across to about the easterly line of the present Fifth Avenue, was the Eliot estate, which later was owned by Captain Robert Richard Randall, and was bequeathed by him (June 1, 1801) for the founding of the Sailors' Snug Harbor. The estate, in all, comprised about twenty-one acres of good farming land, with which went the mansion-house, and also two or three lots in the First Ward. It was Captain Randall's intention that the Snug Harbor should be built upon this property—for which he had paid £5000 when he bought it, in 1790, from "Baron" Poelnitz—and that the farm would supply all the grain and vegetables which the inmates of the institution would require. The trustees, however, perceived that farming was not the most profitable use to which the property could be put; and while the suits to break the will still were pending they procured an act of the Legislature (April, 1828) which enabled them to lease it and to purchase the property on Staten Island where the asylum now stands. But it was not until the year 1831, the case having been settled definitely in favor of the trust by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in March, 1830, that this purchase was made. At the time of Captain Randall's death his estate yielded an annual income of about $4000; by 1848 the income had increased to nearly $40,000; by 1870 to a little more than $100,000; and at the present time it is about $350,000.

Valuable though the Snug Harbor property is, it certainly would have increased in value far more rapidly, and would be far more valuable as a whole at the present day, had it fallen into the market on its owner's death instead of becoming leasehold property in perpetuity. Leaseholds are the direct product

of the law of entail or primogeniture—under which the title to land is held only in trust by the male line in seniority, and the fee becomes simple only when the line is extinguished and a division is made among the general heirs. Holdings of this sort essentially are un-American in principle, and have the practical inconvenience of two ownerships (which conceivably may become antagonistic) in what virtually is a single possession: a house and the land on which it stands.

There is a very considerable amount of leasehold property in New York, and in almost every instance this encumbered land is less valuable—*i. e.*, brings in a smaller return—than land immediately adjoining it of which the fee may be transferred. In the case of the Snug Harbor estate the first leases, when the existing dwelling-houses were erected, were made to advantage; but this tied-up property was skipped over, when business moved northward, in favor of the region above Fourteenth Street where the fee can be acquired.

V.

Simultaneously with the founding of the country-seats at Greenwich, two small settlements of a humbler sort were formed on the shore of the North River in that region. One of these, known as Lower Greenwich, was at the foot of Brannan (now Spring) Street, and the other, known as Upper Greenwich, was at the foot of what now is Christopher Street and then was the Skinner Road. Of this latter an entire block still remains: the row of low wooden houses on West Street between Christopher and Tenth, of which the best view is from Weehawken Street in the rear. These houses were standing, certainly, as far back as 1796—as is shown on the Commissioners' map by the indentation to accommodate them upon the State-prison property acquired in that year. Probably they are the houses indicated on the Ratzen Map as standing at this point one hundred and twenty-six years ago.



WEST TENTH STREET.

The building of the State-prison brought to the upper village what might have been called—could the use of the word



HOME FOR AGED COUPLES, HUDSON STREET, OPPOSITE GROVE.

have been anticipated by four-fifths of a century—a boom. As passed, the act of Assembly of March 26, 1796, provided for the erection of two prisons, one in Albany and one in New York; but a subsequent modification of the act applied the entire sum appropriated—about $200,000—to the erection of a single building here. The prison stood at the foot of Amos (now Tenth) Street, on the site occupied by the existing brewery, into the structure of which (as may be seen just inside the Tenth Street entrance) have been incorporated parts of the old walls. The building—200 feet long, with wings extending from it at right angles toward the river—stood in grounds of about four acres in extent, the whole enclosed by a stone wall twenty-two feet high on the side toward the river, and fourteen feet high elsewhere. One of my aged gossips has told me that a wharf was built out into the stream, but that it did not extend far enough to be available at all stages of the tide. This particular gossip was a river-captain in his day, sixty years and more ago, and among the queer freights which he used to bring to the city there would be now and then a load of convicts. His passengers did not like it at all, he said, when, the tide not serving, he was compelled to carry them past the prison to which they were bound and to land them at the Battery, "and I must say I didn't wonder," he added. "Just think how it would be yourself—walkin' clost on to three mile of a br'ilin' summer day, with nothin' better'n gettin' jailed when you comed t' the end of it! It was only human natur' for them poor devils t' get up on their ears an' swear." Log rafts from up the river used to make fast near the State-prison wharf pending their purchase by the ship-builders and lumber-dealers down in the city. It was great fun, one of my cheery old gentlemen tells me, going in swimming off these rafts about sixty years ago.

The prison was opened November 28, 1797, when seventy prisoners were transferred thither, and it continued in use a little more than thirty years. The male prisoners were transferred to Sing Sing in 1828, and the female prisoners in the spring of 1829—when the entire property was sold into private hands. This was one of the first prisons in which convicts were taught trades; but for a long while the more conspicuous results of this benevolent system—a feature of which was the assembling together of the prisoners in large work-rooms, with conse-

quent abundant opportunities for concocting conspiracies — were dangerous plots and mutinous outbreaks. In June 1799 fifty or sixty men revolted and seized their keepers; and not until the guards opened fire on them with ball cartridge—by which several were wounded, though none were killed—was the mutiny quelled. In April 1803 about forty men broke from the prison to the prison-yard, and, after setting fire to the building, attempted to scale the walls; and again the guards came with their muskets and compelled order—this time killing as well as wounding—while the keepers put out the fire. In May 1804 a still more dangerous revolt occurred. On this occasion the keepers were locked into the north wing of the building, which then was fired. Fortunately, according to a contemporaneous account, "one more humane than the rest released the keepers"; but the north wing was destroyed, involving a loss of $25,000, and in the confusion many of the prisoners escaped. A long sigh of thankfulness must have gone up from Greenwich when this highly volcanic institution became a thing of the past.

Yet the people of Greenwich were disposed to feel a certain pride in their penal establishment, and to treat it as one of the attractions of their town—as appears from the following advertisement of the Greenwich Hotel in *The Columbian* of September 18, 1811:

"A few gentlemen may be accommodated with board and lodging at this pleasant and healthy situation, a few doors from the State Prison. The Greenwich stage passes from this to the Federal Hall and returns five times a day."

A little later, 1816, Asa Hall's line of stages was running, with departures from Greenwich on the even hours and from New York, at Pine Street and Broadway, on the uneven hours all day. The custom was to send to the stage office to engage a seat to town; and then the stage would call for the passenger, announcement being made of its approach—so that the passenger might be ready and no time lost—by noble blasts upon a horn. The fare each way was twenty-five cents. One of the freshest and most delightful of my old gentlemen remembers it all as clearly as though it were but yesterday—beginning with his mother's brisk, "Now, Dan, run up to Asa's and tell him to send the eight-o'clock stage here"; continuing with a faint burst of horn-blowing in the distance which grew louder and louder until it stopped with a flourish at the very door; and ending with the stage disappearing, to the accompaniment of a gallant tooting growing fainter and fainter, in a cloud of dust down the country road.

This country road was the present Greenwich Street south of Leroy. It was on Leroy Street that my old gentleman lived, seventy years and more ago, and



OLD HOUSE FACING BARROW STREET, ON WASHINGTON PLACE.

all about his home were open fields. Eastward the view was unobstructed quite across to Washington Square—as he knows positively because he remembers seeing from his own front stoop the gallows which was set up (near the present Washington Arch) for the execution of one Rose Butler, a negro wench who was hanged for murder in the year 1822. (Another of my elderly acquaintances remembers stealing away from home and going to this very hanging—and coming back so full of it that he could not keep his own secret, and so was most righteously and roundly spanked!)

South of Leroy Street was open country as far as Canal Street, "and probably farther"; but my gentleman is less certain, because there was no convenient gallows in that direction to fix a limit to his view. On this head, however, there is abundant evidence. Mr. Peter Gassner, treating of a period a little earlier—about the year 1803—writes: "Corri, another Frenchman, had a mead-garden and flying-horses on the eminence between Franklin and Leonard streets. It was at least fifty feet from [above] the road. You got to it by wooden stairs; and, when up, would overlook the space to Greenwich—nothing occupying the space until you met Borrowson's and old Tyler's, both mead-gardens and taverns." And the precise Mr. John Randel, Jun.—engineer to the Commissioners by whom was prepared, under the act of April 13, 1807, the present City Plan—writes that in 1809 he crossed the ditch at Canal Street on a wooden plank and walked thence nearly the whole distance to Christopher Street through open fields.

VI.

What tended most to develop Greenwich into a town—a cause more potent than its embryotic trade in lumber, its very small ferry, and its explosive prison, all combined—was its positive healthfulness; and the consequent security which it offered to refugees from the city when pestilence was abroad. The salubrity of this region (which is as marked now, relatively, as it was a century ago) is due to its excellent natural drainage, and to the fact that its underlying soil to a depth of at least fifty feet is a pure sand. In former times the sanitary conditions were still more favorable—when the ample space about the scattered houses assured an abundance of fresh air, and when the stretch of more than a mile of open country between the village and the city constituted a barrier which no pestilence but small-pox ever overcame.

It is in connection with small-pox that I find the first reference to Greenwich as a place of refuge. This occurs in a letter dated April 18, 1739, from Lieutenant-Governor Clarke to the Duke of Newcastle, beginning: "I beg leave to inform your Grace that, the Small Pox being in town, and one third part of the Assembly not having had it, I gave them leave to sit at Greenwich, a small village about two or three miles out of town." In this case, however, safety was not secured—for "the Small Pox" went along with the Assemblymen to Greenwich and sat there too.

It is hard to realize nowadays the deadliness of those early times in New York—before small-pox was controlled by vaccination and before yellow fever was guarded against by a tolerably effective system of quarantine. Judging from the newspaper references to it, small-pox seems to have been a regular feature of every winter; while yellow fever was so frequent a visitor that Mr. John Lambert, in his sketch of New York in the year 1807, wrote: "The malignant, or yellow, fever generally commences in the confined parts of the town, near the waterside, in the month of August or September." And to this, still in the same matter-of-course manner, Mr. Lambert added: "As soon as this dreadful scourge makes its appearance in New York the inhabitants shut up their shops and fly from their houses into the country. Those who cannot go far, on account of business, remove to Greenwich, a small village situate on the border of the Hudson River about two or three miles from town. Here the merchants and others have their offices, and carry on their concerns with little danger from the fever, which does not seem to be contagious beyond a certain distance. The banks and other public offices also remove their business to this place; and markets are regularly established for the supply of the inhabitants. Very few are left in the confined parts of the town except the poorer classes and the negroes. The latter, not being affected by the fever, are of great service at that dreadful crisis; and are the only persons who can be found to discharge the hazardous duties

of attending the sick and burying the dead. Upwards of 20,000 people removed from the interior parts of the city and from the streets near the water-side in 1805."

Yellow fever seems to have been epidemic for the first time in New York in the summer of 1703. It was not recog-

But the most severe fever summers of the last century came close together in its final decade. Of these the first was 1791, in which the death rate was comparatively low; the second, 1795, was more severe, the deaths rising to upwards of 700; while in the course of the third, 1798—when more than 2000 deaths occurred, and the



WEEHAWKEN STREET.

nized as yellow fever, and is referred to in the records of the time as "the great sickness"; but from the description given of it, coupled with the fact that the infection was traced to a ship come in from St. Thomas, there is little room for doubt in regard to the nature of the disease. The mortality was so considerable that a panic seized upon the inhabitants of the city and they fled to the country for safety—thus establishing the habit to which Mr. Lambert refers as being fixed so firmly a century later on. Again, in the summer of 1742 and 1743 there was "a malignant epidemic strongly resembling the yellow fever in type," which caused upwards of two hundred deaths in the latter year.

city was forsaken by its inhabitants and commerce for a time was crushed—the fever became an overwhelming calamity. While the panic lasted, not only Greenwich but all the towns and villages roundabout were crowded with refugees.

The epidemics of fever which appeared with great frequency during the first quarter of the present century culminated in the direful summer of 1822—when, under stress of the worst panic ever caused by fever in this city, the town fairly exploded and went flying beyond its borders as though the pestilence had been a bursting mine. Hardie gives the following vivid sketch of the exodus: "Saturday, the 24th August, our city pre-

sented the appearance of a town besieged. From daybreak till night one line of carts, containing boxes, merchandise, and effects, were seen moving towards Greenwich Village and the upper parts of the city. Carriages and hacks, wagons and horsemen, were scouring the streets and filling the roads; persons with anxiety strongly marked on their countenances, and with hurried gait, were hustling through the streets. Temporary stores and offices were erecting, and even on the ensuing day (Sunday) carts were in motion, and the saw and hammer busily at work. Within a few days thereafter the Custom House, the Post Office, the Banks, the Insurance Offices, and the printers of newspapers located themselves in the village or in the upper part of Broadway, where they were free from the impending danger; and these places almost instantaneously became the seat of the immense business usually carried on in the great metropolis."

Devoe, who quotes the above in his "Market Book," adds: "The visits of yellow fever in 1798, '99, 1803 and '5, tended much to increase the formation of a village near the Spring Street Market and one also near the State Prison; but the fever of 1822 built up many streets with numerous wooden buildings for the uses of the merchants, banks (from which Bank Street took its name), offices, etc.; and the celerity of putting up these buildings is better told by the Rev'd Mr. Marcellus, who informed me that he saw corn growing on the present corner of Hammond [West Eleventh] and Fourth streets on a Saturday morning, and on the following Monday Sykes & Niblo had a house erected capable of accommodating three hundred boarders. Even the Brooklyn ferry-boats ran up here daily."

Among the more notable of the remnants of the time when the Greenwich region for the most part was open country are those at the southeast corner of Eleventh Street and Sixth Avenue: the little triangular graveyard and the two old framed dwellings which now rest on the lines of the street and the avenue, but which primitively stood—a few feet from their present site—on the now almost obliterated Milligan's Lane.

The triangular graveyard is a remnant of the second Beth Haim, or Place of Rest, owned on this island by the Jews. The first Beth Haim—purchased in 1681 and enlarged in 1729—is on the line of the elevated railway just south of Chatham Square. This was closed early in the present century, and then the Beth Haim at Greenwich was purchased—a plot of ground with a front of about fifty feet on Milligan's Lane, and thence extending, a little east of south, about one hundred and ten feet. In the year 1830, when Eleventh Street was opened on the lines of the City Plan—saving only the bit between Broadway and the Bowery on which stood the house of the stiff-necked Mr. Henry Brevoort—almost the whole of the Jewish burial-ground was swept away. The street went directly across it—leaving only the corner on its south side, and a still smaller corner on its north side.

VII.

Greenwich Village always has been to me the most attractive portion of New York. It has the positive individuality, the age, much of the picturesqueness, of that fascinating region of which the centre is Chatham Square; yet it is agreeably free from the foul odors and the foul humanity which make expeditions in the vicinity of Chatham Square, while abstractly delightful, so stingingly distressing to one's nose and soul.

Greenwich owes its picturesqueness to the protecting spirit of grace which has saved its streets from being rectangular and its houses from being all alike; and which also has preserved its many quaintnesses and beauties of age—with such resulting blessings as the view around the curve in Morton Street toward St. Luke's Church, or under the arch of trees where Grove and Christopher streets are mitred together by the little park, and the many friendly old houses which stand squarely on their right to be individual and have their own opinion of the rows of modern dwellings all made of precisely the same material cast in precisely the same mould.

The cleanliness, moral and physical, of the village is accounted for by the fact that from the very beginning it has been inhabited by a humanity of the better sort. From Fourteenth Street down to Canal Street, west of the meridian of Sixth Avenue, distinctively is the American quarter of New York. A sprinkling of French and Italians is found within these limits, together with the few Irish required for political purposes; and in the vicinity of Carmine Street are scat-

tered some of the tents of the children of Ham. But with these exceptions the population is composed of substantial, well-to-do Americans—and it really does one's heart good, on the Fourth of July and the 22d of February, to see the way the owners of the roomy comfortable houses which here abound proclaim their nationality by setting the trim streets of Greenwich gallantly ablaze with American flags. As compared with the corresponding region on the east side—where a score of families may be found packed into a single building, and where even the bad smells have foreign names—this American quarter of New York is a liberal lesson in cleanliness, good citizenship, and self-respect.

And how interesting are the people whom one hereabouts encounters (with but the most trifling effort of the imagination) stepping along the ancient thoroughfares which once knew them in material form!—Wouter Van Twiller, chuckling over his easily won tobacco plantation; the Labadist envoys, rejoicing because of their discovery of a country permissive of liberty of conscience and productive of good beer; General Ol. De Lancey—wearing the Tory uniform which later cost him his patrimony—taking the air with his sister, Lady Warren, the stout, bewigged Sir Peter, and the three little girls; Governor Clinton, with the harried look of one upon whom an advance copy of the Declaration of Independence has been served; Senator Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, who honored Greenwich by making it his home during the session of Congress in 1789; Master Tom Paine—escaped from Madame Bonneville and the little boys in the house in Grove Street—on his way to the Old Grapevine for a fresh jug of rum; shrewd old Jacob Barker, looking with satisfaction at the house in Jane Street bought from a butcher who had enough faith in him to take the doubtful notes of his bank at par. Only in Greenwich, or below the City Hall—a region over-noisy for wraiths—will one meet agreeable spectres such as these.

THE HANDSOME HUMES.*

A Novel.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Chapter IX.

"ALL A WONDER AND A WILD DESIRE."

SHE was seated in the garden; a book lay open on her lap; her face was in shadow, save for the soft suffusion of light reflected upwards from the masses of flowers aglow in the sun; her eyes were plunged in a profound reverie. It was not a common mood with Nan Summers, who was naturally gay of heart; nor had it escaped the ever-watchful observation of her father. On this occasion he came along the garden path in a casual kind of way, as if he were chiefly occupied with the peonies, the columbine and larkspur, the geraniums, and none-so-pretty, and white Canterbury-bells; and when he spoke to her he was careful to hide his vague anxiety.

"Nan," said he, "you must really give that book back to Mr. Hume. I am afraid it is too difficult for you. I have noticed once or twice that when you begin to study it, you fall into long thinking fits; and that's not like you, Nan; that's not to be allowed at all. You must not lose your high spirits, you know; you were always splendid for that; your eyes must be kept laughing—not troubled by any book. If you are really puzzled about any of those wild flowers, I will get somebody down from London; it would not cost so much to get a teacher down from London for a week or two; and then you could let Mr. Hume have his book back."

Now on his approach she had hastily shut the volume that lay on her knee; then she seemed ashamed of that instinctive action; she opened the Flora again; and when she addressed her father, it was with brave eyes—though there was some touch of conscious color in her forehead.

"To tell you the truth, Dodo," she said, "I was thinking the same thing, though for a different reason. Mr. Hume must have forgotten what was in this book; I suppose it is some years since he carried it about with him, among the Cumberland

* Begun in June number, 1893



[See page 372.]

"SHE PROCEEDED TO BIND THEM WITH COOL WET BANDAGES."

and Westmoreland hills; and he appears to have jotted down anything that came into his head—different phrases of translation, as if he were trying which was the best; and these are from the Greek—so much I know, for there are references to 'Artemis and the broad-bosomed Athene,' and Arethusa that was changed into the fountain. Then there are pencillings of flowers on the margins, and bits of mountain or lake scenery on the half-pages; I should say the book had been a constant companion of his boyish or youthful ramblings; and it is almost like a diary, that no stranger has the right to look into." And yet she kept turning over the leaves, in a wistful manner. She stopped at a page. "That is the water-lobelia," she said, with an interest she could not quite conceal, "that grows up from the bottom of lakes: don't you think it is a clever piece of drawing, Dodo? And the outline along the top—I suppose that is the mountain range: it must be a precious volume to him, to have so many memories. Oh, here is another one I happened on—a sketch of High Force in Teesdale; and he has underlined the 'very rare' of the plant he found there: no doubt he was proud enough. 'Polygala uliginosa: *very rare*, margins of rills, High Force and Cronkley Fell, Teesdale, altitude 1800 feet.' It looks as if he must have been rather solitary in his wanderings: doesn't it, Dodo?—perhaps they were vacation weeks—reading tours, you know; and if he was interested in rare plants, he would go away by himself. But I don't feel as if it were quite right for me to look. You learn too much—about what he was thinking, when he was alone. And perhaps he doesn't remember. If he did remember, he would hardly give the book to me: would he, Dodo? Oh, there is such a beautiful description of Helen of Troy—I don't know where it comes from—but fancy a lad away for a holiday, and lying amongst the heather on a hill-side, pencilling out a translation for his amusement: that's not the way of most youths. Perhaps he was thinking of publishing something; and these were merely trials of different phrases. Only he need not have put some of the memoranda in Greek characters; that's not playing fair; that's hiding. And there's such a clever drawing of a terrier, barking, with its fore paws thrust out: he must have seen it—it must be a sketch from life—somewhere near the end it is—"

But her father interposed. "You have studied enough for one morning, Nan," he said, in his gentle way. "Put aside the book. I want you to come for a little walk with me: there is a letter that concerns you, and I haven't told you about it until I could consider a bit. No, no," he added, instantly, seeing that there was some look of alarm in her face. "It is nothing serious; nothing very serious, that is. It is merely a matter for your own judgment; and you have such wonderful tact and discretion; you hit such fine reasons. So we will go for a little stroll, Bix way, and there will be no one to interrupt or overhear."

If it was solitude and silence they desired, they got it directly; for they had left the house but a few minutes when they entered upon a long stretch of secluded highway, bounded on each side by a strip of common and by tall wide-straggling hedges which were all bestarred with the more familiar wild flowers that Nan had got to know—stitchwort, speedwell, white dead-nettle, yellow dead-nettle, crane's-bill, self-heal, forget-me-not, and the like. Indeed, it was a favorite resort of hers, for it was entirely unfrequented; while the views from it were spacious and varied—up-lying fields of young wheat trembling a silver-gray in the light stirring of the wind; meadows, golden with buttercups, dipping down into hollows where the red and white cattle stood basking out in the heat, or a lazier horse sought the shadow of a friendly elm; the further heights showing interweaving lines of copse and spinney until these faded away into the pellucid air of the horizon. As for the silence, a cuckoo calling from some distant wood seemed aggressively loud; when a plover chanced to go by overhead, as they watched its erratic flight they could detect the slight silken whistle of its wings.

"Oh, yes, Nan," her father said, cheerfully, "it is a very pretty neighborhood; and I don't wonder you have grown fond of it; and so far I am glad that the little experiment I made when I took you away from the vicarage turned out all right. So far it did very well; but then, you see, Nan, there are always other possibilities that have to be faced; it's the way of the world; and there is no use shutting one's eyes. Crowhurst was very well for a time—"

She suddenly stopped; and she had grown very pale.

"Dodo," she said, "are you going to send me away from you? Are you going to break up our beautiful home?" And then she went on in passionate and piteous accents that he strove in vain to interrupt: "Oh, I was afraid of it all the time! I knew I was not doing well—and I knew you would not tell me what was amiss, for you were always so kind to me! But if you had told me, I would have tried to do better—anything—anything rather than to be sent away from you—"

She burst into a frantic fit of sobbing and crying, and covered her face with her hands. He seemed as distressed as she was; his patient, rather sad eyes were full of pity—and bewilderment. For a moment he stood uncertain, as if he hardly dared to interfere; then he gently took her fingers in his, and removed them from her face, and with his handkerchief he wiped the streaming lashes.

"Be reasonable, Nan, be reasonable," he said, and he put his hand persuasively on her arm, and constrained her to resume their walk. "It is nothing so very desperate. Only, certain things must be faced; and I have often been thinking that if anything happened to me, as it might happen at any moment, I should like to know you were safe and comfortably provided for. Crowhurst is very well; but you know you could not live at Crowhurst all by yourself. You could appeal to Mr. Morris, no doubt; but he would probably throw you and your small affairs into Chancery, to get rid of you, and where would you be then, Nan? Or you could write to that Miss Deyncourt, who used to come about the vicarage—she seemed a nice kind of creature—and if she would come to be a companion for you and a housekeeper—but perhaps that wouldn't work either. And then you would be at Crowhurst alone—"

"I won't have you talk like that, Dodo!" she exclaimed, "I don't care what the letter says—"

"I must talk like that," he answered her, gently. "I don't suppose I am going to die to-morrow, or next day; but a tile from a roof—a smash-up of a trap—anything might happen; and then all I should want to know, while I had any consciousness remaining, was that you were left quite safe and sure: then I shouldn't mind anything else. You see, it is pure selfishness on my part, Nan—"

"Oh, yes, pure selfishness—nothing but pure selfishness!" she repeated, with the tears springing to her eyes again. "You have always been so selfish towards me! But where is that letter? I want to know who has put such things into your head."

"Oh, it is a great compliment, Nan," her father said, encouragingly. "Every young girl likes to know that some young man has been thinking of her—she likes to be asked, whatever her answer may be—an offer of marriage is something to be proud of, naturally—yes, yes, a great compliment—"

For a second she had looked up, startled; then her face was averted; and she listened without word or sign.

"And if you were inclined to say yes," her father went on, apparently with much good-humored content, "it would leave you in safe and excellent guardianship, in case anything happened to me. It is only at times I am anxious, and look forward; only at times; most times you seem so happy and cheerful, especially when you are busy in the garden, that one forgets to be anxious and concerned, and one is apt to think that everything must go on happily for ever and ever. But it won't, you know, Nan; it can't; and here comes this letter to remind me that I should provide you with some safe guardianship in the future. And you needn't be alarmed; it isn't an absolute offer of marriage frightening you by its suddenness; oh, no; it is only 'permission to pay his addresses' he asks for; all fair and square and aboveboard. Perhaps a little stiff and set-up; but Dick is always like that on great occasions—he delights in proposing toasts after dinner—"

"Dick?" she repeated, breathlessly. "Do you mean—"

"Dick Erridge," her father proceeded, without noticing her consternation. "Oh, yes, he is a good enough fellow, though he has his little peculiarities. I suppose Dick thought it rather fine to write to me for 'permission to pay his addresses' to you; but perhaps it is the proper thing; I'm sure I don't know. And there is one good point about Dick; he has no prejudices such as some might have; and his people would be friendly towards you—indeed, I am certain they would be very proud of you—if you were inclined to listen to him—"

She seemed to hear no more of Dick Erridge. She walked on as one in a dream. She looked neither to the right nor to the left. She saw nothing of the red-tiled farm-houses nestling among thick-foliaged trees and bushes; she saw nothing of the small hamlet of Bixgibwen, which is now shortened into Bix; nor of the turnpike, which is no longer a turnpike; nor of the little post-office with its oddly cut box-trees. And when her father suggested that they had come far enough and should now retrace their steps, she turned, and walked mechanically by his side. He was still talking of Dick Erridge, making little apologies for him, in a pathetic sort of way, and telling her what a good chap Dick was, after all.

But when they were come once more into that solitary highway, it appeared to dawn on her that she was expected to answer a question. There was silence—and her father was regarding her anxiously. Whereupon she said, in a very low voice, "Dodo, would it please you—would it set your mind at rest—would it make you any happier if what you are thinking of were to come true?"

For a moment he did not answer her: it was as if he were trying to swallow something. Then he laughed—rather constrainedly.

"To tell you the truth, Nan," he said, "I'm afraid I mightn't quite like the idea of your getting married and going away from me. But, as I tell you, such things have to be faced: it's the way of the world. And then it is a long distance ahead; there would be all the engagement-time for us to become familiar with the prospect. I mightn't even like the idea of your getting engaged; but then I should know it would be so much better for you in the future—to leave you in safe keeping—"

"And it would make you happier in your mind, Dodo?—it would put away all your anxiety about me?" she said, slowly.

"But my answering this letter does not pledge you to anything, Nan," he pointed out with some eagerness (for he perceived that she had been only half listening). "Don't you understand? You have said nothing; you need not say anything. I am merely giving him permission to come to the house—after he has made a certain explanation, fairly and openly."

"But if it all turned out in the way you spoke of—that would please you, Dodo?" she said, in the same low voice.

He could not very well answer her, for at this moment a stranger hove in sight—a tall young man who was coming along with a fine swinging stride, his stick over his shoulder as if it were a gun. And it speedily appeared that this stranger was no stranger at all; it was Sidney Hume, his handsome, interesting features slightly flushed with the brisk exercise and the heat, his eyes modestly trying to conceal the intense satisfaction given him by this encounter.

"I'm afraid I ought to apologize," he said, with some touch of pleasant diffidence, "for intrusion on sacred ground—"

"The public highway!" said Mr. Summers.

"But I guessed you had come out in this direction, and I fancied I might catch you up somewhere," the young man proceeded. "I wanted to tell you that I have made all the inquiries about Wantage and Uffington, and I have all the arrangements planned, so that any day you like to name we could start. And I know Miss Summers will be interested—at least I hope so—"

And naturally enough he turned and walked with them, understanding that they were on their homeward way, while he explained to them all that could be crowded into this archæological excursion. He had a frank and winning manner: when they reached Crowhurst, Mr. Summers could hardly help asking him to go in-doors. And now it was lunch-time: would he not stay and have a little bit of something with them? This proposal, it is true, caused Nan some momentary perturbation; and she fled away to consult cook and parlor-maid, leaving the two men to their own devices. But when at last Sidney was invited to go into the dining-room, it was not food or drink that occupied his mind. The room itself, to begin with, was delightfully cool on this hot June day: there were shadowy curtains that did not altogether refuse a glimpse, through the open window, of the blaze of flowers in the garden, where a butterfly would from time to time go hoveringly past. Then the table was all so neat and bright and summerlike, the snow-white cloth adorned with sprays of young beech and Canterbury-bells. But it was his young hostess, of course, who absorbed his covert

and enraptured attention, whatever he had to say about the Dragon of Wantley and the battle of Ashdown. Somehow she seemed linked with the garden out there. There was a transparency of light and color about her face that he associated with those variegated blooms visible through the open window, white and red and white and pink, and all shining and shimmering in the sun. What did he care about such base things as caviare, or galantine, or cold gooseberry tart? He said, "Oh, thank you!" and took every thing he was offered; and ate nothing. The very gates of heaven appeared to have been opened; the choirs were singing; so that all the golden air outside was pulsating with the wonderful melody, while echoes of it seemed to wander in and fill this mystical, half-shadowed, enchanted room. It was but the night before he had been sunk into the deeps of despair; now the mere magic of her presence seemed to raise a delirious joy within him; the unattainable was not so hopelessly unattainable; she was near; she was his friend; sometimes her timid eyes were turned towards him, and they were not unkind. Caviare, oatcake, salad! —for one who was feeding on honey-dew and drinking the milk of Paradise, with a heart hardly as yet capable of realizing its own amazing auguries and demands.

They went out into the garden, and he positively refused to poison the sweet air with a cigarette. She showed him the extraordinary luxuriance of roses that was promised them, when the lilacs and laburnums had gone: even now the clustered buds were bursting, and the deep crimson and pink and yellow-white involutions of velvet petals were beginning to uncurl. She went and brought the Flora, and rather shyly told him she shrank from prying into these confidences; but he said, simply enough, that he would rather like it, so long as the boyish trash did not bother her. And finally, before he left, he had persuaded Mr. Summers to fix the very next morning for their projected visit to Wantage, and Uffington Castle, and White Horse Hill.

That proved to be another day of new and strange and marvellous experiences. For one thing, as soon as he had constituted himself their guide, he found but little difficulty in entertaining them: they were quite delightfully ignorant of this neighborhood in which they had recently settled. They had never heard of the Parliamentarian siege of Greenlands; nor of Mary Blandy, her cruel heart, and unhappy father; nor of Nell Gwynn's bower of yew in the neighborhood of Nettlebed, which is only a little way beyond Bix; nor of the well into which, as the legend goes, "Poor Nelly," for some unexplained reason, threw her jewels. But these trivialities of reminiscence were soon discarded. The human nature of the living and present moment is so much more important, is so transcendently and overwhelmingly interesting, when one is four-and-twenty, and when there is a pair of speedwell-blue eyes, not so far away, showing pleased attention and smiling kindness. There was an unending fascination in finding out her opinion on this point and on that. He freely volunteered his own, hungering for acquiescence, and yet cunningly contriving beforehand that it would be easy for her to acquiesce. He spoke without reserve about himself, his pursuits and plans; and he told her a great deal about his mother, with obvious pride. He was apparently addressing two, but in reality only one; and he was talking with an animation quite unusual with him; he was eager to impress, eager to elicit assent; and all the time he was studying, with a wild infatuation that was stealing his senses away, the changing and varying expression of her flowerlike face.

Meanwhile Mr. Summers had for the most part remained seriously and attentively silent. For he was only now beginning to perceive and understand the social position and surroundings of this young man who had, as it were, dropped upon them from the clouds. Hitherto, during the brief acquaintanceship that had on one side been so rapidly pressed, he had had no such opportunity. To him Sidney Hume was merely a friendly young fellow who had offered his assistance in the Fair Mile of the Oxford Road, who had walked on as far as Crowhurst, who had casually been asked to step in to look at an Ordnance Survey Map, and who had since seemed extremely anxious to continue on friendly terms with both father and daughter. He was modest and well mannered; there was neither self-assertion nor unwarranted intrusion; his chief desire appeared to be to cultivate this companionship that had come about in such a haphazard way. But if Jim

Summers, as his former associates were in the habit of calling him, had been fully aware of the facts of the case, it is quite certain he would never have thought of asking Sidney Hume to step into his house, if only to look at an ordnance map. There were reasons, apart from his own natural reserve and humility, which would have led him to decline this proffered acquaintanceship. But then he did not know; and the young man had subsequently been so persistent—and likewise so straightforward and amiable and unassuming; and then, above all, Nan had seemed pleased. It was for her sake that he had consented to come on this archæological expedition, though small concern had he with Roman roads and King Alfred's battles. And now—now that the pretext of history and folk-lore had been almost abandoned—now that this young man, by little inadvertent touches now and again, was revealing to these two the world he lived in, one of the two had found food for grave reflection, and was perhaps secretly considering how this all too sudden and fervent friendship could discreetly, and without pain or rudeness, be brought to an end.

But as for Sidney Hume, the unwitting cause of this disquietude, he was troubled by no such forecasts; these present moments, each one of them filled with magic and delight, were enough and more than enough; the long and happy day sped quickly. And even when, late in the evening, he had reluctantly bade them good-by, and returned to the solitude of his own home, there was no diminution of the bewilderment and transport that occupied his brain. "If music be the food of love, play on;" and even in this silent house he knew where to find such celestial sustenance; he would attune his ear to listen to the subtle cadences and varied and perfect melody of Tennyson's "Maud"—a poem for which he had the profoundest admiration, which he had championed and panegyrized in season and out of season. He went and fetched the green volume, and took a seat outside the honeysuckled porch. Late as it was, the evening was still golden and clear; but the sounds of the day were growing fewer: occasional footfalls on the gravel road; homeward-going children calling to each other across the bridge; the methodical clink and clank of some four-oar or eight-oar coming swiftly along through the steely blue-gray of the river, under the brooding poplars and willows. The meadows were empty now; and one of the houses on the wooded heights beyond had sent out its first orange ray.

These well-remembered lines, these haunting phrases, seemed to increase his exaltation of spirit; they seemed naturally to belong to this new and hitherto undreamed-of atmosphere that had come into his life. Passionate utterances that heretofore he had regarded from the merely literary point of view, he now understood and recognized in another sense: he also had tasted of "the cruel madness of love"; he also was filled with unrest, and longing, and dreams of heroic self-sacrifice if only that wonder of all wonders—a girl's heart inclining towards him, her choosing him out of all the rest of the world—could come true. In his case, of course, there was no "Queen Maud in all her splendor," nor any "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls," nor yet had he heard "A voice by the cedar-tree, In the meadow under the Hall!" But yet—sitting in the wagonette that morning—the simple costume of lilac and white that Nan Summers wore appeared to him to have some strange charm and bewitchment about it; and her voice revealed the most heart-searching music, even in that little peculiarity of lengthening certain vowels. She did not say "ta-own" or "da-own"; she said "town" and "down," with just such slight dwelling on the diphthong as made the sound entirely entrancing in his ears. And no longer, as he thought of these things, was he in the deeps of despair: the unattainable might not be so hopelessly unattainable?—her eyes, timid, unsearchable, maidenlike, had they not once or twice, as they were turned towards him, said something to him, however unwittingly? Or was that, too, but another illusion—a frantic hope rather than any possible fact?

Then, again, as he turned over these pages—in the gathering dusk—the gas lamps now glimmering through the trees—the last of the returning boats become phantomlike on the wan bosom of the stream—here, at last, he came upon the lines that spoke more directly of Nan. "Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls, To the flowers, and be their sun." Why, that was Nan herself!—if only the

reader, himself or another, would remember that the outward lustre of those tags and strays of hair that clustered about her neck and ears seemed to be but part of the general sunniness of her nature and disposition. A radiant temperament; well-wishing towards everybody; grateful for the beautiful things of the world; grateful, above all things, for any affection shown her. And as regarded the future, what might be the strange events lying behind that mystic veil?—"I have led her home, my love, my old friend"? But such things are blinding to the mental vision; and leave one breathless.

Shut up the book: it is time to go in-doors and summon lights to the dark and hollow rooms. For now the last of the skimming and dipping martins has left the neighborhood of the bridge; the quivering gold reflections on the stream burn amid shadows of an oily blackness; a deathlike silence has fallen upon the tall poplars; and far away in the southeast, from behind the wooded hills, the full moon glides slowly into the transparent sky, to keep watch over the night.

Chapter X.

THE BULL-DOG.

When Mr. Dick Erridge, having "done himself well," as he would have phrased it, at the Red Lion, Henley, stepped into his tall dog-cart to drive out to Crowhurst, he was in a most complacent mood. His costume, as he had carefully satisfied himself at various mirrors, was elegance itself; the gorgeous orchid in his buttonhole denoted a generous, not to say lavish, mind; while this turnout, from the rosettes at the leader's head to the brilliant boots of the groom, was at all points faultlessly trim. It is true his equanimity was nearly upset, and himself also, just as he was turning into Bell Street; for here a nurse-maid, overcome by the appearance of two youths in blazers and boating-flannels who had passed along the highway, was gazing vacantly after them, while she pushed an unheeded perambulator right out into the middle of the road. A collision and general smash-up seemed inevitable; and indeed Dick Erridge only avoided it by jamming his leader on to the opposite pavement, and hauling sharp at his wheeler, while he uttered a yell fit to have woke the dead: thereupon the startled maid, recalled to her senses, hastily retreated with her precious charge; a good-natured by-stander got hold of the horse—which had probably been surprised to find itself looking into a shop window—and led it back into the thoroughfare; and then the charioteer resumed his way, no doubt mentally uttering furious maledictions. But it was a pleasant afternoon; Dick was of an easy-going and self-satisfied nature; and by the time he was bowling along the Fair Mile he had forgotten all about the nurse-maid, and the perambulator, and the innocent babe that had so nearly come to an untimely end.

When he reached Crowhurst he found the gate open, so that he was enabled to drive up to the front door; but in passing he had caught sight of Mr. Summers standing by the gable of the house, and thither, when he had surrendered the dog-cart to the groom, he accordingly betook himself, without going inside. Mr. Summers was alone, a hammer in his hand, while he contemplated a rope-ladder that depended from an open window above.

"Perhaps you can help me with a suggestion," he said, as soon as he had greeted his visitor. "This is a fire-escape I have just fixed in Nan's room up there: in case of an alarm, all she has to do is to throw up the window, fling out the ladder, and get down. Feel this rope: isn't it soft and silky?—it wouldn't hurt the hands of an infant. But I'll tell you what would; and that's the thorns of that rose-tree and the bars of the lattice-work; and I've been considering. I'm afraid she'd make a desperate fuss if she knew I was going to tear down the roses and the lattice: I'd have to do it some time she was in at Henley. Or perhaps if I could get some projection put along the window-sill, it might keep the ladder clear—"

Dick abruptly changed the subject.

"I was at the Albatross Club last night," he observed, significantly.

"Oh? The Parkes-MacQuarrie affair?"

"The grandest sight I ever beheld!" the podgy, pale-faced little man continued, with great enthusiasm. "The very grandest! Let's get into some quiet corner and I will tell you all about it—"

"Well, we can walk up and down here—Nan is in-doors," her father said—and they rather moved away from the house.

"The grandest thing you could imagine!" Dick Erridge continued, with quite genuine exultation. "And the news-

papers ain't in it this morning: that's why I wanted to come and tell you. Lord Mount-Lathom addressed the reporters—the gentlemen of the press, don't you know—flattered them up to the nines about their prudence and discretion—hoped they would not mention the name of any one present—and would they be so kind as not to speak of a fight, but of a contest with gloves—in fact, he wheedled and humbugged them all over the place. Then, at eleven-thirty sharp, in came the two heroes—both of them looking magnificent—"

"I thought MacQuarrie had gone something amiss," Summers said, casually. "There was a rumor of the kind—"

"A fortnight ago—a fortnight ago," the other rejoined, in his eager haste. "They eased him off a bit, and got him all right: I assure you, you never saw two men looking in better condition—a sight for sore eyes, it was! Of course the Tasmanian is far the bigger man—the Devil they generally call him now; but the Englishman looked just as fit as a fiddle—proved it, too—and game he was—game, I tell you—for you never saw such hammering as he stood up to in the last round—just able to keep his feet, but facing up—facing up like a good 'un—until that Devil of a Tasmanian got the auctioneer home, and it was all up with poor Parkes. Never mind: he gets £500 out of the £3000; and he's won the reputation of being about the pluckiest fellow that ever put on gloves. And it wasn't merely his standing up to be hammered; MacQuarrie, the Devil, hadn't it all his own way from beginning to end—not by no means; in the fifth round there were some grand exchanges, and the Tasmanian, I can tell you, got all he wanted, and about two-penn'orth more. My heavens, Parkes let him have a right-hander on the ribs that might have felled an ox; but there wasn't much cheering, mind you, among all those noble sportsmen in evening dress—oh, no—there was too much oof at stake—they were too anxious about what was going to happen to let their efflorescent sentiments carry them away. Really, really, you should ha' been there!" he exclaimed, in a sort of ecstasy. "It was beautiful! All so quick, and sharp, and businesslike; each man doing his very d—dest in every second of the three minutes; then down in the chair, with sponging and fanning; then up again—like two gladiators. Hammering, no doubt—yes, there was hammering in the last round—and I dare say some Johnnie of a curate might have turned pale when the Devil caught Parkes a tremendous punch in the throat; but I tell you in all the thirty-five minutes there wasn't one-fifteenth part of the lumping brutality of a football match. Skill and science, sharp as a needle, just delightful to see; and though I'm an Englishman, though I'm no Colonial, what I say is, 'Bravo, Parkes, *and* bravo, MacQuarrie!' Grand men, both; and I for one admit that the best man won—though I lost my little bit through his infernal slogging."

His enthusiasm seemed to sober down a little at this last recollection; and it was in a calmer mood that he went on to give Mr. Summers further particulars of this great occasion, especially dwelling on the number of titled persons present, and the extreme elegance and propriety of the proceedings. To all this Summers listened in his usual grave and attentive way; then he said, looking towards the house:

"I wonder what has become of Nan? Suppose we go in-doors and see if she has got a cup of tea for you."

"One word," Dick Erridge interposed, in an undertone. "I quite understand your letter—and awfully obliged, too. You trust to me. A nod's as good as a wink. I wouldn't do anything—don't you know. But I wanted to put myself right with you—all fair, square, and aboveboard. And I've come out at once, just to show you. I know what's what. I'm not that kind. Not much."

By the time these enigmatic sentences had been uttered the young man and his elder companion had reached the house; and, with a little adjustment of his collar and a final shooting-out of his cuffs, Dick followed his host in-doors. They found Nan in the drawing-room, where she was engaged in arranging some tall feathered grasses. She had heard the dog-cart arrive, and had guessed who this visitor must be.

"Well, this time I've got safely out," said he, in an airy manner which was meant to give her confidence. "No accident this time."

"An accident?—driving?" she said, regarding him with curious eyes.

"Oh, no. Fact is, the last time I thought of paying you a visit, I had a lit-

tle misunderstanding with Henley Bridge, that's all; and the bridge got the best of it. I thought I would put in an hour or so on the river; and I was getting on first-rate—very well indeed—when it occurred to me to try to burst Henley Bridge in two. The bridge burst me in two—or my boat, anyway; and chucked me into the Thames; and if it hadn't been for a most noble youth who jumped in and caught me by the scruff of the neck, I should have been a goner, and no mistake. That's where the awkward part of the story comes in, you see. Thames water is a poor drink; there's no stimulus in it, but quite the reverse; and I suppose I was rather sick and sorry when I got out, for I let that young fellow go away without even saying 'Thank you' to him. What a precious bounder he must have thought me! And then, when I discovered his address, and went along to apologize, I was in a suit of waiter's clothes: a regular beast of a predicament—and of course he wouldn't dine with me. But I'll put it straight. I'll call on him when I go back to Henley this evening. One doesn't like to be considered bad form, you know. And this young fellow is rather a bit of a swell—at least his people are: I've been making inquiries. Of course when you're lugged out of a hole, it doesn't matter whether the gaff is of iron or of silver—still—"

"Did you get to know his name?" said Nan, in wild surmise.

"Oh, yes—Hume—Sidney Hume. A very good family," the young man went on. "No doubt that is merely a country house of theirs. And if I should meet him again I hope I sha'n't be quite such a Guy Fawkes Guy as I was when he last saw me."

"We know that Mr. Sidney Hume slightly," said Nan's father—for she herself, anxious only that her extreme embarrassment should remain unobserved, did not dare to speak. "We made his acquaintanceship in an accidental sort of way; and since then he has called once or twice; indeed, we went on a long expedition with him yesterday, and I should not at all wonder if he walked out this afternoon, to have a bit of a chat over it."

"Oh, you know him?" exclaimed Dick Erridge, in amazement. "But when I mentioned your name to him, and asked him if he had heard of you as a neighbor, he said no!"

"The acquaintanceship, such as it is," said Mr. Summers, quietly, "is quite recent." And then he added, perhaps in view of certain unconfessed speculations of his: "Quite a chance acquaintanceship—and perhaps we have about seen the end of it."

Nan sat silent—silent and troubled, notwithstanding the airy unconcern with which the young man continued the conversation. She did not know what this visit might portend; nor what was expected of her; nor how far her mere remaining in the room might be taken for acquiescence. And here at the same moment was her father intimating that their brief association with Sidney Hume was about to cease. A sense of some impending calamity seemed to weigh upon her; she could not listen to this talk about the Albatross Club; those names he mentioned—as though half the peerage and baronetage were familiarly known to him—were but as vain echoes to her, conveying nothing.

Then a sound caused her heart to stand still: it was a footstep on the gravel outside. The bell rang. Some one entered the house; the drawing-room door was thrown open; a name announced. And when Sidney Hume appeared, tall, handsome, self-possessed, it was on her that his eyes first fell, it was to her that his steps were instinctively bent. Then he turned to her father. Then to the stranger.

But there was no need of an introduction; and indeed Dick Erridge was so eager and anxious to remove from himself, finally and forever, the imputation of having done anything not quite in accordance with the proprieties, that he instantly proceeded to make the profoundest apologies for his apparent bad manners; he renewed his explanations; he expressed an almost abject gratitude; until Sidney, who had a kind of direct way with him, grew impatient.

"You were in no danger at all," he said, briefly. "There were one or two people standing by who could have picked you out."

"Yes, but they didn't, and you did," the young man insisted.

"You might have been in danger on a regatta-day," Sidney observed, with a laugh. "For you'd have had about twenty boats and half a dozen steam-launches all charging down on the top of

you, to rescue you: that would have been dangerous enough." And therewith he turned to Nan, and began to ask her whether she had quite recovered from her driving and climbing of the day before; while Nan answered him with far less than her usual light-heartedness—in fact, with self-conscious face and averted eyes.

But Dick Erridge, having acquitted himself of the suspicion of being a "bounder," having grovelled sufficiently, had thereafter no intention of "taking a back seat," as he himself would have said. He had much too wholesome an opinion of his powers of entertaining; he wished to show this stranger the familiar footing he held in this household; and, above all, he naturally desired to display a little, with the eyes of Beauty looking on.

"No barrel-organs to bother you here, Mr. Summers," he observed, in his chirpy and cheerful fashion. "No 'Lambeth Lotty'—nothing o' that kind to disturb you. But I tell you it's very odd how quickly a comic song that catches on at the Halls—and 'Lambeth Lotty' is the last—it's very odd how quickly it is laid hold of by the upper ten; it's raythe mysterious, as the sailor said of the sausages; but I notice that there are a good many curtained boxes at the Halls nowadays. Well, why not? Why shouldn't the tiptoppers like a bit of fun as well as anybody else: it can't all be state concerts at Buckingham Palace. I don't know whether they still have midnight tobogganing on tea-trays down the staircases of country houses—that was a high old amusement, and no mistake!—but anyhow, last Sunday evening, at the Granville Gallery—as swell a gathering as you could get in London—when Jack Rintoul sang 'Lambeth Lotty' they gave him a perfect roar of a chorus. At least so I hear; for I wasn't there myself," the young man observed, honestly. "And why shouldn't they? The air isn't half a bad one, and the chorus is ripping. Just listen to this."

He went to the piano, opened it, sat down, and ran his fingers lightly over the keys. Clearly he was quite a clever and facile pianist: driving tandem was not his sole accomplishment. But when he had dashed off the air, which was a flimsy, catching kind of thing, the temptation of the chorus was too much for him: he burst into song:

"O Lotty,
Now you're dotty,
For carrots isn't in it with your hair;
And your bonnet's all askew,
And your nose is rather blue,
And they'd run you off the grounds at Greenwich Fair.

"Then there comes in a bit of a dance, you know," he said, and his fingers still ran up and down the keys, "though I fancy that would be left out at the Granville Gallery. But can you wonder that the people caught at the chorus? It isn't half bad, you know."

And again he sang, with some additional touch of staccato emphasis:

"O Lotty,
Now you're dotty,
For carrots isn't in it with your hair;
And your bonnet's all askew,
And your nose is rather blue,
And they'd run you off the grounds at Greenwich Fair."

He did not vouchsafe them any further information about the young lady of the south side who seemed to have been overvain of her personal appearance; he left the piano and jauntily resumed his seat; and was presently engaged in proving that the very smartest people (as he called them) would flock to the Music Halls if only they had sufficient courage, and that they only went to see Shakespeare, as they went to church, because it was considered the right thing to do. Dick had plenty to say for himself; he was determined to shine—and he shone.

Tea and cake and such things brought some little excuse for a further prolongation of their stay; but at last both the young men rose to go, and Dick Erridge was so kind as to offer to drive Sidney into the town—an invitation which, for reasons, was promptly accepted. For hardly had they got away from Crowhurst, making for the Oxford road, when Sidney said,

"You seem to have known Mr. Summers for a considerable time."

"Oh, yes," his neighbor answered, with some pride. "A goodish bit now—a goodish bit."

"What was he?"

A simple question; but Dick Erridge hesitated. And then the snob in him (or perhaps some dimly felt generous instinct: who can tell?) caused him to lie.

"Oh, a trainer—a well-known trainer," he answered; and then he quickly went on to add: "Of course he has retired

from all that now. He has made his little pile, you know; a warm man, in his quiet way. And made it fair and square, too. 'Honest Jim Summers,' as they used to call him."

"Honest Jim Summers?" repeated Sidney, with a trifle of surprise. "That sounds rather familiar, doesn't it?"

"In a fashion it does, yes," observed Dick Erridge, lightly. "But it's nothing to say *against* a man, don't you know. Might be worse things said against a man than that. Rather a compliment, in its way. It isn't every man who has had to do with race-horses leaves the same reputation behind him."

"I dare say not. Did you know his wife?" Sidney proceeded: he was longing to speak about Nan, but could not, somehow.

"Oh, no," his companion made answer. "Before my time. But I've heard of her. A terrible business—railway accident—the mother and eldest child, a boy, killed—this one, this girl, almost an infant, saved. It broke Jim Summers all up, as I've heard; he went away to Australia for a while; and then he came back, and simply devoted himself to the remaining child, having her carefully educated, and looking forward to the time when he and she could start house together. And, now they are at Crowhurst, they seem to hit it off pretty well, don't they? In my rambles through this vale of tears I've seen proud parents fond of their children; but the like of Jim Summers with regard to his daughter I have never seen. He just worships her—thinks of nothing else—cares for nothing else; and she is just as much given up to her beloved Dodo, as she calls him. Quite refreshing, in these cynical times. There's one thing pretty sure: if any man ever harms that girl he'd better keep away out of the reach of Jim Summers's fist—he'd better keep far, far away—he'd better get to the outermost edge of the earth, and hide in a hole there, and not come out till the Day of Judgment."

Sidney hardly knew whether or not to resent this tone: after all, there was in it some little touch of human nature, despite its self-sufficient flippancy. But one more question he would ask.

"I suppose her mother must have been a very beautiful woman?" he said.

"So I have heard," the young man answered. "But of course there's no speaking about her to Mr. Summers. There are some things too awful: I can see now that a sudden railway whistle seems to go through him like a knife, just as if he were stabbed. Come, get along, Tommy!" This last interjection to his leader, accompanied by the lightest touch of the whip, for now they had entered upon the broad expanse of the Fair Mile.

When at length they had got into the quiet little town, Sidney managed to shake off his companion, notwithstanding his reiterated proposals and invitations; and, leaving Dick Erridge at the Red Lion, he pursued the rest of his homeward way on foot. He wished to be alone: he was unaccountably perturbed and anxious. This visit of the afternoon had left him a prey to vague apprehensions. For one thing, Nan had appeared troubled and concerned; all her friendliness, her light-heartedness of the day before had fled; he had hardly ever encountered her eyes. And then, again, the familiarity with this household professed by Dick Erridge seemed to make of him, Sidney, something of a stranger. At this very moment he would fain have gone away out to Crowhurst again, to assure himself that the speedwell eyes had no real reason for avoiding his. A dumb, unappeasable longing possessed him—a yearning of the heart that tortured him: the red and gray house among the beech woods seemed now worlds and worlds away. Books, when he tried that distraction, were useless; the printed page gave him back nothing—not even the story

> "told
> By a cavern wind unto a forest old."

He went out into the garden. It was a placid evening. The tall poplars and the pendulous willows stirred and no more than stirred: the smooth, oily olive-green of the river was only broken when a boat came shooting along from under the yellow arches of the bridge. The hush of the twilight was falling over the wide meadows and the wooded hills; voices sounded distant; the coming night was not far off. Peace without, but no peace within; rather an ever-increasing and unreasoning distress, that was none the less real that its origin was inexplicable. For this young man had tried a fall with "implacable Cypris, Cypris terrible," and been sadly overthrown.

The night that followed the dying out

of the day was still and calm, and, in these river-side gardens, laden with scent. A mother swan that had been troubled about her inattentive cygnet had long ago persuaded her gray offspring to go away home, the two of them disappearing like ghosts into the shadows. The last of the gossiping villagers had left the bridge; the last of the boats had been drawn up on the bank. And as Sidney, moved by some impetuous and occult desire, passed along the almost empty street, and ascended the Gravel Hill, on his way out into the country, a silver half-moon was shining clear in the southern heavens, and in the interstices of the curdled clouds overhead—in the deep violet-blue spaces—here and there was visible an occasional star.

He did not know why he had come hither, except through an over-governing restlessness. As he wandered on, the voiceless beech woods surrounded him with their mysterious gloom; then again he emerged into the wan moonlight on the open heights. Drawing nearer and more near to Crowhurst, he hesitated from time to time, uncertain whether to advance or recede, and yet ever drawn forward by this secret and uncontrollable magnetism. What harm could there be in some far-off glimpse? Or might there not be a red ray in some solitary window? Though indeed the world appeared to be all asleep now.

In course of time he approached the gate, and he did so breathlessly. He was afraid of his footfalls on the highway, the silence here seemed so intense. Intense also was the silence that lay over the slumbering house; certain gables, with lattice-work and roses, were palely visible in the moonlight, the rest buried in deepest shadow. Nor was there any faint crimson glow in any one of the windows: he grew a little more confident; he even advanced to the gate, and idly placed a hand on the topmost bar.

At this very moment a figure stepped out from the blackness of the rhododendron bushes and confronted him.

"Yes?" was the single word of challenge, uttered quite quietly.

And for a second the sudden apparition startled Sidney beyond measure—he involuntarily raised his arm, to strike or to defend; but the next instant he perceived that this was Mr. Summers, who was regarding him calmly. And there had been simultaneous recognition on the other side as well.

"Oh, Mr. Hume?—I beg your pardon," Summers said.

"No, I had no intention of breaking into your house," Sidney rejoined, with less embarrassment than might have been expected. "The fact is, I came wandering away out on so fine a night—and stopped for a minute to have a look—"

"And if you are going on, I may as well take a bit of a turn with you," Mr. Summers said, opening the gate and stepping into the highway. "I don't know whether Nan is asleep yet—she might be surprised to hear voices." And then, when they had gone some little way, he resumed: "We rarely have any one come along this road so late at night; and I heard you some distance off. You see, I'm rather fond of loitering about outside the house, just to make sure that everything is safe and sound. I'm Nan's bull-dog—so I tell her. It's my business to see that no stranger comes near—"

"It would be uncommonly awkward for the stranger," said Sidney, "if he had any felonious intent."

"And I'm sure I ask your pardon, Mr. Hume, for suspecting you," Mr. Summers said, quite humbly.

"Not at all!—it's the other way round," the younger man made answer. "I had no business to be roaming about the country at such an hour. I wonder if Miss Summers quite understands how vigilant a guardian she has got?"

"I think Nan trusts me," her father said, simply; and then he added, as if by way of excuse: "You see, it is a kind of amusement for me. I like it. And it does not harm any one."

So they went on for some time, chatting pleasantly enough, until they came to a parting of roads, and here Sidney said good-night, for he was returning to Henley by the Fair Mile. Soon the last of his footfalls were absorbed in the prevailing silence of the beech woods and the night. And then Nan's bull-dog made his solitary way back to Crowhurst.

Chapter XI.

An Enemy in the Path.

But although Mr. Summers had professed to treat this encounter with Sidney Hume as an ordinary and trivial thing, in reality it caused him profound alarm.

For it needed but little acquaintance with human nature to perceive that this aimless night wandering, this lingering by the gate, was nothing other than the restless, agonized vagary of a lover; and here, indeed, was a climax that had not been foreseen. Yet the dismay with which he regarded this discovery had in it no trace of ignoble jealousy or selfishness. He had already brought himself to face the possibility of Nan's getting married; nay, he had persuaded himself that it was a desirable thing she should make her choice; he had told her that he himself would feel happier and better content if he saw her life fairly settled. But he had been thinking of Dick Erridge and of Dick's polite request for "permission to pay his addresses"; he had not been thinking of this other young man, whose association with them he had just been proposing should cease altogether. Not that any one was too good for his bright-spirited, affectionate, laughing-hearted Nan; and in other circumstances he might have been pleased to see her provided with a husband as handsome, and well-born, and modest, and good-humored as this Sidney Hume; but his schemes for Nan's future had never contemplated her entering a social sphere where she would run the risk of being treated with patronage if not with scorn. This midnight adventure showed him that he had resolved none too soon on dropping an acquaintanceship that had on one side at least been too sedulously cultivated: the young man must betake himself elsewhither to choose for himself a mate.

He passed an anxious night, and the morning still found him in grievous perplexity. Would not the straightforward way be to go direct to Sidney Hume, confess his suspicions and fears, and explain why this brief companionship should at once and definitely cease? Or would not that be in a measure compromising Nan, whose name he did not even wish to mention? Then, again, ought he to tell her of the incident of the night before; or might not that be simply putting fancies into her head? Young people were imaginative and whimsical, and given to thinking over things: perhaps it might be better if he held his peace.

"Nan," said he, when they had agreed to stroll in to Henley together, "I will bring an action against that coach-builder, if he doesn't send home the phaeton at once. I cannot have you continually walking in to Henley, every time you want to call at a shop or two."

"But I like the walking, Dodo!" she made answer, as she was leaving the room. "And I shall be ready in five or ten minutes."

"Don't hurry—don't hurry," said he, careful as ever of her. "There's no hurry at all. You'll find me dawdling along the road—you can overtake me whenever you like."

For he could not get these harassing questions answered. And yet they were nearly all being answered, so far as he was concerned, on this very highway, and that within a few minutes of his leaving the house. As he was walking along, his hands clasped behind his back, occasionally his eyes lighted on an animal, some considerable distance off, that at first he considered to be merely a large dog. He paid little heed; he was plunged in reverie; but this was the only living creature in the solitary thoroughfare; and naturally his glance wandered back to it. Then in a dim kind of fashion—gradually, not suddenly—it dawned upon him that there was something uncanny about this beast that was approaching; something unusual and strange; it surely was no dog, whatever else it might be? He looked again, startled into a keener consciousness; and now he perceived that this was certainly no dog; this tawny-hued creature with the round bullet head, with white bristles at the mouth, cropped-looking ears, long body, and curved, down-sweeping tail that nearly touched the ground; nor had it the springy gait of a dog—it came along with a stealthy, sinuous, slouching movement of its massive and supple limbs. The next instant he had guessed the truth: this was some animal escaped from a travelling menagerie—some creature of the puma kind—that was now eying him furtively as it drew near. Well, he did not know what to do; rather, he wanted to do nothing, if the beast would prove equally obliging and pass on. He stood still, watching—ready to meet any spring as best he might—but sincerely hoping there would be nothing of the sort. Now at this point of the road the foot-path is bounded by a row of elms; and behind these again is a dilapidated fence; and as the puma, with its silent footfall, and its deep-grooved, feline eyes warily ob-

serving him, approached, it showed a disposition to sidle off between the trees and the fence. He let it, and welcome; it was none of his business to stop it; he was not armed even with a stick. He remained standing in the middle of the highway. The fawn-colored, velvet-footed creature skulked in by the fence, pursuing its stealthy course; he was content to let it go.

And then something like fire seemed to flash through his brain: he suddenly thought of Nan. Like a coward he had let the beast go by: Nan would be coming along; she would be terrified, would hesitate, and retreat, inviting attack; and what then? From that moment this man knew neither what he did nor what was happening to him. He was governed by the one determination, that so long as the breath of life remained within his body, he would dispute the way to Crowhurst with this animal that had just passed; there should be no danger for Nan, when she came out, trusting to his protection of her. He ran along the road; he could see the tawny creature making its way between the elms and the fence; as he approached it obliquely, it turned slightly to regard him; and therewith he threw himself upon it, with both hands gripped into its neck, trying to pin the round bullet head to the ground. He had no wish to hurt the brute, or he might have hammered it between the eyes with his fist; there was but the one thought in his mind: "No, you cannot go that way. Any other way you are free to go, but not that way. So long as I can pinion you down, I will take care that Nan is safe."

And now a fierce and appalling struggle had begun—a struggle that at the very outset had nearly ended ill for Nan's father, for the loose fat folds of skin on the animal's neck yielded somewhat, and with a powerful backward jerk it had nearly wrenched itself free. Nearly but not quite: nay, Summers managed to better his grip, getting one hand well into the windpipe; and this resolute grip he stuck to, though the convulsive contortions and writhings of the beast's body were terrible to withstand. There was not a sound—neither a roar nor a groan; but the long tail of the creature curved and curled in fury, the strong bristles from its gray muzzle stood out erect and stiff, and each round ball of a foot that had formerly been as velvet, now showed a gaping semicircle of angry claws, as it tore and wrenched and fought. How long could such a contest last?—this powerful brute was so sinuous and slippery!—the odor of its breath was so overwhelmingly fetid! He thought he heard a sound of wheels; but he could not reason, or even hope. He hung on to his viselike grip despite the deep-lacerating claws. Then there were voices near him —human voices; but he did not turn, nor even think; his fingers kept their merciless indentation in the straining and twisting neck; it was with a mighty grasp that Nan's bull-dog held on to his—or rather her—enemy. And then—then something went wrong; he seemed to choke and gasp with pain; and if he had any consciousness at all, it was of some vague desire to say, "Good-by, Nan —good-by—good-by"—and after that he knew nothing.

"Are you better, sir?"

This was the first sound that reached his ears, after a vacant space of swoon: he opened his eyes—and instinctively put his hand up to his heart.

"Yes, yes," he said, with difficulty. Then he anxiously glanced along the road. "I shall be all right in a minute. There'll be some one here directly—she must not be told—she must not be frightened—"

"If you would get into the dog-cart, sir," the man said, "I will drive you down to Henley, and you could see a surgeon— I'm very sorry—"

"No, no!" said Summers, impatiently —though he seemed to gasp somehow in his breathing. He struggled to his feet, with friendly assistance. Out there, as he could see, in the highway was the proffered dog-cart; and near to the horse's head stood two men, each of whom held a thong of the leash that secured the puma, while one of them had a heavy dog-whip in his hand. "Why don't you take the beast away?" Nan's father continued, with another anxious glance along the road. "My daughter will be here directly—she must not understand anything of what has happened. Why don't you go away?"

"I don't like to leave you, sir," the man said. "You see we've got the puma safe enough—much obliged to you, sir—don't know what might ha' happened—for he's a nasty one when his temper's riz—"

"But why don't you go away?" Summers said, imploringly. "For Heaven's sake, man, go away—only go away! That's all I ask of you. Leave me to myself. I'm all right."

With evident reluctance the man retired a step or two; and Mr. Summers, after some feeble attempt at smoothing his clothes, that had got considerably dishevelled in the struggle, set out to walk back to Crowhurst, slowly and carefully, and with a curiously preoccupied look on his downcast face, almost as if he were listening. But as soon as he saw Nan coming along, he pulled himself together, he straightened himself up, he endeavored to appear quite unconcerned; and his left arm, that was still running warm with blood, he hid as he best could.

"Are you going to scold me, Dodo?" she called to him. "Have I kept you waiting too long?"

"Oh, no," he said, as she came up. "But—but I am going back to the house for a minute—I have forgotten my watch."

At the same moment she noticed the strange grayness of his complexion, and also the disarray of his dress, which with him was a most unwonted thing.

"What is it, Dodo? What has happened?" she cried.

"Nothing, Nan, nothing—"

But now her eye caught sight of certain dark spots on the ground; moved by a sudden wild suspicion and fear she passed quickly to his side, to the half-concealed arm; and then, when she saw the torn and rent coat sleeve, and the blood flowing freely over his hand, she uttered a piteous little cry—more of compassion, perhaps, than of absolute terror.

"I tell you it is nothing, Nan," he said. "A mere scratch—it was the branch of a thorn."

She knew better than that, but she was not going to bother him with questions. For she also had some little bit of nerve. Not one word did she utter as she walked by his side along to the gate; she merely listened to his grave assurances that there was nothing to be alarmed about; and if her lips were a trifle pale and resolved, she showed no other sign of emotion. They reached the house.

"Nan," he said, "you might go and tell old John I want him for a second."

"No," she answered him.

"But he must help me off with my coat."

"I can do that," she said, calmly.

She went up with him to his room; she took off his coat and waistcoat; with a pair of scissors she cut away the crimsoned shirt sleeve—the sight of the streaming blood in no wise seeming to shock or deter her; and in an incredibly short time she had everything ready—basin, water, sponge, towels, and a handful of bandages brought from her ambulance chest.

"I wouldn't hurry, Nan," said he, gently. "I wouldn't hurry at all. You see, I had a little bit of a spasm—a trifling thing; but perhaps it was the running of the blood made the heart work again and brought me back to my senses. I'm not much of a doctor; but there may be something in that; and in any case why should you trouble? This kind of thing is not for you at all. I wish you would tie a silk handkerchief round my arm; and I will lie down for a while; and you can send old John into Henley for a doctor to come out; and you can go into the garden and amuse yourself."

"Yes, I am likely to go and amuse myself in the garden while you are like this," she answered him; and therewithal she proceeded—not unskilfully either, for some smattering of ambulance instruction had been included in her curriculum at the vicarage—to stanch and dress those ragged flesh wounds, and bind them with cool wet bandages. And then she fetched him his dressing-gown, and helped him to put it on; and she improvised a sling out of her feather boa, and hung that round his neck, and placed his arm in it; and then she got him to lie down on the couch by the window, hoping he would in time fall asleep—for he seemed somewhat faint through loss of blood—while the surgeon was being brought out from Henley. Her father quite surrendered himself into her hands.

"I did not know they were such practical people at the vicarage," said he.

And it was not to old John the gardener, nor yet to the small groom, that Nan intrusted the duty of summoning out the doctor with all possible speed; she knew one who was fleeter of foot than either of them—and that was herself; and presently she was on the highway again, making for Henley at a fine pace, rendered possible to her by her light step and lissome figure. Yet she had not gone very far when she met a dog-cart, driven by a man who appeared to be in

no great haste, for his horse was walking; and without a moment's hesitation she went up to this man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but would you be so kind as to drive me in to Henley? I want to fetch a surgeon."

The man regarded her with some curiosity.

"I don't know, miss, but it may be as you belong to the gentleman that was hurt nigh by here, about half an hour ago—"

"I am his daughter!" she exclaimed.

"There, now!" he said. "And the gentleman he would send me away; but I wasn't easy in my mind—no, I wasn't easy in my mind; and I thought I'd come back, and see if there wasn't anybody about, that I might ask about him. And I hope, miss, the gentleman isn't badly hurt—"

"But will you drive me in to Henley at once, please—will you be so kind?" Nan interposed, urgently.

"That I will," said he, shifting the reins to his right hand, and giving her his left to help her up. And then he turned the horse, and sent him forward towards the town.

"What was it that happened to my father?" she demanded.

"Why, did he not tell you about the puma?" the man said, in surprise.

"He told me nothing. I suppose he thought I might be frightened. But I am not so easily frightened. Tell me what happened."

Thereupon as far as he knew it, he gave her a complete narrative—of the escape of the puma; of their pursuit; of the terrible struggle that must have taken place on the pathway; and of their arrival just in time to pinion the beast, at the moment that her father appeared to be attacked by some fit. To Nan the whole story was as clear as daylight. It was to save her from possible harm that her father had engaged in this deadly wrestle; he knew she was coming along the road; single-handed he had striven with and held his own against that dangerous brute. She understood: she could see it all. The man beside her went on to tell her of the various pumas of which he had had experience, some of them docile, others of them savage, but all of them of extraordinary suppleness and agility; and he had no words to express his admiration of the splendid strength and courage of the gentleman who had waged that grim fight. But it was not of her father's great physical powers that Nan was thinking: rather it was of a certain weakness of the heart which, as he had been warned, might at any moment develop alarming symptoms. Yet, as this last incident once more demonstrated, he seemed to have no thought of himself, no regard for himself, wherever she was concerned. She heard no more about pumas, tame or savage. She was stealthily crying.

The doctor returned with Nan to Crowhurst; Mr. Summers—much against his will, for he wished to make light of this affair—was transformed into an invalid; Nan, as self-appointed nurse, received ample and minute instructions; and these she proceeded to carry out with an assiduous, and affectionate, and scrupulous diligence. Nevertheless she was not satisfied.

"Dodo," she said on the following day, "will you let me telegraph to Mr. Erridge to come and see you?"

"But why, Nan—but why?" he asked.

"It would cheer you up a bit, and keep you amused," she said. "I'm afraid I only tire you. Mr. Erridge knows about so many things that interest you, and he can go on talking—"

"I don't want talking, Nan," he answered her. "I would rather play a game of draughts with you than talk an evening long with Dick Erridge. But what would content me best of all would be for you to go oftener out into the garden, or along the road for a walk: you're not used to be constantly in-doors. I can get on well enough with a book or a newspaper—"

"And I know what would happen," she said, promptly. "You would put the newspaper down. You would lie and think. And it's about me you would be thinking; and you would grow anxious and disturbed—the very thing the doctor said must be avoided—"

"Well, indeed I have been thinking about you, Nan," he said, slowly. "Especially since yesterday. Supposing, yesterday, I had not come to my senses again—"

"Dodo, I will not have you talk like that!" she protested, as she had protested before.

"But I must talk like that," he said, gravely and gently. "I must talk like

that. Well, in such a case how would you be situated? You are too young to live in this house alone. And even if Miss Deyncourt came to live with you, you would be still quite uncertain as to the future. Can you wonder if that makes me anxious? Of course I don't particularly wish to see you married—not now—not at this moment; but I should like to know, especially after what happened yesterday, that there was some understanding that your future was all safe and secure. And that, Nan," he added, regarding her, "is why I should be glad to see Dick Erridge, if you care to telegraph to him."

Her face flushed crimson; and she was silent. He also remained silent.

"We have come to *King Henry V.*," she said, presently. "You remember, Dodo, the last play left off at the point where poor old Falstaff is sent into disgrace. Shall I go on?"

"But about Dick Erridge?" he said.

There was a moment of hesitation.

"May I send the telegram in your name?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"Then I will write out the message."

"And there's another thing I have been thinking over, Nan," he continued. "I wanted to speak to you about Mr. Hume."

And again she was silent; but the fingers touching the open page before her trembled a little.

"You remember, when you left the vicarage to come here, I told you you would have to make up your own little set of friends and acquaintances, just as there might be the opportunity; of course there are not many chances in such an out-of-the-world place as this. But there's Dick Erridge, now—he's all right—his people would be friendly enough—Dick's all right. As for Mr. Hume, I'm afraid we have made a mistake, Nan, and that's the fact. I gathered as much on the day we drove from Wantage; he told us a good deal about himself and his family that day; and I have been thinking over it. Nan, it won't do. His people are not our people. They have a different place in the world altogether. And it might in time come to be an introduction to his relatives; and I don't want to have you subjected to any snub. I am too proud for that. I don't complain of people having prejudices; it is only natural; but I would rather turn to the people who have no such prejudices—people like Dick Erridge and his family, people like that. I don't say anything against Mr. Hume himself; not at all; he seems to me modest, and gentlemanly, and well-meaning; but young men make mistakes; and I think he made a mistake in becoming acquainted with us; and that we have made a mistake too in continuing the acquaintance; and that there is only the one way out—to let it end, now. Do you quite understand me, Nan? Is it quite clear to you?"

"Yes, Dodo," she said, in a low voice.

It was quite clear to her. And perhaps that was the reason why, when Sidney Hume called that afternoon and was shown into the drawing-room, the maid-servant returned with the message that Mr. Summers had met with an accident, and that Miss Summers was in constant attendance on him: they begged the visitor to excuse them. And again, when he called the next morning, anxious to offer any possible help, there was the same message, with the assurance that Mr. Summers was doing very well. And yet again, when he went out in the afternoon, moved by some desperate desire to see her if but for a moment, to hear her voice—to convince himself that those dear eyes were not over-troubled by this misfortune—he was once more refused. He went away thinking she might have vouchsafed him a single word, a single glance.

And when he returned to Henley there was a letter from his mother, filled with half-amused, half-angry reproaches. Was he never to have done with those wandering actors?—had he lost himself in India or Asia Minor two thousand years ago? At all events, she said, Lady Helen and she were coming down for the Henley week. It would be too absurd for each of them to have a river-side house at Henley and be absent from the regatta. And if the Monks-Hattons did not care to entertain, "dearest Helen" could at least give her friends tea on the lawn. Plenty of friends, Mrs. Hume added, she would have on that busy occasion, even if a certain young man had not returned from his exploration of the ghostly Hellenistic world; but perhaps by that time he would have become alive to the fact that two lone women, when they proposed to pay a few visits among the house-boats, might

prefer to be taken about by one whom they knew rather than throw themselves on the mercy of a waterman. She wound up by hinting that, after the Henley week, Lady Helen might not care to return to town; in which case she, the writer, would of course resume occupation of Lilac Lodge.

So both of them were coming down, and that almost directly? But something had happened since he had seen them last —something sufficiently momentous: he had not been, as they seemed to imagine, loitering all his time away in the phantom company of those Greek strolling players.

Chapter XII.

"Let the sweet heavens endure."

Yes; Henley was waking up out of its old-world drowsiness. On the river the course for the regatta was being staked out with white poles; under the tall poplars workmen were hammering at a stand; small red flags caught the eye here and there amongst the green; now and again a practising eight would come swinging along, their blue-tipped oars hitting the surface into silver, their coach, riding along the towpath, bawling at them his criticisms and commands. Sometimes there would be as many as six, perchance even seven, spectators on the bridge, their elbows at right angles on the parapet; the telegraph-boy would be seen making for the Angel, or the Royal, or Red Lion, with a brown envelope in his hand; the two or three cab-drivers at the station, when a train came in, aroused themselves from their dark and mysterious reverie, and tried to look as if they half expected a fare. Then all around the landscape was at its brightest and freshest — the densely foliaged heights, the shimmering stream, the wide meadows showing their luminous tints in our cool English sunshine; while the gardens were now a blaze of roses, and scarlet geraniums, and luxuriant honeysuckle. It seemed as though Henley would be worth a casual glance, when London came down.

But neither with these busy preparations nor with the basking landscape was Sidney in any manner concerned; his thoughts were away inland among the whispering beech woods. Distracting thoughts they were—conjectures—vacillations: he did not know what to make of the repeated refusals he had encountered on his visits to Crowhurst; he began to ask himself whether they meant that the door there was shut on him forever. Then one morning, when these conflicting anxieties and hesitations had given way to an overpowering determination that he must, at whatever cost, have speech of Nan herself—on this particular morning he was startled to perceive Dick Erridge driving across Henley bridge. There could not be the slightest doubt whither the gayly dressed young man was bound; he only stopped at the Red Lion to have a chat and "a drink"; then he drove on again. And in spite of his calmer reason, some strangely disquieting fancies began to occupy Sidney's mind. Would Dick Erridge be granted admission where he had been denied? Well, why not? He was an old friend—of Mr. Summers's, at least. Would Nan come down to the drawing-room to see him, instead of sending him a message? And yet again, why not? She was bound to be civil to him, as an old acquaintance of her father's; she might even have to ask him to stay to lunch, while the horses were being rested; and these two might be compelled, in the existing circumstances, to have luncheon by themselves, in the cool small dining-room, with the shaded open windows, and the vivid glimpses of flowers. That was an abhorrent suggestion; and his brows grew dark over it. Not that he feared in Dick Erridge a possibly successful rival; he could not insult Nan by any such supposition; Nan, with her clear, shrewd eyes, her swift perceptions, and sunny laughter, was quite capable of forming her own estimate of the music-hallish youth. But he would not have him even go near her; it was a degradation; that these two should sit at table together by themselves was a monstrous thing; and no doubt he would do his best to entertain her with his "shallow wit." This was not at all jealous anger—Sidney assured himself—that filled his heart and seemed to blacken out the very sunlight from the day around him; but, if not, it was a remarkably good imitation of it; and in the end —after varying moods of indecision, of vague apprehension, and indignant self-reproach—he got his hat and started off to find out definitely for himself whether Dick Erridge had been received at Crowhurst.

There was little difficulty about that. Erridge was almost certain to return by the Fair Mile; for although there is the other highway terminating in Gravel Hill, it is exceedingly steep as it descends into the town, and Dick was not likely to run the risk of having his leader turn round in the middle of the road and ask him what he meant. So Sidney walked away out by the noble avenue of elms, that were now swaying and rustling in the summer breeze with a sound as of waves on some distant shore; and he kept looking along the broad lilac-hued highway between the strips of green common that at any moment might become a more living picture by the appearance of tandem horses, and a tall dog-cart, and a smartly dressed young man. But the longer he walked the more he became assured that Dick had not driven out to Crowhurst merely to make inquiries and leave a card; other vehicles came along the Fair Mile, but not the tall dog-cart; and by the time he struck off at the Traveller's Rest, to make his way into the higher country, he knew that the visitor had been received and was now doubtless being entertained.

And yet he wandered on, though the fresh-scented morning afforded him no kind of interest or delight. The soft country sounds—the far-off bleating of sheep, the flute-note of the cuckoo among the woods, the trilling of the larks unseen in the silver skies, the hollow footfalls of a horse trotting along some dusty highway—were but as a mockery of the feverish turmoil within his breast. He looked at the straggling hedges, with their stars of rose-pink, and cream-white, and blue; and it seemed as if she had forsaken them and gone away. And what immeasurable and hopeless distance—what impassable silent gulf—was this that appeared to separate him from her?—though every step was taking him, inadvertently or not, so much the nearer to the secluded house beyond the murmuring beeches.

Of course, if he had thought of the matter at all, he might have considered himself quite safe in adventuring into this neighborhood; for both Nan and her father would be occupied with their newly arrived guest. He ran no risk; this empty world was all his own: he could wander whither he pleased. And so it was, in aimlessly ascending these lonely heights, when he caught a glimpse of a girl's figure disappearing into a lane leading at right angles from the highway he was following, he asked himself in amazement if that could possibly be Nan. How could it be Nan? The figure that had thus suddenly vanished was alone, and going in the opposite direction from Crowhurst; whereas surely Nan would be busy in-doors? Nevertheless, he hastened his steps, marvelling if some miracle had befallen. For one thing, he knew that the unfrequented path along the top of the ridge, between the tall hedges, was a favorite resort of Nan's: it was high up above the rest of the landscape; it commanded spacious views; and it was lonely. But if by some wild possibility this could be she, what had become of Dick Erridge and her father? and on what errand could she be bent?

A minute or two brought him to the parting of the ways; and here no one was visible, through the twisting of this secluded thoroughfare; but he had no sooner hastened along to the first turning than he saw that this was indeed no other than Nan—some distance ahead of him—and walking slowly. He could have overtaken her almost at once; but he hung back somehow. Perhaps there was something of profanation in his intruding upon her solitude; perhaps the issues at stake were to him so tremendous that he did not care to imperil them by any rashness. She was not escaping from him. Instead of her usual free and light and eager step, her pace was slow and dilatory; her head was slightly bent down, as if she was thinking over something; she paid little heed to what was around her. Again and again he was on the point of going rapidly forward; and then he feared he might alarm her; would it not be simpler and more reassuring to her if he met her when she turned to come back? For it was clear she was not bent on any definite errand.

Then by-and-by she turned aside from the middle of the highway and went up to a gate that bridged across a gap in the hedge. This gate opened into a wide field of wheat—the slowly moving glaucous-green showing here and there a sprinkling of scarlet poppies; and beyond that again was a valley; and beyond the valley a series of partly wooded heights rising and receding into the far horizon, with one solitary pale red man-

sion set among the soft green of the trees. And perhaps it was merely to look in absent mood across this stretch of country that she stood at the gate, her hands idly placed on the top bar; yet even now he would not interrupt; it would startle her less if she met him on her return.

But what presently happened was nearly scattering all this anxious consideration of his to the winds. Of a sudden she crossed her hands that were on the top bar of the gate; she bent down her head over them, so that her face was hidden, while the slim, girlish figure seemed to be shaken by a violent fit of weeping. What could this mystery mean? Nan the light-hearted—the smiling-eyed—who had always appeared to him the very embodiment of all the gay and happy and radiant things of summer: how should she be overtaken by such a storm of grief? This revelation terrified him; he did not go forward to her, as had been his first quick impulse; nay, he would almost sooner have retreated, and left her with her secret. But that break-down on the part of the girl was only momentary. She raised her head; dried her eyes; and set out on her walk again—this time with a more decided step. She went on until she came to another parting of the roads; and then, as if this was the distance she had undertaken to complete, she turned, and set out for home again. Sidney was awaiting her, between the tall hedges.

As she drew near, having observed him, she was obviously constrained and embarrassed; her eyes were downcast: perhaps she would rather have gone by without a word? But she answered his inquiries with regard to her father: Mr. Summers was getting on very well, though he was not allowed to move about much. Then, possibly to make excuse for her having left her patient, she explained that a friend had just come to spend the day at Crowhurst; and that her father had at once seized this opportunity to send her for a walk. And then she held out her hand timidly, and said,

"Good-by!"

But he refused to see the furtively extended hand.

"Oh, no, we cannot part like that," said he, pleadingly, "because—because I have something to say to you—I must speak—there is something I must tell you—"

She trembled a little; her eyes were still averted; yet she did not seek to interrupt him, or to move away.

"Do you remember the first time I saw you?" he went on. "The very first time—at the gate of St. Mary's Church—"

All the white roses of her face grew pink, but she did not answer.

"Do you remember?" he said. "The children had been strewing flowers—you turned—and I saw you then for the first time. I met your eyes for a moment—when you hardly expected any one. Do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember," she said, in a low voice.

"Well, ever since that moment I have loved you. Nan—I have loved you—night and day thinking of you; and sometimes it seemed impossible to me that your heart could ever turn to me—it seemed far too much to hope for; and then again I tried to read things in your look—just a guess it was now and again—and I did not despair so much."

And now he had hold of both her hands; and she did not withdraw them: some indefinable glamour of his presence seemed to be round her like a cloud, compelling her to remain.

"Nan, have you no word for me?" he said. "I offer you the whole love of my life: have you no word for me?"

The trembling fingers that he held so tight made no resistance; nay, she raised her face to his—and never had he so thrilled to the fascination of that fresh young loveliness; while all the answer he demanded was in her half-joyful, half-tearful eyes. He stooped his head: their lips met. A first kiss! and all the world appeared to fall away from around them; and they were by themselves in a new universe; alone in some seventh heaven of exaltation—some hitherto undiscovered sphere that seemed all palpitating with wonder, and entrancement, and an aching over-joy of transport and commingling self-surrender.

"But you have not told me yet, Nan," said he, with one arm drawing her close to him, while with the other hand he pushed back the loose waifs and curls of golden-brown hair that the wind had blown about her ears.

"I am with you, Sidney—I am here with you," she said—as though that were surely sufficient. And she called him "Sidney" as if by some happy and easy and natural instinct: perhaps it was as

"Sidney" that she had been thinking of him, in her mute maiden reveries.

"And do you know what you have done, Nan?" he said. "Do you know that you have given me all this wonderful treasure that I am holding—all these beautiful things become mine—your beautiful forehead, and all this beautiful hair, and the dear eyes—well, I think they told me something before you would. For you haven't told me even yet, Nan—you haven't said anything."

"But I am with you, Sidney: what more?" she made answer, as if she shrank from putting into definite words the confession his ears hungered to hear. "And only a little while ago, a few minutes ago, I was thinking I should never see you again."

"Was that when you were at the gate, Nan?" he asked, gently.

She looked up.

"Yes, I saw you," he continued. "I saw you were unhappy, and I did not like to intrude on you. I waited. I waited—but I did not dream that all this strange thing was so near—this great happiness to become mine—that is—that is, if you love me, Nan."

Another challenge it was: so impatient, and eager, and anxious he was for her shy avowal. She refused no longer.

"I love you, Sidney," she said, in a voice almost inaudible, even here amid the slumbering silence of the woods and the fields.

He kissed her forehead and her eyes; he kissed her hands; he did not know how to show his pride and his gratitude. Of what avail was speech, in shadowing forth ineffable things? To live was enough, with every succeeding moment filled to overflowing with the wild rapture of possession — the beautiful head, "sunning over with curls," clasped close to his bosom—her heart-throbs answering his own.

And then she withdrew herself from his embrace — he would not have her go —she must go — he besought her to remain—her eyes told him how willingly she would have staid.

And then again she looked around, at those luxuriant hedges where the bees were drowsily humming and the butterflies fluttering and alighting and fluttering on again, from pink to blue, from blue to crimson, from crimson to golden yellow.

"I should like to give you a white wild rose, Sidney," she said, "if we could find one."

"Will you, Nan?" said he—as if she had promised him all the jewelled splendors of the East.

They searched about—led astray frequently by the pale bells of the bindweed—but they could find no wild-rose bush up on these heights.

"Never mind," said she. "I know where to find them, in the afternoon, when Mr. Erridge has gone; and I will get a messenger and send you one."

"But may I not come up for it, Nan, in the evening?" said he. "You know, you cannot turn me away from Crowhurst any more. I claim you now. You belong to me."

"Oh, no, indeed, Sidney, no, indeed," she said, earnestly. "You must not think that. I belong to my father. Poor Dodo, he thinks a great deal too much of me, and I know I am useless enough to him, but still I must be with him, until he tells me to go. As for you, Sidney, I have given you my love—is not that enough?"

"Yes, indeed it is, Nan," he answered her. "And I am not going to be so ungrateful as to ask for anything more—for the present, at least. Yes, yes; you must remain with your father—that is quite right—but you know you belong to me all the same, Nan—you are altogether mine—from every wisp and curl of that beautiful hair to the very tip of the toe of your boot. And what is more," he continued, as they set out for Crowhurst—hand in hand, like boy and girl lovers—"when you reach home now, I am going in with you, to explain everything to your father—"

"Sidney!" she protested. "With Mr. Erridge in the house!"

"Oh, as for Dick Erridge," said he, with a quite reckless generosity, "don't you make any mistake, Nan. He is a capital fellow—an excellent fellow; there's a great deal of well-intentioned honest human nature about him. I don't think anybody would be better pleased than he would if we told him our secret. And why should it be a secret at all? I should like all the world to know it!"

"But I would rather not, Sidney," she said, with shy lowering of the eyes.

And when they reached the white gate he was still for going boldly in and telling everybody—but especially Mr. Summers—of the great event that had hap-

pened; but she persuaded him to refrain; she herself would tell her father, when there was no visitor in the house, and the ways were clear. Well, he was content; he was ready to obey her in everything; his heart was far too full of joy and gratitude to enable him to question the propriety of anything she might suggest or demand. So he bade her farewell; and he would have kissed her again, but she apprehensively drew back—for this highway was more open than the secret and sacred path between the tall hedges; and presently, with his long swinging stride, he was making his way through the beech woods, not yet capable of realizing all the splendor of good fortune and happiness that had come into his life, but narrowing himself down to the white wild rose that he would look for and wait for, minute by minute, half-hour by half-hour, all through the afternoon.

Yet the afternoon had drawn on towards evening ere tidings arrived from Crowhurst; and these were brought, not by any messenger bearing a mystic love-token, but by Dick Erridge driving his tandem pair. The two young men ran across each other in Hart Street, by the church; and Dick at once pulled up.

"This time, now," said he, "are you free to dine with me—Red Lion—say the word, and I'll hand the trap over to my man—and I'll get home by rail, or I don't mind if I stay the night. You've never given me the chance before—"

Well, Sidney gave him the chance now, and right gladly: why, here was the only creature in the whole universe who could talk to him about the Summerses, who could tell him something about Nan, who had but a little while ago been in the same room with her, observant of her looks and ways and dress. And overjoyed was Dick, too, when he discovered he was at last to have an opportunity of showing that he knew what was what. He sent away the dog-cart in charge of his groom; he walked into the hotel, and seemed to take possession of the whole place; he secured a private sitting-room overlooking the river; the head waiter received his instructions, minute, elaborate, and sagacious; and then, as Dick declared, there was nothing for it but a filet d'anchois, a glass of sherry and bitters, and a stroll down to the bridge—these as an appetizer—while the banquet was being prepared. Moreover, when they did at length sit down to this meal, which was quite unnecessarily sumptuous for a warm summer evening, Dick was in good case: the host is happily situated who can talk to his guest about the one thing, out of all the things in the world, concerning which the guest most wishes to hear.

"And he wanted to hide it from her!" Dick continued, referring to the puma affair, about which he was exultingly enthusiastic. "Fancy doing a swell thing, a magnificent thing like that for any one, and then trying to hide it! But Miss Nan found out—trust her, when once she was on the scent!—she got the whole story from the menagerie fellow; and lucky it was for him, by-the-way, that no greater mischief was done. Gad, I should like to ha' seen that set-to! A puma is a kind of leopard, isn't it?—a powerful beast, no doubt; but Jim Summers's shoulders weren't given to him for nothing—"

"But why Jim?" broke in Sidney, with angry impatience. "What has the poor man done that he must be called Jim?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Dick, most humbly. "Mr. Summers, of course. Very sorry; a slip o' the tongue, that's all. And as I was saying, I'd like to have seen him pin down that beast—that was a grip—do you think there's another man in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales could have done that? But then, you see, he was driven mad by fearing there might harm come to the girl; and that's enough for Jim—for Mr. Summers: raise a finger against her—and then, by all the powers, ware hawk!"

He helped himself to the claret liberally.

"And I should like well to ha' seen that bit of a scrimmage in the Fair Mile," he went on, in the same ecstatic vein. "What a piece of luck your happening to be there! I tell you, it would just have pleased me—it would have pleased me down to the ground—to see the first navvy get that oner—by gad, he must have thought he had struck against a volcano, or a runaway mountain, or something. Brought him up rather sharp, didn't it?" he proceeded, with a chuckle of intensest satisfaction. "Like a bluebottle buzzing along—happy as a king—laughing at its own jokes—and all of a sudden it bangs its noddle against a window-pane: that's what they call bringing up sharp, don't you know! I wonder how the navvy liked it? I could ha'

warned the beggar. I'd have said to him, 'Now don't you put a hand on Ji— on Mr. Summers's daughter; you'd better not do that; it would be far wiser for you to go away, to go away altogether, and sit quietly in the shade, and make pretty rosy-posies out of daisies and buttercups. That will be a great deal wholesomer for you than trying to put a hand on Miss Anne Summers.' And he went down with a crack, did he? Lie long?"

"I did not wait to see, to tell you the truth," Sidney responded. "I dare say the other fellows lugged him along to the Traveller's Rest, and patched him together with gin."

"Couldn't do that," said Dick, with suspicious promptitude. "The Traveller's Rest has only a beer license. They must have taken him on to the Red Cross."

"It seemed to me a very scientific bit of business," Sidney observed. "I never saw two men so beautifully bowled over right and left."

"Oh, he's handy with his fists," Dick Erridge said, evasively. And then he added: "By-the-way, have you seen how Tim Mulligan is vaporing all round the shop, over there in San Francisco, with his challenge for ten thousand dollars a side? But what George Slater says is quite right. Let him come over here if he wants the match; Parkes will find the money easy enough; and England should be the headquarters—I say England should be the headquarters—the country of Gentleman Jackson, and Shaw the Life Guardsman, and Bendigo, and Ben Caunt, and Tom Sayers. Let him come over here. We'll make up a purse to any extent he likes—"

"Did you notice what a fine show of roses they have at Crowhurst now?" said Sidney, to whom San Francisco and pugilism were topics of too remote an interest. And therewith the young man, amid his eager and assiduous duties as host, brought the conversation back to this immediate neighborhood, and to Miss Anne's garden, and to her appearance, her pursuits, her affection for her father, and so on, and so on; and little did he know how sweet and grateful was the sauce he was adding to those dishes which he so earnestly recommended.

And meanwhile had the messenger—the grave old Scotch gardener? or the smart little page-boy? or a maidservant despatched on excuse of some other errand—brought down a certain inestimable treasure from the far woodland heights? Sidney grew anxious and preoccupied—protested against their lingering over the wine—proposed a cigarette out-of-doors instead. And to this Dick Erridge at once assented; he was ready for anything; he was happy; he had acquitted himself well; he knew that his little dinner had been a success.

When they went outside they found that the twilight had not yet gone from the world; the lads of the village were still seated on the parapet of the bridge, their legs dangling over the water, while they criticised the performances of the white-costumed eights that shot ghost-like through the gathering dusk. As Sidney and his companion walked idly along the river-side they came at length to Lilac Lodge; and here Sidney asked to be excused for a moment. He passed through the garden; he opened the door. On the hall table there lay a small oblong parcel—a pasteboard box apparently, neatly tied up in white paper—and addressed to himself. He knew what this contained; but he would not open it now; he would choose a more cryptic moment, when the night had come, and he was alone. But it was with a proud heart that he returned to this chance acquaintance of his; and sometimes, while he was dutifully listening to Dick's observations on mankind and their various sports and occupations, his thoughts would fly away out to the solitude of the beech woods, and inwardly he was saying: "Yes, sweetheart, I have your message—as pure, and sweet, and beautiful as yourself. And are you still wandering about in the garden, and thinking; or has the night driven you in-doors?"

Here by the river silence had not yet fallen, though the yellow gas lamps were now visible through the trees. Still there came a dull clank of oars from out of the gray shadows along the stream; and there was a crunching of footfalls on the sandy road; and remote voices, becoming indistinct. And still Dick Erridge chatted gayly on; he was pleased with himself and all the universe; he had reestablished himself; he had shown he was not the "bounder" he looked on the occasion of his calling at Lilac Lodge, dressed up in the garments of some friendly waiter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIS BAD ANGEL.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE Ingrams were on their way home, and were only waiting in London until it was time to take the steamer from Liverpool. Alice Ingram had seen Thorold's name on one of the bills that advertised the two-hundredth night of his new opera, and on the chance sent a note to the theatre asking him to call at the Albemarle the next afternoon. She had not seen him since early in the spring, in Paris, when he had seemed in a fair way of being spoiled, and the reports kind friends had given her of him since were not encouraging.

Thorold was one of the Thorolds of Salem. All of his immediate ancestors had been born in Salem, and had gone back there to be buried, but had lived in Boston and on the Continent. The family had no particular characteristics, except the invariable good looks of its members and their strong Puritanism, which they had inherited, and which had developed itself in the case of the women into something very like prudery, and which had made prigs of the men. Their discreet actions and well-regulated lives had always shown as strong a family likeness as had their fine profiles, and when "Archie" Thorold developed into a musical genius he was looked upon with suspicion as the only member of the family whose conduct before the world needed the slightest explanation.

He developed this taste very early in his life, and composed Christmas anthems and hymn tunes at the age of fifteen, at which time he was playing the organ in the Episcopal church at Salem. Later, while at Harvard, he wrote the music for the Hasty Pudding theatricals, and two of the comic songs of that production, notably "The Night that McManus went Broke," were sung all over the United States. Thorold's elder brothers did not regard this as fame, and hoped he would give up writing music of any class after leaving college; but he went off to Baireuth, and from there to Munich, from which place they heard of him occasionally as being very busy studying thorough-bass. He returned each winter, and went to dances with his sisters in a perfectly rational and charming way; but he was off again in the spring, and when next they heard of him Lady Maud Anstey's amateurs and some officers had played and sung in a cantata he had written them for a charity entertainment; and a romantic opera, called *The Crusaders*, of which he had written both score and book, was about to be produced in Paris. This met with success in London, and later in New York as well, and his family finally, on the first night of the opera's production in Boston, experienced the sensation of seeing one of their number leading an orchestra. It was a marked social as well as theatrical event, and Thorold looked very young and very much in earnest as he leaned forward and beat his bâton at the violins and scowled at the ladies of the chorus. It was after this that he wrote "The Well of Truth."

This was a love-song, and almost any one with the most indifferent voice could make others with any feeling weep or sigh as it was sung to them. When Thorold sang it himself at the Tavern Club or in drawing-rooms, without any rolling of the eyes or any show of interest save a deep scrutiny of the keys, every woman in the room felt he was singing it at her, and every man present thought that if he had that voice and a face like that he could win love honestly from any one. Young women sang "The Well of Truth" to pianos and parlor organs all over the country, and older people requested it for encores, as it seemed to bring back to them something of their youth; and even when it had been scattered abroad by street organs and rearranged to waltz time it lost nothing of its popularity, but seemed to gain in favor as it grew older and more familiar.

By the time Thorold's second opera had been produced people had grown tired of saying what a wonder it was his head was not turned, and wanted something new to say, so they said it was such a pity so nice a boy allowed himself to be spoiled, and the critics and paragraphers who had stumbled over one another in their haste to be among the first to recognize the new composer now hastened to point out that the young genius who had awakened to find himself famous had never quite recovered from the shock. Thorold had not given much weight to the papers at the first, and so did not mind their change of tone at the

last, or their hints that he was repeating himself, and that he was, after all, only a clever plagiarist, and had too retentive a memory. This had been said of better men than he. But he did mind what his friends said, for he believed that they could be actuated only by interest in his best self, and he was at that time engaged in watching his best self critically to see how well it was withstanding this sudden shock of admiration and easily given sympathy. He had a not very original theory, for which his Puritan ancestors were responsible, that the quality of his work depended on the quality of his own life, and that as he cheapened himself and took life less seriously, so his work would become less pure and strong, and would show to all the world his each easy step from grace. No one gave him credit for such theories; he, naturally, did not exploit them, and he had set his rules of life so much higher than his neighbors had found it convenient to place theirs that they could not follow him. Had he married and become the master of one household, as his brothers had done, he would have found his principles much more easy to carry out than he did in the atmosphere and society into which his work and his sudden celebrity led him. But his friends did not consider this either.

"Confound my Puritan ancestors, anyway!" he said one day to Alice Ingram. "It's all their doing. They gave me an artistic temperament and an iron-bound conscience, and expect me to decide which one of them is going to win. They won't compromise, of course."

"That's right," said Miss Ingram, relentlessly. "Put all the blame on your ancestors. Of course *you* have no responsibilities."

"Alice," Thorold protested, meekly, "don't you think a Good Angel might occasionally be sympathetic?"

"You know I don't like being called a Good Angel," Miss Ingram answered. "It sounds like such a horrid sort of a person; and, besides, you get sympathy enough from silly girls, and a lot of married women who ought to know better."

This was in Paris. Since then the world, as far as the world could judge, went very well with Archibald Thorold; but Miss Ingram, through mutual friends and from his infrequent letters, knew that a struggle was going on between the artistic temperament and the Puritan conscience, and she was very sad as to the result. It seemed to her that the very fact that the world was so ready to excuse so much in so charming and brilliant a young man for the work he had done made it all the more necessary for him to keep himself untarnished from the world, and to refuse to accept its indulgences, because they were so easily given.

It was this quality in Alice Ingram that attracted Thorold. She had appealed to him when he had first met her, just as she had appealed to many other men, through her cleverness and her remarkable beauty; but what had fascinated him the most, and what had kept him true to her in thought, if not in deed, was her unrelenting quality—the fact that she never excused a weakness in herself or in others, that she would have no compromises, and that, as he protested, she would "never let up on him" when he offered excuses. Whether it was that in the past she had broken somebody's heart, or half a dozen hearts, and was repentant, or whether some one had broken her heart and she was wise, he did not know or care. It was not her past which interested him, and his interest in her future was problematical. He would not go to her unworthily, and yet life was made so very easy for him as he was. He believed that it was this unrelenting quality which made him regard her more seriously than he did other women, and he thought that if she should ever fail him in this, her great beauty and her mind would count for nothing, and she would become to him like any other of the half-dozen women he knew best.

He was standing as she entered the room, looking out of the window, and she noticed how tired he looked and dissatisfied and pale. Generally when he met her he came towards her quickly enough, and held her hand longer than was necessary, but to-day he simply turned and nodded, and smiled oddly at her, as though he were rather more curious to see her than glad. So she walked over beside him, and they stood looking out at the carriages and hansoms on Piccadilly.

"It is very nice to see you again," she said. "It was just a chance—I saw your name in large red letters at Waterloo Station as we came in." He was regarding her intently, as though he were trying to recollect where he had seen her before.

"I didn't know whether you could come or not," she went on. "You are in such demand now, they tell me."

"Of course you know very well," he said, with that directness which was one of his most satisfactory qualities, "that I would have come whether I had had engagements or not. But I had meant not to come at first."

"Oh, you had meant not to at first!" she repeated. She sat down behind the tea things and began moving them about. He seemed to her to be laboring under a mood or some excitement, and she thought it best to give him time to develop it.

"Yes," he said, slowly and distinctly, "I thought I would not come because I did not want to introduce you to the kind of man you do not care to know."

"How tragic!" she said. "May I make you some tea?"

"I did not mean to be tragic," he went on, impassively. "It is quite true. I am not at all the man you used to know. No one can know that better than I. And I had so much liking for you—and for the man you used to know—that I thought it would be kinder to us both if I let you go home without seeing me again."

"But you did come."

"Yes, I came," he answered, after some moments' consideration, "because, I suppose, I still believe in miracles, and because I had a forlorn hope that if I could get a good strong tonic and my conscience could have an electric shock, it might begin to work again. It was just a chance. I hadn't much reason to believe it would."

She occupied herself for some little time with the cups in front of her, and said: "Of course it is very manly and brave in you to tell me this—to say, 'Here I am in a very bad way, and if you cannot help me no one can.' That makes it so pleasant for me. Of course you have no responsibility in the matter at all. It is something you cannot possibly mend. What a baby it is!"

"No," he said, doubtfully, as though he had been weighing her words and had found them wanting, "it is not the least use. It doesn't hurt me at all. It sounds like something I had learned at school. I had hoped it would. I have gone so far now, or I have gone so low, that I can quite recognize the force of all the arguments on the other side, and go the wrong way without a pang." He looked up and smiled wearily. "It is too late. I am quite hopeless."

"You are quite changed," she said, dryly.

"Changed! Thank you." He laughed unpleasantly. "That is the mildest word any one has used yet. But I've really no right to complain; the strongest things they say are quite true."

"What! *all* they say?"

"Well, if the particular stories they have told you are not true, others equally discreditable are. It's the same thing."

She rested her chin on the knuckles of her hand and studied him for some time. He looked back at her without wavering and without interest.

"I think," she said, "he has been sitting up very late at night, and has not had sleep enough; he has been playing and working too hard, and he has been taking himself too seriously. Of course," she added, with the air of one who wishes to be quite fair, "there are some things a man must go through with which we women go around."

"Thank you," Thorold said, grimly. "You are very good, but I have excuses enough. I can supply them myself."

The girl showed no sign of annoyance at this, but still regarded him thoughtfully. "The only saving clause I see," she said, "is your saying you hoped something might step in to help you. Of course, if a man wants to be saved from himself he has won half the fight, and he must win the other half too. No young woman is going to do it."

"The pathetic part of it is," he answered, "that I don't want to be helped or to be saved. I said I did, but I don't, really. I like it better as it is. And it only makes it worse to pretend to be any better than I am, and to cheat myself and my friends into thinking I am. A man is no better than what he wishes to be at his worst moment. You cannot judge him by what he happens to want to be when he is worked up to do great things and inspired by other people. I *like* to waste my time and to have no responsibilities, and I like dangling in boudoirs better than working, and I like the cheap admiration of a lot of fools better than the esteem of a few friends; and I can't, for the life of me, see why I should live a lie to them and myself, and cover up the true badness that's in me. And I am not going to any longer. If I cared to

be fine and strong, it would be natural enough and easy to be so; and if I don't care for that, it is only hypocrisy and waste of time to be anything that looks like it. I came here to-day to tell you this myself, so that there could be no longer any doubt in your mind, and I don't want you to waste any more thought or friendship on any one as unworthy of both as myself. I felt I was deceiving you, and I wanted you to know. That's why I came. I never deceived you before, and I wished you to know—I want you to be disgusted with me and to understand me just as I am. The man you knew is gone, and you—"

Miss Ingram stood up, and clasped her hands quickly in front of her. "What have I to do with it?" she said, coldly. "You are not answerable to me."

She crossed the room to the window, and then faced him again. "Listen to me, Archie," she said. "This may be a mood or a pose, or it may be that you are only run down and overworked and nervous, and are exaggerating these wickednesses you hint of." He was about to interrupt her, but she raised her hand for him to let her continue. "But you cannot afford to do it too often. It is not a pretty pose, and were I not a long-suffering lady, I would not tolerate it for a moment. It takes all the affection I have for you and all my patience not to accept you at your word, and tell my people you are not the sort of young man they should allow their daughter to see. But I think we know each other pretty well now, and I think there is more overwork and late hours in this than anything else. But you cannot keep it up too long. Bad habits are just as hard to overcome at the end as good habits, and even Balzac's twenty-five years of virtue which cannot be overcome in a day, *can* be overcome in a year. And if you *will* live in a bad atmosphere you cannot expect to be as strong and healthy as you would be if you lived in the open air. I don't think it is worse than that. You have allowed yourself to stay in a bad atmosphere which does not agree with you. Don't be afraid to run away. I have a great regard for the man who runs away. If you are wise, and the boy I know, you will pack your things to-night and sail with us to-morrow, and leave all these women and worldly young men behind you. Come and play with me on the steamer, and spend the summer with all your old friends at the old places, where no one thinks you're a great man, and where you won't see your picture in all the shop windows. That's really what you need. What do you say?" She stopped and looked at him, but he made no response, and she hurried on, as though to cover up the fact that she had failed to move him. "I can't understand some women," she cried, impatiently; "they fall in love with a man because he is good and strong, and then they at once begin to pull down the very things they most admire in him. And I cannot understand your sex either. You are such children. You make such problems and difficulties out of nothing. Why, it is as simple as animal alphabets. A is an ape, and B is a bear. That's all it is—just animal pictures. There is no question of which to choose, or there shouldn't be, for a man like you. What is the admiration of a lot of silly women to the friendship of such friends as you have, who care for the best that is in you? How can you tell me there is any question about it—or of which to choose?"

Thorold stood up smiling, and shook his head. "I tell you it is no use, Alice," he said. "I am honestly not worth it. I've given up, and I'm going my own way. All these things you say have lost their meaning. They don't reach me. It is like some one talking a language I have forgotten. You needn't think it didn't hurt at first when I saw which way I was going, but it doesn't hurt now. I like it, and do it because I like it, and I am not going to pretend I don't. I am pleasing myself entirely. Don't look at me like that. I'm not worth troubling about. I'm not worth a thought from you, Alice." He stopped, and added, sharply, "Certainly not tears."

"I'm not ashamed of my tears, if there are any in my eyes," the girl answered; "but," she added, slowly, "I should think *you* would be."

"I'm not," he said, simply. "Think of it—I'm not! That's what I've come to. And yet," he added, with a sudden exclamation, "there was a time when every word you spoke meant—"

"Stop! don't!" she said, breathlessly, and holding her hands before her; "don't! How could you?"

Thorold took a step backward and bit his lip, and so stood, with his face flush-

ing, and with his eyes bent towards the floor. Then he raised his head and smiled grimly. "That, I should think," he said, "would convince you of the truth of all I have said. I can't go much lower than that, can I?" He did not look at her again, but turned and left the room without trying to take her hand or saying good-by. When he reached the street he stepped into a hansom at the door and sank back on the cushions with a laugh. "That was my last chance," he murmured, grimly. "It has failed, and now I can go to the devil with a perfectly clear conscience." He raised the lid of the hansom with his stick. "To St. John's Wood," he said to the driver.

Miss Beatrice or "Trix" Gwynn, who lived next door to Mrs. Inness out St. John's Wood way, posed for the great artists and all of the fashionable photographers. You saw her reproduced in many paintings at the different exhibitions as a very English-looking Greek maiden, with fluffy yellow hair and round babylike eyes. She was very much of a fool. She lived in a little house shut off from the world by a big wall, and she was understood to enjoy an income from the sale of her photographs, on which income she kept a brougham. She had two very dear friends, the beautiful Mrs. Inness and Captain Cathcart, a very brave and good-natured but simple-souled gentleman and officer of the Inniskillen Dragoons.

"I can't stop, thanks," Thorold said. "I just came to see if you and Cathcart would come in to supper at my rooms to-night; and—I should be very glad if you would bring your friend Mrs. Inness with you; that is, you know, if she will not mind my not knowing her. Or I'll book you a box at the piece to-night, if you like, and I'll join you there. Perhaps that would be better, and we can make the supper an after-thought. Mrs. Inness might prefer it that way."

"Oh, Mildred won't mind," said Miss Gwynn, lazily. "She'll come if I ask her; and then, besides, she's just dotty to meet you. She told me, when I said I'd met you, that she'd rather—"

"Well, that's all right, then," Thorold interrupted, hastily. "It's very good of you to come. Tell Cathcart to ask for the box as he goes in."

There were several things Thorold had promised himself if he ever let everything go, and now that he had determined to let everything go he wanted to begin with them at once, and make going back an impossibility. Mrs. Inness was not one of the things he had promised himself, but she would serve as well as another. He had seen her often, and had heard of her, of course. She was a very beautiful woman of large, graceful figure, who looked more like an Italian, in spite of her yellow hair, than an English woman, and she carried herself so well that she should have been a duchess instead of what she was. Her husband was, or had been, an officer in India, where he had died, or where she had left him still living: no one of her acquaintances was particular enough to know or care which. She sat at Thorold's right at supper, and smiled upon him encouragingly. She was very much pleased with everything, and assured him that his *chef* was as much of a master of his art as his master was of his.

"I and my cook thank you," said Thorold, gravely.

"Mildred always goes wrong when she tries to be grand," Miss Gwynn whispered to Cathcart. "I tell her to just sit still and let them look, and not talk."

Cathcart laughed good-naturedly, and asked Thorold's servant over his shoulder to pass the lobster.

"And now," Miss Beatrice went on, wickedly, "she's telling him her anecdotes of the aristocracy. That's the way she always begins with a new man. She lays siege to him. *I* don't bother with 'em, *I* don't."

Cathcart answered with a heavy bow and a whisper, which caused the young model to wave her fork at him playfully and say, "Oh, *you*, *you* don't count."

Mrs. Inness had tried several moves; openly expressed admiration for his work did not seem to answer. Either Thorold had had a surfeit of it or wanted it more highly spiced, for he did not seem to heed it. So she adopted a politely fashionable tone, and talked of the great people of the hour and of their escapades, until she suspected from a light in Thorold's eyes that he was already intimately familiar with what had come to her at second hand, and that he knew it had come to her at second hand. So she became herself, and was bold and amusing and daring and familiar. Thorold watched her without attempting to con-

ceal his admiration, not for her, but for her beauty, which was unquestionable. It was of the imperious stamp that invited criticism because it did not fear it. He liked the curve of her neck and the way it sat upon her shoulders, and the waves of her heavy yellow hair. Her stories bored him. But it seemed to him, now that it was written that he was not to appreciate his good angels, he must make the most of his bad angels, and this one was no worse nor no better than the rest, and she was certainly wonderfully good to look at. "If you are ready," he said, "we will take the coffee in the other room." He brought it and the liqueurs in himself, and sent his man down stairs. It was a darkly furnished room, lit by candles under red shades, and strewn with furs and heavy rugs. It was part of the ideal apartments of a young Englishman, from whom Thorold rented it while the owner was off yachting, and it was filled with the relics of his former voyages and the tributes of bazars and bric-à-brac shops. There were great divans heaped with cushions, and huge leather chairs, and arms, and rows of miniatures, and blue and white saucers, and cabinets of ivory from India filled with old silver and pretty trifles from the Paris shops; and the smart dinner gowns of the women as they moved from cabinet to picture, exclaiming over the treasures of the room, gave to it just the life and color it most needed.

Cathcart sank into one of the big leather chairs, with a sigh of content. "Jolly sort of place this, Thorold," he said.

Mrs. Inness poured out some brandy for herself, but Miss Gwynn went back to the dining-room, and returned carrying the champagne in its bucket, and placed it beside her on the floor.

"This is Liberty Hall, is it not?" she said. "I fancied so. You'd better tell your man to have some more of this ready. The captain and I like it."

When Thorold returned, Mrs. Inness was at the piano playing the *pas de quatre* from the Gaiety, and Miss Gwynn was holding her skirts daintily and dancing in the centre of the room. Cathcart laughed from the recesses of the big chair.

"I tell her it's a shame she doesn't go on the stage, Thorold. She can dance as well as Lind or Sylvia Grey now, and she's only had five lessons."

Mrs. Inness rose from the piano in apparent confusion. "I don't know what Mr. Thorold will think of our taking possession in this way," she exclaimed.

"Oh, don't stop," said the American. "It's very pretty."

But the woman refused. She confessed to an awe of her host which she could not explain, and which troubled her in consequence. She could not understand him.

Thorold rolled up some of the rugs, leaving a bare place on the floor, and sitting down before the piano, began a Spanish bolero, to which the model danced, after a moment's hesitation, with a pretty recklessness that left her panting, and called out a round of applause.

"That was very good indeed," Thorold said.

"It makes me dry," the girl answered. "Did you see about that champagne?"

She went over to one of the little Turkish tables and took a cigarette from a box and lit it, blowing the smoke away with a laugh of content. Thorold handed the box to Mrs. Inness, but she shook her head.

"Oh, go on, Mildred. Don't be stiff," said Miss Gwynn. "We're all friends here."

"Yes, Mrs. Inness," Thorold repeated, "we're all friends here."

He smiled grimly at this as he walked back into the dining-room for the champagne. He was distinctly conscious that he was not having a good time. He argued that this was so because the impressions of the afternoon still hung upon him, and that when they had worn away he would be in a more appreciative mood. He congratulated himself that there would be no more such scenes in the future. Still, he was annoyed that his guests, whom he himself had selected, should enjoy themselves and that he should not. He assured himself that it was not the twenty-five years of virtue that was asserting itself, but that it was simply because the people were vulgar, that they were unattractive. He paused for a moment in the darkened room with the bottle in his hand, trying to analyze what it was that was wrong in him. From the other room, beyond the portière, came the pop of a soda-water bottle, and Miss Gwynn's shrill laugh and Cathcart's comfortable bass. They seemed to be making themselves very much at home.

"What a prig I am!" Thorold said, impatiently. He decided swiftly that he was much too superior a person, and that if he meant to enjoy his new freedom he

must crush the rising protests of past tastes and traditions and give himself to the present. He came into the room smiling.

"Sing us something, Miss Gwynn," he said.

Miss Gwynn demurred, shyly. "I wouldn't dare before you," she said; and then, to show how little she meant this, she sat down and ran her fingers over the keys of the piano. "I'll sing you something of Evette Guilbert's," she said, over her shoulder. "My French is beastly, but I have to sing them in French, so that Cathcart won't understand."

"Oh, don't, Trix," said Mrs. Inness. "They're so low."

Thorold caught himself smiling at this, and to find that Mrs. Inness had her own ideas of propriety. Then he corrected himself mentally for still criticising and posing as a superior being. He was sick and disgusted with it all and with himself. The girl at the piano was singing with none of Guilbert's innocence of manner, but was giving each line its full meaning. Mrs. Inness laughed, and looked consciously at the floor; Cathcart approved doubtfully, and suggested as a compromise a song from the music halls.

"No," said Miss Gwynn; "I've been funny long enough. Let Thorold play something. I want to be audience now."

"Oh, *do*, Mr. Thorold," said Mrs. Inness, effusively.

"Play us a lot of things," said the model —"the things you play to the swells."

Cathcart scrambled out of the armchair. "I say, Thorold," he said, "if you wouldn't mind, I'd like it awfully if you'd sing that 'Well of Truth.' I'd like to hear you do it yourself. I'd like to say I'd heard you."

Every instinct and taste of which Thorold was possessed was offended and rose in rebellion as they spoke to him. He hated them, and he hated himself for having brought them to this room. The wickedness of Mayfair and not of Bohemia, he determined, would be his dissipation in the future. He could at least choose his associates, as heretofore, and he was not unmindful that there were those of his own class a little more wicked than Mrs. Inness, if not so beautiful. "What a child I am!" he exclaimed. He reiterated to himself that he had chosen his own way. The best and strongest help for good that had ever come into his life had failed, had ceased to move him that very day, and he determined that what he needed now was to make going back, or the thought of going back, an impossibility.

And then there came to him an inspiration. In the three months in which the Puritan conscience and the artistic temperament had been struggling for the mastery he had written and composed the music for a song. He called it "The Days that are Gone." The song was the expression of all that had been going on in his mind; it meant to him the story of what he had gone through, and through which he was still going—all that he had lost, all his doubts, and regret for what was lost. He had not sung it to any one. He had even locked the doors when he sang it alone; for it had been written when he was feeling more deeply than he had ever felt before, and he guarded it for that reason, even while his artistic judgment assured him that it was, as a work of art, the strongest thing he had ever written. It seemed to him now that if he could bring himself to sing that song to these people he would shame the best that was in him and the best that had ever come from him, that he would mock the thing that meant most to him, and that if he cast it before these swine no other sentiment or principle or tradition of his life could lay claim to recognition. He turned impulsively towards his guests, smiling strangely.

"I want you to hear a new song I've written. It's not a funny song; it's rather the other way. It's about some one, a man or a woman, who— However, I'll sing it, and then you'll know what it's about. I'll sing you some funny ones after I have finished it."

There was a murmur of delighted interest, and a rustle of silks as the women settled themselves to listen.

"Wait till I get a light, will you?" said Cathcart. He reached out of the recesses of the chair, and leaning forward to one of the little tables, struck a match.

Thorold placed his own cigar carefully on the glass rim of one of the candles beside the music-rack, and as he waited, turned a smiling countenance upon his audience. The soldier's red-bronzed face was showing in the light of the flaring wax; it was content, and marked with pleasurable anticipation. On the floor at his side Miss Gwynn had thrown one of the cushions, and had seated herself upon

it, leaning her head against the arm of Cathcart's chair. She smiled up brightly at Thorold as he looked at her, and posed herself in an attitude that might have been titled "Expectancy" or "Waiting," as though she felt the eye of the artist or of the camera upon her. In the centre of the room Mrs. Inness sat, or rather reclined, on the broad arm of one of the big leather chairs, leaning back, with one bare arm thrown behind her head, and with the other holding a glass which she rested lightly on her knee. Her attitude showed her figure and almost every line of her body, from the point of her slippered toe, with which she tapped the floor, to the top of her well-poised head. It was a graceful, indolent, and obviously meditated pose, which Thorold observed with cynical approval. The woman, catching his eye, raised the glass from her knee, and bent her head gracefully, smiling as she did so with half-closed eyes. Thorold laughed shortly, and struck the opening chord of his song. The words could have been sung by either a man or a woman. It began by telling of the days of the past, the days that were gone; and the accompaniment suggested the brightness of sunshine and of running streams and rustling leaves, of the "lost Eden of our innocence" and of sweet content; then it merged suddenly into braver and more powerful strains as the words spoke of ambitions and hopes and of great deeds for the life in the future.

Thorold had a very good voice, full of dramatic feeling and power, and every word he sang came to the listener's ear bearing its proper emphasis as sharp and sure as the lines of an actor's soliloquy.

He began contemptuously, but the artist in him made it impossible for him to do aught else but sing the song well. The music changed to low mutterings, and the words told of doubts and trouble, and then broke out into passionate regret and agony of spirit. One could almost see the beads of sweat upon the face of the suppliant. It was a cry for peace and rest, and return to the quiet streams and gentle shade. Thorold had forgotten himself and his audience. His voice rose and met the rising wail of the music; it told of wasted days, of unresting and feverish searchings for happiness and relief from thought, of the sting of dead desires, and of the mockery of pleasure. The music grew in volume, and filled the room with a great cry of mourning, eerie, awful, and despairing. Hopelessness and remorse were the meaning of the music and of the words—the impotent cry for the days that could not come again, the futile regret for the chances that had passed and that had not been taken; and then the voice of the singer sank and died away with one low deep cry, as though despairing of succor or relief, without faith and without hope, and the music running on ended in a wild crash that sounded like the laughter of those already lost, mocking at those just fallen. The room was strangely silent.

Thorold reached for his cigar and relit it at the candle. He puffed it back into a flame again, and then, as no one moved, turned quickly towards his guests. Cathcart sat just as he had last noticed him, leaning forward with the half-burnt match still in his hand. He had not moved. His shoulders were stooped, and he was staring out across the half-lit room with a pitiful, uncomprehending look in his eyes like that of a child in trouble. The fat fingers that held his cigar trembled on his knees.

The girl at his feet was staring up at Thorold with wide-open eyes, pleading and terrified. Her lips were quivering. And then as Thorold smiled she did the only natural thing she had ever done in her short, silly, artificial life, and turning swiftly, threw herself across Cathcart's knees and burst into a wild torrent of tears.

Thorold sprang up with an exclamation that was half anger and half apology. He turned towards the older woman of the two for some explanation, and then sank back again slowly before the piano. Mrs. Inness had not altered her position, but the meaning, languishing smile was gone, and had changed to one of frank, open-eyed amusement. She was looking at him as though she had known him for a long time in the past, but as though he had but just then disclosed himself. Her awe of him that he himself had noticed earlier in the evening had fallen from her like a cloak, and she was smiling at him familiarly and with a look of perfect understanding and equality. Thorold turned away his eyes and struck the keys resentfully. What had this woman to do with him? Mrs. Inness rose leisurely, and swept smiling across the room towards him. She leaned one bare elbow on the piano, and placed the hand of the other arm on her hip with

the arm akimbo and her head thrown back. In her right hand she held the glass, and with the forefinger of the same hand she pointed at Thorold. She was not a very tall woman, but she seemed to tower above him as he sat looking up at her, his fingers wandering over the keys. Her attitude was too easy to be graceful, and to Thorold it seemed to have a touch of menace in it and of insolence. She nodded her head at him for some little time, smiling strangely between half-closed eyelids.

"And you," she said at last, speaking slowly, and smiling with each word, "you're Archibald Thorold, are you? You're the man who wrote 'The Well of Truth,' and the oratorios, and those operas the curates go to see. What a jolly fraud you are!" She laughed easily, and touched the glass to her lips, and then pushed it away from her across the piano. "You're the man who writes the songs the little girls cry over, all about Love and the Ideal. Oh, I know! I've sung them and cried over them too. And now here you are, just like anybody else—aren't you? Just an every-day, common, ordinary *man*."

Thorold pressed heavily on the keys beneath his fingers. "I do not think, Mrs. Inness," he said, stiffly, "that I ever posed as being anything else."

"Perhaps not," the woman went on, easily. "Perhaps not. But *why* aren't you different! Why are you just like all the other Johnnies?" She rested her chin on the palm of her hand, and looked into his with frank, wide-open eyes. And yet Thorold doubted her frankness, and looked up at her uneasily.

"I don't think I understand you," he said, with severe politeness.

"Oh yes, you do," she laughed, lightly. "You *know* you're not like them. I don't mean your being a swell, but the rest of it." She turned and pointed her hand towards the corner where Cathcart sat in the semidarkness patting the girl's curls as they rested on his knee. She had sobbed herself to sleep, or was pretending to sleep, and the man was puffing softly on his cigar and looking down at her. "You see," said Mrs. Inness, "if you're able to make Cathcart look as though he had seen a ghost, and to send Beatrice Gwynn off into hysterics with remorse, you must be different from most Johnnies. And you've made me cry many a time. And I know a girl, a sick girl, down in Kent. I used to play and sing your songs to her when I was down there, and she—well!—*she* thinks you're a gilded saint."

"Drop it, will you!" Thorold cried. He half rose from the chair, but the woman touched him familiarly on the shoulder and pushed him down.

"No; you listen to me," she said. Her eyes were brilliant, and she had ceased smiling. "I want to talk to you; I've wanted to know you for a long time. Why," she said, laughing uneasily, "I've got a dozen pictures of you in my house now: I sent to the States for them. Yes, I did; and I'm no more keen about you than a lot more of other women I know. I've thought if I could meet a man like you—I mean, you know," she explained, "the sort of man I thought you were—that things would be better, or worse, for it. You see," she said, laughing unmirthfully, "you never know just who *is* counting on you in this world—do you? A chap like you has responsibilities; but you're quite right to shove them over. You have a livelier time, I fancy—don't you?—than if you bothered with them." She stopped and looked down, with her lips pressed together, and breathing heavily. "But it's hard on the others sometimes. On that sick girl I was telling you about, for instance. I guess if she knew, it would about kill *her*. And it's hard on me." Thorold's cigar was out, and the candles at either side of the piano had sunk to their sockets, and were sputtering in wavering, uncertain flashes. "That's what you did for me," the woman went on, bitterly. Her voice chilled Thorold as it came from above like the falling of cold rain upon his bare head. "I counted on you," she said. "I used to think that as long as there was one man left who believed in us we weren't so bad, that there was a chance of our getting better or our getting back. I've sung those songs of yours, and they sort of comforted me. They made me feel there was something good in me too, and I could have loved the man who made me feel that, the man who wrote those songs, if I had met him. I could have done anything for him—anything. I'd have been—different for him if he had wanted me to, and now—now I can't." Her voice had risen suddenly, but she lowered it again into a sharp fierce whisper. "I

can't. Now that I know you, I can't. I wish to God I'd never seen you. I'd rather be a fool, believing there was one man who was different—different from all the rest of you. I hate you," she whispered. "I hate you. I'd made so much of you. I counted on you so, and you're just as low as Cathcart there—lower, for he doesn't preach one thing and live another. He doesn't pretend to be any better than he is—and you, oh! you—you don't want to be as good as you are. You've fooled them all—haven't you? You've been very clever. Aren't you pleased with it? Aren't you proud?" Her voice broke with a sob, and she turned swiftly away and swept out of the room into the hall beyond.

Thorold sat quite motionless. His head was bent, and his fingers still rested on the silent keys. All he had ever said to himself, or all that others had said to him, had never come to him as had the words of this woman, whose name was "as common as the Paris road," and whom he had despised himself for admiring, even while he pitied her. He was sore, bruised, and sick, as though he had been pelted with stones and pointed at on a pillory. Outside, the birds in the Park across the street were chirping violently, and the early sun came stealing between the cracks of the blinds into the smoke-laden room.

Thorold rose stiffly and uncertainly, as though he had been sitting there a very long time, and followed her.

A tall white figure, muffled and unrecognizable, confronted him in the gray half-light of the hall. "Well?" she said.

Thorold went to the door and threw it open, letting in the sunlight, and giving them a strangely foreign and unfamiliar air. It was as if the night just over were far back in the past.

"Mrs. Inness," he said, "you won't understand me, I am afraid. But I want you to know that though I have disappointed you, you have helped me a great deal. I think I owe it to you to tell you this. We never know, as you say, how much we depend on others, and we can never tell from what source that help we most need will come."

"I don't understand," the woman said.

"Never mind," Thorold answered, gently. "It is something that you have helped another, is it not?"

Cathcart and the girl came into the hall, and Cathcart stepped into the street and beckoned to the line of hansoms drawn up by the railings under the overhanging branches of the Park.

"I'm sorry I made such an ass of myself, Thorold," the soldier said, "but that song of yours was a bit creepy, now, wasn't it?"

The model stretched a slim white hand out from the mass of swan's-down, and as Thorold took it in his own, she stooped and kissed his hand, and then ran down the steps, laughing, to where Cathcart stood waiting beside the hansom. Thorold helped Mrs. Inness into the next, and gave her number to the driver, but she called to him to wait. She pushed the doors away and leaned forward, gathering the cloak up about her bare throat.

"You are angry with me," she said. Her eyes were wet and pleading. "You will never forgive me. I don't know why I spoke as I did. I was a fool—because I don't want you to hate me. I want you to forgive me, and come to see me, in spite of all I said."

"There is nothing to forgive, Mrs. Inness," Thorold answered, earnestly. "I tell you, you have done me a great service. You have helped me very much."

"Oh, I know," she interrupted, impatiently. "You say that, but you are angry. Don't think of what I said. Forget it and forgive me, and come and see me."

Thorold laughed. He could not help it, for the way seemed so clear now and the world full of sunshine, as though it was beginning all over again from that morning.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but really I can't. You see, I'm leaving town. I sail for America this morning with some friends from Liverpool."

The woman sank back against the cushions, with her face hid from him in the high collar of her cloak. Thorold stood motionless upon the curb, watching the hansom as it swept away, echoing down the empty, sunlit street. When it had disappeared, he turned slowly and walked back soberly into the darkened rooms. The candles were still burning, and the empty bottles and the ashes of half-burnt cigars lay scattered over the floor and tables. Thorold opened the blinds, letting in the sunlight upon the disorder and débris of the night just over. He surveyed the room curiously, and for the last time. "And it was here," he said, gravely, "that I entertained an angel unawares."



HOPELESSNESS AND REMORSE WERE THE MEANING OF THE MUSIC.

POLYEUCT AND PAULINE.

BY E. W. LATIMER.

[See Frontispiece.]

Saint Polyeuct, the first Christian martyr of Armenia, is known to modern readers mainly through Corneille's celebrated tragedy. He was beheaded by the order of his father-in-law, Felix (whom Corneille makes Governor of Armenia), in pursuance of the edict against the Christians issued by the Emperor Decius about the middle of the third century. Polyeuct never received baptism. His wife, Pauline, who vainly sought to save him from death by bringing him back to his old faith, was herself (according to the tragedy as presented by Corneille) afterward converted to Christianity, as was also her father.

I AM athirst for knowledge. I would know
All answers to the question, What is truth?
But am a new-born Christian. My life's youth
Was bred in error. Only an hour ago
I swore to Christ my sacramental vow,
And have not time to learn what to believe
About a thousand things. But wherefore grieve
For this? A moment more and I shall go
Where I may grasp all knowledge. Lord, what more
Can man require than the right to call
The Christian's God his Father? These thoughts stir
My soul within me till it seems to soar
Straight up to glory. Yet my joys would all
Be but imperfect unless shared with her!

THE DEAD LOVER.

A ROUMANIAN FOLK-SONG.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

HE whom I loved so well
Is in his long, long sleep;
Yet I lament him not,
For he told me not to weep.

More dear to him the grave
Than I could ever be;
For though I go to him,
He does not come to me.

I envy not the grave
What yesterday was mine,
But bow my head and say,
Keep him, for he is thine.

But keep not, grave, my youth,
Which cannot profit thee;
My smile and my light step—
O give them back to me!

But the grave answered, No;
For these things still are dear,
Since he, deprived of them,
Would be too lonely here.

Then to the dead I pray:
Restore my youth to me,
That when we meet again
I be not old to thee!

But he nor hears nor sees,
For his eyes like mine are dim;
So to his grave I come,
To get them back from him.

For only in the grave
Are tears no longer shed,
And the living happy made
Beside the happy dead.

ITALIAN GARDENS.

BY CHARLES A. PLATT.

Part II.

AT about the same distance from Rome as Tivoli, and with very much the same situation and character of country (except that it is less abrupt), is Frascati, which contains a very remarkable collection of villas. Though none of them were so elaborately conceived or so perfectly carried out as the Villa d'Este, and though in their present condition there is no individual villa of any striking importance, yet, taking the place as a whole, there is none where one finds so many villas so closely interwoven with one another, and where the Italian villa can be studied to greater advantage.

The villas Aldobrandini and Conti are the most important.

VILLA ALDOBRANDINI.

The former has to some extent been kept up, and is now in a comparative state of completeness, but, unfortunately, where the earlier architectural work has given out it has been replaced by something florid and in bad taste, the result being far from harmonious. The arrangement of the terraces at the back and front of the house is very remarkable, and admirably adapted to the formation of the land. There are some interesting fountains, and the arrangement of the water-works in this villa is very elaborately carried out. The villa garden is quite shaded by enormous sycamores, and thus has of course lost its character as a flower garden.

The most interesting feature of this villa is the manner in which the hill at the back of the house has been cut out and formed into an architectural semicircle with fountains. The actual architecture of the moment is very bad, the niches and grottos being filled with colossal and grotesque figures; but if one can



A CHARACTERISTIC TANGLE.



VILLA CONTI, FRASCATI.

imagine something simpler in its place, preserving the same general outlines, the scheme has very much to commend it. It is particularly fine when viewed from the doorway of the house. The eye is led to follow the line of the fountains, through a deep cut in the trees which supplant the circular terrace, over the hill to two tall columns which mark the position of the reservoir.

The straight walk leading from the public road to the villa is charming in its perspective, but the ascent is too abrupt ever to make it of practical use, and it is good now only as an addition to the composition of the villa.

VILLA CONTI.

The great feature of this villa is the elaborate system of staircases leading from the entrance-road to the grove. The house itself is extremely simple, with no architectural pretensions whatever, and judging from the elaborate details of the rest of the villa, it has either replaced something more important that was destroyed, or it was put there as something temporary, and never replaced.

At the back of the grove which stretches at the back of the house is a formal and elaborate terrace with fountains, fed from the top by a series of formal waterfalls. This arrangement, though too artificial in itself, is extremely interesting and effective when seen with the morning light coming through the trees, touching the sparkling water as it comes over the falls. There is a pathway at either side of this singular series of waterfalls, and the reservoir is reached by ascending it. This reservoir is circular in form, surrounded by a beautiful balustrade, and seems to be in the midst of a wood, so dense is the plantation all about. One of the chief peculiarities of the villas at Frascati is the importance given to such reservoirs. Frequently the water has to be brought from a long distance, and before it is distributed through the fountains and watercourses it is concentrated in a large reservoir at the highest point of the villa, and of this a feature of unusual interest is made.



A FRASCATI RESERVOIR.



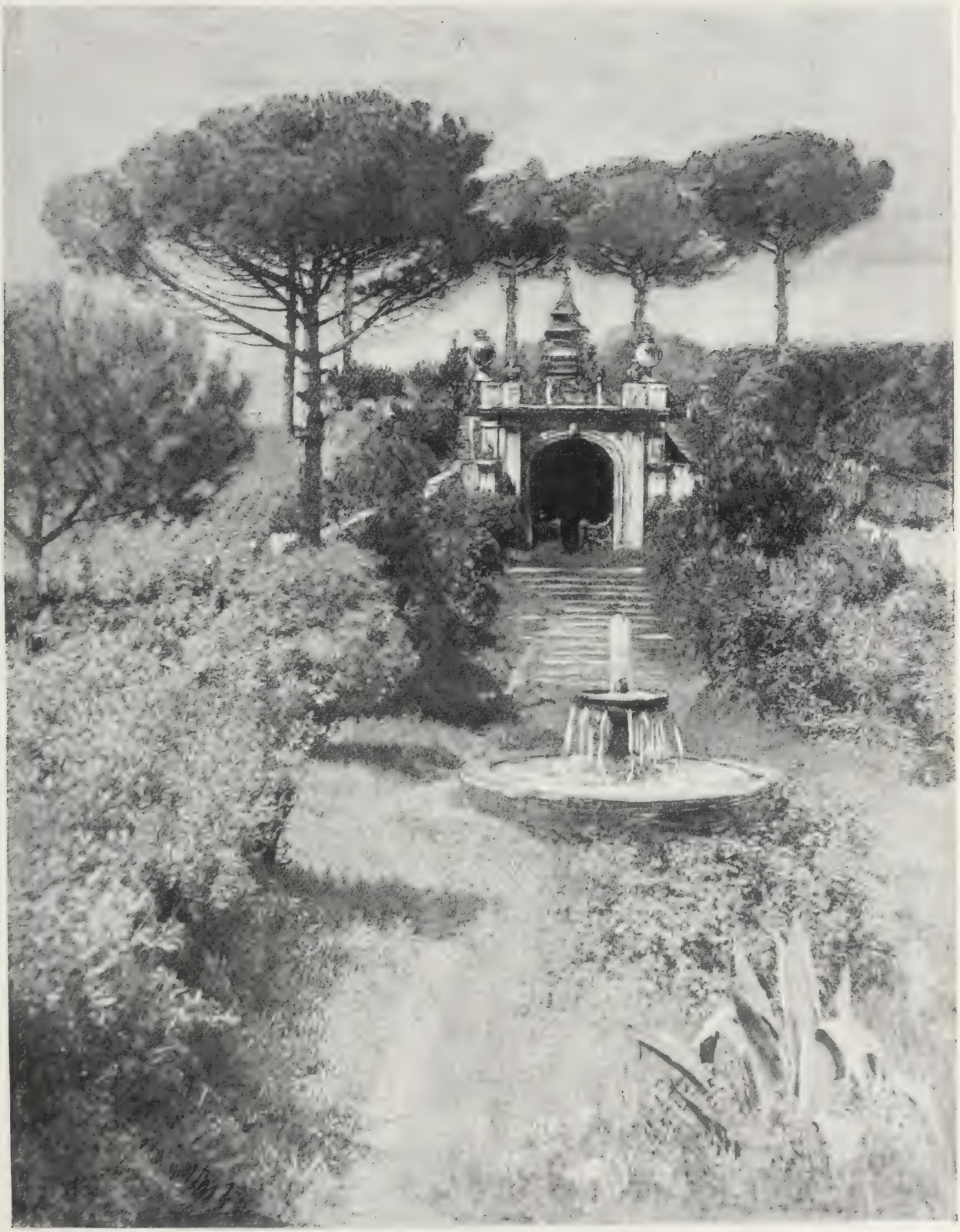
VILLA MUTI.

VILLA FALCONIERI.

The most elaborate and interesting one is at the Villa Falconieri, where the basin is formed on the side of a hill, one-half being cut in, and the other side being supported by mason-work in the form of an architectural wall, the pilasters capped by large balls. There is a wide walk surrounding the reservoir, and the whole is enclosed by a line of cypresses, now grown very large. There is, in fact, very little else left at this villa except the fine site of the house and some beautiful groups of trees in front of it. The gates here, however, should be noticed, or rather the gate-posts. They are unusually fine and elaborate, with sculptured emblems or escutcheons of the family surmounting them.

VILLA MUTI.

The Villa Muti had once the most varied system of flower gardens of any villa in Italy. The house is literally surrounded by them, all at different levels, and one might walk out of any story of the house and find one's self in a charming garden. The villa has now gone to almost absolute decay, and only the vaguest outlines of the arrangements of these gardens can be discovered. There is therefore very little there which could be so reproduced as to convey any idea of what they had been. The "bosquet" is on a terrace resting above the upper



ASCENT TO THE RESERVOIR, VILLA FALCONIERI.

garden, and is reached by a fine stairway, which begins in full sunlight and ends in the heart of the grove in the densest shade. The reservoir is above this, and has seats about it.

There are two villas in Frascati belonging to the Borghese family, one of which, the Villa Taverna, has been kept up as a family residence, and the other, Mondragone, is now occupied by a Jesuit school. The palace and the scale of the gardens of the latter are of great size; but with the exception of a fine terrace in front of the house, and an avenue of cypresses which leads up to it from the public road, there is nothing left but architectural details. The walls and fountain of the old garden still exist, and also a pavilion and colonnade of remarkable dignity at one end of it; but the razed parterre is now used as a play-ground for boys.

The Villa Taverna has a very charming flower garden, which is reached from one wing of the house. It is raised above the road, and is, in fact, so enclosed and supported by architecture that it seems to be literally an apartment of the house. The central fountain here is a very handsome one, surrounded by laurels cut in a circular form. There are some interesting fountains let into the wall, and the balustrade which connects the garden and the house is a very good one. Beyond this there is little here to detain one, though a path which leads from the house to the grove is interesting on account of the unusual open character given it by the use of deciduous trees—something quite unusual in Italian villas.

There are other interesting corners to be studied in the minor villas at Frascati—a small flower garden here and an ilex walk there, and fountains and abrupt stairways and architectural details; but the great charm of the villas at Frascati in their now dilapidated condition is in their beautiful sites, placed as they are high above the campagna.

With such magnificent views, and with slopes so delightfully accidented, it seems it would be difficult for an artist-gardener not to produce beautiful results, particularly as the Italians in their construction of summer villas rarely allowed ideas of



IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA FALCONIERI.



IN THE BOBOLI GARDENS.

convenience to interfere with their desire to produce a beautiful effect.

OTHER ROMAN VILLAS.

On the other side of Rome, in the opposite direction from Frascati, there were some extremely interesting villas, but the lowness of the land and the unhealthy character of the campagna have long made them uninhabitable, and in most cases all that remains of them is interesting ruins in the midst of fields and pastures. Percier and Fontaine have made restoration of some of these, and it was in the author's vain endeavors to discover the site of the Villa Sachetti that one much less important in itself was discovered, but so compact, admirable, and simple in its adjustment to a small area of land that it was thought worthy of a particularly careful study. This is another Villa Falconieri, though in no way connected with the one at Frascati. It is not distinguished by an elaborateness of architecture or by the extent of its gardening, but is rather something of a compromise between the villa of a nobleman and the residence of a wealthy farmer. Its peculiarities are due to the fact that the gardens and plantations in relation to the house do not cover a width of more than four hundred feet, being in the centre of a large farm, and allowing the land for farm cultivation to come almost within a stone's-throw of the house itself without being visible, or to any extent interfering with the effect of the gardens. The whole plan is in a direct straight line, so that upon entering the gate at the road one can look along the path and under the arched doorway of the house directly to the architectural feature which terminates the villa grounds. The flower garden is on the side of the house away from the road, and at either side of a path which leads from the house to a circular terrace; this terrace contains fountains, and overlooks the valley which intervenes between it and smaller terraces on the other side. At the lowest point in this small valley is a fountain, and steps rise from this point in both directions, these steps being flanked by high hedges. At right angles with the first circular terrace are two ilex walks which form a screen for the uninteresting fields and tilled land

which otherwise would be visible from the house, and this is also repeated on the street side, save that here the ilex-trees are planted radiating from the front door and leading to other lines of trees which mark the boundary. The whole plan of the villa is well held together by a system of stone-pines, which are planted at intervals, ending in a group of circular form at the extreme end. The builders of this villa were evidently fortunate in their excavations, for they have an extremely interesting collection of old Roman statuary and carved stone, of which they have made the basis of the very simple architectural features of their plan. The house itself is very simple in character, with two pigeon-towers on either side, and one feels about this place as if it was intended to be lived in all the year round by its owner, and not simply a place to fly to occasionally from the busier life of the town.

Still further on in the same direction are the ruins of the Villa Madama, but so complete here is the general wreck that nothing is to be found which in its actual state could more than suggest its former grandeur. The house itself was one of unusual architectural beauty, and there is perhaps enough left now in the gardens and terraces to show how admirably and harmoniously the villa was planned. But further study here would be altogether a matter of research, and therefore beyond the province of this paper.

SOUTHERN ITALY.

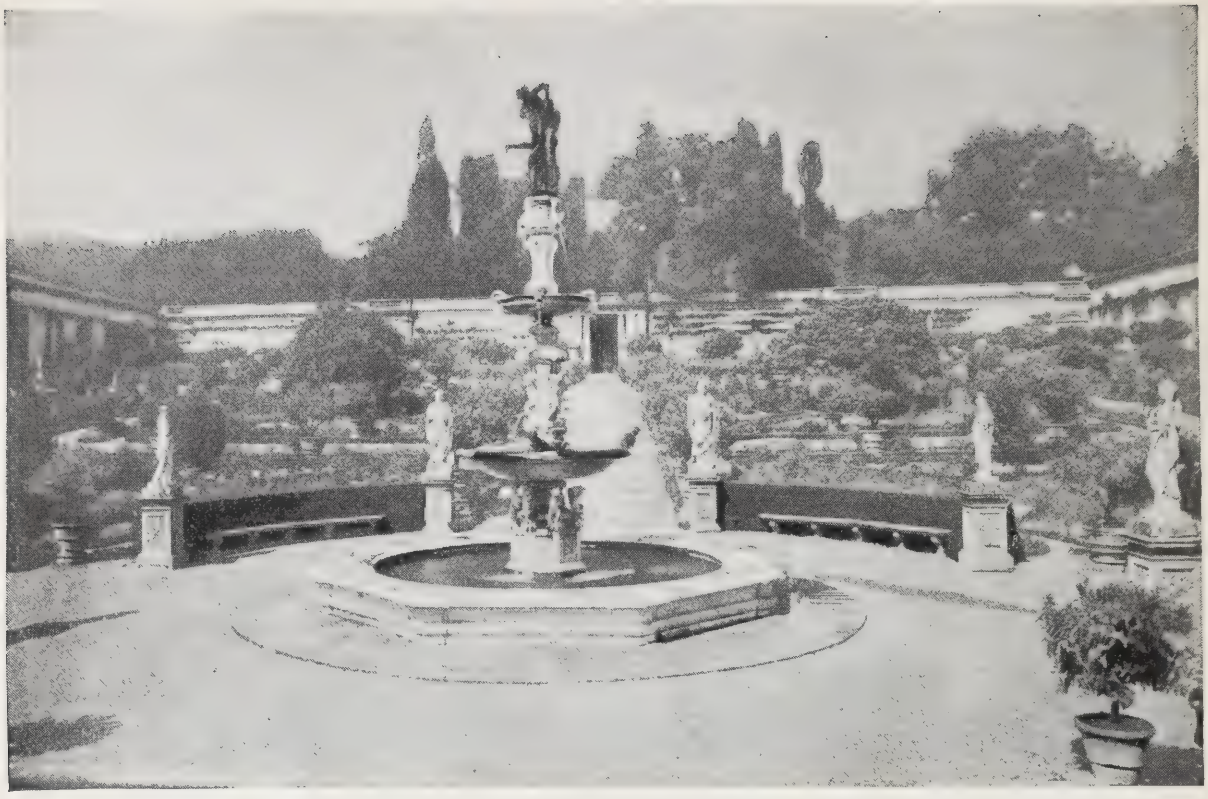
In southern Italy very little is to be found of interest to the student of the Renaissance garden. There are, indeed, bits here and there of interest in themselves, but nothing sufficiently complete to bear the character of a design. This is the case in the royal villa at Portici, now turned into an agricultural school. The architectural details bear the mark of the eighteenth century, though it is very probable that the plan, which is excellent, would date from a much earlier time. The flower garden behind the palace is now filled with botanical specimens, arranged without regard to the design of the parterre, but the wall is extremely interesting on account of its simplicity and the form it gives to the general outlines of the garden. The gate through which one passes from here to the grove is very picturesque, the dignified columns and delicate iron-work contrasting with the deep green of the ilexes. Looking from the garden through this gate, the grove itself presents an effect of the densest shade imaginable, partly owing to the fact that from neglect the paths in the wood have been allowed to cover themselves with moss, so that everything there is green. When one has passed through the gate and is in the grove, the great variety of green is exceedingly delightful; the only relief from it which one needs is found in the high gray wall forming a part of the tennis-court, which is reached by an arched doorway in the centre of the wall. Here is nothing but ruin, but by a little study the outlines of a capital arrangement for such a place may be traced. The north side of the court is made up of a series of stone steps somewhat similar to those in the Piazzi di Siena in the Villa Borghese, made for the accommodation of spectators of minor importance who viewed the games. At either end of the court are pavilions to accommodate the royal guests and others of importance. One of them is higher than the other, and is reached by a flight of steps. At present these buildings are without roofs, and in a great state of dilapidation, their only occupants being the birds of the neighborhood.

CAPRAROLA.

The ruins of the gardens of Caprarola are in the same part of the country as the Villa Lante, not far from Viterbo. They contain less now for the student of gardening than for the architect, though the general plan is still visible. The relation of one thing to another is so good that the enthusiast will find a careful study of the complete design very instructive. The casino overlooks the flower garden, its first floor being on the same level as the parterre, the second story on a level with the upper terrace, which was once enlivened with fountains, and from which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country. In its present state of ruin, while there is much that one may see with interest, there is very little in a state to be reproduced, the most striking feature being lines of hermæ, nymphs, and satyrs which form part of the wall surrounding the flower garden. Although these grotesque figures are characteristic of a certain tendency of Italian garden architecture, to look well they



THE GARDEN WALL, CAPRAROLA.



FOUNTAIN AND FLOWER GARDEN, VILLA CASTELLO.

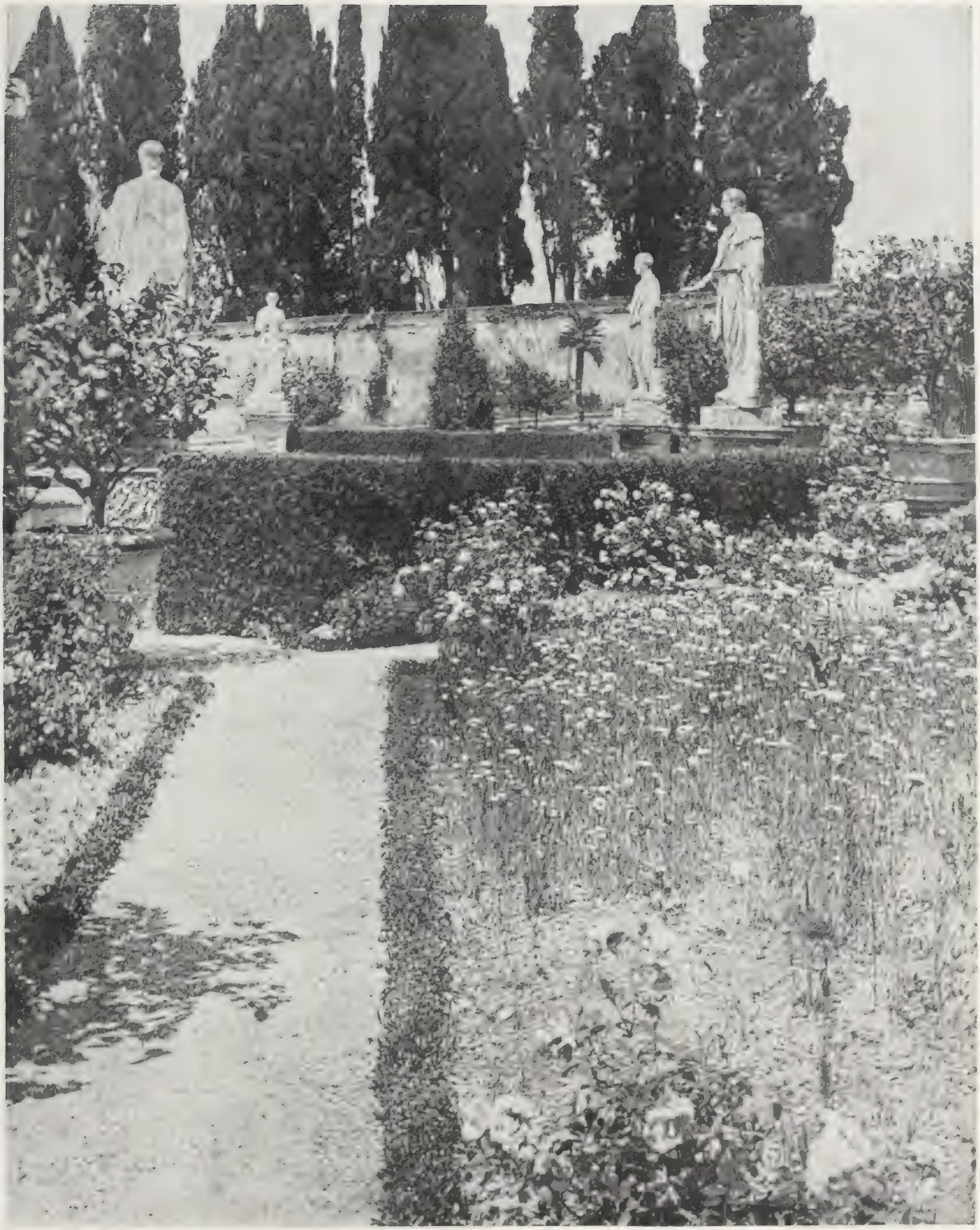
should be very much enveloped in foliage, and this, it is to be hoped, is the treatment they received when these gardens were kept up. At present they are singularly out of harmony with the architectural details of the casino, and one has to see them as a part of the whole scheme, and particularly from above, to be able to judge of their effect in a complete garden.

BOBOLI GARDENS.

The best gardens existing to-day in Florence and its neighborhood are due to the influence of the Medici family. Among these, the Boboli, constructed in relation to the Pitti Palace, are the largest and most important, although they cannot be said to be the most beautiful. To one thoroughly imbued with the charm of the compact treatment of the best villas about Rome, the large scale and the endless paths and avenues of Boboli are at first a shock, recalling the enormous stretches of great parks in France, although they do not in reality cover a very large area. Here interminable avenues in relentless straight lines climb one hill after another, and the visitor wanders about the place with an increasing sense of fatigue. If, however, he does not allow this fatigue to get the better of him, he will discover much that is charming in the details of the arrangements, and much that will remove his first sense of disappointment. The amphitheatre at the back of the palace is admirably adapted to the form of the hill-side, and the circular terraces which surround the most elevated of the ponds seem a natural formation, so exactly do they fit in with their surroundings. The Boboli gardens, however, are so well known, and have been so thoroughly photographed, it seems unnecessary to treat them in detail here, particularly as there are other villas near at hand which one would find more interesting and characteristic of the Italian garden.

CASTELLO.

The Villa Castello is about three miles from Florence, and built in a gently undulating country. The flower garden is its interesting feature, and it is one of the most beautiful in Italy. It covers a large area, several acres, and it is placed at the back and north of the palace, on rising ground. It is protected at the north by an architectural terrace,



IN THE FLOWER GARDEN, VILLA CASTELLO.

above which is a grove of ilex and cypress trees. A large fountain marks the centre of the parterre, with circular seats and statuary surrounding it. In the centre of the terrace, at the north, is a grotto and fountain very remarkable and dignified in character. An orangerie forms a part of the east wall. The arrangement of the flower beds is as simple as possible, and the effect of the whole is very full in regard to the plantation, and very remarkable as to bloom, for so large a garden. One is conscious only of the principal paths, so well concealed is the necessary net-work of small ones by which the gardener reaches his plants. The arrangement of vines on the high stucco wall is an exceedingly good one—the lower part of it covered with climbing-roses, which are fastened to it with slender bamboo sticks attached to the wall, and the upper part for grape-vines, which, having grown up to a point above the roses, are made to grow laterally in lines one above the other, forming a sort of frieze. The grove of Castello is reached by two stairways, one at either end of the terrace. It is quite unpretentious in character, its one embellishment being a fountain, now very much overgrown with moss.

Quite near Castello is the Villa Petræa, another seat of the Medici. Here the flower garden is in front of the house, being semicircular, with a high hedge at the north, and a terrace forming its southern limit. The abrupt nature of the hill-side is, however, ill adapted to form a flower garden, and it has long since been filled with trees and shrubs, so that at present it is more interesting from the point of view of horticulture than that of design.

There are many interesting small gardens surrounding Florence, most of them being occupied by their owners, and are somewhat difficult of access to a stranger. If, however, he is fortunate enough to gain admittance, he will find something of interest in almost every one. This is the case also in the neighborhood of Siena; and while no one of these gardens is of great importance, they have a character as a whole which one should study to get a complete idea of Italian gardening. The gardens of Genoa are particularly worthy of study from this point of view. The character of the landscape here is extremely abrupt, and great ingenuity has been shown by the architects in planning villas in harmony with their surroundings. In the city itself each of the palaces has its own small garden, sometimes on the terrace reached from the wing, but more frequently above the main part of the palace, and reached by intricate and varied stairways. Formerly the gardens of the more important of these palaces stretched to the shore of the harbor; but with Genoa's prosperity these have now almost completely disappeared, to make place for new quays and streets and other improvements of a modern city. Of the two or three remaining ones the Rosazza has the most marked characteristics of a Genoa garden. Made on the extremely abrupt slope at the north side of the harbor, the paths and terraces and fountains rise one above another, and are very skilfully planned, and so interwoven with the sharp angle of the hill-side that one is surprised to feel it the most natural place in the world for gardening. The architecture in the terraces and fountains is of a late and florid period, but so great is the mass of flowers that it is sufficiently concealed to become interesting.

THE GIUSTI GARDEN.

The impression left by this garden is one of great tangle, and of a profusion of growing things mixed with the most charming garden statuary. On entering through the palace, one finds one's self in a broad avenue of cypresses; to the left is the flower garden, and to the right a grove, arranged in open spaces among the trees, with fountains as centres. At the end of the cypress walk is a high and very precipitous hill-side, which forms the background of the garden, and is densely covered with evergreen trees and shrubs. On this hill-side one catches glimpses here and there of architectural construction, and at the top is a small temple, with a terrace which overlooks the garden and house, and beyond that the city of Verona. The garden has been allowed to go very much to ruin in its details. Few of the old fountains are running, many of them being filled up with earth and planted with flowers, sometimes with a statue marking its centre. It was very difficult in this garden to get a view which seemed to give a true impression of the place, or which in any way revealed the design. In looking down from above there were



THE GIUSTI GARDEN, VERONA.

too many trees in the way to make this possible, and from below there was no point at a sufficient distance to see the parterre as a whole. The statuary of this garden is particularly charming, being mostly of nymphs in flowing garments, giving a festive character very much in harmony with the gayety which one looks for in such a place. In one's mind they make an agreeable contrast with the Roman senators and headless deities which do duty in most of the old Roman gardens.

In closing these brief notes descriptive of the gardens of Italy, the writer would like to add, with a view of tempering criticism, that they should be taken purely as supplementary to the illustrations. It has not been the purpose to make a treatise on landscape-gardening, but a simple attempt to show some of the most salient of the existing features of the formal garden as they may be seen to-day in Italy. Doubtless some of the villas are worthy of greater study than has been given them, and some which have been left out altogether might have claim to a place here; but it is thought that those considered are sufficient to give a comprehensive idea of the methods of the Italian in the treatment of the garden. With the general interest that undoubtedly exists in the subject of gardening to-day, it is hoped that this work may be of value toward a more thorough understanding and appreciation of the reasons which led to a formal treatment of the garden, and as there is a great similarity in the character of the landscape in many parts of our country, the same reason might lead to a revival of this method as equally adapted to this country as to Italy.

RIDERS OF TUNIS.

BY COLONEL T. A. DODGE, U. S. A.

THE Arab is a tall, straight-featured, well-shaped man, varying in color from a dark bronze to a tone quite as white as the European. He is decidedly handsome. Women are apt to be struck by the manly beauty of the Tunisian. He is, in his way, cleanly; he washes his feet before praying, and his hands and face before and after eating, and is apt to bathe in streams at not infrequent intervals. But, and in the Orient there is always a *but* on this subject, he can scarcely be gauged as up to our standard of what is next akin to godliness. One sees at the hut doors all too many instances of cerebral insecticide to be reconciled to the Arab as a clean mortal. No odor of nationality is apt, however, to exist in a dry climate, so that he is, *quoad* the nostril, unobjectionable. His value as a laborer is not great. Many of the pastoral Arabs who own flocks hire herdsmen for their food, fifteen francs, and two sheep a year. Lodging is *al fresco* most of the time.

I am, of course, not referring to the educated, intelligent Arab. I passed some days with the Kaliph of Kesar H'lal, and can truthfully say that I have never met a man with finer instincts, nobler presence, or more abundant courtesy. There are also sheiks who would murder you for your money—until you have broken bread with them; but so there are in America, and breaking bread with these will by no means save you.

They all dress alike—Arabs, Berbers, Moors, and the rest. Item: One "biled rag"—not the biled rag of the wild and woolly West, but a piece of cotton cloth actually sewed up bag-fashion, with holes cut in it for head and arms, now and then affording the luxury of short sleeves; and which under no circumstances whatever is "biled," until age has withered and custom staled it into actual rags. Item: If well-to-do, a sleeveless buttoned vest. Item: Real "bags," to adopt our young hunting swells' term, for trousers. Sartorially speaking, these are made of cotton, and are literally like a bag, whose depth is equal to a little more than the distance from waist to knee, and whose width equals thrice the distance a man can stretch apart his legs. Cut out the two corners of the bottom of the bag, step through the holes, and gather up the mouth round the waist, and you have the Plymouth Rock pants *du pays*. There is thus left pendent between the Arab's legs a bag big enough to hide himself in. The origin or utility of this leg-gear it were vain to inquire. Item: One scarf to go a number of times around the waist.

Item: If cold, an additional shirtlike garment of woollen goods coming down below the knees. Item: One burnoose of white or in Tunis blue woollen goods, with a very roomy hood, exceeding loose so as to wrap about one and throw over the shoulder. Item. One fez, with some cotton cloth twisted rope-fashion to wrap round it in the guise of a turban. Item: One pair of shoes, from woven rushes to morocco leather. In this dress, or so much of it as he can afford, the native lives day and night, from early manhood to old age. When he dies he is buried in it, or the dress goes to his son and heir. A very few working city Arabs wear ready-made clothing from France, England, perchance America. More is the pity. It sounds the death-knell to national costumes.



RICH ARAB SHEIK.

The Arab in Algeria and Tunis is no beggar. Only the blind beg. This is really a point in his favor, and a great relief from the mendicancy of many other countries. So much cannot be said of his brother beyond the desert, nor of any country where, owing to the folly of tourists, the word *backsheesh* is current.

The rich man among the Arabs dresses richly. His shirt is of fine linen. His inside vest is buttoned; the outside one worn loose. A long paletot often takes the place of the latter. It is cut part way down from the neck, and the loose armholes allow the arms to be held in or outside. The wide trousers are bound about the waist by a rich scarf. Over all is frequently worn the long loose tunic, cut V-shape at the neck, and with short sleeves low down. The hands are frequently kept inside—in winter for warmth—and an Arab reaches out from the V at the neck for anything he wants handed him with a peculiarly limited motion which at first you fail to comprehend. The burnoose is an out-of-doors garment; and the fez may or may not have the turban cloth. The swell wears European socks, and his slippers, usually trodden down at the heel by the common or careless, are handsomely embroidered or of fine morocco, red or yellow. The calf is naked. Parts of this dress are dropped at intervals according to the weather or habit. There are few persons more really magnificent than a well-dressed Arab sheik or a man of wealth. In our days of business suits, which cloak the godly and ungodly alike, the dress is uncom-



SHEIK OF THE INTERIOR OF TUNIS.

monly attractive—on an Arab. That it would suit our habits one will scarcely allege. But the trousers have one manifest advantage. They do not, cannot bag at the knee.

To come back to our muttons, or horses, this dress is, of all clothing, the one you and I would select as being most illy adapted to horseback work. And yet the Arab is equally at home in the saddle or sitting with his legs crossed under him. Like all every-day and all-day horsemen, he is perfect within his lines. Still I am inclined to think that our own skilful horseman could beat him in riding over a country, in rounding up a big bunch of ugly stampeded cattle, or in almost any duty requiring horsemanship of the highest order in its kind. This has really been demonstrated in some things. But *ex uno* we must not fall into the error of *discere omnes*. The Arab, when he is a horseman, is a superb one, even though he does not come within our canons of the art. When the horse is only a means of transportation, or a beast of burden, the Arab is no better than his ilk elsewhere. When, as in the desert, the horse is his pet, his companion, his dream by day and night, the Arab is in a sense incomparable. No master can be more kind. No dog is more intelligent than the dark, liquid-eyed steed he has bred and trained, whose ancestor, a hundred generations back, his ancestors have loved and trusted. This horse—would that we human beings had not been civilized out of so many of our animal qualities!—will follow him day and night. He would fret out his soul at being hitched to a post, and his master would scorn to tie him. He will stand immovable in the midst of danger and fright which would make any civilized horse frantic. He will carry his master through fire and water. He will unflinchingly face wounds and death, so long as the hand which has fed him is laid upon his neck. He will stand over his disabled lord till help arrives, or he will go alone to seek it. He will kneel for him to mount, and he will bear him bravely home if he falls a sacrifice to his devotion at the door of his master's tent. These are not always fables. The horse, treated as he should be generation after generation, develops a rare intelligence, and has as noble an affection as the dog. But, as above said, even in Arabia this horse is the pearl of great price. Thrice happy the kaliph who truly claims to own one.

In the desert proper the horse is not al-

ways shod. In the stony localities he must be. The Frankish shoe in Algerian cities is driving out the old Arabian plate. The foot of the unshod horse is always strong and healthy. The Arabian foot is in fact uniformly good. I have scarcely seen a horse point, even on the pavement. There are few interferers; some overreach in harness, but not, of course, in the saddle, as no unspoiled Arab can be persuaded to ride a trot.

One of the great events of the year in Algeria, in matters equine, is the races at Biskra, on the edge of the desert, or in more properly what one might call the first oasis. In Tunis the fantasíya is the fad. One can scarcely compare the Biskra races to our own, but they bring out some rather fine specimens of horses, and have some curious features. Among these are camel-races, at which some of the best-running camels compete, not at long distances, which is their great power, but at short ones for speed. The running camel is to the porter camel as the thoroughbred to the mongrel cart-horse. The one has speed and endurance at speed; the latter has no speed, but great endurance under weight or at traction. A couple of laboring camels worth $125 apiece, each doing about the work of a pair of horses, will run an olive-crushing mill, on three-hour relays, day and night, for a number of months; or one will carry 500 pounds a great number of consecutive hours. They eat little and drink less—actually not so much as a horse.

The great delight of the Arab horseman is the fantasíya. The entries contain all manner of horsemen, armed and unarmed, who ride more or less wild figures to more or less monotonous drumming music, and who end by the most excited and exciting pot-pourri of feat-riding. They stand in their stirrups and throw their guns in the air, whirl them about in the most approved warlike style, and fire them at intervals in what seems an uncalled-for and dangerous fashion. They rear, wheel, kick, buck, rush, stop, turn, and twist their horses like so many tumblers, shouting meanwhile, yelling, screaming like so many devils. No picture can do justice to the kaleidoscopic fervor and wildness of the scene if there are many riders engaged in it. It is a seething whirlpool of wild, unmeaning, half-merry, half-fanatical excitement, in which no end of excellent horsemanship comes to the fore. From time to time the riders stop and rank themselves for a rest on one side; then out come individuals to show what, single, their steeds can do. They pirouette and piaffer and dance, and then make a rush at full gallop to one or other side, stop suddenly, and wheel about. There is no specific art in what they do; each man has trained his horse on his own untrained ideas. They have a close seat, clinging with their heels, and exhibit a great deal of skill in their gyratory exercises; but once seen the fantasíya loses its interest. All semi-wild nations do about the same tricks on horseback. I



ARAB OF THE INTERIOR OF TUNIS.



READY FOR THE FANTASÍYA.

think our Indian easily excels them all; while nothing I have ever seen in fantasíyas in the faintest degree approaches in delicacy and difficulty the fine work of a school-trained horse in the hands of a master of the art.

The illustration on page 411 shows an Arabian horseman ready to take part in the fantasíya. His seat and steed show the type well, and man and horse are what you are wont to see. In action this horse will show to decidedly better advantage. The docile nature of the Arab robs him of much of his beauty in a picture at rest. Yet if you examine him standing, you will find many points to admire.

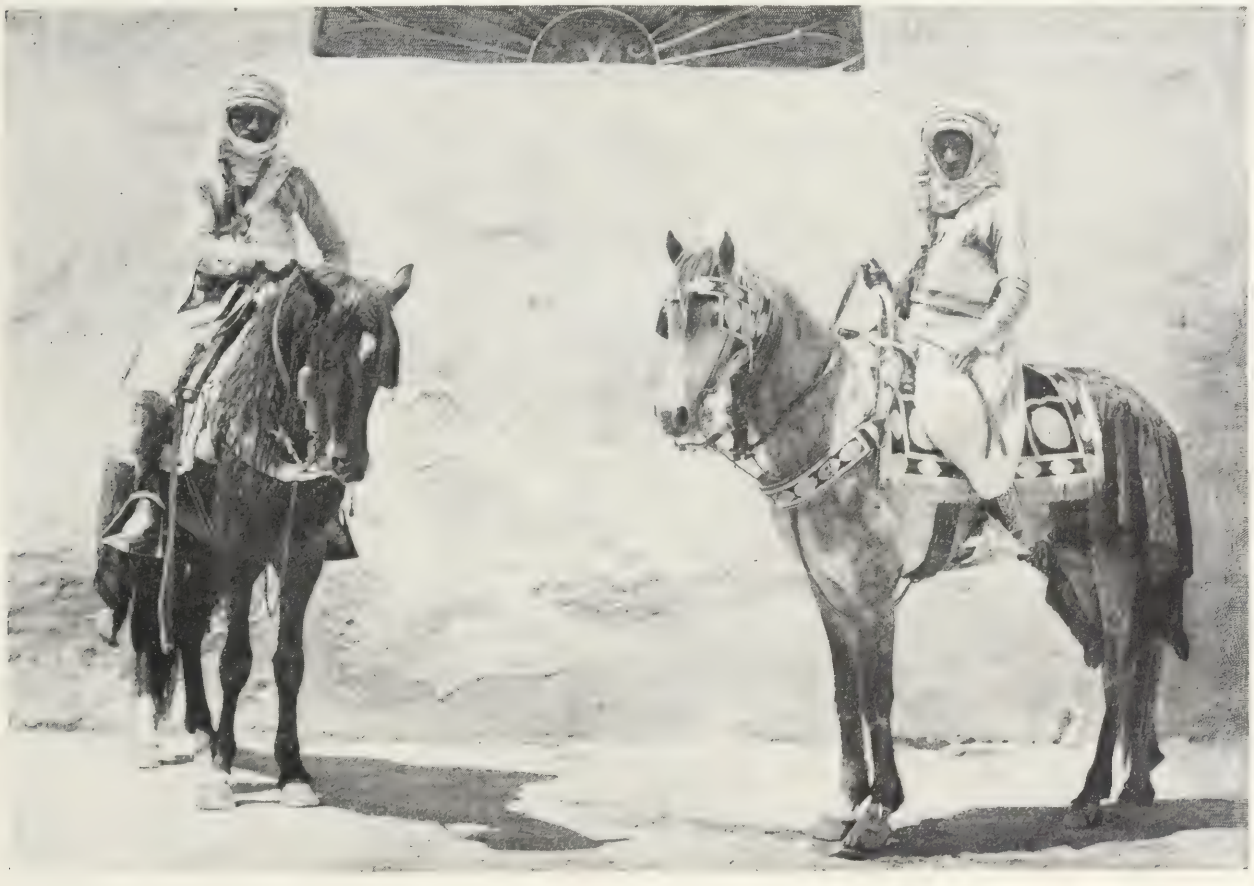
As you see from this man's seat, a spur would be of no service to him, and a decided irritation to his well-mannered mount. For an Arab of the people can no more forego the luxury of beating time on his horse's ribs than an Indian. Even when riding with counterless slippers, and without stirrups, he manages to keep up the swinging of his legs, and yet never drops a slipper. Many stirrups are made with a sharp point on the inside to use in lieu of a spur on the heel. This wide flat stirrup is not uncomfortable. It is curved upward, and affords a means of resting the foot by a constant change of position. The Arab usually thrusts his foot home in it. In fact, nearly all horsemen do "ride home." The cowboy, unless he has them hooded, wears the big wooden stirrups against his ankle. It is a natural thing to do, and all natural riders do it.

The hat worn by the village Arab in the illustration (page 414) is an outgrowth of a heat and sunshine which even the natives cannot endure without protecting their heads. The turban has come from the same cause. In all tropical countries some means of avoiding the danger of sunstroke is universal. The animals, curiously, do not often suffer from the intense heat, which in summer registers, they say, 120° Fahrenheit in the shade and more, while in the sun one might almost do the family cooking. The hat is quite common in Tunis, is made of plaited straw, and is heavier even than the Mexican sombrero. The heavier the head-gear the safer.

The man is riding not a saddle but a pad, a thing more common, as it can be used for a pack. An Arab saddle is uncomfortable enough; to ride a pad is the height of misery. As a rule it has no stirrups, but they are occasionally pres-

ent, usually just thrown across the pad, which is very thick, extremely wide, and frequently has no semblance of a girth. It runs up over the withers and back beyond the coupling. A habit of balancing keeps the pad and rider both in place. With a horse of any spirit, girths are essential; still, a horse will give a good deal of a shy without throwing either man or pad if he has caught the balance trick.

The background is the usual mud wall thrown up from the ditch dug along every road or around every enclosed field, and crowned by the Barbary fig or prick-



ARABS READY FOR THE FANTASÍYA ON THE LIBYAN.

ly-pear cactus. This plant grows everywhere, is killed only by frost, which almost never comes, and bears in abundance a watery fruit almost as big as an apple. This is the one means of keeping from starvation which the Arab possesses when his crops fail, as they sometimes do. No care need be given to the plant, which often grows to be ten feet high. The Arab's cultivation is very slack. All he does is to sow his seed in December or January on the untouched soil, then scratch it in with what he is pleased to call a plough, but is only a curved iron-pointed stick, and leave the rest to Allah. His crops are not unapt to fail if there be little rain. If there is enough, the soil yields plentifully by April or May. In summer there is no rain, the earth is like a furnace seven times heated, and nothing can grow. The Barbary fig is the saving clause of the Arab's existence.

When you get far enough away from the every-day traveller, and come in contact with the Simon Pure Arab kaliph or sheik, you often find a character above reproach, a personal bearing graceful, high-toned, and nobly simple, and a courtesy, truth, and kindness rarely equalled. The Arab sheik illustrated might well be my good friend and host Si Nassour ben El Hadj Salem, Kaliph of Kesar H'lal. With this gentleman—and a gentle man he was in every sense—I spent some days not far from the ruins of ancient Thapsus. I had a neat and artistic-looking Arabic letter from the French authorities, who, by virtue of their present "financial control," will soon transform Tunis into a French

province. The Bey has but little real authority left, and can devote his abundant leisure to the society of his four hundred wives, to which a new one is said to be added by each incoming steamer.

I could not read the letter, but a scribe translated it to me in French. Here is the English of it:

"PRAISE TO GOD, THE ONLY.

"To the honorable, the bous and sheiks of the district of M'Kalta, whom God fill with happiness. After the salutation and the mercy of God, the respectable the Colonel, bearer of these presents, comes among you (into your district) to make a trip for his gratification. We recommend him to you most particularly; he will be your welcome guest.

"Written by the humble before-named, under God, Tauchon, Civil Controller at Soussa. 22d Djoumada 2d, 1309.

C. TAUCHON." (Official Seal.)

The date is that of the Hegira.

Armed with this screed, I started for the interior. As luck would have it, there are two M'Kaltàs, one being within the jurisdiction of Kesar H'lal. I presented my letter to the wrong man, as I had intended to go to the other M'Kalta; but the wrong man proved to be the right one, as he was the most respected chief in that part of the country.

The kaliph received me with literally open arms. He was sitting in receipt of custom — the Arabs coming in to pay their tax on olive-trees—and gave himself up to me at once, adjourning all other business, and bidding several supplicants for justice come on the morrow. Coffee was at once ordered—such a bouquet of real Mocha I had never tasted before—and we sat down, he and some of the sheiks who remained, cross-legged or upright, as to each one was comfortable. I had brought an interpreter, and we talked hour after hour, as other guests, lured by the Frank, dropped in to swell the circle. In all my travels I have never met a man more fit for the society of princes than Si Nassour ben El Hadj Salem. Of tall, full growth, he had a face of great dignity and beauty, a smile any woman might envy or fall a victim to, manners gracious and courteous and anticipating, as we, more's the pity, so rarely see among civilized men, and a bearing every inch a—kaliph. He had inherited his kaliphate, and was highly considered by the French.

I spent some days under his care, eating out of the same dish—and with my fingers, for though we had provided ourselves with forks and spoons, I preferred to imitate my host—sleeping in his own soft hand-made blankets, and journeying to and fro with him to the places I wished to visit. He would not let me out of his sight, and yet his presence was not for a moment *de trop*, nor his courtesies strained. He furnished me with his best steed—and a fine fellow he was—and rode with me whenever I went or came. On parting he kissed me on both cheeks, bent his forehead to the ground, called me brother, told me that his head was at my lifelong service, conjured Allah to see me safe back to my own roof-tree (ridge-pole he called it in Arabic), and placing his right hand first on his heart and then to his lips, bade me what I think was an honestly regretted farewell. We had become good friends; and I hope some time to welcome him myself, for Si Nassour ben El Hadj Salem, though he had never been beyond Tunis, and there but once, really hopes to come to America on an errand too long to detail, but which proves his enterprise, intelligence, and care for his people's welfare. I would have given much to get a picture of this kaliph as he sat his fine Arabian. I can but give a distant approach to it.

Horses must be averaged. It will not do to select the exceptional horse for description, lest the reader fall into the error of assuming that all resemble him. Among the Arabs, as with us, it is, as a rule, only swells who have fine beasts. And after seeing many horses in many lands, I must give it as my opinion that the "Kentucky farmer" rides, on the average, a finer, better-trained, and abler horse than the Arab sheik. Moreover, there are more splendid specimens of horseflesh on the breeding-farms of America than there are in Oriental studs, quite apart from the greater size of our thoroughbred.

By some it is maintained that the English thoroughbred has lost bone and structural strength, and it is suggested that a cross with the old Arabian desert blood would be a benefit. Be this as it may—and no doubt there is a certain weediness in some families of racers—it cannot be claimed that the Kentucky saddle-horse lacks bone. Many fine-bred ones are up to great weight, and most



RUNNING CAMELS, ALGIERS.

have large round barrels, and by no means too slender a skeleton. They are as nearly perfect as may be for speed, carrying ability, gait, and endurance.

There are a number of points which must be granted to the Arabian. Eliminating the weedy and ill-bred country horse, of small value because overworked and underfed, the average horses of good stock have excellent bone and an exceptionally well-knit structure. The shoulder has a peculiarly fine slope; the body is very short above and very long below; the reach from top of rump to hock is extra long; the neck rises well from the withers; the head is put on just right; and the legs and feet cannot be criticised. The superlatives are intentionally used. Moreover, there is a certain ease and grace of movement which is essentially Arabian, coming of a skeleton put together on good principles and then well clad with muscle and sinews. On the other hand, while our long, lanky, bony, often somewhat ungainly performer lacks the Arabian's symmetry of looks and movement, he impresses you with an ability to run and repeat, to carry you through to the death, which even the best horse in the Orient does not convey. The Arabian is singularly handsome, and possesses grit and endurance; but I believe that in losing some of his grace we have gained in stamina in stock of equal grades, while our every-day weight-carrier, teamster, coacher, and business horse can readily discount him by his superior heft.

The illustration (page 409) shows the size of no end of colts in daily use in the East. This was a two-year-old; we should call it a yearling from its looks, and weedy at that. Still, the colt was able to do a good day's work, and though such a little creature may be much abused, his legs and feet will stand up under it in a marvellous manner, explainable only by his ancestors for a thousand generations having stood on the ground out-of-doors, instead of in ammonia-soaked stalls. The rider appears tall; in truth, he was but about five feet eight. The colt was not much over thirteen hands.

The term "sheik" is about as universal



HAT OF THE INTERIOR OF TUNIS.

as "cap'n" or "jedge" in most country districts in our part of the world. The illustration gives a sheik of a more modest kind. Though he may live in a hut of rushes, he is wont to own a good horse. He is rarely separated from his old flint-lock, perhaps the most harmless fire-arm which exists — to the enemy. He does nothing for a living except to loaf; his inherited dignity forbids him to work. He owns a few olive-trees, some flocks and herds, and a horse or two; his women cultivate a little garden-patch and an acre or so of wheat; the prickly-pear and date-palm are there at need: and if he can worry through the distress of the few rainy weeks, Allah's sunshine and fresh air are his for the rest of the year. He is content with little to eat; generations of sparse food have robbed the Arab of all semblance of gluttony; drink is forbidden by the Koran; but give him the long daylight for loafing and anything on four legs to carry him, and he is happy. He little recks what his wives and daughters are.

HORACE CHASE.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Chapter XVIII.

THE weather was ideally lovely; the floral arch which had been erected at the entrance of the town still filled the air with its fragrance, though the roses of which it was composed were beginning to droop a little. For the day was drawing towards its close; the ceremony was over; the music had ceased; the by-standers had gone.

The arch was not for a bride; St. Augustine, filled at this season with sojourners from the North, had set up the blossoming portal in honor of a visitor who was coming from Tocoi that afternoon. This visitor, a quiet-looking man neither old nor young, had passed through the decorated gateway half an hour earlier, in the landau which was bringing him from the station. The gateway bore as its legend, "The Ancient City greets the great General." And the quiet-looking man was named Grant.

Dolly Franklin had seen neither the arch nor the arrival; she had remained at home, adding silk stitches to her stocking of the moment. Wherever Ruth was, that was now Dolly's home; for, since her mother's death, two years and a half before, she had lived with her sister. Mrs. Franklin had survived Jared but a month. Her soul seemed to have departed with the first stroke of the benumbing malady; there was nothing but a quiet breathing left. At the end of a

* Begun in January number, 1893.

few weeks even that ceased. Since then L'Hommedieu had been closed, save for a month each spring; Chase had bought a cottage at Newport, and his wife and Dolly had divided their time between Newport and New York. This winter, however, the house in Florida had been reopened. For Ruth's health appeared to be growing somewhat delicate; at least she was less active, and she dreaded cold—the icy winds and the snow. At first she had opposed her husband's idea of returning to St. Augustine. Then, suddenly, she changed her mind. "No—I should like to go; I want to sail, and sail!"

"So do I," said Dolly. "But let us try new waters. The Bay of Naples. Mr. Chase, if you cannot spare so much time, we could go over without you, and then you could come for us whenever it was most convenient. In the mean while, with Félicité, who is excellent in travelling, and my own maid, who is even better, we should do perfectly well. Or we could take a man-servant also, if you prefer?" Dolly urged this scheme with all her eloquence.

But Horace Chase never liked to have his wife beyond the reach of a railroad; he often made long rapid journeys without her, but he was unwilling to have her on the other side of what he called "the big pond" unless he could accompany her; and at present, owing to one or two pending affairs of importance, he was unable to leave. As Ruth also paid small heed to Dolly's detailed (and wholly imaginary) pictures of Capri and Sorrento, the elder sister had been forced to yield; since December, therefore, they had been occupying the old mansion which faced the Matanzas and the sea-wall. Chase himself had not occupied it very steadily; he came and went. For the past two weeks, however, he had been at home.

To-day at five o'clock, Dolly, with the aid of her cane, limped up stairs and looked into her sister's dressing-room; but as Ruth appeared to be asleep, after a moment's hesitation she closed the door and went down again. As she resumed her knitting, Mrs. Kip was shown in. A moment later appeared the Rev. Malachi Hill; as he was staying with the Chases, he entered without ringing, and his face looked flushed, as though he had been making haste.

Mrs. Kip's eyes had a conscious expression when she saw him. She bore it off by saying: "St. Augustine has certainly cured you, Mr. Hill. You look so fresh; you look really *classical*."

The outline of the clergyman's features was not the one usually associated with this adjective. But Mrs. Kip was not a purist; in her opinion it was classic enough to have violet-blue eyes, strong and bright, a charming pink-tinted complexion, very white teeth, and golden hair; the accidental line of the nose and mouth was less important.

"Yes, my recovery is now complete," Malachi answered; "I shall start homeward to-morrow. But I wish it hadn't been measles, you know—such an absurd malady!"

"Oh, don't say that; measles are so sweet. They make one think of dear little children, and darkened rooms, and lemons; and then when they are getting well, all sorts of toys," said Mrs. Kip, imaginatively. "And as to having them after one is grown up, Mr. Hill, I am sure that only a very *good* man is *capable* of having them."

While she was speaking, Anthony Etheridge entered. And he too looked as if he had been making haste. "Well, Dolly, neither you nor Ruth out on this great occasion? Are you a bit of a copperhead?"

"No," Dolly answered. "Though, I dare say, the only other persons at home this afternoon in the whole town are half a dozen of the old residents, who *are* copperheads—or, rather, not copperheads, but secessionists. Their spirit, however, is different from mine; my only spirit is in a lamp; I have been making flaxseed tea and hot lemonade for Ruth, who has a cold."

"Does she swallow your messes?" Etheridge asked.

"Never. But I like to fuss over them, and measure them out, and stir them up."

"Yes. Just as I do for Evangeline Taylor," remarked Mrs. Kip, thoughtfully.

"Lilian, isn't the name Evangeline long enough for you, without that Taylor?" Dolly suggested.

"It isn't that; I do it as a remembrance of her dear father," replied Mrs. Kip, in a grave tone. "For I myself am a Taylor no longer; *I* am a Kip."

"And if you should marry again, what then could you do (as there is no second Evangeline) for the name of Kip?" Dolly went on.

"I have thought of that," answered the dimpled widow. "And I have decided that I shall keep it. It shall precede any new name I may take. I should make it a condition."

"You are warned, gentlemen," commented Dolly.

Etheridge for an instant looked alarmed. Then, as he saw that both Mrs. Kip and Malachi had reddened, he grew savage. "Kip-Larue? Kip-Willoughby? Kip-Hill?" he suggested. "Walter Willoughby, however, is but a poor dependence for you, Mrs. Lilian. I am almost sure that he is here in the train of the Barclays."

"Does he intend to stay?" Dolly inquired. "He has called, but we were not able to see him."

"He tells me that he is going next week up the Ocklawaha," Etheridge answered. "I happen to know that the Barclays are taking that trip also."

Mrs. Kip had cast down her eyes at the mention of Walter's name. Now, after a preliminary swallow to conceal a second consciousness, she began, quickly: "He is *so* agreeable—I mean Mr. Willoughby. I met him this morning by chance, and we had such a pleasant little walk. I called his attention, by-the-way, to a sign which I have often seen, not only here, but everywhere—'Job Printing,' you know. Some especial sort of printing, I suppose, that they have named after Job. But it has always struck me as so very odd, because of course there was no printing at all until long after Job was dead."

Dolly put down her knitting. "Lilian, come here and let me kiss you. You are enchanting!"

Mrs. Kip kissed Dolly with amiability. She already knew—she could not help knowing—that she was enchanting. But it was not often a woman's voice that mentioned the fact. "I must go," she said. "Mr. Hill, if you—if you want those roses for Mrs. Chase's bouquet, this is the best time to gather them."

Malachi Hill found his hat with alacrity, and they went out together. And then Etheridge took refuge in general objurgations. "I'm dead sick of Florida, Dolly! It's so monotonous and hot! So flat and deep in sand! No driving is possible. One of the best drives I ever had in my life was in a sleigh—the kind we used to call a pung—right up the Green Mountains. The snow was over the tops of the fences, and the air clear as a bell!"

"Do the Green Mountains interest the little turtle-dove who has just gone out?" Dolly inquired.

"Little turtle-fool! She makes eyes at every young idiot who comes along."

"Oh no, she only cooes. It's her natural language. I won't answer as to Achilles Larue, Commodore, for that is such a long-standing passion both with her and Miss Billy, but I think you could cut out the others in her affections, if you would seriously give your mind to it—yes, even the highly contemporary Walter. What an appropriate thing it is, by-the-way, that she owns an orange grove! Orange blossoms always ready for her."

"Contemporary?" Etheridge repeated, going back to the word that had startled him.

"Yes; haven't you noticed it? Mr. Willoughby has not a single habit: habits are founded in retrospect, and he has no retrospect. Anything that happened last week seems to him old; last year, antediluvian. He lives in the moment, with an outlook only towards the future. The past to him is dead and gone—even the past of an hour ago. This must make him a very 'actual' wooer. As my brother-in-law would phrase it, he is 'all there.'"

"Nonsense!" said Etheridge, rising. But as he went home to his own quarters (to take a nap, so as to be fresh for the evening) he turned over in his thoughts her word "contemporary." He angrily made up his mind that from that hour he would mention no event which had occurred more than one year before; he would tell no story which dated back beyond the same period of time; he would read the younger authors (whom he loathed without exception); he would not permit himself to prefer any particular walking-stick, any especial chair. At the club he would play euchre instead of whist; and if there was any other even more confoundedly modern and breathless game, he would play that. Habits, indeed? Stuff and nonsense!

Left alone, Dolly went up stairs a second time. But Ruth's door was now locked, and she came back again to the drawing-room, her face anxious.

She banished the expression, however, when she heard her brother-in-law's step in the hall. A moment later Horace Chase entered, his hands full of letters, and newspapers piled on his arm; for he had come from the post-office, where the after-

noon mail had just been distributed. "Is she still asleep?" he asked.

"I think not. I heard Félicité's voice speaking to her just now, when I was upstairs for a moment," Dolly answered.

"They're taking another look at that new frock," Chase suggested, jocosely, as he seated himself to re-read his correspondence (for he had already glanced through every letter in the street). "Where is Hill?" he went on, rather vaguely, his attention already attracted by something in the first of these communications.

"He came in, after the ceremonies, red in the face from chasing Mrs. Kip. And the Commodore appeared a moment later, also breathless, and in search of her. But Malachi was selected to walk home with the fair creature. And then the Commodore trampled on Florida, and talked of the Green Mountains."

Dolly's tone was good-natured. But beneath this good-nature Chase fancied that there was jealousy. "Eh—what's that you say?" he responded, bringing out his words slowly, while he bestowed one more thought upon the page he was reading before he gave her his full attention. "The little Kip? Well, Dolly, she is a very sweet little woman, isn't she?" he went on, reasonably, as if opening her eyes gently to a fact that was undeniable. But I didn't know that Hill had a fancy in that quarter. If he has, we must lend him a hand."

For Chase had a decided liking for Malachi. The way the young clergyman had carried through that rapid journey to New York and back after Jared Franklin's death had won his regard and admiration. Malachi had not stopped at Salisbury; his train went no further, but he had succeeded in getting a locomotive, which took him a certain distance, so that he caught a freight train, by means of which, travelling on all night, he made a connection, and reached New York in time, after all, to meet Ruth's steamer. As it came in, there he was on the dock; begrimed, dishevelled, but there.

And then when Ruth, made frantic by the tidings he brought, had insisted upon starting on her journey to L'Hommedieu without an instant's delay, he had taken her, with Félicité, southward again as rapidly as the trains could carry them. His money was exhausted, but he did not stop; he travelled on credit, pledging his name and his watch. It was because he had no money that he had not telegraphed. At Old Fort he procured a horse and light wagon, also on trust, and though he had already spent four nights without sleep, he did not stop, but drove Ruth across the mountains in the darkness on a sharp trot with the utmost skill and daring, leaving Félicité to follow the next day by stage. The sum which Chase had placed in the envelope with the ticket had been intended merely for his own expenses; the additional amount which was now required for Ruth and her maid soon exhausted it, together with all that he had with him of his own. Ruth's state of tension—for she was dumb, white, and strange—had filled him with the deepest apprehension; she did not think of money, and he could not bear to break in upon her grief with any allusion to it. Such a contingency had not occurred to Chase, who knew that his wife had with her more money than the cost of a dozen such journeys; for her purse was always not only full, but over-full; it was one of his pleasures to keep it so. When afterwards he learned the facts (from Ruth herself, upon questioning her), he went off, found Malachi, and gave him what he called "a good big grip" of the hand. "You're a trump, Hill, and can be banked on every time! I'm no end obliged to you." Since then he had been Malachi's friend and advocate on all occasions, even to the present one of endeavoring to moderate the supposed jealousy of his sister-in-law regarding Lilian Kip.

After this kindly meant attempt of his Dolly did not again interrupt him; she left him to finish his letters, while she went on with her knitting in silence.

Mrs. Franklin's prophecy that Chase would end by liking Dolly for herself had not as yet come true. Ruth's husband fully accepted the presence of his wife's sister under his roof; as she was an invalid, he would not have been contented to have her elsewhere. Dolly's life now moved on amid ease and comfort of every kind; she had her own attendant, who was partly a lady's'-maid, partly a nurse; she had her own phaeton, and, when in New York, her own coupé. If she was to live with Ruth at all, there was, indeed, no other way; she could not do her own sister the injustice of remaining a contrast, a jarring note, by her side. Chase

was invariably kind to Dolly. Nevertheless, Dolly was perfectly well aware that her especial combination of ill health and sarcasm seemed to him rather incongruous; she could detect in his mind the thought that it was odd that a woman so sickly, with the added misfortune of so plain a face, should not at least try to be amiable, since it was the only rôle she could fill. Her little hostilities, as her mother had called them, were now necessarily quiescent. But she had the conviction that even if they had continued active, her tall brother-in-law would not have minded them. He would have taken, probably, a jocular view of them, and of herself as well.

When the last letter was finished, and she saw her companion begin on his newspapers, then she spoke: "I don't think that Ruth ought to go to that reception to-night; she is not well enough."

"Why—I thought it was nothing but a very slight cold?" Chase said, turning round, surprised. "She mustn't think of going if she's sick. She was the one who talked about it in the first place; she telegraphed for that dress—don't you remember?"

"Yes; last week. But that was before—before she felt ill. If she goes now, it will be only because *you* care for it."

"Oh, shucks! *I* care for it? What do I care for that sort of thing! I'll go and tell her to give the whole right up." He rose, leaving his newspapers on the floor beside his chair (Chase always wanted his newspapers on the floor, and not on a table), and went towards the door. But, at the same instant, Ruth herself came in. "I was just going up to tell you, Ruthie, that I guess we won't turn out to-night, after all—I mean to that show at the Barracks. I'm tired; I reckon they can manage without us?"

"Oh, but I want to see it," said Ruth. "If you are tired, I can go with Mrs. Kip."

"Well, who's running this family, anyway?" Chase demanded, going back to his seat, not ill pleased that Dolly should see that her information concerning her sister was less accurate than his own. But his care regarding everything that was connected with his wife made him add, "You'll give it up if I want you to, Ruthie?"

"You don't. It's Dolly!" Ruth declared. "Dolly-Dulcinea, I have changed my mind. I did not want to go yesterday; I did not want to go this morning; I did not want to go this noon. But, at half past five o'clock precisely I knew that I must go or perish! Nothing shall keep me away." And gayly waving her hand to her sister, she went into the music-room, which opened from the larger apartment, and seating herself at the piano, began to play.

Chase had returned to his reading; his only comment to Dolly was, "She seems to *look* pretty well." And it was true that Ruth looked not only well, but brilliant. After a while they heard her begin to sing:

"My short and happy day is done;
The long and dreary night comes on;
And at my door the Pale Horse stands,
To carry me to unknown lands.

"His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof,
And joys of life so soft and warm—"

"*Don't* sing that!" called Dolly, almost sharply.

"Why not let her do as she likes?" suggested Chase, in the conciliatory tone he often adopted with Dolly. To him all songs were the same. He could not tell one from the other.

At this moment Malachi Hill entered, with his arms full of roses. "Long stalks?" said Ruth, hurrying to meet him, her face again radiant with gayety. "Lovely! Now you shall help me make my posy. What shall I bring home for you in my pocket, Mr. Hill? Ice-cream?"

"Well, the truth is I am thinking of going myself," answered Malachi, coloring a little. "It has been mentioned to me that I ought to go—as a representative of the clergy. It is not in the least a ball, they tell me; it is a reception—a reception to General Grant. The young people will dance a little, but not until after the General's departure."

"Capital idea," said Chase, adding a sixth to his pile of perused sheets on the floor. "And don't go back on us, Hill, by proposing to escort some one else. Ruth wants to make a deep impression on the General, and three abreast perhaps we can do it."

Suddenly Ruth went to her sister. "Dolly, you must go too. Now don't say a word. You can go early and have a good seat, and as to dress, you can wear your opera cloak."

"Oh no—" began Dolly.

But Ruth stopped her. "I shall not be contented unless you go. I want you to *see* me there."

"Well, who's conceited, I'd like to know?" commented Chase, as he read on.

But Ruth's face wore no expression of conceit. What Dolly saw there was something that comforted her, and she yielded.

The reception was given by a West Point comrade of General Grant's, who happened to be spending the winter in Florida. As he had left the army many years before, he was now a civilian, and the participation of St. Francis Barracks in the affair was accidental, not official. For the civilian, being a man of wealth, had erected for the occasion a temporary hall or ballroom, and had connected it by a covered passage with the apartments of his brother, who was an artillery captain, stationed that winter at this old post. At ten o'clock the improvised hall presented a gay appearance, owing to the flowers with which it was profusely decorated, to the full dress of the ladies, and the uniforms of the officers; for the army had been re-enforced by a contingent from the navy, as two vessels belonging to the Coast Survey were in port.

The reticent personage to whom all this homage was offered looked as if he would like to get rid of it on any terms. He had commanded great armies, he had won great battles, and that seemed to him simple enough; but to stand and be stared at, and have his hand shaken—this was an ordeal.

A lane had been kept open through the centre of the long room in order to facilitate the presentations. At half past ten, coming in his turn up this avenue, the tall figure of Horace Chase could be seen. His wife was with him, and they were preceded by the Rev. Malachi Hill. Chase, inwardly amused by the ceremony, advanced towards Grant with his face very solemn. But for the moment no one looked at him; all eyes were turned towards the figure by his side.

Half an hour earlier, as he sat alone in the drawing-room of his own house waiting (and reading another newspaper to pass away the time), Ruth had come to him. He had looked up with a smile. Then his face altered a little.

"What! no diamonds?" he said.

Ruth wore the new dress about which he had joked, but no ornaments save a small string of pearls.

"It shall be just as you like," she answered, in a steady voice.

"Oh no, Ruthie; just as *you* like."

He admired diamonds, and, now that she was nearly twenty-three, he had said to himself that even her mother, if she had lived, would no longer have objected to her wearing them. He had therefore bought for her recently a necklace, bracelets, and other ornaments, and he had pleased himself with the thought that for this official occasion they would be entirely appropriate, and that it would delight her to adorn herself with the glittering array. Ruth, reading his disappointment in his eyes, went out, and returned a few minutes later adorned with all his gifts to the very last stone. And now, as she came up the lane in the centre of the crowded room, the brilliant gems gleamed on her neck, on her arms, in her hair, and in the filmy white lace of her dress. Always tall, she was now more womanly, and she could therefore bear the splendor. To-night, in addition, her own face was striking, for her color had returned, and her extraordinarily beautiful eyes were at their best—lustrous and profound. It had always been said of Ruth that her beauty came and went. To-night it had certainly come. And to such a degree that it spurred Etheridge to the exclamation, in an undertone:

"Too many diamonds. But, by George, she shines them down."

After the presentation was over, Chase stepped aside, and, with his wife, joined Dolly. Dolly had a very good place; draped in her opera cloak, which was made of a rich Oriental fabric, she looked odd, ugly, and distinguished.

"Everybody is here except the Barclays," Etheridge announced; "I have been making the rounds, and I know. There can't be a soul left in any of the residences or hotels; and every negro in town is on the sea-wall outside, ready to hurrah when the great man drives off."

"There's Walter. He is coming this way—he is looking for us," said Chase. "This is the first time you've seen him, Ruth, isn't it? How are you, Walter?"

"Mrs. Chase. Delighted to meet you again," said Willoughby, shaking hands with Ruth with the utmost cordiality.

"My sister is here also," Ruth answered, moving aside so that he could see Dolly. And Walter greeted Miss Franklin with the same extreme heartiness.

"Bless my soul, what enthusiasm!" commented Etheridge. "One would suppose that you had not met for years."

"And we haven't," said Ruth, surveying Walter coolly. "Mr. Willoughby has changed. He has a sort of Chinese air."

"Willoughby has been living in California for more than two years, Commodore: didn't you know that?" Chase explained, inwardly enjoying his wife's sally. "*I've* been to California four times since then. But as he hasn't been East, the ladies have lost sight of him."

"Are you returning to the Pacific," Etheridge inquired of the younger man, "so as to look more Chinese still?"

"The Oriental tinge I have already acquired will have to do," Walter answered, laughing. "California is a fascinating place, but I am not going back; the business which took me there is completed."

Chase smiled a little, detecting the triumph under these words. For his Pacific coast enterprise had been highly successful. And Walter had carried out his own part of it with energy and intelligence, and had profited accordingly. That particular partnership was now dissolved, and Walter, for the moment, was resting on his laurels. He had given up, two years before, his connection with the steamship firm. But Chase himself was still linked with the two elder Willoughbys, not only in that, but in several other enterprises.

When the dancing began, later, Ruth declined her invitations. "Isn't this enough of it?" Dolly suggested, in a low tone. "I dare say the carriage is waiting."

Chase came up. "I have been seeing the General off. Well—he was middling glad to go!"

"And now will you see *us* off?" said Dolly.

"No dancing, Ruthie?" Chase asked. For himself he would have been glad to depart. But he always remembered the things that amused his wife, and dancing, he knew, was high on her list.

And then, with that over-touch which it is so often the fate of an elder sister to bestow, Dolly said: "Not to-night; I really think she had better not try it. She is not thoroughly strong yet—after her illness."

This second assertion of a knowledge superior to his own annoyed Chase. And Ruth perceived it. "I am quite well," she answered. And accepting the next invitation, she began to dance. She danced with everybody. Walter Willoughby had his turn with the rest.

A week later, Chase, coming home at sunset, looked into the drawing-room; his wife was not there, and he went up stairs in search of her. He found her in her dressing-room, with a work-basket by her side. "Well! I've never seen you *sew* before," he declared, amused by this new industry. "How was the sail?"

"I didn't care to go. I sent an excuse."

"Wasn't Walter rather cut up by that?" Chase went on. "He arranged the party. I've had letters that make it necessary for me to go North, Ruthie. You'll be all right here with Dolly, won't you?" He had seated himself, and was now glancing over a letter.

"Don't go," said Ruth, abruptly. And she went on sewing with her unnecessarily strong stitches: her mother had been wont to say of her that if she sewed at all, the results were like iron.

Petie Trone, Esq., aged but still pretty, had been reposing on the lounge by her side. But the moment Chase seated himself, the little patriarch had jumped down, gone over, and climbed confidently up to his knees, where, after turning round three times, he had finally settled himself, curled up like a black ball, with his nose on his tail.

"Oh, I *must* go," Chase answered. "There's something I've got to see to." And he continued to study the letter.

"Take me with you, then," said Ruth, going on with her rocklike seam.

"What's that? Take you?" her husband responded, still absorbed. "Not this time, I guess. For I'm going straight through to New York, and then to Chicago. It would only tire you."

"No: I should like it. I don't want to stay here." She put down her work; going to one of the tables, she stood there with her back towards him, turning things over, but hardly as though she perceived what they were. Chase finished his letter; then, as he replaced it in his pocket, he saw that she had risen. Depositing Mr. Trone gently on the lounge, he went to her and put his arm round her shoulders.

"I'd take you if I could, Ruthie. But my getting to Chicago by a certain date is imperative, and to do it I've got to catch to-night's train and go straight through, and that would be too hard travelling for

you. Besides, you would lose all the benefit of your Southern winter if you should hurry North now, while it is still so cold; that is always a mistake—to go North too early in the spring. You are a great deal better: you came out strong at that reception, you know. It showed that the winter here has done you lots of good, and that's a great pleasure to me. I want to be proud of you next summer—at Newport." And he pinched her cheek.

Ruth turned and looked at him. "*Are* you proud of me?"

"Oh no!" answered Chase. "Not at all!" Then he went on: "I like to plan, and combine, and work a big deal through; and I'm more or less proud of that, I suppose. But down at bed-rock, Ruthie, I guess my biggest pride is just—you." He was a man without any grace in speech. But certain tones of his voice were eloquent enough.

Ruth straightened herself. "I won't keep you. I will stay here, as you wish. And you must always be proud of me. Always—always!"

This made him laugh. "It's a conceit that has come to stay, Mrs. Chase; you may put your money on it every time!"

Half an hour later he was gone.

Chapter XIX.

Walter Willoughby said to himself that Mrs. Chase's indifference was the very thing he had hoped for; and the assertion was true. But though he had hoped, he had not expected that the indifference would have become so complete. Though he did not exactly enjoy it, it had at least the advantage of leaving him free. For purposes of his own—purposes which had nothing to do with her—he found it convenient to remain in Florida for a longer time than he had at first intended; and now there was no reason ("no reason on earth!" as he told himself) why he should not stay as long as he pleased. Meanwhile, he continued to meet her daily, with her sister—that remarkable invalid who never seemed to give out. For in those years the winter amusements of this lovely Southern shore were intimate and friendly; the yachts sailed out in a cluster; the riding, walking, and fishing parties were all arranged and kept up by the same people.

Under these conditions the weeks went by; three had passed since the Grant reception; two since Horace Chase's departure. For Chase had postponed his return. After finishing the business which had taken him North, he had become absorbed in one of those big ventures of a speculative nature which he called "a little operation." Occasionally he planned and carried through one of these brief campaigns alone.

On the last night of this second week of his absence Ruth came into her sister's room. It was one o'clock, but Dolly was still awake; the moonlight outside penetrated her tightly closed blinds sufficiently to show her the figure by her bedside.

"Is it you, Ruth?"

"Yes," Ruth answered. "Dolly, I want to go away."

Dolly raised herself quickly. "Whenever you like," she answered. "We can go to-morrow morning by the first train—or rather to-day, for it must be long after midnight. They can pack one trunk, and the rest can be sent after us. I shall be quite well enough to go." For Dolly had been in bed for several days suffering severely; they were the only days, for two weeks which she had not spent, hour by hour, with her sister. "You will have had a telegram from Mr. Chase," she went on; "I can say that as explanation of our going. And we will stop at Savannah, as it is still too cold for you at the North."

But Ruth turned away; she left the details to her sister.

"Oh, don't go off and shut yourself up. Stay here with me," pleaded Dolly, entreatingly.

"I'd rather be alone," Ruth began. But her voice broke. "No, I'm afraid! I *will* stay here with you. But you mustn't talk to me, Dolly."

"Not a word," Dolly answered; "if you will tell me first why you are so late, and where you have been."

"Oh, only at Andalusia, as you know," Ruth answered, in the same exhausted tone. "It isn't very late. Every one staid till after twelve. And I came home as I went; that is, with Colonel and Mrs. Atherton; they left me just now at the door."

"Alone?"

"No; with Walter Willoughby. But he did not come in; he only stood there on the steps with me for a moment or two; that's all." While Ruth was saying this she had taken off her hat and gloves; then, in the dim light, Dolly saw

her sink down on the divan and lie there motionless. The elder sister crept towards her on the outside of the bed (for the divan was across its foot) and covered her carefully with a warm shawl; then, faithful to her promise, she returned to her place in silence. And neither of them spoke again.

On the divan Ruth was not fighting a battle; she had given up; she was fleeing.

When, two years before, she had made that solitary voyage from Charleston to New York, her whole being absorbed in her own wild love and despair, the tidings of her brother's death, which met her as she landed, had given her so profound a shock that it seemed to her as if she too had died; as if it was a dead woman who was going southward in the rushing train, crossing the mountains in the wagon, and arriving in the night at the dimly lighted door of L'Hommedieu. Hardly able to eat or to sleep during either journey, the voyage northward or the return by land; worn out by the overwhelming feelings that in turn swept over her—those intense emotions which, whether they were joy or grief, love or despair, she was powerless to resist—she had reached her mother's home so exhausted that the vital powers of her delicate frame had sunk low. And then it was that the gentle care of the man who knew nothing of the truth had saved her; saved her first from utter prostration, and later from a dread faintness, which, prolonged, would have been her end. For when her mother did not recognize her, her heart failed her, not only in the common meaning of the phrase, but actually; its beating grew weak and a terror seized her — the instinctive shrinking of her whole young being from the touch of death. In her fear she had clung to her husband; she had fled to him for protection. For she was essentially and deeply feminine. In her nature the womanhood was so predominant over all else that while it gave her an alluring charm, it robbed her to a certain degree of courage, at least of sustained courage. She could not face danger heroically; she could not endure; she could not stand long alone. And she had always the strong need, besides, to be cherished and comforted, the strong wish to be held very dear, to be loved.

This return to her husband had been sincere. From one point of view it might be said that she had never left him. For there had been no hope in her love for Walter Willoughby, no plan; and her affection for Chase, a girlish attachment, which was real as far as it went, had remained unaltered, though deeper feelings were now awake beneath.

Time went on. And she was happy again. The pressure of the necessary occupations of each day sent the deeper feelings slowly down below the surface. They were not dead; they were not in a grave, or even in a prison; they were in a buried shrine. Would they ever come out, come up, and take possession of her afresh? This she sometimes asked herself with dread.

Then Walter Willoughby had returned.

And she found that she feared the meeting.

There had been no spoken confidences between the sisters. But Dolly, who always understood, had interposed all the protection that was in her power. And even more; for she had overstepped her limit, and boldly braved the displeasure of Horace Chase. Then, suddenly, Dolly was put in the wrong. For the idea seized Ruth that this was, after all, the very opportunity she needed to prove to herself (and to Dolly also) that she was resolute; that whatever she might feel, she was the mistress of her voice and of her eyes, of the expression of her countenance, of every intonation; she was the mistress, and she would show that she was. Yet still, into this very courage had come as an opposing force the vague premonition which made her sit down and sing "The Stirrup-Cup."

But a mood of gayety followed, and she entered the improvised ballroom with pulses beating high, again sure that all was well.

Before the dancing was over she knew that all was ill. She knew that, at the bottom of everything, what had made her come thither was simply the desire to see Walter Willoughby once more.

"Take me with you," she had said abruptly to her husband, while she struggled with herself.

He had not consented. But immediately afterwards the tone in which he had spoken of his pride in her had touched her deeply. She remembered all his kindness, not to her alone, but to her mother and to Jared. She strengthened herself: she would go through with it; she

would betray nothing; he should always be proud of her.

But she was not a woman who could go on seeing daily the man she loved and not love him more. The buried feelings had escaped from their shrine, and they now took possession of her more powerfully than before. The old memories surged up again. And during these last two days Walter had let her see that he remembered also. Two years before, he had told her that he loved her. And now he was unchanged, as she was unchanged. She must flee; she was fleeing. But he was the same, the same as when he had said it!

And Walter had indeed said it, with a young man's responsive thrill to so much beauty and love—the love her eyes so plainly revealed. And for the moment he had meant it; he had been on the threshold of passion.

But, even while still in her presence, he had drawn back; he had told himself violently that he was not a fool, and he had left her. And, once away, the feeling had evaporated; even before he reached his hotel there was nothing left of it; there was only sharp annoyance at his own lack of self-control. This sort of thing formed no part of his programme; keen-witted and ambitious, he knew that to go on with it would cost far too much both for him and for her. Under these circumstances he had been willing enough to remain absent in California during that long succession of months.

All the same, when they met again at last, he was a little piqued by her extreme coldness. He wondered now and then if there was nothing beneath it. But as his mind was occupied by other subjects, his curiosity had remained quiescent until these last days, when, his own affairs having gone wrong, he felt in the mood to console himself with the temporary entertainment of finding out quietly, and in ways that would be unnoticed, whether there was, or was not, anything left of her former caprice. For that was his idea of it—a caprice. He saw only one side of Ruth's nature; to him she seemed a thoughtless spoiled young creature, highly impressionable, but all on the surface; no feeling would last long with her, or be very deep, though for the moment it might take possession and carry her away.

What he did was so little, during this process of finding out, and what he said was so even less, that, if related, it would not have made a narrative, it would have been nothing to tell. But the woman he was studying was now like a harp; the lightest touch of his hand on the strings drew out the music. And when, therefore, upon that last night, taking advantage of the few moments he had with her alone at her door, after the people from the Barracks had passed on—when he then said a word or two in the old tone, to her it was fatal. His phrase meant in reality nothing; it was tentative only. But Ruth had no suspicion of this; her own love was direct, uncomplicated, and overmastering; she supposed that his was the same. She looked at him dumbly; then she turned, entering the house with rapid step and hurrying up the stairs, leaving the sleepy servant, who came forward to meet her, to close the door. Fatal had his words been to her; that is, fatally sweet.

The next evening the two sisters were journeying down the St. Johns River on their way to Savannah. They sat together near the bow of the steamer, watching in silence the windings of the magnificent stream. The moonlight was so bright that they could see the silvery long moss draping the live-oaks on shore, and in the tops of signal-cypresses, bare and gaunt, the huge nests of the fish-hawks, like fortifications.

"Poor Chase! covering her with diamonds, and giving her everything, while *I* can turn her round my finger!" Walter thought, when he heard they had gone.

This same evening, in Chicago, three men were cursing; they had discovered that they had been outgeneralled by a fourth, who had a longer head than their own. They were standing together in a corridor of one of the large hotels, when this fourth man, who was staying in the house, happened to encounter them as he went to his room. "I guess you think, Chase, that you've got the laugh on us," said one of the group. "But just wait a month or two, we'll make you walk!"

"Oh, the devil!" answered Chase, passing on.

"He's as hard as flint!" said the second of the discomfited trio, who, depressed by his losses (which to him meant ruin), had a lump in his throat. "There isn't such a thing as an ounce of feeling in Horace Chase's whole composition, damn him!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIDE ROSES.

Scene.

BY WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

A Lady, entering the florist's, with her muff to her face, and fluttering gayly up to the counter, where the florist stands folding a mass of loose flowers in a roll of cotton batting: "Good-morning, Mr. Eichenlaub! Ah, put plenty of cotton round the poor things, if you don't want them frozen stiff! You have no idea what a day it is, here in your little tropic." She takes away her muff as she speaks, but gives each of her cheeks a final pressure with it, and holds it up with one hand inside as she sinks upon the stool before the counter.

The Florist: "Dropic? With icepergs on the wintows?" He nods his head toward the frosty panes, and wraps a sheet of tissue-paper around the cotton and the flowers.

The Lady: "But you are not near the windows. Back here it is midsummer!"

The Florist: "Yes, we got a rhevrich-erator to keep the rhoces from sunstroke." He crimps the paper at the top, and twists it at the bottom of the bundle in his hand. "Hier!" he calls to a young man warming his hands at the stove. "Chon, but on your hat, and dtake this to— Holt on! I forgot to but in the cart." He undoes the paper, and puts in a card lying on the counter before him; the lady watches him vaguely. "There!" He restores the wrapping and hands the package to the young man, who goes out with it. "Well, matam?"

The Lady, laying her muff with her hand in it on the counter, and leaning forward over it: "Well, Mr. Eichenlaub, I am going to be very difficult."

The Florist: "That is what I lige. Then I don't feel so rhesbonsible."

The Lady: "But to-day, I *wish* you to feel responsible. I want you to take the whole responsibility. Do you know why I always come to you, instead of those places on Fifth Avenue?"

The Florist: "Well, it is a good teal cheaper, for one thing—"

The Lady: "Not at all! That isn't the reason, at all. Some of your things are dearer. It's because you take so much more interest, and you talk over what I want, and you don't urge me, when I haven't made up my mind. You let me consult you, and you are not cross when I don't take your advice."

The Florist: "You are very goodt, matam."

The Lady: "Not at all. I am simply just. And now I want you to provide the flowers for my first Saturday: Saturday of this week, in fact, and I want to talk the order all over with you. Are you very busy?"

The Florist: "No; I am qvite at your service. We haf just had to egsegute a larche gommission very soddenly, and we are still in a little dtisorter yet; but—"

The Lady: "Yes, I see." She glances at the rear of the shop, where the floor is littered with the leaves and petals of flowers, and sprays of fern and evergreen. A woman, followed by a belated smell of breakfast, which gradually mingles with the odor of the plants, comes out of a door there, and begins to gather the larger fragments into her apron. The lady turns again, and looks at the jars and vases of cut flowers in the window, and on the counter. "What I can't understand is how you know just the quantity of flowers to buy every day. You must often lose a good deal."

The Florist: "It gomes out about rhighdt, nearly always. When I get left, sometimes, I can chenerally work dem off on funerals. Now, that bic orter that I just fill, that wass a funeral. I usedt up all the flowers I hat ofer from yesterday."

The Lady: "Don't speak of it! And the flowers, are they just the same for funerals?"

The Florist: "Yes, rhoces nearly always. Whidte ones."

The Lady: "Well, it is too dreadful. I am not going to have roses, whatever I have." After a thoughtful pause, and a more careful look around the shop: "Mr. Eichenlaub, why wouldn't orchids do?"

The Florist: "Well, they would be bretty dtear. You couldn't make any show at all for less than fifteen tollars."

The Lady, with a slight sigh: "No, orchids wouldn't do. They are fantastic things, anyway, and they are not very

effective, as you say. Pinks, anemones, marguerites, narcissus—there doesn't seem to be any great variety, does there?"

The Florist, patiently: "There will be more, lader on."

The Lady: "Yes, there will be more sun, later on. But now, Mr. Eichenlaub, what do you think of plants in pots, set around?"

The Florist: "Balmss?"

The Lady, vaguely: "Yes, palms."

The Florist: "Balmss would to. But there would not be very much golor."

The Lady: "That is true; there would be no color at all, and my rooms certainly need all the color I can get into them. Yes, I shall have to have roses, after all. But not white ones!"

The Florist: "Chacks?"

The Lady: "No; Jacks are too old-fashioned. But haven't you got any other very dark rose? I should like something almost black, I believe."

The Florist, setting a vase of roses on the counter before her: "There is the Matame Hoste."

The Lady, bending over the roses, and touching one of them with the tip of her gloved finger: "Why, they *are* black, almost! They are nearly as black as black pansies. They are really wonderful!" She stoops over and inhales their fragrance. "Delicious! They are beautiful, but"—abruptly—"they are hideous. Their color makes me creep. It is so unnatural for a rose. A rose—a rose ought to be—rose-colored! Have you no rose-colored roses? What are those light pink ones there in the window?"

The Florist, going to the window and getting two vases of cut roses, with long stems, both pink, but one kind a little larger than the other: "That is the Matame Watterville, and this is the Matame Cousine. They are sister rhoces; both the same, but the Matame Watterville is a little bigger, and it is a little dtearer."

The Lady: "They are both exquisite, and they are such a tender almond-bloom pink! I think the Madame Cousine is quite as nice; but of course the larger ones are more effective." She examines them, turning her head from side to side, and then withdrawing a step, with a decisive sigh. "No; they are too pale. Have you nothing of a brighter pink? What is that over there?" She points to a vase of roses quite at the front of the window, and the florist climbs over the mass of plants and gets it for her.

The Florist: "That is the Midio."

The Lady: "The what?"

The Florist: "The Midio."

The Lady: "You will think I am very stupid this morning. Won't you please write it down for me?" The florist writes on a sheet of wrapping-paper, and she leans over and reads: "Oh! *Meteor!* Well, it is very striking—a little *too* striking. I don't like such a vivid pink, and I don't like the name. Horrid to give such a name to a flower." She puts both hands into her muff, and drifts a little way off, as if to get him in a better perspective. "Can't you suggest something, Mr. Eichenlaub?"

The Florist: "Some kind off yellow rhoce? Dtea-rhoces?"

The Lady, shaking her head: "Tea-roses are ghastly. I hate yellow roses. I would rather have black, and black is simply impossible. I shall have to tell you just what I want to do. I don't want to work up to my rooms with the flowers; I want to work up to the young lady who is going to pour tea for me. I don't care if there isn't a flower anywhere but on the table before her. I want a color scheme that shall not have a false note in it, from her face to the tiniest bud. I want them to all *come together.* Do you understand?"

The Florist, doubtfully: "Yes." After a moment: "What kindt looking yo'ng laty iss she?"

The Lady: "The most ethereal creature in the world."

The Florist: "Yes; but what sdyle—fair or tark?"

The Lady: "Oh, fair! Very, very fair, and very, very fragile-looking; a sort of moonlight blonde, with those remote, starry-looking eyes, don't you know, and that pale saffron hair; not the least ashen; and just the faintest, faintest tinge of color in her face. I suppose you have nothing like the old-fashioned blush-rose? That would be the very thing."

The Florist, shaking his head: "Oh, no; there noding like that in a crheen-house rhoce."

The Lady: "Well, that is exactly what I want. It ought to be something very tall and ethereal; something very, very pale, and yet with a sort of suffusion of color." She walks up and down the shop, looking at all the plants and flowers.

The Florist, waiting patiently: "Some-t'ing beside rhoces, then?"

The Lady, coming back to him: "No; it must be roses, after all. I see that nothing else will do. What do you call those?" She nods at a vase of roses on a shelf behind him.

The Florist, turning and taking them down for her: "Ah, those whidte ones! That is the Pridte. You sait you woultn't haf whidte ones."

The Lady: "I may have to come to them. Why do they call it the Pride?"

The Florist: "I didn't say Bridte; I said Pridte."

The Lady: "Oh, Bride! And do they use Bride roses for—"

The Florist: "Yes; and for weddtings, too; for everything." The lady leans back a little and surveys the flowers critically. A young man enters, and approaches the florist, but waits with respectful impatience for the lady to transact her affairs. The florist turns to him inquiringly, and upon this hint he speaks.

The Young Man: "I want you to send a few roses—white ones, or nearly white—" He looks at the lady. "Perhaps—"

The Lady: "Oh, not at all! I hadn't decided to take them."

The Florist: "I got plenty this kindt; all you want. I can always get them."

The Young Man, dreamily regarding the roses: "They look rather chilly." He goes to the stove, and drawing off his gloves, warms his hands, and then comes back. "What do you call this rose?"

The Florist: "The Pridte."

The Young Man, uncertainly: "Oh!" The lady moves a little way up the counter toward the window, but keeps looking at the young man from time to time. She cannot help hearing all that he says. "Haven't you any white rose with a little color in it? Just the faintest tinge, the merest touch."

The Florist: "No, no; they are whidte, or they are yellow; dtea-rhoces; Marshal Niel—"

The Young Man: "Ah, I don't want anything of that kind. What is the palest pink rose you have?"

The Florist, indicating the different kinds in the vases, where the lady has been looking at them: "Well, there is nothing lighder than the Matame Cousine, or the Matame Watterville, here; they are sister rhoces—"

The Young Man: "Yes, yes; very beautiful; but too dark." He stops before the Madame Hoste: "What a strange flower! It is almost *black!* What is it for? Funerals?"

The Florist: "No; a good many people lige them. We don't sell them much for funerals; they are too cloomy. They uce whidte ones for that: Marshal Niel, dtea-rhoces, this Pridte here, and other whidte ones."

The Young Man, with an accent of repulsion: "Oh!" He goes toward the window, and looks at a mass of Easter lilies in a vase there. He speaks as if thinking aloud: "If they had a little color— But they would be dreadful with color! Why, you ought to have *something!*" He continues musingly, as he returns to the florist: "Haven't you got something very delicate, and slender, about the color of pale apple blossoms? If you had them light enough, some kind of azaleas—"

The Lady, involuntarily: "Ah!"

The Florist, after a moment, in which he and the young man both glance at the lady, and she makes a sound in her throat to show that she is not thinking of them, and had not spoken in reference to what they were saying: "The only azaleas I haf are these pink ones, and those whidte ones."

The Young Man: "And they are too pink and too white. Isn't there anything tall, and very delicate? Something, well —something like the old-fashioned blush-rose? But with very long stems!"

The Florist: "No, there is noding lige that which gomes in a crheenhouse rhoce. We got a whidte rhoce here"—he goes to his refrigerator, and brings back a long box of roses—"that I didn't think of before." He gives the lady an apologetic glance. "You see there is chost the least sdain of rhet on the etch of the leafs."

The Young Man, examining the petals of the roses: "Ah, that is very curious. It is a caprice, though."

The Florist: "Yes, it is a kind of sbordt. That rhoce should be berfectly whidte."

The Young Man: "On the whole, I don't think it will do. I will take some of those pure white ones. Bride, did you call them?"

The Florist: "Yes, Pridte. How many?"

The Young Man: "Oh, a dozen—two dozen; I don't know! I want very long, slender stems, and the flowers with loose open petals; none of those stout, tough-looking little buds. Here! This, and this, and all these; no, I don't want any of those at all." He selects the different stems of roses, and while the florist gets a box, and prepares it with a lining of cotton and tissue-paper, he leans over and writes on a card. He pauses and puts up his pencil; then he takes it out again and covers the card with writing. He gives it to the florist. "I wish that to go into the box where it will be found the first thing." He turns away, and encounters the lady's eyes as she chances to look toward him. "I beg your pardon! But—"

The Lady, smiling, and extending her hand: "I felt almost *sure* it was you! But I couldn't believe my senses. All the other authorities report you in Rome."

The Young Man: "I returned rather suddenly. I just got in this morning. Our steamer was due yesterday, but there was so much ice in the harbor that we didn't work up till a few hours ago."

The Lady: "You will take all your friends by surprise."

The Young Man: "I'm a good deal taken by surprise myself. Two weeks ago I didn't dream of being here. But I made up my mind to come, and—I came."

The Lady, laughing: "Evidently! Well, now you must come to my Saturdays; you are just in time for the first one. Some one you know is going to pour tea for me. That ought to be some consolation to you for not having staid away long enough to escape my hospitalities."

The Young Man, blushing and smiling: "Oh, it's a very charming welcome home. I shall be sure to come. She is—everybody is—well, I hope?"

The Lady: "Yes, or everybody *was* on Monday when I saw them. Everybody is looking very beautiful this winter, lovelier than ever, if possible. But so spiritual! *Too* spiritual! But that spirit of hers will carry her—I mean everybody, of course!—through everything. I feel almost wicked to have asked her to pour tea for me, when I think of how much else she is doing! Do you know, I was just ordering the flowers for my Saturday, and I had decided to take her for my key-note in the decorations. But that made it so difficult! There doesn't seem anything delicate and pure and sweet enough for her. There ought to be some flower created just to express her! But as yet there isn't."

The Young Man: "No, no; there isn't. But now I must run away. I haven't been to my hotel yet; I was just driving up from the ship, and I saw the flowers in the window, and—stopped. Good-by!"

The Lady: "Good-by! What devotion to somebody—everybody! Don't forget my Saturday!"

The Young Man: "No, no; I won't. Good-by!" He hurries out of the door, and his carriage is heard driving away.

The Florist: "I wondter if he but the attress on the cart? No; there is noding!" He turns the card helplessly over. "What am I coing to do about these flowers?"

The Lady: "Why, didn't he say where to send them?"

The Florist: "No, he rhon away and dtidn't leaf the attress."

The Lady: "That was *my* fault! I confused him, poor fellow, by talking to him. What are you going to do?"

The Florist: "That is what I lige to know! Do you know what hotel he stobs at?"

The Lady: "No; he didn't say. I have no idea where he is going. But wait a moment! I think I know where he meant to send the flowers."

The Florist: "Oh, well; that is all I want to know."

The Lady: "Yes, but I am not certain." After a moment's thought. "I know he wants them to go at once; a great deal may depend upon it—everything." Suddenly: "Could you let me see that card?"

The Florist, throwing it on the counter before her: "Why, soddonly; if he is a frhiendt of yours—"

The Lady, shrinking back: "Ah, it isn't so simple! That makes it all the worse. It would be a kind of sacrilege! I have no right—or, wait! I will just glance at the first word. It may be a clew. And I want you to bear me witness, Mr. Eichenlaub, that I didn't read a word more." She catches up a piece of paper, and covers all the card except the first two words. "Yes! It is she! Oh, how perfectly delightful! It's charming, charming! It's one of the prettiest things that ever happened! And I shall be the

means—no, not the means, quite, but the accident—of bringing them together! Put the card into the box, Mr. Eichenlaub, and don't let me see it an instant longer, or I shall read every word of it, in spite of myself!" She gives him the card, and turns, swiftly, and makes some paces toward the door.

The Florist, calling after her: "But the attress, matam. You forgot."

The Lady, returning: "Oh, yes! Give me your pencil." She writes on a piece of the white wrapping-paper. "There! That is it." She stands irresolute, with the pencil at her lip. "There was something else that I seem to have forgotten."

The Florist: "Your flowers?"

The Lady: "Oh, yes, my flowers. I nearly went away without deciding. Let me see. Where are those white roses with the pink tinge on the edge of the petals?" The florist pushes the box towards her, and she looks down at the roses. "No, they won't do. They look somehow—cruel! I don't wonder he wouldn't have them. They are totally out of character. I will take those white Bride roses too. It seems a fatality, but there really isn't anything else, and I can laugh with her about them, if it all turns out well." She talks to herself rather than the florist, who stands patient behind the counter, and repeats, dreamily, "Laugh with her!"

The Florist: "How many shall I sendt you, matam?"

The Lady: "Oh, loads. As many as you think I ought to have. I shall not have any other flowers, and I mean to toss them on the table in loose heaps. Perhaps I shall have some smilax to go with them."

The Florist: "Yes; or cypress wine."

The Lady: "No; that is too crapy and creepy. Smilax, or nothing; and yet I don't like that hard, shiny, varnishy look of smilax either. You wouldn't possibly have anything like that wild vine, it's scarcely more than a golden thread, that trails over the way-side bushes in New England? Dodder, they call it."

The Florist: "I nefer heardt off it."

The Lady: "No, but that would have been just the thing. It suggests the color of her hair; it would go with her. Well, I will have the smilax too, though I don't like it. I don't see why all the flowers should take to being so inexpressive. Send all the smilax you judge best. It's quite a long table, nine or ten feet, and I want the vine going pretty much all about it."

The Florist: "Perhaps I better sendt somebody to see?"

The Lady: "Yes, that would be the best. Good-morning."

The Florist: "Goodt-morning, matam. I will sendt rhoundt this afternoon."

The Lady: "Very well." She is at the door, and she is about to open it, when it is opened from the outside, and another lady, deeply veiled, presses hurriedly in, and passes down the shop to the counter, where the florist stands sorting the long-stemmed Bride roses in the box before him. The first lady does not go out; she lingers at the door, looking after the lady who has just come in; then, with a little hesitation, she slowly returns, as if she had forgotten something, and waits by the stove until the florist shall have attended to the new-comer.

The Second Lady, throwing back her veil, and bending over to look at the box of roses: "What beautiful roses! What do you call these?"

The Florist: "That is a new rhoce: the Pridte. It is jost oudt. It is coing to be a very bopular rhoce."

The Second Lady: "How very white it is! It seems not to have the least touch of color in it! Like snow! No; it is too cold!"

The Florist: "It *iss* gold-looging."

The Second Lady: "What do they use this rose for? For—for—"

The Florist: "For everything! Weddtings, theatre barties, afternoon dteas, dtinners, funerals—"

The Second Lady: "Ah, that is shocking! I can't have it, then. I want to send some flowers to a friend who has lost her only child—a young girl—and I wish it to be something expressive—characteristic—something that won't wound them with other associations. Have you nothing—nothing of that kind? I want something that shall be significant; something that shall be like a young girl, and yet— Haven't you some very tall, slender, delicate flowers? Not this deathly white, but with a little color in it? Isn't there some kind of lily?"

The Florist: "Easder lilies? Lily-off-the-valley? Chonquils? Azaleas? Hyacinths? Marcuerites?"

The Second Lady: "No, no; they won't do, any of them! Haven't you any other kind of roses, that won't be so terribly—terribly—" She looks round over the shelves and the windows banked with flowers.

The Florist: "Yes, we haf dtea-rhoces, all kindts; Marshal Niel; Matame Watterville and Matame Cousine—these pink ones; they are sister rhoces; Matame Hoste, this plack one; the Midio, here; Chacks—"

The Second Lady: "No, no! They won't any of them do. There ought to be a flower invented that would say something—pity, sympathy—that wouldn't hurt more than it helped. Isn't there anything? Some flowering vine?"

The Florist: "Here is the chasmin. That is a very peautiful wine, with that sdtar-shaped flower; and the berfume—"

The Second Lady, looking at a length of the jasmine vine which he trails on the counter before her: "Yes, that is very beautiful; and it is girlish, and like— But no, it wouldn't do! That perfume is heart-breaking! Don't send that!"

The Florist, patiently: "Cypress wine? Smilax?"

The Second Lady, shaking her head vaguely: "Some other flowering vine."

The Florist: "Well, we have cot nodding in, at present. I coult get you some of that other chasmin—kindt of push, that gifs its berfume after dtark—"

The Second Lady: "At night? Yes, I know. That might do. But those pale green flowers, that are not like flowers—no, they wouldn't do! I shall have to come back to your Pride roses? Why do they call it Pride?"

The Florist: "It is Pridte, not Bridte, matam."

The Second Lady, with mystification: "Oh! Well, let me have a great many of them. Have you plenty?"

The Florist: "As many as you lige."

The Second Lady: "Well, I don't want any of these hard little buds. I want very long stems, and slender, with the flowers fully open, and fragile-looking—something like *her*." The first lady starts. "Yes: like this—and this—and this. Be sure you get them all like these. And send them. I will give you the address." She writes on a piece of the paper before her. "There, that is it. Here is my card. I want it to go with them." She turns from the florist with a sigh, and presses her handkerchief to her eyes.

The Florist: "You want them to go rhighdt away?" He takes up the card, and looks at it absently, and then puts it down, and examines the roses one after another. "I don't know whether I cot enough of these oben ones on handt, already—"

The Second Lady: "Oh, you mustn't send them to-day! I forgot. It isn't to be till to-morrow. You must send them in the morning. But I am going out of town to-day, and so I came in to order them now. Be very careful not to send them to-day!"

The Florist: "All rhighdt. I loog oudt."

The Second Lady: "I am so glad you happened to ask me. It has all been so dreadfully sudden, and I am quite bewildered. Let me think if there is anything more!" As she stands with her finger to her lip the first lady makes a movement as if about to speak, but does not say anything. "No, there is nothing more, I believe."

The Florist, to the First Lady: "Was there somet'ing?"

The First Lady: "No. There is no hurry."

The Second Lady, turning towards her: "Oh, I beg your pardon! I have been keeping you—"

The First Lady: "Not at all. I merely returned to— But it isn't of the least consequence. Don't let me hurry you!"

The Second Lady: "Oh, I have quite finished, I believe. But I can hardly realize anything, and I was afraid of going away and forgetting something, for I am on my way to the station. My husband is very ill, and I am going South with him; and this has been so sudden, so terribly unexpected. The only daughter of a friend—"

The First Lady: "The only—"

The Second Lady: "Yes, it is too much! But perhaps you have come—I ought to have thought of it—you may have come on the same kind of sad errand yourself; you will know how to excuse—"

The First Lady, with a certain resentment: "Not at all! I was just ordering some flowers for a reception."

The Second Lady: "Oh! Then I beg your pardon! But there seems nothing else in the world but—death. I am very sorry. I beg your pardon!" She hastens

out of the shop, and the first lady remains looking a moment at the door after she has vanished. Then she goes slowly to the counter.

The Lady, severely: "Mr. Eichenlaub, I have changed my mind about the roses and the smilax. I will not have either. I want you to send me all of that jasmine vine that you can get. I will have my whole decorations of that. I wonder I didn't think of that before. Mr. Eichenlaub!" She hesitates: "Who was that lady?"

The Florist, looking about among the loose papers before him: "Why, I dton't know. I cot her cart here, somewhere."

The Lady, very nervously: "Never mind about the card! I don't wish to know who she was. I have no right to ask. No! I won't look at it." She refuses the card which he has found and which he offers to her. "I don't care for her name, but— Where was she sending the flowers?"

The Florist, tossing about the sheets of paper on the counter: "She dtidn't say, but she wrhote it down here, somewhere—"

The Lady, shrinking back: "No, no! I don't want to see it! But, what right had she to ask me such a thing as that? It was very bad taste; very obtuse, whoever she was. Have you—ah—found it?"

The Florist, offering her a paper across the counter: "Yes; here it iss."

The Lady, catching it from him, and then, after a glance at it, starting back with a shriek: "Ah-h-h! How terrible! But it can't be! Oh, I don't know what to think— It is the most dreadful thing that ever— It's impossible!" She glances at the paper again, and breaks into a hysterical laugh: "Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha! Why, this is the address that I wrote out for that young gentleman's flowers! You have made a terrible mistake, Mr. Eichenlaub—you have almost killed me. I thought—I thought that woman was sending her funeral flowers to—to—" She holds her hand over her heart, and sinks into the chair beside the counter, where she lets fall the paper. "You have almost killed me."

The Florist: "I am very sorry. I dtidn't subbose— But the oder attress must be here. I will fint it—" He begins tossing the papers about again.

The Lady, springing to her feet: "No, no! I wouldn't look at it now for the world! I have had *one* escape. Send me all jasmine, remember!"

The Florist: "Yes, all chasmin." The lady goes slowly and absently toward the door, where she stops, and then she turns and goes back slowly, and as if forcing herself.

The Lady: "Mr. Eichenlaub."

The Florist: "Yes, matam."

The Lady: "Have you—plenty—of those white—Bride roses?"

The Florist: "I get all you want of them."

The Lady: "Open, fragile-looking ones, with long, slender stems?"

The Florist: "I get you any kindt you lige!"

The Lady: "Send me Bride roses, then! I don't care! I will not be frightened out of them! It is too foolish."

The Florist: "All rhighdt. How many you think you want?"

The Lady: "Send all you like! Masses of them. Heaps!"

The Florist: "All rhighdt. And the chasmin?"

The Lady: "No; I don't want it now."

The Florist: "You want the smilax with them, then, I subbose?"

The Lady: "No, I don't want any smilax with them, either. Nothing but those white Bride roses!" She turns and goes to the door; she calls back, "Nothing but the roses, remember!"

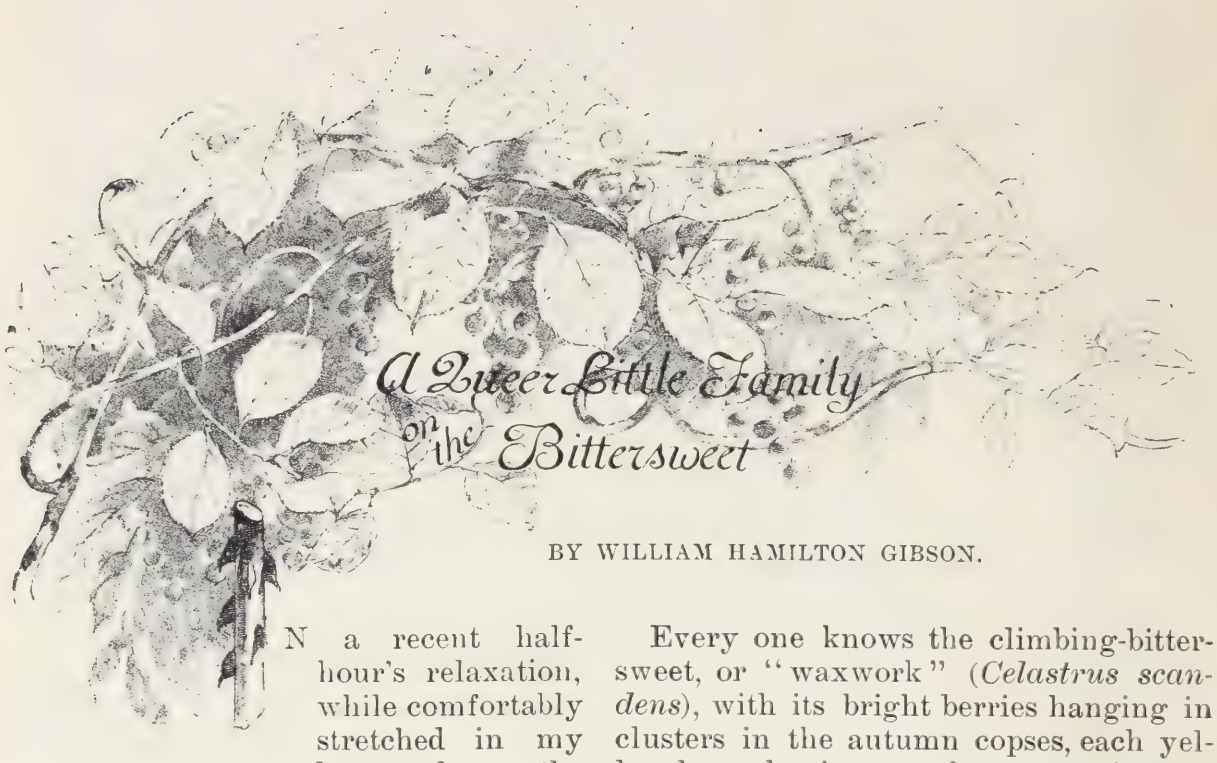
The Florist: "All rhighdt. I dton't forget. No chasmin; no smilax; no kindt of wine. Only Pridte rhoces."

The Lady: "Only roses."

The Florist, alone, thoughtfully turning over the papers on his counter: "That is sdrainche that I mage that mistake about the attress! I can't find the oder one anywhere; and if I lost it, what am I coing to do with the rhoces the other lady ortert?" He steps back and looks at his feet, and then stoops and picks up a paper, which he examines. "Ach! here it iss! Zlipped down behindt. Now I don't want to get it mixed with that oder any more." He puts it down at the left, and takes up the address for the young man's roses on the right; he stares at the two addresses in a stupefaction. "That is very sdrainche too. Well!" He drops the papers with a shrug, and goes on arranging the flowers.



"SOMETHING LIKE HER"



A Queer Little Family or the Bittersweet

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

IN a recent half-hour's relaxation, while comfortably stretched in my hammock upon the porch of my country studio, I was surprised with a singular entertainment. I soon found myself most studiously engaged. Entwining the corner post of the piazza, and extending for some distance along the eaves, a luxuriant vine of bittersweet had made itself at home. The currantlike clusters of green fruits, hanging in pendent clusters here and there, were now nearly mature, and were taking on their golden hue, and the long free shoots of tender growth were reaching out for conquest on right and left in all manner of graceful curves and spirals. Through an opening in this shadowy foliage came a glimpse of the hill-side slope across the valley upon whose verge my studio is perched, and as my eye penetrated this pretty vista it was intercepted by what appeared to be a shadowed portion of a rose branch crossing the opening and mingling with the bittersweet stems. In my idle mood I had for some moments so accepted it without a thought, and would doubtless have left the spot with this impression had I not chanced to notice that this stem, so beset with conspicuous thorns, was not consistent in its foliage. My suspicions aroused, I suddenly realized that my thorny stem was in truth merely a bittersweet branch in masquerade, and that I had been "fooled" by a sly midget who had been an old-time acquaintance of my boyhood, but whom I had long neglected.

Every one knows the climbing-bittersweet, or "waxwork" (*Celastrus scandens*), with its bright berries hanging in clusters in the autumn copses, each yellow berry having now burst open in thin sections and exposed the scarlet-coated seeds. Almost any good-sized vine, if examined early in the months of July and August, will show us the thorns, and more sparingly until October, and queer thorns they are, indeed! Here an isolated one, there two or three together, or perhaps a dozen in a quaint family circle around the stem, their curved points all, no matter how far separated, inclined in the same direction, as thorns properly should be. Let us gently invade the little colony with our fingertip. Touch one never so gently and it instantly disappears. Was ever thorn so deciduous? And now observe its fellows. Here one slowly glides up the stem; another in the opposite direction; another sideways. In a moment more the whole family have entirely disappeared, as if by hocus-pocus, until we discover, by a change of our point of view, that they have all congregated on the opposite side of the stem, with an agility which would have done credit to the proverbial gray squirrel.

This animated thorn is about a quarter of an inch long, and dark brown in color, with two yellowish spots on the edge of its back.

Nor is this all the witchery of this bittersweet thorn. It is well worth our further careful study. Seen collectively, the thorny rose branch is instantly suggested, but occasionally, when we observe a single isolated specimen, espe-

cially in the month of July, he will certainly masquerade in an entirely new guise. Look! quick. Turn your magnifier hither on this green shoot. No thorn this. Is it not rather a whole covey of quail, mother and young creeping along the vine? Who would ever have thought of a thorn! Turning now to our original group, how perfectly do they take the hint, for are they not a family of tiny birds with long necks and swelling breasts and drooping tails, verily like an autumn brood of "Bob Whites"?

But the little harlequin is as wary a bird as he was a thorn! No sooner do we touch his head with our finger than with an audible "click" he is off on a most agile jump, which he extends with buzzing wings, and is even now perhaps aping a thorn among a little group of his fellows somewhere among the larger bittersweet branches.

It is only as we capture one of the little protean acrobats between our finger-tips and examine him with a magnifier that we can really make "head or tail" of his queer anatomy. Even thus enlarged it is difficult to get entirely rid of the idea of a bird. I have shown a group of the insects in various attitudes, the position of the eyes alone serving as a starting-point for our comprehension of his singular make-up. The tall necklike or thornlike prominence is then seen to be a mere elongated helmet, which is prolonged into a steep angle behind, so as to cover the back of the creature like a peaked roof, a feature from which the scientific name of this particular group of insects is derived, *Membracis*, meaning sharp-edged, the sides of the slope being covered by the close-fitting wings, which, though apparently compact with the body of the insect, are nevertheless always available for instant and most agile flight. We now discover two pairs of stout legs just beneath the edge of the wings, a third more slender pair being concealed behind, ready for immediate use in association with these buzzing wings when the whim of the midget prompts it to leap.

This insect is the tree-hopper, and is but one of many equally curious and

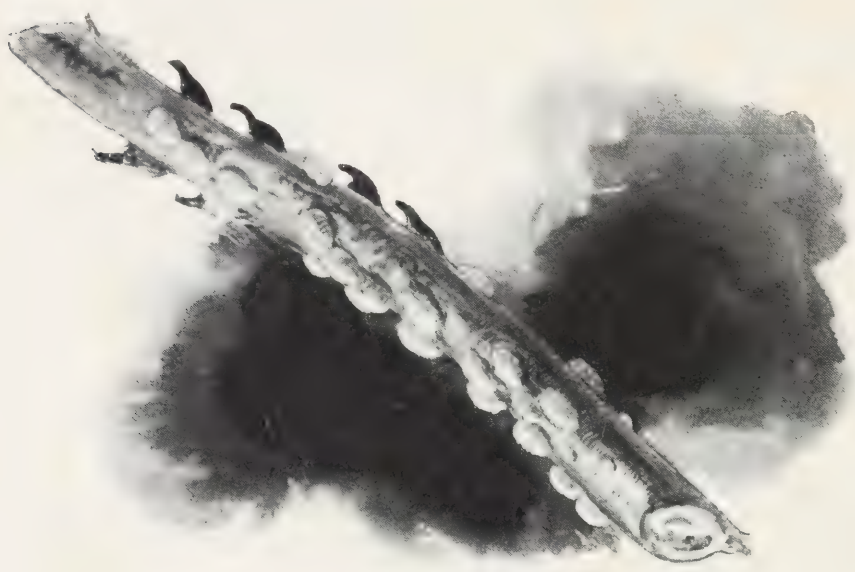


A BITTERSWEET COVEY.

mimetic species to be found among the smaller branches of various trees and shrubs.

Our largest membracis is to be seen —with difficulty—on the terminal twigs of the locust-tree, its outlines so exactly imitating the thorny growths of the branch as to escape detection even by the closest scrutiny. Another remarkable species is a protégé of the oak, so closely simulating the warty bark of the smaller branches upon which it is found that

our eyes may rest upon it repeatedly without recognizing it. The life history of these singular insects is quite similar, and is soon told. The membracis belongs to the tribe of "Bugs," Hemiptera, which implies that it possesses a beak instead of jaws, by which it sucks the sap of plants, precisely like the aphis, or plant-louse. This tiny beak we can readily distinguish bent beneath the body of our bittersweet hopper. Inserting it deep into the succulent bark, the parasite remains for hours as motionless as the thorn it imitates, the lower outline of its body hugging close against the bark. The curious suggestion of the thorn is produced not only by the



SPECIMEN TWIG.

outline, but by the curious fact that the hopper never sits *across* the twig, but always in the direction of its length; and, what is more, the projecting point of the thorax is always directed toward the end of the branch, or direction of growth. It is no easy thing even for the casual botanist to determine this nice point in a given segment of a bittersweet branch placed in his hand, the position of the chance leaf or leaf scar being his only guide. But the *Membracis binotata* rarely—indeed never, so far as I have examined—makes a mistake. Thus the wandering spray of bittersweet, recurve and twist upon itself as it may, will always disclose the little hopper or colony of them headed for its tip.

But I have omitted to mention one singular feature which is the usual accompaniment of my group of hoppers, and is, indeed, the most conspicuous sign of their presence on any given shrub. In the cut below I have indicated a short section of a bittersweet branch as it commonly appears, the twig apparently beset with tiny tufts of cotton, occasionally so numerous as to present a continuous white mass, usually on the lower side of the branch, where its direction is horizontal. They are thus easily seen from below, and a closer examination will always reveal one or more of the black animated thorns in their immediate vicinity, suggesting the responsible source. These tufts are pure white, a little over an eighth of an inch in length, and semicircular in vertical outline. The natural presumption is the idea of maternity, the mother hopper guarding her bundles of white eggs, or her infant hoppers perhaps, snugly tucked up in their downy swaddling-clothes. But a closer examination completely dispels this illusion. Instead of the supposed fluffy cotton, we now discover the white substance to be of firm though somewhat sticky consistency, its surface, moreover, beautifully ridged from base to summit in parallel rounded flutings, which meet and interfold like a braid along the summit. If with a sharp knife we now cut downward through and across the mass, we find our tuft to be a mere frothy shell containing two hollow compartments, with a thin central partition extending through the whole length of the cavity. But there is no sign of an egg or other life to be disclosed anywhere, either in its substance or its concealment. What, then, is the office of this tiny fragile house of congealed foam, with its snowy aerated structure, its double arched chambers, its corrugated walls and ceilings, and missing tenant or host? Such was the riddle which it propounded to me, and guided by some previous knowledge of the habits of allied insects, I was soon enabled to witness a solution of at least a part of its mystery.

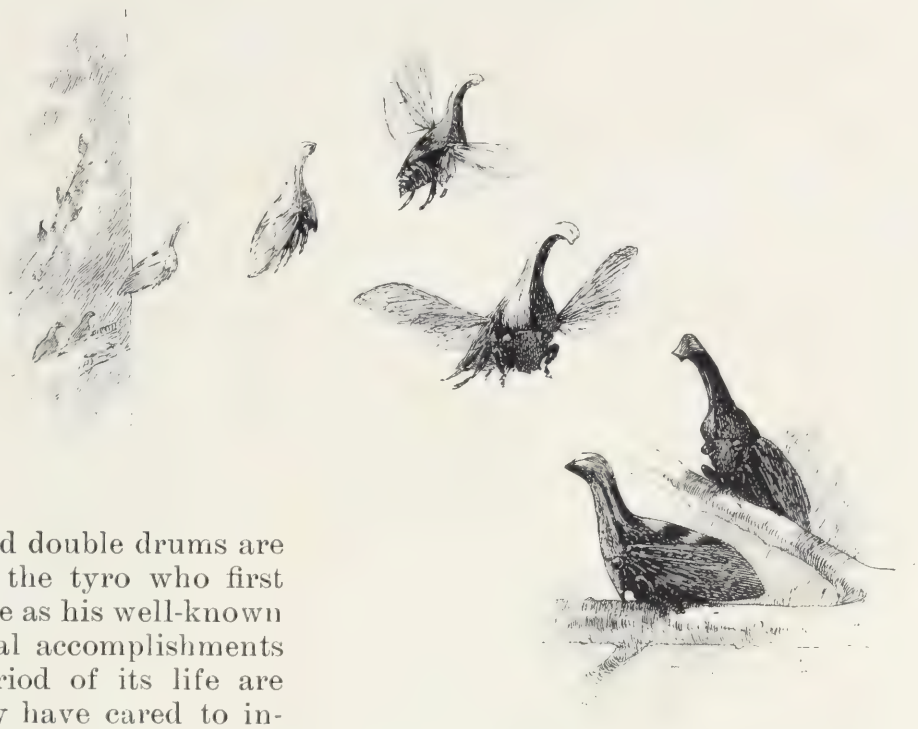
This little thornlike tree-hopper and

all of its queer harlequin tribe are near relatives to the buzzing cicada, or harvest-fly, whose whizzing din in the dog-days has won it the popular misnomer of "locust."

To the average listener this insect is a mere "wandering voice and a mystery," and its singular form, wide prominent eyes, glassy wings, and double drums are always a surprise to the tyro who first identifies the grotesque as his well-known "locust." Its musical accomplishments during this brief period of its life are known to all, but few have cared to interest themselves in the early history of the singer, ere it perfected its musical resources "for the delight of man." But the naturalist, and especially the arboriculturist and fruit-grower, know to their cost of other tricks of the cicada, or rather of Mrs. Cicada, immortalized by Zenarchus the Rhodian as his "noiseless wife"—

> "Happy the cicadas' lives,
> Since they all have noiseless wives."

I have alluded to the egg of the cicada "inserted in the bark of a twig." This act is accomplished by a knifelike ovipositor, which literally gouges a deep gash into the tender wood of various twigs, a number of the eggs being implanted in its depths, often causing the death of the branch. Shortly after hatching, the young cicadas leap for the ground, and burrowing beneath the surface, remain for a period varying from three to seventeen years, according to the species, to complete their transformations. Now the habits of my little tree-hopper are somewhat modelled after its big cousin. Knowing that the little insect was provided with a keen-edged ovipositor, and was in the habit of thrusting its tiny eggs beneath the bark, and realizing, too, that these strange tufts were of course in some way connected with the maternal instinct, I was led to investigate. Selecting a branch where the tufts and hoppers seemed most prolific, I brought my magnifying-glass to bear upon them at a respectful distance.



FLUSHING THE GAME.

Was ever actual thorn more motionless or non-committal than most of these?—their under surfaces hugging close against the bark, their telltale feet closely withdrawn, and all their pointed helmets inclined in the same parallel direction. One after another of the sly little family was examined without a revelation. Not until I had reached the upper limit of the group did I get any encouragement. Here I discovered one of the midgets in a new position, its pointed helmet inclined further downward, and its other extremity correspondingly raised, so that I could see beneath its body. I now observed what at first appeared to be the hind leg of the further side of the body protruding beneath, but in another moment noted my error, and saw that its sharp point had penetrated the bark, into which it soon sank quite deeply, and I realized that the ovipositor was now conducting its tiny eggs into the cambium layer of the bark. Without waiting for this particular individual to finish her labors, which might be extended for hours for aught I knew, I turned my glass upon its nearest neighbor, and a most accommodating specimen she proved, disclosing all

the mysteries of the little froth house, its strange material, and unique method of construction. What I saw reminded me irresistibly of the technique of the cake-frosting art of the fancy baker, with its flowing tube of white condiment, and its following tracery of questionable design in high relief. This accommodating specimen had apparently just completed her egg-laying, or had perhaps just filled one nest; and while her attitude was precisely similar to that of her neighbor I noticed a tiny ball of glistening froth at the tip of the ovipositor. This was attached to the bark by a touch, and from this starting-point the construction of the glistening house was continued, the apex of the



BUILDING FROTH TENT.

ovipositor pouring out its endless puffy roll of aerated cement, which seemed to set as soon as laid.

And what a convenient implement this for a froth-house builder who is compelled to work behind her back—mortar-feeder, trowel, darby, compass, and level all in one! Beginning with the first touch of the cement, the flowing point describes a very small half-circle to the right, again meeting the bark. It is now carried inward and upward, describing a very close circle with scarcely any space intervening, a similar circle being repeated on the left side. A new tier is then begun in the same manner, only this time a little larger in the sweep, and leaving a perceptible opening at the right as the central wall is carried upward with slightly decreased material. Returning down the central wall again, the white coil is carried to the left along the bark, and up again on the other outer edge, until it once more meets its fellow at the ridge-pole, where the two coils appear to interlock as in a braid. And thus the little builder continues, enlarging the cavity with each circuit, until the full height is reached, and then decreasing proportionately until the glistening braided dome is tapered off again against the bark.

Now what is the object of this frothy pavilion? The life history of the insect, in contrast to that of the cicada, will perhaps throw a little light on that question. In the cicada, as I have shown, the eggs are inserted in the bark, but the young, hatching about six weeks later, immediately forsake the parent tree and enter the ground. But the young of our bittersweet membracis are not thus fickle, the entire life of the insect being spent on the plant. Moreover, its eggs are laid in late summer, and do not hatch until the following spring. What, then, is this canopy of the tree-hopper but the provision of a thoughtful mother, a pavilion about her offspring as a shelter through the winter storms? In early July the tiny hoppers emerge from their egg-cases, and presumably creep out from their luminous domicile, and later on in the season these broods of varying numbers and all sizes are to be seen among the young stems of the plant, their beaks inserted, their pointed heads invariably in the same direction —toward the top of the branch. Even though in flight one of the midgets is seen to alight in violence to the rule, he instantly recognizes his mistake, and quickly glides round to the orthodox position.

This curious insect is chiefly confined to the bittersweet, though he is occasionally found in the company of a much bigger cousin of his on the branches of the locust, where these same telltale corrugated frothy pavilions are often seen to clothe the young twigs in their white tufts, the similar product of the larger species, which thus also presumably spends its entire life upon the locust-tree.

A CAST OF THE NET.

BY HERBERT D. WARD.



IT was Saturday morning, and the head of Dock Street was black with fishermen. It was in the heat of August. As the farms that are advertised for sale invariably have a "never-failing spring," so Springharbor has a never-failing cool breeze. On the morning of which we write the gentle wind blew from the south, and from the steamboat landing up Dock Street into "Lumper's Offices," where one can procure a cook, a calker, or a scrubber; and into junk stores, where you can fit yourself out for a trip to the Grand Banks. The south wind even forced its way into too many saloons, where it did its best to purify the stagnant odors of stale liquor, and then staggered on until it stopped at the post-office and gasped.

By ones and pairs men of a peculiar stamp came up the street with the southerly breeze, and at the junction of Dock with Main Street brought up into the wind, like sloops swinging to anchor. Many of these were young men, and had a reckless look. Some were men of middle life; these had a determined look. A few were past the prime, and had an anxious look. The young men immediately had their boots blacked by small boys; this act of deference to polite society was the second requisite after a trip. The older sailors discussed the weather, the prospects, the latest seizure on the Canadian limit, and the price of fish, in an undertone, or did their best to cajole a stranger into shipping. The white heads tried to join in the conversation, gave it up, and took their accustomed places in front of the Board of Trade. Many of the fishermen were foreigners, and spoke unknown tongues that, except for the common terms of a seiner or a Grand-Banker, would have been unintelligible to their American mates.

The air was salt with the odor of fish drying upon flakes on the Neck. It was also strong with the good-natured oaths that were bandied from man to man. Swearing in times of danger, or anger, or disappointment one can readily understand, and sometimes pardon; but the unnecessary oaths of greeting, of inquiry, of information, or of jest—these are past apology, and are the shame of classes far more refined than our seamen.

The Reverend Eric Nelson had some such thoughts as he strode up the street from the ferry landing. He was in the habit of meeting the fishermen as they came in from their long trips. No one else seemed to care for them. Eric Nelson had been a sailor himself, and knew that a fisherman stood a better chance in a deadly fog-swell than he did upon some of the streets of the city. For this reason he met them, talked with them, persuaded them, started their bank accounts, kept their savings books, and was their friend. For these reasons they learned, many of them for the first time, to respect a clergyman. For these reasons, as he strode up among them, ribaldry and profanity instinctively hushed, and many a rough face, hewn into a stern mould by storm and salt, softened into a rare smile that made it beautiful.

The "Reverend Nelson," as he was called, had no more cant about him than a cod. He never introduced religious matters in an apologetic way. He was a man. He did not string a fellow up on a creed and then consider him saved. That is not the way with a Norwegian pastor who stands six feet three in his stocking feet, who has the fair straight hair, the blue eyes, the ruddy beard, the winning smile of the Norseman; who had undergone all the hardships and known all the vices that attack sailors from London to Hong-Kong and back again by the other sea;

who had been "brought up short" (he called it "being converted") by the Supreme Power on the west coast of Africa, and who had never for a moment deserted his new allegiance since.

the lounging-place in front of the post-office, into saloons, into worse places, even into the city jail, and fired these brusque questions at them as the Norseman fires the harpoon into the stolid whale.



"THE 'REVEREND NELSON,' AS HE WAS CALLED, HAD NO MORE CANT ABOUT HIM THAN A COD."

A goodly proportion of the fishermen who sail out of Springharbor are Swedes and Norwegians. Not one of these escaped Eric Nelson's searching catechism.

"Where are you from? What is your name?" He followed his countrymen to

To seek out his own people had become a gentle mania with him. The search for men is more exciting than creeping for the rare mushroom on the downs, than hooking the rarer halibut off the rocks of the Point, or even than toll-

ing up mackerel in the harbor. The Reverend Eric Nelson put rather more enthusiasm into this search for Norwegians than some of his friends could understand. It had often provoked inquiry. Did the reformed sailor fear a revelation from his old home? Had he ever wronged any one, and was he prepared to make reparation? Not that he neglected the occasional Irishman who drifted upon the fishing-grounds, or the Germans, or the Nova-Scotians, or the Portuguese, who had made a settlement in the city. No one could accuse the founder and pastor of the "Fishermen's Refuge" of spiritual laziness. But Eric Nelson would lose his dinner, would almost forego a service, for the sake of running to his lair a Norwegian whom he had not seen before. This could hardly be for the sake of speaking his native tongue. This persistence in one direction was accepted as a bit of clannishness, or patriotism, and let alone at that. Sometimes when he came back to his boarding-house after a busy day, into which he had cast the whole of his enormous vitality, he would throw himself upon his carpet lounge, his eyes fixed steadily upon a worsted motto representing a girl clinging with pitiful pertinacity to a lonesome cross placed upon a more lonesome rock somewhere in the riotous ocean—a work of imagination giving one the impression of despair and death rather than of rescue and security. This rude art represented to his mind the essence of the Christian religion to which he was devoting his life. It perplexed and inspired him.

"If the cross could only be put on top of a light-house," he murmured to himself, "then the Rock of Ages and the Light of the World would be one. But supposing the tide should rise there," looking at the embroidered picture, "nothing under heaven could save that girl in a blow."

Thus the sailor argued with pardonable intelligence. What some of the "regular" clergymen might have called lack of reverence, this nautical evangelist considered enlightened reason.

"If she had only sent me a picture of him, I think I could find him yet." Eric Nelson had repeated this sentiment a hundred times to himself with that childlike faith that exasperates us when we see it in a sensible man who ought to know better, and which stuns us when it is fulfilled in a natural way, as if the contrary were the preposterous thing.

Four years ago, when Eric Nelson cut adrift from his Methodist pulpit and created the Fishermen's Refuge, he received a touching letter. The postmaster had called him to the window and asked him to translate the address.

"You're a Scandinavian of some sort, Mr. Nelson, and can read it for me. I suppose this means Springharbor." The official pointed at the geographical section of the letter's address. It was written very indistinctly in a quavering hand, "Sprughabur, Amerika."

"I am a Norwegian," answered Eric Nelson, with a stately inclination of his tawny head, as if he wished that fact isolated in the postmaster's memory once for all. The dingy envelope had been ruled from the lower left-hand corner towards the upper right-hand corner. The minister read the inscription aloud in his native tongue.

"That's me," he said, curtly, starting to open the envelope in his quick way.

"Hold on, Mr. Nelson," said the postmaster, putting out his hand. "I don't doubt *you*, of course. But won't you just translate it first?"

"I beg pardon. It reads, 'To the Sailor Missionary.' You are right. There is no such person in Springharbor." He handed the letter back. The postmaster for a moment looked irresolute.

"I don't know of anybody that has a better right," he suggested, anxiously.

"I come as near to it as I can," said Eric Nelson, with a rare smile. "If you say so, I'll take the letter, and open it, and read it, and if it is for anybody in Springharbor who knows sailors better than I do, I'll give it back. Will that do?"

"That is straight and fair," said the postmaster. "And so are you. Take the letter and act your judgment."

And Eric Nelson, thoughtless of the high compliment, only thoughtful of the letter, took it, and crossed over, and went down Dock Street to the Sailors' Reading-room, deciphering the letter to himself, reading aloud with the intense absorption of a self-forgetful man.

"Aarendal 27 *July* 188–

"Dear Sir Pastor,—Our son who fishing in Sprughabur ship I read about has not written for twelve years. We can learn nothing about him so far away. I

have written every port almost in the world. Will Sir Pastor of his goodness enlighten us whether he is living or dead. Harold was a good boy to his mother before he went. I am almost beside ourselves with grief and tears night and day for ten years and can hear nothing. He is an affectionate Dear Son. Please find our child and enlighten us, as Pastor reads this.

HANNAH TÖNNESEN
Aarendal Norway."

Now Aarendal was not more than twenty-five miles from Eric Nelson's own birthplace. Tönnesen was a familiar name in that region. He thought of his own mother. His large eyes filled. If he had neglected to write to her once a week until she died, how she would have suffered, the poor woman! This pathetic appeal came to him like a brand from heaven. It touched his great heart as the gale sways a towering pine. It seemed what he called providential to his religious mind that the lonely mother, after a fruitless quest of so many years, should find a neighbor in the unknown pastor whom she now addressed. To save sailors was his horizon. It was as broad as the sweep from Eastern Point Lighthouse. But to find Harold Tönnesen now became his peculiar and personal ambition.

Eric Nelson was a sincere man with a Methodist education. The phrases that had lost their meaning to critical minds were not cant to him. "For Christ's sake" was not a stock quotation. It was everything to him that the Master of the World had called fishermen to be his followers. This vital argument never failed him in the pulpit. Every fisherman, in his view, was a treasure lost or saved. That individual Norwegian now aroused the full enthusiasm of the pastor's fervid nature. Perhaps he did not realize, as time went on, how much of his success as a missionary was due not only to the known Nazarene, but to the unknown Harold Tönnesen.

At first he had written to the stricken mother once a month, encouraging her to believe that he was doing all he could to find her "affectionate dear son." But lately he had written less often: it might have been over a year since he had done so. Only the night before he had started from his bed with the vivid impression of having discovered the man he had sought for four years somewhere on Main Street. He proved to be a bronzed, thick-set, wicked fellow. Eric Nelson's fraternal appeal fell upon this stolid man like spray upon Norman's Woe. Dreams influence the least superstitious people, and the canny Norseman, whose mother had crooned to him tales of elves, awoke next morning with the conviction that the hour of his meeting with Harold Tönnesen was at hand, though he found it hard to believe that his derelict could be such a brute as his dream foretold.

So when he stopped in front of the bank and the post-office on this Saturday morning he cast a searching look over the lazy group of fishermen to note the unfamiliar faces. The rain of oaths ceased. Eric Nelson always exhaled the air of a pastor. The fishermen, though slow about everything else on shore, were quick to do him reverence.

As he approached, towering above every one else in the street, his blue eyes glistening like the search-lights of a man-of-war, he noticed a short, thickly built foreigner, evidently a Norwegian or a Swede. This man started down Main Street. The stranger seemed about thirty-five, and had a red beard, and although the full light had not fallen on his face, Eric Nelson thought that it had the reckless contour of a man who was ready for any dissipation that a new port might afford. The dream of the night flashed before him.

"Who is that? When did he come in? Where is he from?" Approaching the nearest fisherman, he thrust these nervous questions at him, pointing at the man disappearing down the hill.

"I dun'no'. Who d'ye mean?" said the fisherman, stupidly, without turning around to look.

Eric Nelson could have crushed the fellow with one grip of his mighty hand. He started to say a sharp word, and then recollected himself. Then it occurred to him to follow the stranger, who was already becoming obliterated in the Saturday crowd. As impetuous as the north wind, he began to run.

"Hold on, Mr. Nelson! Why in such a hurry? I want to speak to you about that matter of furnishing a bowling-alley in your rooms." Eric Nelson turned around. For a Springharbor man he might not have stopped in this crisis.

But the summer boarder was an unknown quantity. He might give fifty, a hundred, or possibly two hundred dollars. Besides, this particular man was more than a boarder—nay, even a cottager on the Azalea Road. What opulent possibilities in that fact!

"I'll be with you in just a minute," said Mr. Nelson, putting out his hand in an appealing, affectionate way.

"My train goes at ten eight. I have just twenty minutes," said the summer gentleman, quietly. "Perhaps you can attend to your other matter later."

Eric Nelson gave a last look down Main Street. The man had disappeared. With a deep sigh he gave himself up to the cottager and the cause.

"I will walk to the train with you," said Mr. Nelson, politely, throwing himself into the present opportunity.

He did not know this person's name; nor did he need to. It was enough to him that the man had taken an interest in the fisherman's work, and the house that he in his ecclesiastical way had called a Fishermen's Refuge. Only last week he had given an evening talk over at one of the summer hotels. A number of fashionable people were present. One enthusiast—a lady—was so moved by the discourse as to write a poem for a Boston paper in behalf of the work. This gentleman had come up to him after his talk and said, in a businesslike way, that his interest was worth cash for the cause, and he asked where the "Refuge" was, and what was needed. The summer people had, on the whole, been generous in helping Eric Nelson's work. But somehow, from this particular summer guest, with his unostentatious evidences of wealth, the missionary expected a great deal.

Now the minister was not exactly what we call an educated man. He knew nothing of Harvard, but everything of life. Sailors and fishermen he knew microscopically, and when he talked about them he became eloquent. Few could withstand his torrent of enthusiasm. Springharbor itself had subscribed for him generously.

As the two walked to the train, Eric talked in his quick, moving way. His companion was touched. He had made a large fortune suddenly and easily. It occurred to Eric Nelson that he had made it at sea, for the few remarks he had passed upon nautical matters were unusually intelligent for a "boarder."

"We have a service at three next Sunday afternoon. Can't you come?"

"I must drive then. I have an engagement to call." The gentleman spoke with a tone of real regret. "My wife wishes to see some friends," he explained, under the minister's serious look.

"I have an extra meeting at half past seven to-morrow evening. It is a praise service," said Eric Nelson, as the train came in from Stoneport. He bent over his new friend, and seemed to compel him by the incalculable power of a concentrated and consecrated life, added to that of a superb physique.

"I will come," answered the cottager, quickly.

"I hope that you will bring your wife," urged the pastor.

"I don't think that she would enjoy it," said the gentleman, in what seemed to Eric a bitter tone. Then the train moved off.

Unconsciously calculating how much the next Sunday evening's service might mean to the success of his work, Nelson plunged back into the city, taking up the excitement he had left. All that day he searched in vain for the stranger. He asked a thousand questions, and came back to his lonely boarding-house at supper-time exhausted of nerve and muscle.

After tea he allowed himself a few moments rest, the first in the long day. From his high room overlooking the beautiful harbor, the outline of the Blue Hills of Milton began to be purple in the setting sun. The royal tint crept nearer. It overtook Marblehead Neck. It approached and engulfed the granite tongue of Norman's Woe.

Eric Nelson had seen many of the superb sunsets for which Springharbor is famous. But this evening he held his breath as the colors came and died. It was nature's oratorio. The red glory of the sun disappeared behind the black hills. Then followed a procession of golden yellows that crowned the sky, that made flaming ribbons of the thin clouds suspended over the west, that lit the bay. Too soon the radiant tones passed, and the gray of the night crept in, swept in, and entreated the soul to contemplation and rest.

The burden of the day fell like a gauze from the pastor's heart. His brain cooled

with the night. Longing to wait for the lesser stars, but flogged by his cares, he turned to his Bible and to his pen.

"Isn't God beautiful?" he murmured to himself devoutly as he reluctantly drew down the curtain. With that naïve prayer he lit the lamp and began the sermon that he was to preach the next day.

When the Reverend Eric Nelson stepped up on his platform, covered with red ingrain carpet, that Sunday evening, the room was nearly full. The faithful cornetist was at his place by the piano, tapping his yellow instrument affectionately. The pianist, a merchant in town, like the cornetist, supplied the music for the "cause," and did it with a vim. At this moment he was trying to catch the pastor's eye, and was pursing up his mouth in the act of suggesting an opening song.

The boy quartet sat behind the cornetist, next to the piano, in a solemn row, anxiously hoping that the two set pieces which they had practised during the week would not suffer wreck. The music was the great feature of the Refuge, and the half-smothered note A of the cornet answered many a stolid heart, wondering "What did I come for, anyhow?"

The room had been quaintly decorated by some boarders enthusiastic for nautical effect. Condemned herring nets were festooned as a frieze about the walls, making a sharp contrast with their black cork buoys against the white plaster; while from the ceiling were suspended a dozen transparent glass globes such as are used in fishing. Oars were crossed over a miniature dory at the end of the room, giving the effect of a strange coat of arms. Behind the platform were two models of fishing-schooners, complete in every detail, each encased in a glass frame. These many reminders of his calling could not fail to put the fisherman at his ease. They always impressed the visitor. With the exception of the platform and the motto that arched it, the room looked more like the casino of a small sea-side hotel than a place of worship. It was attractive and homelike. In the lamplight of this strange place the glass globes swinging over the head of the audience seemed more than mere buoys to hold up nets to the surface of the ocean. As the sailors looked up their hearts were lifted too. The transparency, with its pressing invitation to "Come In," flashed from the outside of the building up and down Dock Street. A fine carriage stood before the door. Its coachman and footman looked superciliously over the heads of people. At the entrance an assistant urged the passers-by and the undecided to walk up stairs to the meeting. This portion of the city offers serious temptations of a Sunday night to the wind-scarred fisherman. What chance has a floating population against land-sharks? That evening many new faces, first attracted by the lights, the hospitality, perhaps by the barouche, appeared in the upper room.

Fishermen were common guests at the Refuge, but benevolent boarders were rare visitors; so it was fitting that when the gentleman of the day before appeared, true to his appointment, accompanied even by his wife, he should be escorted to the front seat of honor by the pastor himself. It was easily noticeable by the ladies of the congregation that the gentleman's wife sat down beside him with a gingerly flounce, and then raised her gold lorgnette to her eyes, sweeping her head with the air of expecting to discover a nest of cholera bacilli in the thicket of the audience. She was equipped in what she thought to be the height of fashion. It was the fashion of a mind that swung on an orbit bounded by ostentatious pride and conventional effect. The sparkle of her diamonds, the sheen of her fur cape, the pompon of impertinent feathers upon her intricate bonnet, these flaunted themselves as uncordially upon that plain audience as a dress suit upon a Grand-Banker would have done. The women near her, praying for their husbands and sons and lovers upon the sea, shrunk away from this creature of an upper stratum that had long since cooled. She herself, by indefinable movements of the shoulders and restlessness of her feathers, informed the tragic audience that she was out of her element—as if they did not know it. All this might have embarrassed any other man than Eric Nelson, who, glancing at her just before the service began, attributed her disdain to mannerism rather than to heartlessness. Behind, two settees away, sat a fisherman's widow swathed in a crêpe veil, and wearing a black and white calico dress.

Hardly less of a contrast was the gentleman himself. He gave the quick impression of a plain, serious man, one op-

pressed by a burden, and perhaps by a sorrow. He did not look like a rich man, and from his steady eye, his massive jaw, his determined smile, his ready-made clothes, one might have guessed him to be a master mechanic. His wife was evidently ashamed of his unfashionable appearance, and he of her fashionable shallowness. He assumed an attitude respectful, quiet, and dignified. A close observer would have noticed his alert eyes gauging the room, its occupants, the musical instruments, the leader, with the curious interest of a thrifty capitalist making up his mind what to give and where to put it. He inhaled the moral atmosphere of the place, respected it, and by a subtle attention was respected in return. When the music began his wife leaned over and whispered some sarcastic comment under her lace fan. For reply he took up a singing-book, opened it, and sang an affirmative bass. The Reverend Eric Nelson appreciated this attention to the service. It seemed to strengthen him for his customary twenty minutes' talk.

The clear cornet had attracted a few more men, who shambled in during the singing, each dropping to a back seat with the apologetic air of an expert fisherman who had lost a fat haddock just as it rose to the surface. Each one brought in with him a gust of salt cod.

And now the pathetic audience clung to the pastor's words. He was never weary of choosing fishermen's texts. These he treated in a peculiar way—original, because of his own nautical experiences, and ecclesiastical, because of his sectarian training. This evening he talked about the miraculous draught of fishes. He opened the subject as if it were entirely new, and as if the story of Christ ordering Peter to put down his net on the other side of his boat were a recent discovery from an ancient cursive script.

He explained the situation succinctly, and as he did so one by one the men on the back seats, whose heads were bowed upon their breasts from homesickness, exhaustion, dissipation, or indifference, raised their eyes and looked at the speaker unsteadily. The lady on the front seat yawned.

"Peter might have given a hundred excuses," continued Eric Nelson, raising his deep voice. "He might have said, 'I have fished on the Hunnipinks'—referring to a well-known fishing-ground off the Point—'and there was none there. When we used to go handlining there were plenty of fish, but the nets are catching them all up. Last week my mate and I tried Forlorn Ledge, and we only meshed one. We got on the grounds this morning at four. We haven't struck any yet; and I'll bet you, if we cast over on the other side, as you say, in the mud bottom, that we won't raise a cunner, or even a sculpin.' That's what Peter might have said!"

This vivid interpretation of the Scriptures the men readily understood. It was worth the whole run of New Testament commentaries from Barnes to Bruce. Eric Nelson had caught the attention of every man in the room.

"How tedious!" whispered the lady on the front seat, too loud even for "mannerism."

"He shall have a blank check," the gentleman murmured to himself.

Eric Nelson halted for breath. Should not a fisher of men use the quickest bait to catch them? Now that he had tolled his hearers to him, as they toll up mackerel with slivered herring, he made ready to land them with what he would have called the Gospel hook.

Just as he was about to begin in a more conventional vein, the door opened softly, and a man passed in. Halting, irresolute, bashful at having interrupted the speaker and called attention to himself, he faced the minister for a moment, and then sank behind a broad shoulder.

The pastor started. His subject passed clean out of his grasp. It was the man who had escaped him the day before. It was the Harold Tönnesen of his dream. The simplicity and strength of his mind consisted in tolerating one idea at a time. The vision of the lonely mother in the hamlet of Aarendal, in far-off Norway, held his imagination. And her boy was before him. He no more doubted it than he doubted the solidity of the platform on which he stood.

With a boldness and pliability that always surprise us in natural orators, he launched into a new topic. Peter and his net had vanished. The audience, whose nerves were drilled to sudden changes in the weather and lapses in the home, took Eric Nelson's new tack as a matter of course. The gentleman on the front seat was intent upon the speaker. His wife

sat with an insolent pose, such as one assumes at a condemned play. The boy choir continued to practise their next selection by breathing their parts softly between their teeth.

Striking straight at the missing man, Eric Nelson told the story of the letter received four years ago. He mentioned no name, no place. He dwelt upon the loneliness of the mother, her untiring quest by correspondence over the world, the ingratitude of the son, his own unceasing search, his dream, and his conviction that the man would soon be found. He noticed that the strange sailor was much moved, and furtively wiped his eyes with a red handkerchief.

"And if he should happen to be present," continued Eric Nelson, advancing to the edge of the platform, looking at the convicted stranger over the fashionable lady, who now applied salts as an antidote to this passionate torrent of hortatory eloquence—"if he should be present this evening, God help him! A mother is praying for him to come home. God hear her prayers! Christ is beckoning over the Atlantic Ocean to him. Heed his gesture! Come home! The erring son has been a flotsam over the face of the earth. Now he will find rest and peace. Oh, comfort the bleeding heart of the mother! Christ calls to the wanderer. Come home! God help him! Come home!"

The minister's voice ceased, and the sectarian intonation died away. The storm was followed by a still prayer. The little congregation were upon their feet before they knew it, questioning each other with their eyes. The cornetist philosophically enveloped his instrument in green baize. The boy quartet, disappointed of the important part of the programme, looked at Eric Nelson reproachfully. But he, dividing his audience like a golden meteor, bore down upon the man he sought.

"Let us leave this dreary place. How could you bring me here? I hear the horses stamp. They must be very restless. Do hurry!" The lady spoke petulantly, gathering her wraps about her handsomely covered shoulders.

"I have a little business with Mr. Nelson, my dear," her husband answered, with unusual tenderness, helping her adjust her fur cape. "Hadn't you better sit in the carriage until I come? It will only take a minute or two."

She went out haughtily, down the uncarpeted stairs, holding her long train disdainfully from the dust. With a sigh of relief she sank into her own cushions and assumed her own high station, as if she had been unjustly defrauded of it that weary, common hour.

"I have been waiting for you. God bless you!" said Eric Nelson, eagerly, clasping the fisherman's hand.

With great feeling the man shook his in return.

"You are a stranger," continued the pastor, impetuously. "You are a sailor, my friend, perhaps a skipper. You have just come in. You are a Norwegian."

The man nodded solemnly at each of these quick attacks. He seemed surprised that any one should take an interest in him.

"Perhaps you have a mother," continued Eric, panting.

The man shook his head dolefully.

"You may not have seen her for many years."

The stranger gave a sorrowful duck, and the tears welled to his red eyes.

"You have not heard from each other for a long time: is it not so?"

"It is, sir," answered the sailor, in a trembling tone.

The Reverend Eric Nelson collected himself for the duty he felt before him. He was going to be stern, but the other seemed so broken that Eric's heart warmed for his countryman. He spoke softly and simply in the Norwegian tongue.

"My dear friend, do you know that your mother may have been searching for you? She may have sent me a letter." He tapped his breast coat pocket. "She may have said that you were an affectionate dear son. Why have you neglected her?"

The room had cleared. The unpaid assistant had put out the lamps. It was dark where the two stood. One light still burned over the platform. The condemned nets seemed to writhe in the gloom. The glass balls glowed like distant moons. The summer visitor sat patiently in his seat. It was impossible that he had not heard the latter part of this conversation, at least. But what was an unknown tongue to him? He was as if graven to his chair.

The sailor sobbed. "What do ye mean by talking so? Your sermon near broke my heart. I'm captain of the bark *Win-*

derström, eighty-seven days from Sicily, with salt. I have been on her these twenty years. I haven't a wife; not a child have I—d'ye hear?" he said, fiercely. "What do you know what it is to have no one to love you—to pace the quarter-deck alone?"

"Why don't you go back to your old mother?" asked Eric, tenderly. "Why don't you go back to Aarendal?"

For the first time he coupled the man directly with the place. He did it with a tone of official command. The Norseman's half-superstitious fancy suggested that this night would accomplish the mission of years, and restore the son to the mother. The mood of a prophet exalted him. He believed himself to be the wand of God. At his last word, spoken in a higher voice, the man before him was shaken by a convulsive groan. This re-echoed from the platform and the schooners under glass. The gentleman in front still sat with his head bowed low. He seemed asleep.

"Mother?" cried the sailor, starting up brusquely. "Why do you talk to me about mother? If I had a mother to go to, d'ye think that irons would keep me away from her? What d'ye mean by telling me I neglected my mother? If I'd had a mother, I'd been a better man to-day. She died when I was born."

The captain of the bark trembled. It is not often in a lifetime that a man like that is seen in tears, and when this happens it is either in the presence of a priest or of a wife.

But Eric Nelson stared at the sailor. A fierce doubt of his own faith nearly strangled him. It was like a tornado catching a ship under full sail dead ahead. His lips shrivelled. His eyes grew wandering. His ruddy face paled. Such spiritual disappointment is not easily gauged by the commoner mind. The blow was blinding, and Eric Nelson's simple heart was stunned by it. He muttered a few words unintelligible to himself, in a voice strange to his own ear, intended to ask the astonished captain of the *Winderström* to await his attention for a few minutes; and then, feeling exceedingly dizzy, staggered to the platform.

"You must excuse me," he began, speaking with the impulsiveness of a boy. "I have had a great disappointment."

The gentleman rose courteously. His plain face expressed emotion.

"I am sorry," he said, simply, holding out an oblong piece of paper. "Will this comfort you?"

Eric Nelson's back was to the light, and the paper in his hand was thus brought into the shadow.

"What is it?" he asked, stupidly.

"I authorize you to fill it out for any sum which you need for the work. It is payable to your personal order."

Then for the first time it dawned upon Eric Nelson's mind that he held a blank check. But he did not yet realize the princely gift. He turned toward the light, and in a dazed way read the writing on the paper. The gentleman watched him with a searching look, in which was mingled the happiness that rich hearts feel in playing the magician to the needy, and the cold reserve perhaps habitual to the man of business.

Eric Nelson turned the check over in his great hands, then looked at it, and read the signature again. The possibility of his suddenly having gone mad weighed slowly upon his mind. He repeated the signature aloud, giving it a Norwegian intonation, "*Harold Tönnesen!*"

He looked at the giver and stammered the name again.

"I beg pardon," said the gentleman, gravely, "my name is Tennyson; the same as that of the English Laureate, although I am no relation to him, of course. You may fill out the check, as I said, to your own satisfaction. I trust you entirely." His business being completed, he turned to go; but Eric held out his hand.

"Hold, sir; I have not thanked you yet."

"That is unnecessary now. I see that you are much moved."

"I *am* moved." Mr. Nelson started to say more. His voice failed. The gentleman's air of easy affluence, his confidence of position, even his carelessness of fashion, confronted Eric Nelson like a high stone wall. "Are you Harold Tönnesen?" The pastor of the Fishermen's Refuge addressed the millionaire with a sturdy courage of which the adjective manly is a meagre definition.

"I am Harold Tennyson," answered the gentleman in an indulgent tone, but with a face that seemed to understand

the pastor's struggle. "My wife is waiting. I will leave you now."

"If you are Harold Tönnesen," cried Eric Nelson in a quivering voice, still insisting on the Norwegian accent, "for God's sake stop. I have a letter for you."

At that word the gentleman's face changed to a ghastly color. He turned abruptly. A wicked word started to his lips. But he controlled himself.

"I think you must be mistaken, sir," he answered, loftily. "My correspondence is cleared up to date."

"If you are Harold Tönnesen," repeated Eric, with an authoritative gesture and in a confident tone, "I have a letter from your mother in Aarendal."

"He *is* Harold Tönnesen, I'll bet ye!" said a gruff voice from the gloom. The captain of the *Winderström* strode up. He spoke in English, but with a strong foreign accent. "Don't ye know me? I know ye when ye speak. I, Carl Anderson, mate of the bark *Winderström* when you are afore the mast. Twelve year have agone. Ye don't bear me grudge fur handspikin' ye the day ye got two days off 'Frisco drunk? Give me yer hand, shipmate."

With the rude friendliness of an old acquaintance the captain of the salt bark pushed himself into the light, between the pastor and the summer visitor, and held out his rough hand. This the gentleman took mechanically.

But at this sight Eric Nelson's heart boiled within him. The thought that he had been searching the slums all these years instead of the palaces was more than he could bear. That an outcast sinner of a sailor could forget his mother he thought quite possible; but it had never been conceivable to his simple mind that wealth could prove so heartless. It occurred to him to return the blank check, and then he remembered that it did not belong to him, but to the Refuge. Baffled and startled by the successive events of the evening, his nature was now shaken to its roots by the sailor's revelation. He looked at the undutiful son with the authoritative sternness of a spiritual superior. He did not feel abashed before the man's wealth. Perhaps it had been acquired fraudulently. All he thought of was the poor mother.

"Yes," said the man, with agitated voice and respiration, "I am Harold Tönnesen of Aarendal." He stopped, looking around him, as if he sought a chance of escape. But the pastor stood between him and the door. He began again, in the manner of one seeking to gain time. "When I deserted the *Winderström*, at San Francisco, I struck for the mines. In six months I hit the Golden Gulch. Six months more and I was very rich. I married Senator McQuaid's daughter, and changed my name; but I think," looking appealingly at Eric, and speaking slowly, as if he had avoided the vital point as long as he well could—"I think that my mother is long since dead." He hesitated, and his strong eyes fell beneath the minister's contemptuous look.

"How do you know that she is dead?" asked Eric, metallically.

"An old mate of mine told me so at sea. I hadn't been in the habit of writing—for a long time," he added, with piteous apology. "But I wrote immediately, and got no answer. I think I wrote again. I never heard anything. She *must* be dead."

The captain of the bark looked from one to the other inquiringly. He had the natural awe of a pastor which is born in every Norseman's breast. He did not speak. His lips moved with varying sympathy.

"When this great wealth came to you, why did you not write home again to find out if the account was true?" Eric Nelson addressed the gentleman as if he had been a common sailor. The minister's voice grew sterner. It seemed to come from a far spiritual height. "Why did you not *go*?"

"I meant to," faltered the unhappy man. "But my wife—" He stopped, ashamed.

"Well?" said Eric, pitilessly.

"Is my old mother alive?" Harold Tönnesen raised his gray face.

"You don't deserve to have a mother," said Eric, fiercely. "You threw her overboard when your ease came. How could you rest nights, how could you prosper days, when your mother was weeping her old heart out for her son? Don't you despise yourself?"

It never occurred to the two old mates that the pastor of the Fishermen's Refuge had no right to lash a stranger like this. Harold Tönnesen bowed before him.

"Is she alive?" he groaned. "If she is—then my wife shall not—" He stopped again.



"HAROLD TÖNNESEN!"

"That is a pitiful excuse for a man," stormed Eric. "She *is* alive. At this moment she is praying for you. Are her prayers worth as much as your blank check?"

With a superb motion Eric flung the light paper as if it stung him. It turned like a leaf, and fell at the rich man's feet. Not knowing what else to do, Captain Carl picked it up, and, with a certain tenderness, put it in his old mate's hat.

"I will send her money to-night." Harold Tönnesen glanced at the check nervously, and lifted it towards the pastor without looking at him.

"Money?" scorned Eric. "Money! Why, man, she wants *you*. Don't you love your mother?"

"But how can I?" cried Harold Tönnesen. "She cannot come here. She would be unhappy. I cannot go there. My wife—"

"—— your wife!" The Captain smote his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"What did you say?" Mr. Tönnesen started to his feet. "How dare you, man?"

"Hush," interposed Eric, stepping between the two men. The soft, trained step of a curious servant sounded beside them.

"Mrs. Tennyson would like to know when you're coming, sir." The footman saluted respectfully. His observant eyes were as expressionless as art could make them.

"Tell her to go home," his master answered, savagely.

"Amen," said Eric, below his breath. His thoughts now came clear and fast. He realized the importance of the few minutes that were rushing upon them.

"You must telegraph for your mother to-morrow, sir. I will do it for you. The shock of knowing that you are living may kill her; but if she does not die, she must take the next steamer for America."

"I will consult my—"

"No, you will not," insisted Eric, grasping Harold Tönnesen's limp arm. "If you tell her, I see that you are lost." He stopped, and, like an inspired priest, raised his hand solemnly. "In the name of Christ I command you to authorize me to telegraph to your mother to-morrow." Eric Nelson stood to his greatest height. All the nerve and spirit within him were concentrated in that supreme word. His mien carried an irresistible power.

Harold Tönnesen bowed before this man of God.

"You may do it," he said, humbly. "Let me go now, please. I shall be glad to see my dear old mother. I will try to make her happy."

The sea-side was deserted. All but a few rich cottagers had gone to their city homes. The hotel people did not stay to delight in the grand October colors. Dingy city streets do not show the yellow and the red, the purple and the gold, against the gray and green of the rock, against the green and gray of the sea; they do not show the picturesque herring fleet creeping to the westward past Norman's Woe as the moon wanes.

It was an October day, gleaming with sunshine and dancing with vibrations. There had been an easterly sea running, and the waves smote the granite shore. There was not a note of sadness in their echo. Beyond Springharbor, toward Azalea, several large estates stretch to the south, grasp the Atlantic, and fascinate with shady outlooks. An open carriage, correct in its luxurious appointments, drove between the red sumachs, the terra-cotta oaks, and the yellow elms, up the rented avenue of one of these summer homes. The stolid footman saluted and opened the door. With a grave smile, and with a word of cheer in a foreign tongue, a gentleman sprang out, and taking the other occupant of the carriage in his arms, deposited her gently upon the step.

She was the strangest woman that the North Shore had ever seen. She was evidently a peasant from some country beyond the ocean, for she was dressed in wooden shoes, in the coarsest home-made stockings, in a blue homespun dress that came only to her ankles, in a red and white bodice, such as you see in old German colored prints, and in an intricate cap or bonnet, not to be described by a masculine pen.

Her face, scarred by tears and loneliness and time, had the sweetest, most trustful expression that this world of woe can chisel.

Her son in evident agitation bent over her.

"Dear mother, I welcome you home. In a few days we shall go away to a better and a warmer."

"You are a good son, Harold; a very affectionate son," said the old woman, wearily.

At the wide door stood a lady sumptuously dressed. Her cold eyes seemed to reflect the contemptuous look of her servants.

"There is my wife waiting for you, mother," said Mr. Tennyson, with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"I cannot see her. I only see a blazing light." The mother lifted her weak eyes.

"Alice," said Harold Tennyson, in a tone which the daughter of Senator McQuaid had never heard since she was a little girl in her father's house, "come down and meet your mother!"

Clinging to her son, and courtesying to her daughter, the old lady passed up the steps, and the footman helped to carry her to her luxurious bedroom, for they found her weaker than they had supposed. The peasant woman noticed but two



things—that her boy did not leave her, and that the sea glistened beyond the window.

The almost inevitable tragedy of the late atonement came to pass.

To be forced to remain on the North Shore till November for the sake of a dying woman was hard, but Alice Tennyson bore it with what graciousness she could command.

Upon a bleak afternoon, when she was taking a fretful drive to Manchester, the old lady sank away suddenly.

Her son was with her. She put out her knotted hand and touched his bowed head feebly. "You are a very good, affectionate son, my dear," she whispered. Then the light of a perfect happiness glorified her face.

The shutters stood ready for their cold duty against the windows of the summer home when the family—the living and the dead—left the dismantled place together.

And Eric Nelson read the Lutheran burial-service in the Norwegian tongue.

BLACK WATER AND SHALLOWS.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE morning broke gray and lowering, and the clouds rolled in heavy masses across the sky. I was sitting out on a log washing a shirt, and not distinguishing myself as a laundryman either, for one shirt will become excessively dirty in a week, and no canoeist can have more than that, as will be seen when you consider that he has to carry every thing which he owns on his back. My guide had packed up our little "kit" and deposited it skilfully in the *Necoochee*—a sixteen-foot canoe of the Rice Lake pattern.

We were about to start on a cruise down a river which the lumbermen said could not be "run," as it was shallow and rocky. We could find no one who had been down it, and so, not knowing anything about it, we regarded it as a pleasant prospect. "Harrison," being a professional guide and hunter, had mostly come in contact with people—or "sports," as he called them—who had no sooner entered the woods than they were overcome with a desire to slay. No fatigue or exertion was too great when the grand purpose was to kill the deer and despoil the trout streams, but to go wandering aimlessly down a stream which by general consent was impracticable for boats, and then out into the clearings where the mountain spring was left behind, and where logs and mill-dams and agriculturists took the place of the deer and the trout, was a scheme which never quite got straightened out in his mind. With many misgivings, and a very clear impression that I was mentally deranged, "Has" allowed that "we're all aboard."

We pushed out into the big lake and paddled. As we skirted the shores the wind howled through the giant hemlocks, and the ripples ran away into white-caps on the far shore. As I wielded my double-blade paddle and instinctively enjoyed the wildness of the day, I also indulged in a conscious calculation of how long it would take my shirt to dry on my back. It is such a pity to mix a damp shirt up with the wild storm, as it hurries over the dark woods and the black water, that I felt misgivings; but, to be perfectly accurate, they divided my attention, and, after all, man is only noble by fits and starts.

We soon reached the head of the river, and a water-storage dam and a mile of impassable rapids made a "carry" or "portage" necessary. Slinging our packs and taking the seventy-pound canoe on our shoulders, we started down the trail. The torture of this sort of thing is as exquisitely perfect in its way as any ever devised. A trunk-porter in a summer hotel simply does for a few seconds what we do by the hour, and as for reconciling this to an idea of physical enjoyment, it cannot be done. It's a subtle mental process altogether indefinable; but your enthusiast is a person who would lose all if he reasoned any, and to suffer like an anchorite is always a part of a sportsman's programme. The person who tilts back in a chair on the veranda of a summer hotel, while he smokes cigars and gazes vacantly into space, is your only true philosopher; but he is not a sportsman. The woods and the fields and the broad roll of the ocean do not beckon to him to come out among them. He detests all their sensations, and believes nothing holy except the dinner hour, and with his bad appetite that too is flat, stale, and unprofitable. A real sportsman, of the nature-loving type, must go tramping or paddling or riding about over the waste places of the earth, with his dinner in his pocket. He is alive to the terrible strain of the "carry," and to the quiet pipe when the day is done. The camp-fire contemplation, the beautiful quiet of the misty morning on the still water, enrapture him, and his eye dilates, his nerves tingle, and he is in a conflagration of ecstasy. When he is going—going—faster—faster into the boil of the waters, he hears the roar and boom ahead, and the black rocks crop up in thickening masses to dispute his way. He is fighting a game battle with the elements, and they are remorseless. He may break his leg or lose his life in the tip-over which is imminent, but the fool is happy—let him die.



THE PORTAGE.

But we were left on the "carry," and it is with a little thrill of joy and the largest sigh of relief possible when we again settle the boat in the water. Now you should understand why it is better to have one shirt and wash it often. My



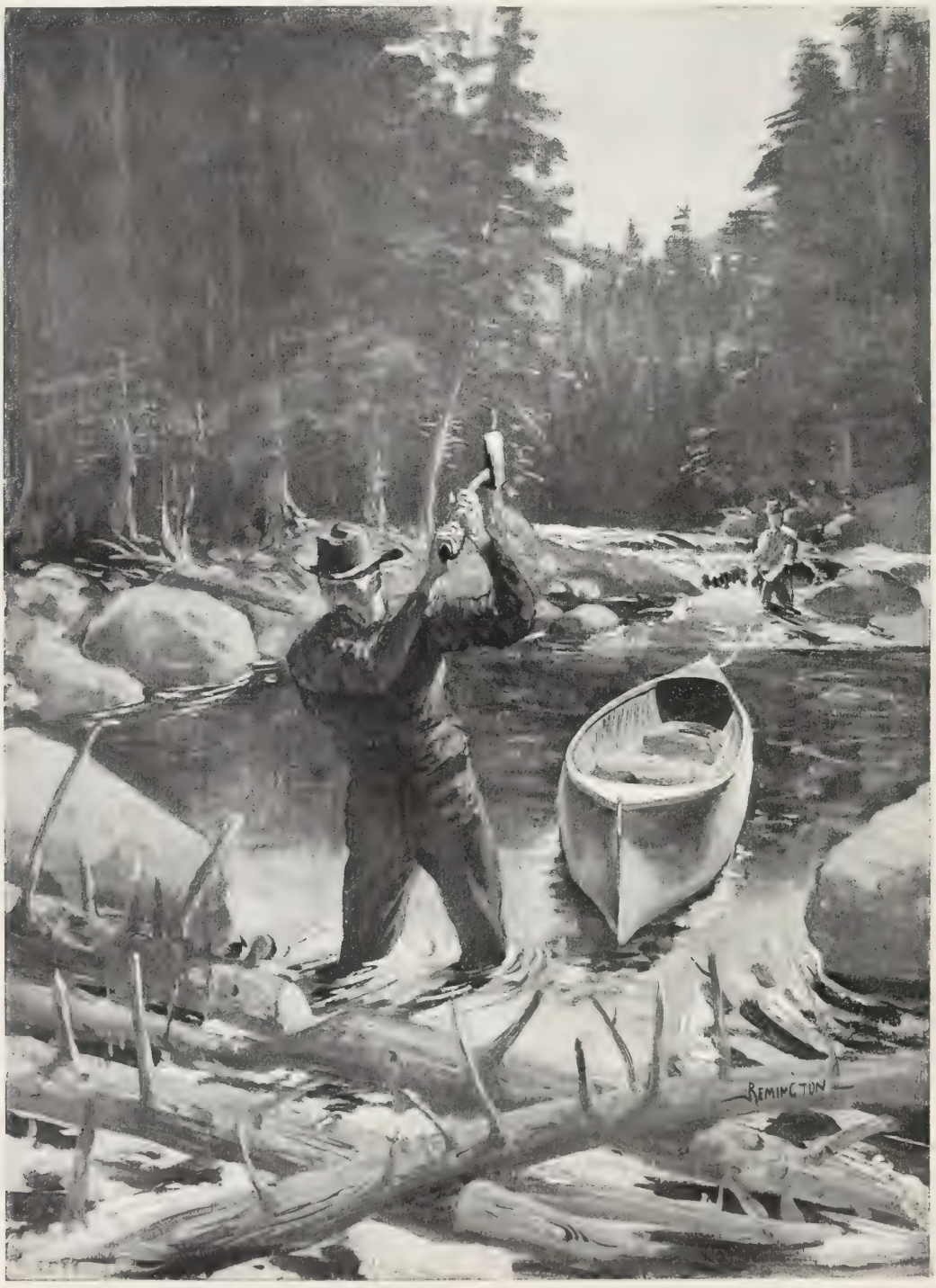
BLACK WATER.

"canoe kit" is the best arranged and the most perfect in the world, as no other canoeist will possibly admit, but which is nevertheless a fact. One blanket, a light shelter-tent, a cooking outfit, which folds up in a sort of Japanese way, a light axe, two canvas packs, and tea, bacon, and flour. This does not make long reading, but it makes a load for a man when it's all packed up, and a canoeist's baggage must be cut to the strength of his back. It is a great piece of confidence in which I will indulge you when I caution you not to pick out invalids for canoe companions. If a burro would take kindly to backwoods navigation, I should enjoy the society of one, though it would not be in the nature of a burro to swing an axe, as indeed there are many fine gentlemen who cannot do a good job at that; and if one at least of the party cannot, the camp-fires will go out early at nights, and it is more than probable that the companions will have less than twenty toes between them at the end of the cruise.

All these arrangements being perfected, you are ready to go ahead, and in the wilderness you have only one anxiety, and that is about the "grub." If the canoe turn over, the tea, the sugar, and the flour will mix up with the surrounding elements, and only the bacon will remain to nourish you until you strike the clearings, and there are few men this side 70° north latitude who will gormandize on that alone.

The long still water is the mental side of canoeing, as the rapid is the life and movement. The dark woods tower on either side, and the clear banks, full to their fat sides, fringed with trailing vines and drooping ferns, have not the impoverished look of civilized rivers. The dark water wells along, and the branches droop to kiss it. In front the gray sky is answered back by the water reflection, and the trees lie out as though hung in the air, forming a gateway, always receding. Here and there an old monarch of the forest has succumbed to the last blow and fallen across the stream. It reaches out ever so far with its giant stems, and the first branch had started sixty feet from the ground. You may have to chop a way through, or you may force your canoe through the limbs and gather a crowd of little broken branches to escort you along the stream. The original forest tree has a character all its own, and I never see one but I think of the artist

who drew second-growth timber and called it "the forest primeval." The quietness of the woods, with all their solemnity, permitting no bright or overdressed plant to obtrude itself, is rudely shocked by the garish painted thing as the yellow polished *Necoochee* glides among them. The water-rat dives with a tremendous splash as he sees the big monster glide by his sedge home. The kingfisher springs away from his perch on the dead top with loud chatterings when we glide into his notice. The crane takes off from his grassy "set back" in a deliberate manner, as though embarking on a tour to Japan, a thing not to be hurriedly done. The mink eyes you from his sunken log, and grinning in his most savage little manner, leaps away. These have all been disturbed in their wild homes as they were about to lunch off the handiest trout, and no doubt they hate us in their liveliest manner; but the poor trout under the boat compensate us with their thanks. The mud-turtle is making his way up stream, as we can tell by the row of bub-



BREAKING A JAM.

bles which arise in his wake; and the "skaters," as I call the little insects which go skipping about like a lawyer's point in an argument, part as we go by. The mosquitoes, those desperate little villains who dispute your happiness in the woods, are there, but they smell the tar and oil of our war-paint, and can only hum in their anger. A stick cracks in the brush, and with all the dash and confidence of a city girl as she steps from her front door, a little spotted fawn walks out on a sedge bank from among the alders. He does not notice us, but in his stupid little way looks out the freshest water-grass, and the hunter in the stern of the boat cuts his paddle through the water, and the canoe glides silently up until right under his nose. We are still and silent. The little thing raises its head and looks us full in the eye, and then continues to feed as before. I talk to him quietly, and say, "Little man, do not come near the ponds or the rivers, for you will not live to have five prongs on your antlers if any one but such good people as we see you." He looks up, and seems to say, "You are noisy, but I do not care." "Now run; and if you ever see anything in the forest which resembles us, run for your life;" and with a bound the little innocent has regained the dark aisles of the woods. You loll back on your pack, your pipe going lazily; your hat is off; you moralize, and think thoughts which have dignity. You drink in the spell of the forest, and dream of the birch barks and the red warriors who did this same thing a couple of centuries since. But as thoughts vary so much in individuals, and have but an indirect bearing on canoeing, I will proceed without them. The low swamp, with its soft timber, gives place to hills and beech ridges, and the old lord of the forest for these last hundred years towers up majestically. The smaller trees fight for the sunlight, and thus the ceaseless war of nature goes on quietly, silently, and alone. The miserable "witch-hoppel" leads its lusty plebeian life, satisfied to spring its half-dozen leaves, and not dreaming to some day become an oak. The gentle sigh of the forest, the hum of insects, and the chatter and peal of the birds have gone into harmony with a long, deep, swelling sound, becoming louder and louder, until finally it drowns all else.



THE FAWN.

The canoe now glides more rapidly. The pipe is laid one side. The paddle is grasped firmly, and with a firm eye I regard the "grub" pack which sits up in the bow, and resolve to die if necessary in order that it may not sink if we turn over. The river turns, and the ominous growl of the rapids is at hand.

"Hold her—hold her now—to the right of the big rock; then swing to the far shore: if we go to the right, we are gone."

"All right; let her stern come round," and we drop away.

No talking now, but with every nerve and muscle tense, and your eye on the



HUNG UP.

boil of the water, you rush along. You back water and paddle, the stern swings, she hangs for an instant, she falls in the current, and with a mad rush you take it like a hunting-man a six-bar gate. Now paddle, paddle, paddle. It looks bad—we cannot make it—yes—all right, and we are on the far shore, with the shallows on the other side. This little episode was successful, but, as you well know, it cannot last. The next rift, and with a bump she is hung upon a sunken rock, and—jump! jump!—we both flounder overboard in any way possible, so it is well and quickly done. One man loses his hold, the other swings the boat off, and kicking and splashing for a foothold, the demoralized outfit shoots along. At last one is found, and then at a favorable rock we embark again.

You are now wet, but the tea and sugar are safe, so it's a small matter. A jam of logs and tops is "hung up" on a particularly nasty place, and you have a time getting the boat around it. You walk on rotten tops while the knots stick up beneath you like sabres. "Has" floats calmly out to sea as it were on a detached log which he is cutting, and with a hopeless look of despair he totters, while I yell, "Save the axe, —— you—save the axe!" and over he goes, only to get wet and very disgusted, both of which will wear off in time. For a mile the water is so shallow that the boat will not run loaded, and we lead her along as we wade, now falling in over our heads, sliding on slippery stones, hurting our feet, wondering why we had come at all. The boat gets loose, and my heart stands still as the whole boat-load of blankets and grub with our pipes and tobacco started off for the settlements—or "drifting to thunder," as Bret Harte said of Chiquita. There was a rather lively and enthusiastic pursuit instituted then, the details of which are forgotten, as my mind was focussed on the grub-pack, but we got her. About this time the soles let go on my tennis shoes, and my only pair of trousers gave way. These things, however, become such mere details as to be scarcely noticed when you have travelled since sunrise up to your waist in water, and are tired, footsore, and hungry. It is time to go ashore and camp.

You scrape away a rod square of dirt, chunks, witch-hoppel, and dead leaves, and make a fire. You dry your clothes while you wear the blanket and the guide

the shelter-tent, and to a casual observer it would look as though the savage had come again; but he would detect a difference, because a white man in a blanket is about as inspiring a sight as an Indian with a plug-hat.

Finally the coffee boils, the tent is up, and the bough bed laid down. You lean against the dead log and swap lies with the guide; and the greatest hunters I have ever known have all been magnificent liars. The two go together. I should suspect a man who was deficient. Since no one ever believes hunters' yarns, it has come to be a pleasurable pastime, in which a man who has not hunted considerably can't lie properly without offending the intelligence of that part of his audience who have.

The morning comes too soon, and after you are packed up and the boat loaded, if you are in a bad part of the river you do this: you put away your pipe, and with a grimace and a shudder you step out into the river up to your neck and get wet. The morning is cold, and I, for one, would not allow a man who was perfectly dry to get into my boat, for fear he might have some trepidation about getting out promptly if the boat was "hung up" on a rock; and in the woods all nature is subservient to the "grub."

Hour after hour we waded along. A few rods of still water and "Has" would cut off large chews of tobacco, and become wonderfully cynical as to the caprices of the river. The still water ends around the next point. You charge the thing nobly, but end up in the water up to your neck with the "grub" safe, and a mile or so more of wading in prospect.

Then the river narrows, and goes tumbling off down a dark cañon cut through the rocks. We go ashore and "scout the place," and then begin to let the boat down on a line. We hug the black sides like ants, while the water goes to soapsuds at our feet. The boat bobs and rocks, and is nearly upset in a place where we cannot follow it through. We must take it up a ledge about thirty feet high, and after puffing and blowing and feats of maniacal strength, we at last have it again in the water. After some days of this thing we found from a statistician we had dropped 1100 feet in about fifty-one miles, and with the well-known propensity of water to flow down hill, it can be seen that difficulties were encountered. You cannot carry a boat in the forest, and you will discover enough reasons why in a five-minute trail to make their enumeration tiresome. The zest of the whole thing lies in not knowing the difficulties beforehand, and then, if properly equipped, a man who sits at a desk the year through can find no happier days than he will in his canoe when the still waters run through the dark forests and the rapid boils below.

A LANDSCAPE BY CONSTABLE.

BY F. MARY WILSON.

AMONG my artistic acquaintance there is no house at which one gets a better dinner and better talk—the *ne plus ultra* combination in party-giving—than at the Christopher Breretons'. Old Kit is a painter, and so is his wife, or rather his wifelet, for "wife" always sounds too sober and matronly a word for so dainty a pocket Venus. The Breretons have been married about two years. Although Kit's father was considerate enough to leave his son well out of financial harm's way, both husband and wife are genuine, conscientious artists, his province being landscape, while she goes in for portraits. When they are in London they live in Kensington Square, in a fascinating old house, with an enclosed pavement in front and hammered iron gates, where they have a studio apiece, but boast no drawing-room. At their table one is sure of meeting the most inspiring, the least humdrum of companies. The dining-room itself is exhilarant, with its linen-fold panelling three parts up the wall, surmounted by a white plaster frieze and finely modelled ceiling, with two or three Lucas van Heeres and Vandycks framed in the panels and lit from silver sconces. The heavy narrow table, wisely incapable of leaves, only seats eight people, and round it these fortunate ones, who are as carefully selected and mutually harmonized as the dishes of which they partake, are set on Stuart chairs with twisted rails and square backs covered in cordovan. The usual accom-

paniments of a summer dinner party, the murmur of talk and laughter, the faint scent of flowers, the sparkling wine, the open windows, and the candles, always delight one's senses and stimulate one up to one's best; but at the Brereton's' all these things are made into just that little more—and how much it is!—which while it lasts is social elysium. There is something more subtle in it than mere good cheer, for it is the taste and art which a clever woman contrives to put into everything she touches.

At the end of last June, for instance, I assisted at the Brereton's' informal farewell dinner before they started for a month in Venice. There were six of us —Kit and his wife; her pretty friend, Miss Tessa Conway; myself, a teller of poor tales; George Palliser, the author of *Rose Petals and Snow-Drift and Other Poems*, who, like all minor poets (and perhaps that is why they never become major), is a most delightful person in private life; and last, but not least, Mr. Goring Gibbon, who nearly half a century ago published one of the finest translations of the Iliad, and is now the well-known collector, for whose magnificent specimens of Plantagenet and Tudor plate several museums are diligently scheming by attentively petting the owner. It was by no means the first time that the same party had met round the gilded silver galleon which forms the Brereton's' table centre piece, and our talk at dinner was of theatres, books, people, and that pleasantest talk of any, which we can only get with our intimates, light-hearted nonsense. Mrs. Brereton is one of those women, "just touched with thought and yet not overwise," whom men find perfect as intellectual companions, without being afraid of them. She is exceedingly pretty, with her miniature yet exquisitely proportioned height and figure, her black, vivacious eyes, bright complexion, and glossy, curly hair that seems to turn its fashionable "Grecian" knot into a laughable mimicry of any classical original. What with her quick, birdlike movements and glancings, her light voice and laugh, her manner so self-possessed, yet so prettily appealing, and all the rest of her delicate ways, not omitting the irreproachable fit and finish of her peach brocade, and her tiny brownish hands ablaze with Kit's presents, she struck me especially that evening as the only small woman I have ever seen who looks absolutely distinguished, and would hold her own in a room filled with "daughters of the gods." No wonder dear old Kit remains so many fathoms deep in love with the little creature, too dignified to be droll, who only comes up to his shoulder, and yet orders him about like the Titania she is.

Just at the end of the meal, while we were discussing our black coffee and "Fin Champagne," I remember Palliser paying his hostess a deft compliment on her dinner, at which the irrepressible Kit struck in—

"Yes, I often tell my wife she's a Triton among the *menus*."

"Fancy acknowledging that one's own jest is an old stager!" shrugged Mrs. Brereton. "At all events, he can't say that his wife has so little respect for his puns as to laugh at them. Thank you, all the same, Mr. Palliser, for your compliment. I confess I have no liking for unsophisticated cookery."

When we all adjourned to the studio, Mr. Goring Gibbon said, as he walked in,

"For the fiftieth time, Brereton, permit me to admire your surroundings."

And, indeed, it is a charming studio. The walls are whitish, the furniture Chippendale's, with "grandfather's" chairs covered with pale purplish silk in narrow stripes. There is a good deal of brightly shining brass about, and some glorious hawthorn and "long Eliza" jars, but the room enjoys a blessed immunity from the lumber miscalled artistic.

By this time we were all comfortably bestowed round the hearth in the corner, for, needless to say, the June evening was chilly enough to excuse in a large room that best promoter of chat and friendliness, a ship-wood fire. Mr. Goring Gibbon alone was wandering about examining our friends' sketches and black-and-whites. Suddenly he turned round to the company with his eye-glass balanced on his finger, "Mrs. Brereton, I've frequently admired this beautiful Constable, but you've never told me how it comes to hang between these two copies of a pious picture."

For reply, Mrs. Brereton looked at her husband with a blush and a laugh, and said: "There, you see, that's all your fault, silly boy, for insisting on hanging those pictures like that. I told you every one would want to know the reason."

"Well, Mr. Gibbon," said Brereton, "it's a long story that accounts for those pictures hanging so, that rose between our two early thorns, and it's a story which involves the history of my courtship."

"And would it be indiscreet of us to beg to hear it?" asked the old gentleman, who, as I have the pleasure of knowing, loves a tale of youth and romance.

The rest of us, needless to say, joined our entreaties to hear the story.

"Have I your permission to tell it, Celia?" asked Kit of his wife. He was answered by a curl-shaking bit of a nod, so he went on:

"To begin, then. Once upon a time there was a painter. After he had finished his course in Paris at the Atelier d'Élèves he used to spend every Thursday and Friday for a couple of years or more grinding away in the National Gallery. People can say what they like about going direct to Nature; working at second-hand, as they call it, is the only way to acquire handling. There's nothing like leading-strings till you can run alone, and nothing like studying the effects bigger men have caught and chronicled for keeping you humble and setting you striving."

"Spare them your Manual for Beginners," murmured Mrs. Brereton.

"My own way, or *hic tacet!*" replied Kit, with pardonable severity.

"Well, as I was saying, when some one had the bad taste to interrupt me, this painter I have spoken of was fagging in the galleries, and in the early spring of 1889 he had just started on that copy of Andrea Mantegna's 'Virgin and Child' that you see hanging up there on the right side of the Constable. He used to work himself up in those days into a white heat of admiration over the various masters in turn, and while it burned he enthusiastically copied the parts of their pictures that struck him as specially brilliant and instructive. Just at the time of which I am speaking he was teaching himself leaf curvature, and as he was strolling through the Paduan Room one day he was suddenly struck by the foliage in this particular Mantegna, the little plants of the foreground, the orange-trees in flower and fruit behind the saints. That same hour he told the attendant to set up his easel before it on the following morning, and straightway went home to put aside all his studies of leaves from Nature and the other masters, and try to saturate himself, according to his usual method, with the idea of the leaf Mantegnesque. He also determined to copy the whole of the picture in this instance. Next morning he began on it, but, as the day turned out foggy, he decided not to risk the precious freshness of his Mantegna impression, but gave up work, went home, and finished some black-and-whites he was doing for a magazine.

"On the following Thursday the painter—who shall continue nameless—returned to his easel in the National Gallery, rejoicing in the unpopularity of the Paduan School with the copyists. At all events, there would be elbow-room, and he could get a good distance off his work when he wanted without being in half a dozen other people's light. I hate working in a crowd—*I*—did I really say *I*? Well, our painter shared my views on that subject. It proved as he expected. Not a soul approached him and his Mantegna all day, and for almost three weeks he painted away unmolested in his corner, and made fairly rapid progress.

"But one Thursday, when he arrived in the morning, what should he see but another easel, with a blank canvas, set up just opposite his own, evidently intended for copying the identical picture! The accompanying stool was tenantless, but an old National Gallery eye knew by the bobs of ribbon tied on to things that it was a lady student who had thus invaded his privacy. For the next half-hour nothing happened, then I suddenly looked up from a baffling, provoking bit of work—coming events casting their shadows before—and saw entering the doorway, and standing there for an instant as though surprised, and, to do her justice, not altogether pleased at finding me—I mean *him*—there, a specimen of that ubiquitous and unconquerable race, the girl student. Did the painter feel there and then, I fancy you asking me, that the finger of fate was upon him? Whether he did or whether he did not, I, of course, cannot dogmatically assert, but I rather fancy that at any rate the girl made an impression upon his eyes that made his Mantegna suddenly look dead and flat. Figure to yourselves a little brunette stepping in as trippingly as Dolly Varden herself. It was such a little miss, pretty miss, that I privately believe the painter felt disposed

to say on the spot, 'Blessings wait upon you; if I had half a crown a day, I'd—"

"Kit," said Mrs. Brereton, "we don't care for the way you're telling the story. It's very badly told, and you keep losing the thread. People don't want to hear what the characters felt, or pretend they felt; they want to hear a little of what they said, and a good deal of what they did."

"'Fore Howells and James, what a philistine is my wife!" said Kit, addressing the company. "But, as you are dissatisfied with my telling, my dear, I give you free leave to continue the story yourself."

"You must know, then," said Mrs. Brereton, "that a certain girl student had only been painting in the National Gallery for about a month when the little incident of her starting to copy this Mantegna took place. There hangs her copy" —she pointed to the picture on the left side of the Constable—"and I need not, of course, call your attention to its superiority to the one on the right-hand side. The said girl was living on Clapham Common with her aunt, and it was only after a good deal of persuading that she was allowed to come up to the National Gallery alone twice a week, on Students' Days. However, she succeeded at last, and as she had greatly admired Mantegna's works in Italy, she was eagerly looking forward to copying this Holy Family of his in London. She knew it would be splendid practice in drapery, and drapery was what she specially wanted. On the morning in question she came into Room VIII., arranged her things, and then went out to see about some new brushes she had ordered from a shop near. When she came back, after being detained half an hour waiting for the brushes, she found a second easel, and in front of it a man with a beard who was working on an already advanced copy of her Mantegna. However, there was plenty of room for them both, so she started to make her charcoal outline, and worked away at it for two or three hours till sandwich-time, an interval during which the strange man, of course, went off to consume chops and steaks in the Strand. This, by-the-way, is where men students waste time compared with the girls. By half past two he was resettled at his easel, and by that time she was just finishing a tentative outline of the Mother and Child, and arriving at the stage at which it is well to rub it in with paint. So she began seeking amongst her tubes for the raw umber; first looking, then hunting, then searching all round to see if this particular tube had by any possibility fallen off on to the floor. But no, nowhere was the tiresome tube to be found. How very vexatious! There was not time now to go out and buy another with the Gallery closing at four o'clock, and it would mean a day's good work wasted, for the charcoal outline would be sure to get smudged by the following morning. All this while, I would have you to know, the stranger man had been secretly observing the movements of the girl —squi-wise, as we say in Somersetshire— and had exactly noted her progress and her present difficulty. Of course this was most frivolous and wrong of him, and showed how little application and concentration he possessed. At this point a hat was lifted, and a voice from behind the beard said: 'Pardon me, but I see you are looking for a color to fix your outline. Will you allow me to lend you a tube? It seems a pity to lose a day's work.'

"The girl was not in the least startled, though she had not had the slightest idea that the stranger, apparently so absorbed in Mantegna, was observing her movements over the top of his canvas. With surprising calmness she accepted the tube of brown umber, and for some time nothing more was said. At closing-time she gave back the tube, and then some comment was made upon some features of the work upon which both were engaged, to which she replied in a couple of discreet sentences, and, bowing to each other, the two students separated.

"Next day, of course, they could not meet without a 'Good-morning,' and this harmless salutation somehow led to one or two remarks on work and processes, so that before closing-time a kind of friendly bond was tacitly established between them.

"By the next week the girl was beginning to get into her painting of the figures, and though she would not stoop to ask to look at his work, when he was gone to his lunch—greedy man, of course his lunch came before all considerations of Art or anything else—she really could not resist the temptation of going in front of his easel and carefully comparing her



"THEN THEY BECAME QUITE CONFIDENTIAL."

work with his. They were, of course, at very different stages, but for all that she could not avoid noticing what snail's progress the rival copy had been making for the last day or two. It really seemed as if he had been crawling on purpose, but whether he was lazy and worked only by spurts, or whether he watched her and spun out his work intentionally, she could not determine; of course it did not in the least matter to her which it was; not in the very least. Another thing she found out was his name; it was scribbled upside down on the back of his easel.

"That very afternoon the light was too bad to do much work, and she and the artist dropped into conversation. First they talked about Art and their favorite painters, and then they became quite confidential, and compared notes about the Slade School, where she had been taught, and the École des Beaux-Arts, where he had worked; and then she found out heaps of things that he liked, and she told him about her life at her aunt's, and how she meant to take up portraiture; and then he said he really thought going out to lunch was a waste of time, and in future he meant to bring sandwiches, and eat them in front of his easel, as she did; and then they got talking about their respective endowments of color perception, observation, and memory, and he said, 'I bet you a box of chocolates at lunch to-morrow you don't know the color of the turnover of the water at the top of the Trafalgar Square fountains'; and she thought a moment, and then looked up at him and said, 'Green; decided green.' And he said, 'You'll get your chocolates.' And she blushed at that, and wondered whether she ought to have let a strange man bet with her; at least, he wasn't quite a stranger now, but still, where there has been no formal introduction— At all events, that day they parted on the outside steps with a friendly handshake.

"The thought she woke up with next morning was the green water, and the chocolates, and the stranger bringing his lunch, three thoughts altogether, but indivisible enough to stand for one. When she arrived at the National Gallery the stranger was already at work, and there was no sign nor mention of the chocolates. 'I do hope they won't be nasty ones,' she thought. All the morning they both painted away arduously. He evidently was making a pretence of extreme industry to make up for the past, and she worked much as she always did, not being easily affected, as far as painting goes, by any extraneous excitements. One o'clock struck, and never a word spake he, but marched off and returned with a small luncheon basket and a large parcel tied with ribbon. The latter he handed to her with a comic bow of hidalgolike gravity. She opened it and found a big straw box lined with satin and filled with the loveliest French chocolates she had ever seen, and tongs to eat them with. 'Oh,' was all she could say, and that, she was told afterwards, with eyes turning to saucers, 'how delicious! You certainly do understand paying a debt of honor. Let's eat some after our lunches.' I may mention that the gentleman acquaintance had brought some fascinating crescent-shaped plum-jam sandwiches for his pudding course. They were done up for him in a fringed doily, and as there were more than he wanted, the girl student ate some too, giving him a pear of hers in exchange. As the days went on, she found that his housekeeper, or whoever it was, possessed a genius for the sandwich; cheese, egg, salmon and cucumber, or sweetbread—they certainly were a great improvement on the Clapham cook's mutton slices.

"From this day forward the two used, after these combined lunches, to make little digestion excursions, as they called them, all through the National Gallery. As a refreshment from Mantegna they would stand before the great colorists, such as Titian, Tintoretto, and Turner, drinking in their richness and radiance, and lauding and magnifying their glorious names with the frenzy of callow artists. Or he would show her the gradual evolution of landscape, from the little, blue, hilly background views of Conegliano and Cadore; or they would trace the progress of the tree in Art from Bellini's 'Death of St. Peter Martyr,' through the trunks and branches of Hobbema's eternal oaks, through Claude's elegant abstracts, till they reached the glittering 'snow' of Constable, who first painted the dramatic element of atmosphere like the true Englishman he was. Gazing at those elm masses ruffling for the shower, the man would say to the girl, 'It's no easy problem for us modern landscapists to "suggest innumerable leaves and paint

only a few," as some one puts it. Botanist *plus* artist, it sounds impracticable, but it's what one's got to be all the same.'

"'Week in, week out, it was painting and pictures, painting and pictures, with, I will not pretend to deny it, little touches of what was personal flickering in and out of the art talk. He would sometimes have the audacity to criticise her work: as every one knows, critics are made out of bad artists. He would say: 'If I may make so bold, are you satisfied with your John the Baptist's right leg? Look how firmly the original stands on his feet, how grandly every bone and muscle is understood. Try yours with this mirror. There can be no doubt it's out of drawing.' Perhaps it was, though one did not greatly relish being told so, especially when the teller took an obvious delight in picking faults. Sometimes he deviated into compliment, but his compliments, however personal, were, I must allow, always paid in a half-chaffing way that forbade one's taking offence. Next, the book-lending stage of acquaintance came on, the lender disclaiming thanks by calling himself a general circulating library for all his friends. And yet the girl could not help observing that the sumptuous Reproductions of Italian Prints were in no wise finger-marked, and *Modern Painters* scarcely cut.

"One day the two were discussing Mantegna's life, and the growth of his art, Squarcionesque in woof with an embroidery of the Venetian, almost everywhere suggesting sculpturesque representation rather than pictorial.

"'Have you seen his drawings and engravings in the British Museum?' he asked her.

"'I've never even seen the British Museum,' said the girl.

"'Haven't you really? What do you say to coming now? I shall be most happy to show you the engravings, and we've been working so hard lately we deserve a half-holiday.'

"For the first time the girl wondered what her aunt would think. Leaving the Gallery with her friend was a different thing from walking about with him inside. But were they not art comrades, and would not this be an art expedition? Of course she must go. What a Miss Grundy she must be to hesitate!"

"It was always a dauntless little party," interrupted Kit, *sotto voce.*

"So a hansom was called," pursued Mrs. Brereton, "and the two went bowling along till they reached the other great smoky portico, where the pigeons and their shadows (it was an August afternoon) were flying over the steps, and strutting after one another on the gravel. There the cab drew up, and the pair jumped out and entered the building."

"You haven't mentioned how the girl tried to circumvent the man over the fare, and how the cabby nearly got paid twice," said Kit.

For the first time during the recital Mrs. Brereton looked embarrassed.

"There are some things in every one's past that will not bear raking up," she said. "I was young then, and my independence had not been crushed by the abominable tyranny of a husband. Please *suppress* the guinea-pig who makes the next disturbance in court, Mr. Leigh.

"So Mantegna's bistre-and-whites and engravings were all duly inspected—how congenial to his austere draughtsman's soul must have been the line without color!—and after that the girl and the man walked about the Museum for a little while, looking with special attention at such antiques as the Paduan loved to introduce into his pictures; and somehow, because all subjects came alike to them in those salad days, I suppose, they fell a-talking of the slumming fever which was still raging then, and she confessed that she had never once slummed, and that Seven Dials was to her a name only; she had no idea of what it looked like.

"'Oh, it's really only East Mayfair now,' said her friend; 'still I think I could find you one or two streets left that are fairly genuine. What do you say to our walking through the Dials now? It's quite on your way to Victoria Station.'

"No sooner said than begun. In unconventional behavior certainly it is the first step that costs; and after all, the girl reflected, what can be said against the harmless jaunt of two people who have nothing whatever in common but the love of Art and the pursuit of knowledge?

"They walked up to the Tottenham Court Road, and then crossed Oxford Street and took one of those turnings near St. Giles's Church that represent the residue of the historic rookeries. Now for the kernel of the story. Do you all know Neal Street? Probably not. Well, it's a sort of relic of Bird Fair, full of wretch-



"FILLED WITH DRAWINGS OF HERSELF."

ed rabbits, terrier pups, and canaries in tiny cages, and stalls of 'eatables' which it is wiser not to look at; and if you can't find it from that description, perhaps you would recognize it by its highly complex odor. Let me try to remember it—fried fish, whelks, shut-up animals, and very stale vegetable stalks are the principal components, I think, with a huge smell of malt hanging over them all. Out of Neal Street there is an alley, and down this alley—it is called Short's Gardens—the two walked. There they saw a grimy old second-hand shop full of all manner of dingy sweepings, but in the window, rather on one side, and half hidden by a bundle of rusty pokers and tongs, was hanging—what do you think? A dirty, unframed, painted canvas.

"'Look at that picture!' cried the girl, pulling the man's sleeve to make him stop. '*It's a Constable!*'

"'Impossible!' said the man, sufficiently struck, however, to stand at gaze.

"'But it *is*. Look at those trees under the clouds!'

"'There's no windmill.'

"'But there's a wagon.'

"'I do believe you're right,' said the man, quite serious at last, and almost forgetting to whom he was speaking.

"'It's Hampstead, of course; oh, it is, it is a splendid Constable,' said the girl, still almost breathless.

"'Yes, there are the luminous sky, the flying shadows, and the regular Constable tree touches. If it is his, or if it may be, we must certainly go in and rescue it.'

"So the two entered the shop, veiling their eagerness under an affectation of unconcern.

"'What's your price for that picture in the window?'

"'That's a fine picter, sir. That picter's by a fymous Dutch hortis. Hi wouldn't tyke not a 'aypenny hunder five pounds *daown* for that there picter, and what I says I sticks to. Hi've 'ad another horfer,' and the eyes of the poll-clawed old vender glistened over his customer.

"'Well, let me look at it.'

"In London, he reflected, five pounds for a first-rate Constable! This would indeed be a stroke of luck to keep one's spirits up for the rest of one's life. The purchase must be concluded forthwith, and the blustering old cockney suffered for once to drive an easy bargain. The prospective buyer turned to his companion, who was trembling with excitement, and holding up the picture, he said, in a low voice, 'It's positively filled with air.'

"But the voice was not low enough to escape the sharp ears of the old parrot behind the counter, totally ignorant as he was of the pearl which, by the irony of circumstances, had fallen into his clutches, and he growled out, 'Don'cher know pynte when yer see it? T'yn't hair at all, that yn't; it's trees. Ef yer clean the picter yer'll see.'

"At this the purchaser put his hand into his pocket.... Here was an unexpected obstacle: there were only three sovereigns there.

"'Very well,' he said, lightly, 'I'll give you three pounds for the picture.'

"'Wod d'yer tyke me for?' said the seller, disdainfully, and with the dramatic flourish in which every antiquity-dealer is an expert, he replaced his work of art in the window. The action, though effective, was bound to be futile, for the buyer was determined to have the picture. The thing to do, of course, would be to have it brought home, and paid for on delivery, or else the three pounds left as part payment, whichever the suspicious old creature preferred.

"The man and the girl were still looking at the treasure as it hung again in its old position, when what should catch the eye of the former but the hawklike face of a Bond Street picture-dealer, who was evidently prowling the back streets on the remote chance of finding something worth having, and had suddenly been electrified by the Constable? He was standing outside, looking through the glass, first at it, then at them, 'and doubtless,' thought the baffled buyer in a hot and cold agony, 'with unlimited cash in his pocket.' In despair he turned to the girl, who was not even aware of his dilemma, and had only felt somewhat indignant at his trying to cheapen the picture: 'What money have you? I have only three pounds, and there's not a moment to be lost. That's Waagenstein standing outside.'

"'Good gracious! Why didn't you tell me before? I have more than two pounds.'

"Out came the purse, the five pounds were laid on the counter, the picture was taken down again, and the two hurried out of the shop, the man carrying the precious purchase just saved. Waagenstein had evidently watched the transaction, for he was turning away to cross the road with the look of the lioness robbed of her cubs.

"Naturally people can't carry a four-foot Constable through London streets *à la* Cimabue, so the first cab was hailed, and two exultant beings shook hands inside, and laughed aloud in their pride.

"'Don't you long for soft soap and a duster?' said the girl.

"'Rather! And we'll very soon make a start, too,' replied the man. 'You're coming in to have tea in my studio, you know, where we can thoroughly inspect the picture, and then I'll see you to the station.'

"Till this moment the girl had not noticed that the man had naturally given the driver the address of his own abode. Ought she to go straight to Victoria instead? How could she possibly tear herself away from her own art discovery? She must help in the cleaning experiment for ten minutes at least. In unconventional behavior certainly it is only the first step that costs.

"So the cab stopped at 3, Eccleston Square Studios, and there the artist let the girl and himself in with a latch-key, and led the way into the studio, where he first set up the Constable on a large easel, and then rang the bell. When the servant appeared, he said, 'Oh, Charles,

bring in tea, please, as soon as you can.' And turning to the girl, he asked her if she would mind waiting for him a minute or two while he went after the soap and a cloth. So she was left alone, and considering it unfair to take her fill of gazing at the picture till the man came back and together they could set about putting it in a better condition for being looked into, to amuse herself she began turning over the leaves of a small sketch-book that was lying on the table. She looked through it till she came to a certain page that was filled with drawings of herself in all attitudes and costumes. In some of them she was sitting perched on her stool at the National Gallery, with one foot pointed out in front, looking down at her palette or up at her painting, and one in water-color, an absurd *fantasia*, represented her standing under a rainbow at the entrance of the Paduan Room. But there were three or four of these furtive portraits that filled her with unmitigated astonishment, and for why you shall hear. Directly the artist reappeared and found what his unexpected visitor had got hold of, he looked greatly dropped upon, but incautiously rushing into still worse things, as the manner of some is, he said, with uneasy *nonchalance:*

"'Ah, you're seeing how I refreshed myself when I looked up from Mantegna. It's always a good plan to keep two distinct styles going at once.'

"'Indeed,' replied the girl, dryly, 'when you looked up from Mantegna? But these were not done in the National Gallery.'

"'Not done in the National Gallery?' repeated the man, weakly.

"'I never wear this hat when I go up painting.'

"'Oh yes, you did, one day!' And he blushed very, very red.

"'No, I did not, and I haven't worn that one on a week-day at all,' said his tormentor, sternly pointing to the sketch in question.

"'Well, if you bring the powers of millinery against me, I confess I'm beaten. I like a walk, you know, on Sundays, and once or twice I've gone to your church at Clapham, and just taken a few of those thumb-nail heads of the congregation.'

"'Really? I don't seem to see a great variety of types here.'

"The conversation was at this moment cut short by the entrance of tea—such a nice tea—strips of cold buttered toast, grapes, cream, all that can be desired to make one hungry.

"'Before we have tea, I'll pay you what I owe you,' said the painter to the girl, and he crossed to a cabinet and was taking some money out of a little drawer.

"'What you owe me? What do you mean?'

"'Why, what you lent me for my picture.'

"'*Your* picture? I don't think you ought to call it *your* picture in that way. I consider that I have quite as much right to it as you have. Who found it first? You know I did. You would never have noticed it but for me, and if I had let you have your own way you would never have gone in about it,' she blazed.

"'Oh, come, it *is* my picture. Young ladies don't buy pictures.'

"'Young ladies do. Young ladies see pictures, recognize pictures, and pay for pictures, *anyway!*'"

"She looked such a rogue," said Kit, "from the moment she thought she'd got the better of me over her Sunday hats, she didn't care what she said so long as she thought she was annoying me."

"Ignoring these feeble interpolations," pursued Mrs. Brereton.

> "How sharper than a thankless tooth it is
> To have a waspish wife!"

muttered Kit, and for the moment held his peace.

"Then," went on Mrs. Brereton, "they had tea together, arguing all the time as to whose the picture rightfully was. At last one of his brilliant ideas struck the man.

"'Shall I divide the child in two?' he said.

"'You can take the picture,' said the girl, loftily, 'and keep it, or, if your soul is not too small, we will between us give it to the nation. Then we can both see it.'

"But the man did not seem to relish this idea. He said, 'Oh, that's all very well, but when it's the nation's, it's nobody's,' and he stood for some time looking at the girl, who had turned away from him and was regretfully gazing at the cause of all this contention. Then a curious thing occurred. In a tone that made her look round at him, he said, 'Suppose we both keep the picture; suppose we—'"

Mrs. Brereton broke off suddenly, and

then throwing her husband one little nestling glance, she concluded, "So they were married, and lived most miserably ever afterwards."

"And that's why I call the picture our Special Constable," said Kit.

It only remains for me to say that I violate no confidence in telling this story. Under a changed address and names the identity of my friends will remain obscure, and one of them has with her own sweet hand corrected my proofs.

AT THE HERMITAGE.

BY E. LEVI BROWN.

THE October sun was shining hot, but it was cool and pleasant inside the mill. The brown water in Sawny Creek lapped softly against the rocks in its bed, and the sycamore and cottonwood trees, which grew from the water's edge up the steep, muddy banks, stood straight and motionless in the warm sunny air, no touch of autumn upon them yet; only the sweet-gums were turning slightly yellow, and the black-gums were tinging red. It wanted two hours of sunset, but blackbirds were on their way home, and the thickets were noisy with their crying.

Inside the moss-grown old mill there was music and dancing going on, for, comfortably reclining on a pile of cotton seed in the rough ginning-room, with thick festoons of cobwebs everywhere, and bits of dusty lint clinging to every splinter in its walls, a young man was playing a banjo, and two others, with naked feet, were dancing as if for their lives. A slim dark girl in a blue and white homespun dress, her head turbaned with a square of the same, sat on a bag of seed cotton watching them.

"Now, boys, a break-down," called out the player, "and then I must gin out Religion's cotton; come, now, lively."

And they went lively enough.

"You bake the bread, and gimme the crus',
You sift the meal, and gimme the husk;
You bile the pot, and gimme the grease;
I have the crumbs, and you have the feast—
But mis' gwine gimme the ham-bone."

The loose boards shook and trembled under the heavy feet, the scattered cotton seed whirled away in little eddies, and baskets of cotton standing about tipped a little break-down of their own. Even the girl on the bag, whose sober, earnest face seemed out of keeping with the gayety, beat time with her bare feet. But by the time the miller threw his banjo aside, its strings still quivering, she was standing up, and the look of interest had given place to the old gravity. She had not a pretty feature, not even the usual pretty teeth. She was a homely black girl.

"See here, Religion," said the miller, "this here's Saturday evenin', and I keeps holiday like everybody else but you; can't you git along without that little tum of cotton? It ain't wuth ginnin'."

"I'm 'bliged to have it," she answered. "I didn't give nary day's work for rent this week; will pay the week's rent and git sumpin beside. We doesn't draw no ration."

"It's a mighty small heap o' ration you'll git out'n that tum of cotton after you pay fifty cents for your week's rent. Don't you find it cheaper to work out the week's rent than to pay it?"

"I git fifty cents a hundred for pickin'," she answered, simply, "and I kin pick two hundred and fifty a day, and scrap twenty-five more. We doesn't git but fifty cents fur a whole day's work on the plantation."

He looked at her admiringly, at the thin supple body and long light arms that could reach so far among the cotton bolls. He untied the bags and proceeded to fill the gin. A girl who could pick two hundred and seventy-five pounds of cotton a day was a person of some consequence.

The gin stopped its whir, and the clerk weighed the cotton. Religion watched him sharply, and counted the checks he handed her twice.

"If you pass 'em at the Hermitage," he said, "tell 'em to give you another five-cent check; I'm short to-night."

"I ain't goin' to the Hermitage store; I'm goin' to the ferry. They give me cash there for the checks."

"What do they take off?"

"They takes one cent out'n every five. But I'm 'bliged to have the hard money. We has to pay for a good many things we git for Min in hard money." She

had taken up the empty bags, but still waited. "I wish you'd please, sir, see if you 'ain't got another check nowhere."

"You're a sight, Religion," he said, good-naturedly. "Here's a nickel."

With her bags on her arm she went out across the dry grass to where a little black mule, not much larger than a goat, was standing. Beck greeted her with a bray astonishing for one of her size, and a switch with her rope of a tail. Unheeding the cheerful greeting, Religion gave all her attention to untying the halter, and soon they were going along the sandy road straight through the woods.

The rickety box-wagon and the chain traces rattled noisily. Religion cracked her whip—it was a stick with a plaited leather string on the end. Beck was in a hurry to get home, and the wagon bumped along over roots and stumps until it was a wonder how Religion kept herself on the board which served for a seat. All the swamps and woods in Sawny were in bad repute. There was an old cemetery, rambling over many acres, lost in ivy and briers and immense trees, but abundant in ghost stories. There was the swamp through which Sherman's soldiers had cut a road, and near by was the hill-side where many sunken hollows marked their graves. A "spirit" could be raised there at a thought's notice. Beck flew past these unpleasant places, and her little hoofs were clattering over the loose bridge at the foot of the hill, where, the cemetery ending, the plantation road began, when she backed suddenly—so suddenly that the board tipped up and dropped Religion into the bottom of the wagon.

Beck had some tricks like all of her kind, and thinking this was one, Religion was scrambling up and readjusting her seat when she saw a face bending over her that she never forgot—a strange evil face, the lower part hidden by a short bushy beard, the upper by many thin braids of hair curling at the ends. Between the two crops of hair she saw a pair of small red eyes, dull and sleepy, but with a curious gleam in them like the eyes of the snakes in the swamp, and thick widespread nostrils. She only had time to note these features and the thick rings of gold in the great ears when the face disappeared, and, as if they floated in the air, she heard the words:

"I am the seventh son of the seventh daughter. I know all things. I can tell you what is killing your sister."

Religion pulled up her rope reins, and Beck flew up the road as if all Sherman's army were after her; nor did she slacken until she reached the great gateway which turned into the Hermitage. Only a flat-topped post remained of the gate, and a boy of twelve, with a face like Religion's, was perched on it.

"Hi, dar, 'Ligion! Ho, Beck!" he cried. "Take me in an' give me a piece of a ride anyway," and with a twinkle of his long ashy legs he landed safely in the wagon.

"What you doin' here, Bud?" questioned his sister. "Why ain't you to home with mammy and Min?"

"Min done had one o' she wussest spells, an' mammy sent me to Miss Tina fur calomel. I heerd youna comin', an' I waited; 'kase ridin' beats walkin' black and blue."

He looked up at her with a sly giggle, and crammed his mouth with persimmons. He expected a scolding for delaying with the calomel, but his sister only said:

"Quit eatin' them 'simmons. Pres'n'y we'll have to git calomel for youna."

They were passing through the quarter now, where every one was getting supper. The air was full of the appetizing odor of frying corn-bread and bacon and boiling coffee. Men sat on the door-steps or smoked in groups under the fine oaks which grew in the middle of the street, waiting for the call to supper. Up at the end of the row of houses, and separated a little from them by a wild-plum thicket, stood a house like a black stump just seen above the green around it. It had what none of the others possessed, a porch in front, but the rotten frame-work had dropped off piece by piece, until it was a mystery how the heavy scuppernong vine that grew upon it was supported. There were lilies and roses in the clean bit of front yard, and on a box was a number of geraniums flourishing in tin cans. There were boxes of violets, and a thick honeysuckle was hugging a post and sending out sweet yellow sprays. Beck drew up before the house with a jerk that had determination in it. Bud jumped out with a boyish shout, but his sister caught his arm.

"Hush, Bud! Don't you hear Min?"

"Min made up that piece to-day," re-

sponded Bud, in a roaring whisper. "Maw an' me's been scared pretty nigh to death. Miss Tina say it ain't Min singin', but that spell workin' on her."

The voice was sweet and rich, with an undercurrent of sadness running through that went to the heart. It seemed to wait and tremble, then float and float away, dying into softest melody. It was not the untaught music of the plantation singers; it was a voice exquisitely trained.

"Lord! Lord!" ejaculated Religion. The words held a heartful of trouble. She lowered the shafts gently and led Beck round the house.

"That you, Religion?" inquired a voice from somewhere in the yard.

She could hear milk straining into a pail, and the tramp of some animal over dry shucks.

"It's me, maw, an' I got enough to pay the rent, and there'll be some over."

"Youna mus' had good luck. Min 'll be more'n middlin' glad of a few crackers. I thought sure the gal was gone to-day, Religion," and a tall form rose up from beside the cow and came towards the girl. "I sut'n'y thought she was gone to-day," continued the mother. "She just died off, and didn't 'pear to have no more life in her than a dead bird. I was mighty scared."

"Why youna didn't send fur me?"

"Chile, I didn't want to worry youna. Then the neighbors come in, 'kase I did a big piece o' hollerin', an' they worked on her and fotched her back; I 'ain't been no 'count since. See how my hand trembles now."

She placed her hand on her daughter's arm. It was large and hard, but all the ploughing, hoeing, and wood-cutting that she had done had not destroyed its fine shape. It was cold and trembling.

Religion took it between her own square thick ones. "Never mind, maw; she's better now, 'kase she's singin' a new piece. I'll go an' eat and do the errands, so as to git back. You won't feel so bad when I'm here."

The single thing which made the room she entered different from all the other rooms in the quarter was a white bed. The two other beds had the usual patchwork quilts and yellow slips. Religion touched a light-wood splinter to the fire, and holding the light above her head, went up to the white bed. The face on the pillow was of that pure lustrous whiteness which is sometimes seen in very young children; the features were perfect. She seemed a creature of an entirely different sphere—as different from Religion as a butterfly from a grub, and yet there was an indefinable likeness between the two.

"I was waiting for you, 'Ligion," she said, opening her eyes; "I want to tell you something; come close, so ma and Bud won't hear. A woman has been here, a little old woman, and she sat on the bed and told me some things. She told me that Tina had cut off a piece of my hair and hid it in a gum-tree in the swamp, and that I never would be well till my hair was found.

"I remember the night she combed my hair, and how Mauma Amy said it was bad luck to comb hair after dark; it was so thick and long then, and it has come out so since." She drew the long thin brown braid between her fingers. "Why should Tina want to hurt me? The only harm I ever did her was to love her."

She burst into tears, and Religion hugged her in mute sympathy; that was her only way to comfort. When Min was quiet, she stirred up the pillows and smoothed out the white spread. Then she took a tin cup full of clabber, poured a little syrup upon it, and ate it heartily. A plate of greens was hot on the hearth, and a corn-cake was browning beautifully in the bake-kettle. But there was no time to eat the dainties.

John Robinson, the owner of Hermitage, was a single man. He was old, feeble, and notoriously grasping, yet the dirty, ill-smelling room which Religion entered was strewn with choicest books, sheets of music lay on the table and chairs, and several rare violins lay on a piano, whose mother-of-pearl keys glowed in the red firelight.

"Who's that?" he called, in a cracked old voice, the instant he heard Religion's footsteps. He was wrapped in a cloak and sunk in an arm-chair before the fire.

"Me, Marse John—Minnie's Religion. I've come to pay the rent."

"Oh, come in, girl! Down, Bull!" he piped to a great hound that was slowly rising from a sheepskin. "It's fifty cents. Sure you've got it all, and no nickels with holes in them?"

She placed a little tobacco-bag in his hand, and he leaned forward to the light to count the money. He had a sharp,

pinched old face surrounded by shaggy white hair. A portrait of him taken in a long-past day hung over the fireplace. In that he was a handsome man, with thick chestnut-brown hair. His hands shook so that the pieces of money dropped from them and rolled upon the brick hearth. A tall mulatto woman came from a near room and picked them up.

"Count it over again, Tina," he commanded, "and see if it's all there and no holes in it. You can't trust Religion herself with money. How's your sister?"

"Min ain't no better; she ain't never going to be no better in this world."

"Tut, tut!" he muttered. "There should be some strength of will in that girl. But, pshaw! she had a mother and a line of nonentities behind her. I forgot that. Is that money all right, Tina?"

"It's all right, Marse John."

Tina was a beautiful woman, with the smoothest brown skin, and black hair coiled many times around a perfectly shaped head.

The renters never waited long in Mr. Robinson's presence when their business was ended. But Religion only moved back a little and lingered. Tina, bringing a cup of cocoa, at last noticed her.

"Why, Religion, you're not gone."

"And why ain't you gone!" screamed the old man.

"I—I'm waiting for the receipt, sir."

"Waiting for the receipt?" he shrieked. "God and fury! things have come to a pretty pass that a slave wench should wait in my house for a receipt. Get out of this, or— Bull!"

"Stand still, Religion," cried Tina, as the dog leaped up. "Down, Bull! Marse John"—and her voice sank to a sweet, soothing tone—"you'd better not upset yourself so; you'll be sick."

She stroked his face and hair tenderly, and when he lay back quiet in his chair, worn out with his passion, she beckoned to Religion to follow her. They went into one of the rooms. The candle burning in it showed a bed, with posts reaching to the ceiling, and an ancient mahogany chest. A handful of fire burned in the deep fireplace, and before it crouched Mack, an old slave of Mr. Robinson's—a miserable idiot, with just mind enough to perform a very few menial services.

"Trick yer! trick yer!" he piped, in a high thin voice, like an old woman's. "Done got de blacksnake's head an' de dead baby's hand right hyar. Trick yer! trick yer! Git out quick!" He kept up the cry while Tina wrote the receipt, and when she led the way to the door he pattered after them. "Git out quick, 'fore Tina trick yer. I done hope Tina trick Min."

Religion turned fiercely. "Has you tricked my sister and brung her to what she is?"

Tina laughed contemptuously. "Who says I put a spell on Min?"

"Min says it, an' Mack says it, an' I b'lieves it. You always was jealous of her, 'kase Marse John taught her, and made more of her than he did of you."

"Then it's likely this *spell* will put her out of my way," said Tina, all the sweetness gone out of her voice and face, and nothing but venom left. She turned to go in, but Religion dropped on her knees and clasped her feet.

"Oh, Tina! if you did put a spell on Min, take it off, for Christ's sake. Nobody kin do it but you. Our pooty, pooty Min! she be dyin' there before our eyes, and we-uns can't do nothin'. Take the ban off, an' I'll work for you the longest day I live."

Tina dragged herself away and shut the door heavily.

Religion was in the field scattering pine straw, and Beck was there too, harnessed in company with a very lean Texas pony. Her mother and Bud were in the same occupation, but Mollie, the old brown cow, drew their wagon.

Religion was crooning a solemn old ditty, as she always did when alone and thinking.

"I just made up my mind this mornin' that I'd got to do sumpin when Mr. Frye come for we-uns to scatter this straw. An' I wish I knowed what to do. Oh, Lord, don't I wish I knowed what to do. There's Min been down on that air bed one whole year come Christmas, and nobody can't say what is the matter with her. Sich a heap o' calomel, and quinine, and turpentine, and doctor's stuff as she has took, and 'tain't done no good. I can't count the times I been to the tavern. I know I brung off more'n two gallons of the best whiskey, an' it's been mixed up with pine-top, an' snakeroot, an' mullein, an' I dun'no' what all, an' none of it 'ain't done no good. An' Min is dyin' just as fast as she can die. Oh, Lord!"

A fine mule, drawing a light road-cart, trotted past. The driver was a short, squat man, his face almost hidden in hair. It was Dr. Buzzard. He was known for miles as a successful "conjurer" and giver of "hands." Most of the people around had perfect faith in his cures and revelations, and had advised Religion to try him, but the girl objected, vaguely questioning reason and conscience, and Min was getting worse. It was despair, not belief, which made her whisper to herself, "I'm goin' to see him this very night."

"Great day! 'ain't we-uns had trouble! Lord, Lord! I b'lieve one half this wurl' has all the trouble fur all the rest, anyhow!"

Religion was on her way, and thinking over the family record as she walked. The sun had set, the cotton-pickers were in, and odors of supper were afloat. Religion was eating hers as she walked and thought—it was a finely browned ash-cake, richly flavored with the cabbage leaves in which it was baked.

The Beckets had always been very poor, hard-working people, without any especial grace or finer touch of nature about them. The two brothers had married two sisters, and such marriages were considered unlucky.

When Religion was a little girl her father broke his contract with his employer, and to escape imprisonment he ran away. Religion remembered his stolen visits at night, and his silent caresses of her. After a while the visits stopped. They heard of him in a distant city, but he never came back. His brother had died long before.

The widowed sisters staid on the plantation, and both were favorites of Mr. Robinson. Min and Tina were half-sisters. They were as opposite in character as they were in appearance; everybody loved Min; she sang like a bird, and her voice had been carefully trained, and some especial provision had been made for its further cultivation when this strange sickness overtook her.

Good nursing was unknown on the plantations, or perhaps the slight cold, which was the beginning of the end with Min, might have been cured. Since no member of the family had died with consumption, it was not believed that she could have it.

When all the home remedies and doctors' prescriptions failed, there was but one verdict, Min was "hurt." It was known that her half-sister was not very friendly nor over-scrupulous, and it was believed that Tina, out of jealousy, had thrown an evil spell.

The light was still lingering when Religion, turning out of the road, ran down a narrow lane bordered with turpentine woods on one side, and on the other by a field of dead pines. Away back among the latter was a substantial log house, with good brick chimneys at either end. There were several smaller buildings in the yard, and in one a woman was stooping over the fire frying cakes, a young man was thrumming a banjo, and a little boy in scantiest jeans was careening around to the inspiring strains of "Old Joe kicking up behind and before."

Inside, the large low-ceiled room was in a blaze of light. There was a tumbled bed in one corner, a table covered with dusty dishes and glass-ware in another, and a large case filled with bottles, jugs, and bundles occupied a third. Walls and ceiling were hidden by packages of herbs and strings of roots, while over the fireplace were three shelves piled high with cigar-boxes, carefully labelled.

Half buried in a great chair, his breast bare, his sleeves rolled up above his elbows, the veins in his arms standing out like cords, his legs wrapped in a blanket and resting upon a stool, sat Dr. Buzzard, to all appearances in a deep sleep. On the floor, close to the hearth, was a most evil-looking old crone, continually stirring a pot bubbling on the coals. She threw one glance at Religion, and went on stirring. The doctor never moved. A splendid-looking mulatto noiselessly brought a box, and the girl subsided upon it.

There were other visitors. A young man wanted help to get money that was due him; another sought assistance in settling a difficulty. A woman with a child in her arms wanted to charm her recreant husband back to her; a sick one desired relief from the spell which was making her cough her life out.

But the great man slumbered on with a gentle snore, and the old woman stirred the pot. There was not a sound in the room save his snore, the swish of the spoon, and the occasional dropping of a coal. Every one sat in silent, intense expectation, waiting for—they knew not what.

The oaken logs had died down to a bed

of glowing coals when suddenly a red glare flashed from it. Religion closed her eyes, blinded by the light. When she opened them the doctor was sitting upright, his head hanging back, his eyes wide open and staring upward, and his breast heaving as if in pain. His wife was in the room holding whispered consultations with each person. The men stated their complaints briefly, but the women detained her longer. When she had been the round she glided back to the side of the doctor.

Then in a low chant, sweet and sorrowful, she repeated the story which each had told her, running them into a continuous recitative. The old woman rose from the floor, and joining in the chant in a quavering croon, sprinkled salt at the thresholds of the doors and at the feet of every person, ending by throwing a large handful up the chimney. It fell back and sputtered and cracked in the fire. Seizing one of the cigar-boxes, she sprinkled a pinch of its contents over the fire. A dense gray vapor rose. The doctor raised his arms, and let them fall slowly, three times.

"The fire holds many secrets," he uttered, in a hollow, unnatural voice, like one talking in his sleep; "he who would see his enemy about his work of destruction, let him look in the fire."

With eyes ready to start from her head, Religion with the rest bent forward to look. She saw, or thought she saw, in the curling gray cloud a woman's face. It seemed to take shape and expression, as she gazed, until it grew familiar. The forsaken woman, who had seen the face of a successful rival, sank heavily upon the floor. Some of the others screamed, some moaned and prayed. The cloud over the fire was repeated many times, and dissolving into fantastic shapes, pictured to the excited fancy of the others their enemies and distresses. At last the exhibition ended, and the visitors were sent from the room, and called in again, separately, to receive directions, medicines, and charms against further evil.

Religion found the doctor sitting at the table, surrounded by jugs, bottles, and boxes, his wife and the old woman standing on either side. He still slept, breathing heavily. His hands were on the table.

"A girl named Religion Becket inquiring for her sister," spoke the doctor in the same strange voice. "The sister seems to be dying."

"Say yes close to his right ear," instructed the wife, and Religion did so.

"The doctors know nothing about the case," responded the conjurer. "A red scorpion is inside her body feeding on her vitals. I see a woman hiding something in a black-gum tree that hangs over running water. It is at the hour when spirits walk. The first creature that runs over the cleft where the hand is hidden is the one to torment your sister. That first creature is a red scorpion. Its young one lives in your sister's side. I, even I, can withdraw it."

Like one moved by some power outside of himself, his hands moved in the array before him, lightly touching this or that bottle and bundle until he found what he sought. And like a careful druggist he deliberately measured each ingredient, giving clear directions at the same time. When Religion came out she had a large bottle of medicine, several huge plasters, and orders for a bewildering list of root teas, with a promise of an early visit from the great man himself.

Religion was feeding the cane-mill. Bud was on the other side drawing out the crushed cane; the mother was under the shed stirring the boiling syrup. Beck was travelling round and round doing the grinding. The sun was set. It would soon be time to stop work. Religion seemed to be expecting some one; she never stooped to pick up an armful of stalks without glancing up the road.

"What you keep lookin' up the road for, 'Ligion?" inquired her mother, her body swaying back and forth as she drew or pushed the long wooden ladle.

"Nuthin'. I ain't lookin' fur nuthin'."

"I b'lieve there's a spell on youna too," said her mother, surveying her anxiously. "I wish youna 'd be more keerful and not put your fingers so close to the teeth."

"It's time to quit, anyhow," put in Bud; "the sun's 'way down, an' I'm more'n middlin' hungry."

"You kin take the mule out an' go home an' make the fire. Will you go an' git supper, Religion, or stay an' stir?"

"I reckon I'll stay and stir. You kin bring me some supper when you come. We'll be here half the night."

With another look up the road, where

the sunlight was fast fading, she took up the wet bags which protected her dress, and passed under the shed, glad to sit down and rest her aching limbs. The shed was a primitive affair, but everything was convenient for syrup-boiling, and the two long boilers were full of the golden-brown liquid. There was nothing to do but to stir continually and keep a steady fire.

The short autumn twilight had died out, and the fields and woods were slipping into gloom. The cane-mill was in the overseer's yard, and back of it the quarter began. A multitude of sounds came up to Religion's ear—the crying of babies, the laughing of children, the barking of dogs, the whistle of the boys rubbing off the mules, the scolding and calling of women for wood and water. Night was closing in. Religion stirred and thought.

All Dr. Buzzard's instructions had been carefully followed. He had come many times, performed a variety of strange operations, frightened and gladdened them all one day by declaring that the red scorpion had passed out of her body through her foot and run into the fire, that now all danger was passed, pocketed thirty dollars which Minnie and Religion had obtained by giving a lien on Beck, the old cow, all the corn in the crib, and every article of furniture their cabin held; and still Min was no better—was worse, indeed, with the worry of it all.

Some one was coming. "Is that you, Bud?" she called.

The unnatural laugh that answered her could belong to no one but Mack. Lifting a blazing stick above her head, she peered out into the darkness.

"Come fur youna," he mumbled. "Miss Tina goin' on drefful; come fur youna quick."

"You go, Religion," said a woman who had come unperceived. "The Lord's gwine to cl'ar up some t'ings what's took place in this quarter. You go, an' I'll stay an' stir."

Religion hurried away. She found Tina tossing about in a pretty white bed, her hands and feet bound in onions, her whole body swathed in red flannel saturated with turpentine, and her head bandaged with dock leaves wet with vinegar. There was a hot fire, and the room was crowded with men and women.

Dr. Buzzard was there, with a black calico bag, from which he frequently drew a black bottle, examined it sharply at the lamp, then gravely replaced it, after which he always looked at and pinched Tina's fingers.

"Mother," he said at last, addressing himself to Tina's mother, "the time has come for me to show you the cause of your daughter's illness. She has been hurt. She was too beautiful and well loved to suit all I could name. An evil hand was laid on her."

He took out his watch, looked at it gravely, and laid it upon the table. Removing his coat, he turned back the cuffs of his brown shirt, then took off the bandages from Tina's hands and feet.

He rubbed each arm from the shoulder to the end of the fingers with one sweep, first lightly, then harder, snapping his fingers violently after every stroke. Tina writhed under the treatment, then screamed loudly, and tried to leap from the bed. He called two men to hold her, and the rubbing went on.

With each stroke he grew more and more excited. He lifted his arms high above his head, and bore down upon Tina painfully. His eyes were burning, and the perspiration pouring down his face. He broke into a low humming, and the women took it up, moaning in concert, and rocking their bodies in sympathy.

Suddenly he yelled out, "Ah! there it is; see there, see there; there he goes into the fire, the miserable lizard, which was purposely put into Tina's drink, and has grown in her, and poisoned her blood until I came to drive it out!"

Every one jumped to see the lizard, and saw nothing but the glowing logs. There was a faint smell of burning flesh. The women fell back into their seats, staring fearfully into each other's faces. Tina sprang upright in bed.

"Min is down by the Black Run calling me, an' I'm goin' to her. He told me to put her hair and some stuff he give me into a hole in the black-gum that hangs over the stone, and I did it. Before God! I never meant to hurt her. I hated her because Marse thought more of her than he did me. He taught her, but he never taught me, and we was both his children. But I never meant to hurt her. Tell Religion so. I'm comin', Min; yes, I'm comin'; wait for me!"

She leaped upon the floor, but the un-

natural strength supplied by the delirium of fever had fled. She dropped at Religion's feet with a cry like a wounded dog.

Daylight found Religion in the lonely swamp: only great pools of thick black water and leaning trees shrouded in long gray moss. The water lay still in those levels until the sun dried it up. In just one place was there the slightest movement. A short descent sent a stream slowly curling away under masses of green briers.

The only stone known to be in the whole swamp was at the head of the stream, on a tiny hillock formed of logs and the débris of many freshets. It was known as Cuffee's Stone, and the story was that a slave escaping from his master, and hiding in the swamp, had carried the stone there to build his fire upon. Close by, its sprawling roots washed by the running water, was an immense black-gum, in the branches of which the same Cuffee had built himself a covert of branches, from which he watched his pursuers in their vain hunt for him. Had Cuffee's shade, which was said still to haunt the tree, been abroad at that hour, it would have seen a girl narrowly scanning the rough stem, to find some crack or cleft in which anything might be hidden.

And she found a small crevice which would have escaped any but her searching eyes. They lit up as if she had found a rare treasure. Inserting the point of a knife, she drew out a little bag wet and mouldy. She never stopped to examine it, but leaped from log to log through the briers and water out of the swamp.

"Here's your hair, Min. Curl it round your finger three times and throw it in the fire. Oh, Min, now youna'll get well!"

A light shone in the sick girl's eyes. "Yes, I shall get well. Come out and listen to the music, Religion."

"There isn't any music, Min. See the hair."

"Yes, I see the hair; but, oh, the beautiful music! If I could only learn it!"

Religion clasped her close in her arms. The water-oaks were in a golden-brown haze, and the room was full of rich light. But it swam in darkness before the exhausted girl.

A moment after she recovered herself, but Min was well.

A LAMENT FOR THE BIRDS.

BY SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

IN the country about the head-waters of the Susquehanna the hills were all crowned some forty years since with a stern crest of spearlike pines, living and dead, rising to a great height above the lower wood. (Those wild old pines have now nearly all fallen from the heights about Lake Otsego.) The living trees still showed a scanty foliage, in irregular whorls, colored with the dark emerald-green of the white pine. Many others were mere gray skeletons, ghosts of trees as it were, destroyed by forest fires of the past, but still erect in death. It is surprising how long a pine of the white species will preserve its original form without a trace of life at its heart, though rocked perchance by the storms of half a century. To-day the same hills show the rounded sky-line of the younger wood, especially so in summer, when all the trees are in full leaf. The tall old pines have fallen beneath the axe.

If there were tongues in trees, as the poet would fain have us believe, those wild old pines could have told us a strange tale of bird life connected with the past.

The great white pelican, largest of water-fowls, may very possibly have floated on this lake in far-away years. This bird, majestic in size, beautiful in white plumage, awkward in movement, uncouth in form from its enormous pouch, has had in the Old World a long history, veiled in myth. On this continent it is said to have frequented inland lakes and rivers in preference to the coast. We may fancy it, if we choose, as lingering about some wooded point of the Otsego water, its nest shaded by the wild rose and azalea of a past century. The flint arrow-head we picked up yesterday among the gravel on the lake shore may have been aimed at the great pelican by some Mohawk hunter of the dark ages of this region.

The beautiful white swan has no doubt floated on Lake Otsego. This graceful bird, partial to inland waters, still builds its nest in the Adirondack country, where

there are very many lakes and tarns. The Alleghanies proper, though boasting of grand rivers, can show but few lakes. One of the most northern of these is Lake Otsego. Beyond all doubt the white swan has visited these waters in years not very remote.

But leaving the mysteries of the past, half fact, half fable, we reach the early years of the present century. From this date we have a clear record of bird life. There have been great changes among the feathered tribes within that period.

Very remarkable has been the history of the native wild-pigeon, a bird entirely peculiar to North America, from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay. Its history is not only very interesting, but quite wonderful in some of its details. The bird itself, taken singly, as we rustics know, is elegant in form, and very pleasing in its slate-colored plumage, tinged with a pale shading of red on the breast. It is very gentle and peaceable, entirely harmless, and even timid by nature. Who would have thought it possible that gentle birds like these should have swept over the interior of the continent within a century in flocks so vast as to obscure the sun at noon as though the country lay under an eclipse, while the ceaseless rapid motion of millions of wings produced a loud roar like an approaching tornado? Accurate and experienced men of science—Wilson and Audubon—tell us of vast flocks covering 180 square miles of country in Kentucky as recently as 1813. They tell us of vast breeding-places in Western forests many miles in extent, where ninety nests were counted in one tree. They tell us of roosting-grounds forty miles in length, with a breadth of several miles, the uproar from this roosting-ground being heard at a distance of three miles. They tell us of one column of these birds in flight, covering 240 miles of country in length!

Grand indeed must have been the movement over the continent of that vast living winged cloud, a great marvel of nature. Nothing to equal it has been known elsewhere on earth.

The old pines on the hill-tops about the Otsego water some forty years since must have been frequently overshadowed by flocks of the wild-pigeon, much less wonderful than those farther west, but still remarkable in their numbers.

On the early morning of June 8, 1847, the lake and the village lay shrouded in a summer mist. A large flock of wild-pigeons became bewildered in the fog, and lost their way—an unusual incident in their history. Instinct failed to guide them. Their naturally keen sight could not pierce the mist. They dropped on the nearest trees, in the heart of the village, on our own lawn, in the church-yard, in the gardens, and on the elms and maples shading the streets. With the first rays of the sun appearing above Mount Vision the mist rose, the birds took flight.

In the early spring of 1849 a large flock of pigeons, supposed to number several thousands, selected for their breeding-ground a wood in the valley of the Susquehanna some miles to the southward of the lake. The details were similar to those reported of the vast breeding-places at the West—nests carelessly built of twigs, a number in close neighborhood in the same tree; broken limbs of trees; a low murmur of wings. But the ground occupied was a narrow one.

Since those years no large flocks of wild-pigeons have passed over Lake Otsego. A few only have been seen where formerly they were numbered by the hundred. To-day you inquire if any wild-pigeons have been recently found in these woods. "*None that we have seen or heard of lately*," shall be the answer to your inquiry. What a change within forty years! Alas for the vanished wild-pigeon!

But the record of many other familiar birds formerly seen in cheerful flocks about this valley, though less tragic than that of the wild-pigeon, is still a sad one.

To those who are so happy as to have a permanent home in the country the birds fluttering about our doors and windows so cheerfully enter into the pleasures—nay, one may say into the joys—of daily life. But here again sad have been the changes within the last forty years.

The friendly red-breasted robins, the beautiful bluebirds, the gay musical gold-finches, those charming song-birds the wrens, the gorgeous orioles, the purple finches, the dainty greenlets, the pretty cedar-birds, the merry gold-crests, and their cousins the ruby-crowns, those dainty sprites the humming-birds—these and other bird families never failed in past years to bring joy with them to our lawns and meadows. Many of them are now rare visitors. The sturdy robins are

much less numerous than they were formerly.

And even in winter days the merry chickadees and their more sober companions, the gray snow-birds, were sure to appear in flocks about our doors. To-day we may watch for these little friends of ours week after week, often disappointed, when perchance we may see three or four of the little creatures, who formerly came to us in pleasant companies.

There is less change among the swallow tribe than among other birds. Both the chimney-swallows and the barn-swallows are still seen hovering in large parties about our village homes and the barns of the country-side. These swallows are both peculiarly American birds. The sober uncouth-looking chimney-swallow is sure to come wheeling in graceful flight about our roofs in late April days. Though uncouth in form and very awkward in movement when on their feet, their flight is singularly rapid and graceful; it is a delight to watch them as they wheel over river and lake. The pretty barn-swallows, with their steel-blue backs and bright chestnut breasts, are still faithful visitors to our farms—gentle, friendly creatures, sweeping in graceful flight over highway and meadow, often taking pleasure in alighting in gay parties on the telegraph wires. Before houses were built on the lake shore our dusky friends the chimney-swallows lived in hollow trees in the forest, as those old pines could have told you. Before barns were built the pretty blue and chestnut swallows had a few nests in the shallow caves of these limestone hills. To-day both tribes have become civilized; they have entirely deserted the woods.

In autumn days, after the swallows have taken flight, few indeed are the birds now left to cheer us. Formerly large flocks of busy robins were often seen feasting on the berries of the mountain-ash, or the haws of the white-thorn about our homes. To-day on the same lawn you shall probably see only three or four redbreasts together as rare visitors. Frequently, forty years since, as you passed along a country road in early autumn you were accompanied by gay flocks gathering for their annual flight, but lingering to enjoy the last pleasant days, and feeding on the seeds of the wild plants by the road-side. Twenty merry goldfinches were seen on such an afternoon as they clustered in eager company on a single tall thistle. To-day you are in luck if you see three or four of these birds on some road-side weed.

After the bright autumn leaves of those years had all dropped from the trees, it was a pleasant habit to walk about the village streets and note the deserted nests in elm or maple. Frequently there were two, three, and occasionally even four and five nests in the same tree. To-day you may perhaps discover one or two nests in a dozen trees.

Again in winter days, after the first heavy fall of snow, it was a pleasure to watch from your windows the deserted nests of the larger birds crowned with a beautiful rounded cap of pure white. Often from one window half a dozen of these snow-crowned nests could be seen on the nearer trees. Last winter, among the many trees shading a village lawn, there was but one solitary snow-crowned nest in sight.

Alas for the vanished birds!

EDITOR'S STUDY

I.

HOW much truth is there in Mr. Ruskin's notion that there is a moral value in hand-work, a saving quality to the individual worker, which production by machinery takes away from him? In the industrial pursuits it is claimed that the introduction of machinery has had an unfavorable effect upon character, not only developing men one-sidedly, but eliminating certain qualities of faithfulness and integrity and responsibility which went along with hand-work. It is not a question whether the product is better or worse, but what the effect is on the producer. Mr. Ruskin laments the loss of independence, of the art instinct, and of virtue in rural life since the various

domestic trades have been absorbed in the factories. The process of change in this direction is still going on. Is it unfavorable to character? Are we, for instance, not so good as we were before the discovery of the mechanical process of producing cream? This is one of the most curious and radical inventions; it takes a deep hold on farm life, and it revolutionizes the fixed habit of ages. It is as if there had been introduced another principle than gravity, for it was gravity that was relied on to separate the cream from the other constituents of milk. This was in accordance with the sedate and peaceful industry of farming. And it gave employment to women; said to be very healthful employment. There was even something poetic about the dairy. Poets and romancers have made much of it, and even royalty has played at it. To "set" the milk in the shining pans, in the cool dairy-house or by the spring waters, to wait through the still hours of night for slow nature to push up the cream to the surface, or, rather, to send the skim-milk to the bottom, and then in the early morning skilfully to skim off the delicious substance, was considered a dainty, almost a refined occupation, however in practice it might often be a drudgery. Patience was required, and the virtue of neatness; and then this occupation, so close to nature, might be supposed to induce deliberate and sweet thought, and so have a good influence on the life.

All this is changed or changing. The "separator" introduces another change into rural life, and, as it were, hitches the cow on to the endless machinery of this age. The milk falls in a thin stream into a machine, which is a counterpart of the sugar "centrifugal," that revolves at a high speed, say two thousand revolutions a minute. This centrifugal motion throws the heavy parts of the milk to the outside, and masses the cream towards the centre, and the two products are ingeniously drawn off while the whirling continues. This is interesting and scientific, but it is not romantic. Perhaps the young lady of the house, who is in college, can describe it, but is the ability to describe it any better for her growth of character than her exercise of the old-fashioned method would have been? It is a very difficult question to answer, for our scientific age is not yet sufficiently developed to enable us to judge the result upon fundamental character. In some cases the separator has a churning attachment, so that, without the intervention of hands again, or of nature, butter is produced almost by an instantaneous process, and another possible element of individuality is eliminated from rural life. In this discussion it is not considered whether butter is better made by the old method or the new, as if it were like the distinction between hand-made and machine-made watches. It is not a matter that concerns the consumer like that of inducing him to eat oleomargarine, or any other spreadable substance, under the impression that it is butter. It relates solely to the formation of character. The pride of the housewife in one domestic industry is certainly going, as that in weaving durable cloth and linen long ago went; perhaps it has already gone with the establishment of the creameries. It is a relief; as all labor-saving machinery is a relief, but the point Mr. Ruskin would raise is whether the getting rid of duties and cares and occupations of this sort is beneficial to the individual. It leaves more time for higher things, but is the time thus gained used for higher purposes?

It would give these speculations on the value of handicrafts in the moral training of the races, and their influence on their happiness, too wide a range to consider the change which inventions and machinery have made altogether in rural life. Notwithstanding the laments of Mr. Ruskin, the subject is comparatively a fresh one, for the new influences are only recently recognized on a wide scale. Organization in all industries has been stimulated by machinery, and the agricultural class is following the example of the industrial classes. This is shown in the societies and associations to control transportation and the markets by political action, and also, and still more important, to control schools and education. The intent seems to be to limit education, and make it, in the direction of the agricultural industry, more technical. This view underrates the value of a general systematic development of the man. But it follows the general idea nowadays of educating for a specific and utilitarian purpose. And there are two things to be thought of in this sort of education: Will it in the end give us a more scientific and productive agriculture? And will it give us a more virtu-

ous and intelligent and a happier population? Is there not a discrimination to be made between the undeniable effect of labor-saving machinery in producing more of the comforts of life, and the effect of an all-round education in producing a higher type of man?

II.

The public is wondering how much further the newspapers are going in transferring themselves into picture-papers. There must be a limit somewhere, if it were merely on account of the expense, on the one hand, and the reader's patience on the other—unless reading is to be given up entirely for seeing; that is to say, if the busy man is to give up reading the head-lines of news and to try to grasp it by a hasty glance at the illustrations. The newspapers themselves cannot tell why they have been driven along in this direction; they suppose the people want pictures. Gradually the distinction has been almost effaced between the paper of *news* and the paper to amuse. The rapid growth of this sort of illustration is curious. At first it was only intended for information—to give the features of a person or scene referred to, or the plan of an invention or a piece of architecture described. It was not intended to give artistic pleasure. It is true that good illustration should give pleasure while it gives information. This is practically impossible for the newspapers, run off on lightning presses, to do. This is left to the impressions of the more leisurely magazines and books. New and wonderful processes, however, have permitted the attempt to be made by the use of colors, and prophets expect great things from these methods. The general effect so far is to vulgarize art and to diffuse false standards of taste. Those who believe that art is a matter of individual genius get little pleasure from mechanical engraving, or processes that sacrifice all poetic expression to mere accuracy. In this case the cream does not have a chance to rise to the top or be separated. It is lost. Of course if people want pictures, and pictures of this kind, enterprising men will meet the demand, and the new industry is legitimate for what it pretends to be. But the demand may not continue long, for popular tastes change. Besides, there are already many people who want their news without sensational illustration or caricature, and these joined to those who are offended by base art may work a reaction in favor of the *news*paper, pure and simple.

III.

We have lately had the biographies of two strenuous and stormy lives—lives which have been as full of struggle and been creative of as much excitement as if they had been spent in politics or war—of two men who have profoundly influenced the art of their time, and aroused as much conflict and passion in the world of art and letters as revolutionists and reformers in any other domain of life. These are the *Life of John Ruskin*, by his friend and secretary, Mr. W. G. Collingwood, and the *Life of Richard Wagner*, by Mr. Henry T. Finck. Two men could not be more unlike in training or in their conceptions of life, and yet there is a singular parallelism in their careers, because each had the courage of his convictions to the point of egotistic intolerance, and each aroused the bitterest animosity and ridicule by attacking long-established conventions in art. But really Ruskin's interest is in life; Wagner's was in art. To many of Ruskin's admirers even, and to those who have been most stimulated by his enthusiasm, he seemed to be like a knight distracted by a multitude of opponents, hitting right and left without any consistent plan of battle—now in art, now in science, now in ethics, now in philanthropy, and again in economics and religion. This biography, by the historical method of his development, gives the key to his character and his work. It does not exhibit a narrow or surface consistency, but always the higher consistency, which is the acknowledgment of truth according to increased knowledge. Wider knowledge caused a revision of his early art judgments, and experience a revision of his early philanthropic notions; but through all the changes not only was his purpose the same, but his views were constant as to what makes for the integrity and nobility of life. His course brought him into practice of realism in art and into an exposition of its limitations, into sympathy with pre-Raphaelism and into severe criticism of it, into schemes of benevolence and into doubts of all surface remedies for the deep-seated disease of the age. But those who follow the growth

of his mind will see a logical connection between his beginning as a poet and art critic and his politico-economic theories. With most men happiness is a question of temperament, and accomplishment of ends a question of opportunity. Ruskin was born to fortune and to favorable opportunities. But his happiness could not be measured by the ordinary standards of felicity. His sorrows have been great, and his ill health almost constant. His happiness has been in his excessive mental activity, and in his work. It is merely an incident that he has given away in charity the whole of his large inherited fortune, and that at the age of seventy-three his only reliance is the income from his books. But he has devoted himself. Is happiness ever the lot of those great souls who draw the living waters from the wells of life for the benefit of humanity? Ruskin's life has been that of teacher and prophet. He has often erred and he has oftener irritated, but no man of his generation has more profoundly influenced English thought in the noblest direction. The voice of one crying in the wilderness is often most effective long after the voice is stilled.

Few men have been so well equipped as Ruskin for the office of critic of life. Saturated with Biblical and classic literature, a most painstaking observer and student of art, an adept in several sciences, he added to these as lively a sympathy with nature as with humanity. In this he is in great contrast to his friend Carlyle, with whom he had great affinity in a certain irritable love of truth and contempt of shams. "It is quite impossible for a man who has no feeling for art and no interest in science to regard life as a whole—especially modern life.... Carlyle, from a lack of sympathy with art and an indolence in acquiring even the rudiments of physical science, from a strange want of ear for poetry or eye for nature, was left short-handed, short-sighted, in many an enterprise. In framing an ideal of life he is narrow, ascetic, rude, as compared with the wider and more refined culture of a Ruskin." The truth is that not only is ethics supreme with Ruskin, but that art and science have for him their value in their relation to the inner life. Up to the age of forty, Ruskin was a writer on art; since then art has sometimes been his text, rarely his theme. It has been secondary to ethics. As time went on, and this passionate lover of justice, who had an increasing morbid sense of the evil of the world, saw that neither art nor science nor modern philanthropy touched this evil, he withdrew and put himself in antagonism with all that the world considers orthodox. It has been a long period of storm and shrill prophecy. But he has come at last into a quiet sunset hour. His biographer says: "Mr. Ruskin, who had been driven away from Protestantism by the Waldensians at Turin, and had wandered through many realms of doubt and voyaged through strange seas of thought alone, found harbor at last with the disciple of a modern evangelist, the frequenter of a poor little meeting-house of outcast Italian Protestants. Ruskin's art criticism fought its way to the front long ago. His economy is now practically accepted. His religious teaching has not yet been listened to. That must wait until this nineteenth century—as he put it in 1845—'has, I cannot say breathed, but *steamed*, its last.'"

Viewing all art in its relation to life, Ruskin could not ignore the still vexed question of art and morality. To him the unity of art was not an alliance of handicrafts; but in all branches of art there must be the spirit of truth and sincerity. As to the moral side, "I do not say in the least that in order to be a good painter you must be a good man, but I do say there must be strong elements of good in the mind, however warped by other parts of the character." Seeing art appearing in nations with the decay of morals, he came to the conclusion that art does not spring from that decay, but is rooted in the virtues of the earlier age. He generalized that art is the product of human happiness, that it is contrary to asceticism, that it is the expression of pleasure. But when the turning-point of national progress is once reached, and art is regarded as the laborious excitement to pleasure—no longer the spontaneous blossom and fruit of it—the decay sets in for art as well as for morality. "Art, in short, is created *by* pleasure, not *for* pleasure."

IV.

The fights about Richard Wagner as a person and as a musical reformer or innovator will probably not end so long as there are any survivors of his generation or survivors of those who took sides passionately in these fights. But the time

will come when the personality of Wagner will be of little consequence compared with the work he accomplished, which will be judged without regard to the tumultuous character of his genius. The chief value of Mr. Finck's volumes—though not by any means their exclusive interest, a great entertainment being his amusing exposure of the musical critics—is in making plain Wagner's constant musical purpose, from which neither poverty nor ill-health nor love of popularity ever swerved him when once he had discovered what his work ought to be. This, aside from any minor questions of composition, was the substitution of a music-drama for the popular performance called an opera. The first obstacle in doing this was not public taste, but the difficulty of submitting his work to the public judgment. He could not get a hearing. The theatres would not undertake an experiment that required such a great outlay, and conductors, singers, actors, and players, and critics, resisted an innovation which set at defiance all the operatic traditions. Nothing less than a revolution was proposed, and it met the opposition of almost the whole musical world. It was unfortunate for the comprehension of the public that Wagner's compositions should have been called operas, in the Italian meaning of that word, for, except his first attempts at stage representations, they were not operas. The old opera, even to the public which enjoyed its melodies and its spectacles and its dancing, was confessedly an artistic absurdity. It had no dramatic unity, and as it was often given with little or with any sort of scenery that happened to be at hand, it was simply a dress concert, the airs and choruses of which were sung to the audience, and hissed or encored on their individual merits. The composer either got somebody to write a libretto to his music, or he tried to "set" certain words of recitative or song to music. And into this opera any popular air could be introduced, sometimes as an impromptu by the singers, or any spectacle could be added, or any dance interjected, without violating any operatic tradition. In Italy especially the interest in the opera was divided between the ballet and the execution of airs by favorite singers. The orchestra was simply an accompaniment.

Wagner's method is totally different. It is doubtful if it is yet entirely understood, even by many who for musical reasons may prefer his "operas" to the old sort. But the public that prefers the Italian opera as an entertainment should at least understand Wagner's purpose. After his first attempt to conform he turned wholly from tradition and created something new, and did this when he was perfectly aware that there was every reason to expect that immediate popularity and wealth would be his by writing operas to suit the existing taste of managers, singers, and theatre-goers. Wagner began with what had been the secondary or even the last concern of composers. He conceived and wrote a poem or drama. This he sought to interpret and make visible on the stage by music and by scenery. With his composition of the drama instinctively rose in his mind the musical expression of it, and the representation of action and art that would make it real to the audience. But the drama was wholly written, and able to stand alone and be judged as a published poem, before the score was begun or the scenery definitely determined. It was then no question of what spectacles would please or astonish, nor of what airs would captivate or could be effectively used to entertain, but what would express the idea of the poem. The impression that he wished to produce was that of a work of art as a whole, not of ingenious ornamentation. It was not at first recognized that Wagner was a poet; he was thought to be only a musician endeavoring to do an eccentric and impossible thing. It is now seen that he was not only a poet capable of great conceptions, that he was inspired by the true dramatic spirit, but that melody—the melody of scientific composition—was as truly a part of his poetic expression as melody is a part of Shelley's verse.

Wagner's reputation at first suffered from inadequate stage representation, and from this it is likely always to suffer. His dramas require more than any opera. They require the singers to be actors, an orchestra large enough and sympathetically trained to keep up constantly the idea of the poem, and scenery that will not belittle its beautiful and grandiose conceptions. To produce a music-drama requires not only unusual expense, but the concurrence of several distinct essentials. And the question is already raised whether the music-drama can be pro-

duced by a musician who is not also technically a poet. His biographer well says that Wagner did not adapt poetry to music nor music to poetry, he fused them both in one product. Is this possible for two minds, one a dramatic poet, the other a musician?

The perfect representation of Wagner's dramas requires a fortuitous combination of excellences that has yet been nowhere attained. The ideal may be impossible. The representations in New York were superior to most others, except in scenic effects, and it is possible, with the new ideas given to singers not only in vocalization but in acting, and to instrumentalists and scenery-makers, the Wagner idea may bear greater fruits in the future than we see at present. The taste for the drama, historical or mythical, is, we may say, innate, and we now hope that it can be gratified in the highest form by a cordial union of the arts in the perfection of the musical drama.

V.

Our friends the English critics would have saved themselves much anxiety and pain, and have spared themselves from irritating and useless labors in regard to the language in use in this country, if their historical knowledge had been equal to their loving desire to discipline us. And we should have escaped a flood of criticism on "Americanisms." According to the highest national authority, the language of this country is not English, but "the language of the United States." Upon the acknowledgment of our independence by France in 1778, and the despatch hither of the first Minister accredited to this country, it became necessary to prescribe the ceremonies for his reception, and in like cases. Among the resolutions passed by Congress was this: "All speeches or communications may, if the public ministers choose it, be in the language of their respective countries. And all replies, or answers, shall be in the language of the United States." Legally, therefore, the English have no right to criticise our language for non-conformity with theirs, though they are within their right in exposing its imperfections, as they may comment upon French or German or Irish. It is a curious coincidence that the Congress which named our language spelled public "publick," and honor "honour." In changing the orthography of these and other words we have used our undoubted right to spell our own language as suits us.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 2d of June.—On May 15th the Supreme Court of the United States rendered a decision sustaining the constitutionality of the Geary Chinese Exclusion Act.

On May 30th William Walter Phelps was succeeded as United States Minister to Germany by Theodore Runyon.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church voted, on May 31st, to sustain the appeal from the decision of the New York Presbytery to dismiss charges of heresy against Professor Charles A. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary.

James H. Blount, Commissioner to Hawaii, was, on May 10th, appointed United States Minister.

On May 31st the removal of the body of Jefferson Davis from New Orleans to Richmond was completed, and interment made in Hollywood Cemetery.

The Infanta Eulalia arrived at New York as the official representative of Spain at the World's Columbian Exposition on May 19th. She was received in Washington by President and Mrs. Cleveland.

The struggle of the revolutionists in Nicaragua was successful. On May 30th President Sacasa signed a treaty of peace, resigned from office, and consented to the establishment of a provisional government.

DISASTERS.

May 15th.—The ship *Countess Evelyn* was sunk off the Cornish coast in a collision with the steamer *City of Hamburg*, and twenty-five lives were lost.

May 21st.—Fire at Saginaw, Michigan, destroyed more than 200 houses, and caused a loss of $1,500,000.

OBITUARY.

May 10th.—At Otsego Lake, New York, Joseph Francis, inventor of the life-boat, aged ninety-two years.

May 12th.—At Hampton, Virginia, General S. C. Armstrong, principal of the Hampton Normal Institute and Indian School. He was fifty-four years old.

May 13th.—At Paris, France, the Rev. Dr. Robert McAll, founder of the McAll Mission, aged seventy-one years.

May 14th.—At Burlington, Vermont, William Henry Augustus Bissell, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Vermont, at the age of eighty years.

May 19th.—At Cincinnati, Ohio, James E. Murdock, the actor, at the age of eighty-two years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

"RASMUS." BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

UNCLE PETER knew "Rasmus" as well as Rasmus knew him. That is saying a good deal, for Peter had worn out more whipstaffs over Rasmus's head than he could count. Indeed, this gives a very inadequate idea of the number of whipstaffs he had so broken, because, as he himself said, he "wa'n't no gre't hand at countin'," and when he was intrusted with money for the firm, which not infrequently happened, he used to say, on his return, as he spread it out on the table: "I reckon, Marse Henry, you had better count dat over. I 'spec' it is all dyah, 'cause I hold my hand out to him right study after he done count once, and looked mighty wise until he counted it over agin and said 'Dat's right,' and den I come 'long; but I reckon you better count it over." The fact was that Uncle Peter had been "trying" Rasmus, and Rasmus had been trying Uncle Peter, ever since the day when "the old mule" (the mule that the firm had when Uncle Peter first came down from the country and demanded work of his "young master," his Marse Henry) dropped dead in the shafts trying to back the dray up to the sidewalk. It was, perhaps, simply a coincidence that Uncle Peter had broken a whipstaff over that mule's head just before he fell, for he had truly mourned for his mule. He allowed no one else to bury him, and he always talked of him with reminiscent affection, as if he had been a beloved member of his family; and when the firm took him down next day to look at a young mule in the pens near the stock-yards, he would not consent to the purchase of one until he had "tried" it. This was at least six years before the time herein referred to; but though the mule had been paid for within forty-eight hours, Uncle Peter never would admit that he was doing anything but "tryin'" her. This he told Rasmus herself at least a dozen times a day, in every conceivable tone between that of the most inviolable confidence and that of the direst menace. Occasionally he even told the firm so when his threats and blows floated in at the door of the warehouse and brought some one out to see what the trouble was, and to expostulate with him on his treatment of Rasmus. One day he actually marched solemnly into the office, and, hat in his hand, lodged a formal complaint against Rasmus, declaring that



"YOU KNOWS DEM CRUEL S'CIETY ANIMALS IS LOOKIN' 'ROUND."

he had "done try her," and found she would not do.

"Why, what's the matter, Uncle Peter?" asked his employer and former master. "Doesn't she pull well?"

"Oh yes, suh, she pull enough. I 'ain' got no quoil wid Rasmus 'bout dat. She pull well as any mule I ever see, 'cep' de ole mule—I never see a mule pull like him—but she is de meanes' mule in de wull. She always pull de wrong way, and she won't back a step to save yo' life, jes like a 'ooman. Ef you want her to go one way, she want to go turr torectly. Ef you want her to back, she want to go forrard. Ef you want her to go forrard, she won't move till she done back over de house. I's done broke more whipstaffs over her head den I could cut on de ole place."

The old man was mollified with the statement that he had better go back and "try her a little longer"; and he went, muttering that he would "try her jest a little longer," and then if she didn't suit he would send her back "whar she come from."

"Uncle Peter," called his employer as he went out, "why do you call her Rasmus?"

He turned back. "I calls her Rasmus, Marse Henry, 'cause Rasmus is a mule name, and I gwine knock her head off too ef she don't mind." He went out.

Nothing more was heard of the matter beyond Uncle Peter's customary threats coming in from the street. He and Rasmus got along in the same old friendly way, he ruining whipstaffs over Rasmus's head, and Rasmus ruining his temper, until one day a new member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals happened to come along just as Uncle Peter banged his whipstaff over Rasmus in the same old affectionate way. The next morning the old man was fined ten dollars in the police court, which his employers paid and deducted from his wages. A short time after that his employer, coming down the street, observed the dray standing at right angles to the sidewalk at some little distance from the curb-stone, and Uncle Peter standing with his skid in his hand immediately in front of Rasmus, making violent feints of beating her over the head, but never really touching her. He thought his failure to strike her was due to Rasmus's dodging. As he drew near, however, he heard Uncle Peter talking. With the skid uplifted in both hands as if ready to strike, he was saying: "Oh yes, you black Sattan, you! I know you! You done cost me ten dollars once, and you jest tryin' to git me agin. I knows you. You done had me down dere in de police court 'bout hittin' you over your black head, and git ten dollars right out of my pocket, and you jest tryin' to make me hit you agin. But you ain't gwine do it, I tell you. You knows dem Cruel S'ciety Animals is lookin' 'round here, and you jest want me to pay you anurr ten dollars agin. I'd like to bust your black brains out, but I wouldn't tetch you to save your life. Back, fool! Don't you hear me?" He brought the skid down terrifically, as if he would smash the mule's head in, but stopped just shott of touching her.

His employer, amused at his ire, said, "Uncle Peter, I reckon we had better sell that mule and get another one that will back."

The old fellow's countenance fell. "Sell her? Sell Rasmus? Nor, suh. Marse Henry, dat's de best mule in dis town. She got de debbel in her, dat's all. You lef her to me. I'll make her back. I'll breck her."

Just then Rasmus, as if she understood the whole situation, quietly backed up against the curbing, and calmly drooping her head, let her ears fall forward, and peacefully shut her eyes.

Peter went around and replaced the skid, and as his master went into the door he heard him saying to Rasmus: "Yes, you black Sattan, you better had back. You heah what he says? I's de only one done save you. Nem mind; next time he want to sell you I'm gwine to let you go. He'd sell you long ago ef I'd let him. I jest gwine to try you a little longer. I boun' den you will find somebody dat make you back, and den you'll know how good I wuz to you."

A BOY'S REASON.

"WHY didn't you write to us, my son, when you were abroad?"

"Why, dad, it was because when things were happening that you'd like to hear about I hadn't time, and when things were not happening there wasn't anything to write about."

AS IT WAS IN '53.

"So you enjoyed your European trip, did you?" inquired the simple old gentleman. "I haven't been over since '53, but my recollections are still vivid. I remember once standing upon Mont Blanc, watching the sun sink to rest behind the blue waters of the Mediterraneau, while to my right the noble Rhine rushed onward to the Black Sea, and the Pyrenees, still holding the snows of winter, were on my left. I remember while standing there—"

"But, Mr. Gray," feebly interrupted his listener, "I was on Mont Blanc myself, and really—you'll excuse me—but you really must be mistaken in your geography."

"I?" returned the old man, lightly. "Not a bit of it—but I forget—it's different now. You know, my dear boy, that since my day the entire map of Europe has been changed by these awful wars, and so, of course, you can't appreciate what it was in '53."

THE COLLEGE OF HERALDIDEE.

YOUR crest and your motto, your motto and crest,
Whatever you'd like 'em to be;
You pay us ten dollars, and pick from the best
At the College of Heraldidee.
If a crest or a motto will add to your state,
To stamp on your letters or family plate,
We do the whole thing at a moderate rate
At the College of Heraldidee.

Here rampant, there passant or couchant—a beast
You'll find in our *ménagerie*:
Go in for a phœnix, or eagle at least,
Or pelican "in piety."
With chevron, portcullis, fret, saltire, or fess,
In *or* or in *argent*, your coat you may dress—
Not *both*; for we're monometallists, I guess—
At the College of Heraldidee.

For "supporters"—like hose, we supply them in pairs—
With chains and in collars, or free
(And no one will guess you were once below-stairs,
When "supported" from Heraldidee),
Blue boars golden-tusked, and black sheep golden-fleeced:
Our unicorn strain comes direct from the East,
And our fine stud of dragons is lately increased,
In the Zoo' kept at Heraldidee.

We dig you up ancestors, early or late,
Like potatoes for market—d'ye see?—
With family portraits—a set up to date—
For a most insignificant fee.
An extra ten dollars will make your ancestor
That famed man of war *Gulielmus Conquestor*,
Or the king that was rowed by eight sub-kings at Chester,—
Such virtues hath Heraldidee!

If an heiress you wed, and you'd have us deploy
The line of her ancest-e-ry,
Here the College expects, as her cash you enjoy,
A modest percentage in fee.
A hatchment we fix when your rich uncle dies,
Or "achievement" on stone, with suggestive "Here *lies*,"
And cornered with cherubs, that weep from the skies,
At the College of Heraldidee.

If a man of your name is a millionaire,
We can prove your consanguinity;
So come—if you'd set yourself up for his heir—
To the College of Heraldidee.
To assist your pretensions, and give no offence,
We blazon a shield of the sort called "pretence";
For the range of our family lore is immense,
At the College of Heraldidee.

Tho' who was your father be open to doubt,
We'll grow you a family tree:
They're kept ready potted, in short, to plant out,
In our glass house at Heraldidee.
Of ermine or sable, gules, azure, or vert,
We'll fit you a coat, tho' you hadn't a shirt,
And, dub you a Duke, tho' you rose from the dirt,
At the College of Heraldidee!

LEWIN DELL.

THE INFERENCE OF MR. McBOGGS.

JAMES and Patrick McBoggs, not long out of the toils of quarantine, set out on a recent Sunday evening to visit their cousins, two young women at service in an aristocratic part of the city. On their arrival at the house they sought to announce their presence by ringing the bell. Unacquainted with the mysteries of electricity, Jimmie tried in vain to *pull* the button. Paddy, believing that he possessed greater strength and skill, asked his brother to step aside, and took his place, with no greater success. Finally, impressed with the belief that they were the victims of a joke by the young women, he exclaimed, "Bad luck to the divils, I belave they have a hould o' the sthring."

THE N. S. B. C.

A SECRET society of young bicyclists was formed in an Eastern town with the mysterious initials N. S. B. C. as its name. Outsiders in guessing the meaning of the letters put it down as North Side Bicycle Club. The mother of one of the members, in making the usual nightly raid through the hopeful's pockets, found a document which proved to be the constitution and by-laws of the N. S. B. C. Instead of the "North Side," it was found to be the "Non-Swearing Bicycle Club." There was, besides other formal rules, a list of swear words with fines attached, beginning with, "One damn, 10 cents," and graded down to "Darns, 10 for a cent."

THE JOKE ON THE PARENT.

"THANKS," said the Reverend Doctor, taking the match and lighting the cigar. "This reminds me of another match. Did you ever travel on one of those branch-line, independent, go-as-you-please Southern railways? I did once, and the monotony was varied by a lovely incident. "As we waited for the conductor at a station (he had stopped off to visit his family), a young couple came aboard in a hurry. Before long we learned that they had eloped and were bound for a Gretna Green just over the State line, where the law didn't call for a license and other delays in marrying. They were greatly flustered because the irate parent was in pursuit. But finally the train got away without the parent appearing. I say got away, and mean that it left the station; but the station, you know, wasn't any kind of a racer. Finally the State line was passed and the long-desired town reached, and as we all alighted who do you suppose appeared? None other than the irate parent. His patient mule had gone ahead, beaten the train, and there he stood (the parent, not the mule), a conquering hero, ready to intercept the two. We found he'd been waiting nearly thirty minutes."

"But, doctor," interrupted a listener, "why didn't you perform the ceremony on the train when you reached the State line?"

"I did," said the doctor, quietly. "That was the joke on the parent."



AT THE COST OF HER PRIDE.

ETHEL (*pupil of Alice's husband*). "What do you think of it, Alice dearest?"
ALICE (*taught by her artist husband to be frank*). "I don't like it much, darling."
ETHEL. "Well, Harry did most of it, dear."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE tall, aged, sad-looking man ate a bountiful dinner at the restaurant, and then with a check calling for 75 cents made his way to the cashier's desk. He banged down the check with a battered silver dollar, and looked sadder than ever.

The cashier picked up the dollar and examined it suspiciously. It had a deep dent on one side, and looked as though it had been plugged. At that moment the customer spoke: "It is very painful for me to part with that dollar. It saved my life once, however, and must do so again. At the siege of Vicksburg I carried it in my vest pocket, and the dent you see there was made by a bullet, which otherwise would have killed me. I have kept it since as a memorial, and it wellnigh breaks my heart to let it go; but I must—I have nothing else."

The cashier was plainly interested. "In what year was the siege of Vicksburg?" he asked.

"Sixty-three," said the sad man, promptly.

"And this dollar," returned the cashier, "is dated 1877, and is a counterfeit."

The sad man looked annoyed. "Of course it is," he replied. "How could I have an 1877 dollar in '63 if it wasn't a counterfeit?"

And the cashier was so dumfounded that he passed out a quarter in change, and allowed the sad man to escape.

"COBWEBS FROM A RHYMESTER'S SKULL."

A WISH.

If it be true, as some sage folks have dared to say,
That Shakespeare was a freak of Nature on a spree,
I wish the dame might lose her mind again some day,
And play a prank or two of like import with me.

A CONFESSION.

One summer, having little else to do,
I wrote a play; and when the autumn came
I read it with a critic's eye all through,
And cut out all the situations lame.

Then, when my pencil blue had done its work
Upon the scenes my agile mind had weft,
It filled my soul with deepest, direst murk
To find I'd nothing but the title left.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AN INGENIOUS WESTERN INVENTION.

MR. THOMAS G. WEATHERLOW appears to be the Grand Old Man of Minneapolis. Though now almost seventy-five years old, he still maintains his position as one of the ablest inventors of the country. He continues, if reports are true, to retain his interest in the invention of apparatus for dealing with burglars, and thus not only must he be classed as a great inventor, but as a potent force in the repression of crime as well. It was Mr. Weatherlow who two or three years ago constructed a bank building in Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, on the principle of a wire rat-trap, easy to enter, but impossible to get out of, baited it with $300,000 cash, and caught thirty-two burglars the first night.

We do not know that Mr. Weatherlow's banker's burglar-trap was ever put into use in any other city, but we cannot see why it might not be. But it would be useful for catching bank burglars only, and would be too expensive for small towns. Of course Mr. Weatherlow recognized this as well as anybody, and ever since the invention of the banker's trap he has been studying on something to catch ordinary safe-breakers. He soon saw that he must first study the working habits of the common burglar. He accordingly opened a coal office in South Minneapolis, and placed in it a large inviting safe. He then caused it to be reported about the neighborhood that he habitually kept large sums of money in the safe. This intelligence soon penetrated burglarious circles, after which Mr. Weatherlow nightly concealed himself in his office where he could see the safe, and began a close study of the methods of burglars. He was extremely fortunate, the safe being blown open three times the first week. Among many other characteristics of the profession which he noted was this, that a burglar invariably, before he began active operations, knelt before the safe and tried the door, taking hold of the knob which threw back the bolts with one hand, and of the tumbler or dial knob with the other, to see if haply the safe had not been left unlocked by mistake. After a month's study of the burglar in action Mr. Weatherlow closed up his ostensible coal office, satisfied that he was sufficiently acquainted with the habits of this nocturnal citizen.

But it was fully a year after this before Mr. Weatherlow caught the idea which he finally utilized—such is the infinite patience required in the successful inventor. He was riding down Hennepin Avenue one day, when he observed a street "fakir" with an electric battery. A small boy held one of the knobs in either hand. The current was too strong, and he danced about, utterly unable to relax his hold or get away. "Eureka!" cried Mr. Weatherlow. "Sor?" answered his coachman. "Where did yer anner say?" "Home, James!" shouted Mr. Weatherlow, and in fifteen minutes he was at work in his laboratory. The result was the L'Étoile du Nord Safe-Burglar Snare.

A brief description of the snare, freed from the baleful presence of a diagram with the alphabet roosting about on it in flocks, may not be uninteresting. The first thing to be noted is that it may be attached to any safe. Under the safe Mr. Weatherlow conceals a powerful electric battery. If the burglars of the town are thought to be somewhat shy, the battery may be placed in another room, or under the floor, or elsewhere. Each knob of the safe is then connected by wires with this battery, which can be switched off in the daytime and on at night. The operation of the apparatus is so simple that a child can understand it. The criminal burglar enters, grasps the knobs of the safe, and is instantly rendered helpless and held securely till morning, when he may be removed at pleasure. Users of the L'Étoile du Nord snare would no doubt do well to make arrangements with the local police department to call each morning and get the burglar. Perhaps a burglar-can will be devised, in which the criminal can be placed securely, and the whole set out on the edge of the sidewalk along with the ash-can. Of course only one burglar can be caught in a night; but where several safes are provided with the snare in one town they will soon exterminate the profession. Indeed, the primary object of the attachment is to protect the safe. Where the burglars are so numerous that two or three snares will not reduce their ranks, no doubt the banker's trap can be profitably introduced. Nor does Mr. Weatherlow forget the moral welfare of the burglar. As he grasps the knobs an incandescent light will be turned on over his head, and he will find on top of the safe an open book—a Testament, volume of *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Sin of Burglary and Housebreaking*, or other work. A little notice on the wall will call his attention to the fact that he can turn the leaves with his nose. A copy of *Gospel Hymns* may also be added, and if the burglar is musically inclined he can help to pass away the night by singing "Waiting and Watching," "Where hast thou gleaned To-day?" "Yield not to Temptation," and so forth.

If all that is told of the ingenious Mr. Weatherlow's invention is true, it seems to be one of the most important of the age, and the days, or rather the nights, of the superfluous and disagreeable burglar are numbered. Perhaps a good phonograph on top of the safe to roll off a sermon or two while the burglar waited for the morning might be a good thing. However, we simply throw this out. There may be nothing in it.

THE TRIALS OF THE AMATEUR.

"YES," said the distinguished amateur, "I am going on the professional stage. I have got a part in Dawson's new farm-house play. It is full of horses, animals, and chickens, you know, but I don't mind that. I want a start."

"What is your rôle?" asked the critic. "The first rooster on the clothes-horse?"

MONUMENTAL.

In Colonial days Josiah N—— chose for his farm a site in southern Connecticut near the waters of the Sound, and all the successive Josiahs have lived there ever since. A gradual accumulation of purposeful settlers near by made a sufficient nucleus to be called a village, which in course of time was sanctified by a white church erected on the hill, a church distantly suggesting some of the architectural mistakes with which Sir Christopher Wren was lavishly inflicting London. Beside this church are gathered the dead of a hundred years. The name of Josiah N—— first appears on a slab of ill-cut slate surmounted with the then popular conception of a cherub, and is repeated at a later date on marble, now grown gray. Lastly, the name appears on a square white block, but in this case subordinately, to give a *raison d'être* to "Amelia, wife of."

The extant Josiah, being a youngish man and appreciative of women, hastened to take to himself another wife after Amelia's demise, who did not long survive her domestic duties. When she was laid away Josiah went often to the cemetery, and thus germinated two ideas: the first, that the square marble block therein erected showed a marked partiality for Amelia over Harriet; and the second, that while an additional stone would be a heavy expense, the original was large enough to be divided. Phipps the stone-cutter was called in, and presently a slab (rather squat, but passable) recorded with pathetic brevity the life of "Harriet, second wife of."

And yet again, when middle life was insidiously hardening Josiah's sentimental nature, did he take unto himself a wife, who also lived but a few years, and was laid away with the others. And yet again was Amelia relieved of some of the weight of marble that pressed the sod above her to make a commemorative tablet for "Sarah, third beloved wife of."

The appreciative Josiah N—— again cast his unsated eye about among the women, but all seemed satisfied with their present state. At last he bethought himself of Miss Scofield, the dressmaker who had been accustomed to fashion garments at his house through his three domestic dynasties. Miss Scofield was poor, and felt the time coming when the grasshopper is a burden; but not being over-fond of Mr. N——'s ways, guessed she'd like a little time to consider.

A week later, when he called for her answer, she nervously linked her worn fingers and said, resolutely, "Well, I guess I'll hev to decline, Josiah, f'r I've been up t' the cem't'ry, 'n' there ain't one o' them stones thet 'll split."

H. C. Candee.



WILD FLOWERS.

"Of what are you afraid, my child?" inquired the kindly teacher
"Oh, sir, the flowers, they are wild," replied the timid creature.



REASONING FROM INDUCTION.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"Look, Geoffrey! That's Lady Emily Tomlinson. Isn't she pretty?"
"Yes. And I s'pose that's *Lord* Emily walking with her!"



"WHEN PHYLLIS LAUGHS."

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVII. SEPTEMBER, 1893. No. DXX.

WHEN PHYLLIS LAUGHS.

BY JOHN HAY.

WHEN Phyllis laughs, in sweet surprise
My heart asks if my dazzled eyes
Or if my ears take more delight
In luscious sound or beauty bright,
When Phyllis laughs.

In crinkled eyelids hid Love lies.
In the soft curving lips I prize
Promise of raptures infinite,
When Phyllis laughs.

Far to the Orient fancy flies.
I see beneath Idalian skies,
Clad only in the golden light,
Calm in perfection's peerless might—
The laughter-loving Venus rise,
When Phyllis laughs.

A GENERAL ELECTION IN ENGLAND.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



THERE were a great many questions asked in Parliament that afternoon. They seemed unusually unprofitable and unusually numerous, the Irish members, as always, being the chief offenders. Every one else wanted to hear one question answered, a question which everybody in Great Britain was asking everybody else, and which only one man could answer. The one man rose at last, with dignity, or diffidently, or languidly, as his manner chances to impress you, and faced a House in which every seat was filled, from the front row of the opposition benches to the high seat behind the ladies' lattice. There were cheers from the government benches, and then a sudden and impressive silence. The First Lord of the Treasury broke this appreciative silence by a review of what had been done by the government in the past, what it hoped to do in the little time left to it, and what it would be forced to leave undone. "And," he added, "Parliament will probably dissolve not before the first part of such a week, nor later than the last part of some other week."

The members of the Conservative party, who were just as anxious as any one else to learn the date of the dissolution, and just as ignorant concerning it, looked blank at this, and the opposition laughed and cheered ironically, as though to admit that they recognized the official utter-

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ance as not only unanswerable, but no answer at all. But they took it good-naturedly, like men who do not mind being played with if they are played with cleverly. All but Mr. "Willie" O'Brien, who raises his hat and begs to inform the First Lord of the Treasury that, owing to the government's failure to push a certain Irish bill, he will, so far as within him lies, oppose the progress of all other measures, to which threat, delivered in a hoarse angry whisper, the First Lord of the Treasury answers by a polite bow of the head and a gratified smile. Then the House emptied itself, and everybody went away not a bit wiser than when he had come in.

A week later the dissolution came. One of the hundred differences between an election in America and an election in England lies in the greater length of time which must elapse before the result of an English general election can be decided. At home Congressmen are elected over a varying number of days, as are members of Parliament, but with us the election of a Congressman only decides the success of that particular individual, while in England the political faith of the members elected decides of what political complexion the government shall be, and from which side the Prime Minister shall be chosen. The result of this is that the election of each and every member in England, no matter how unimportant he personally may be, counts just that much on one side or the other, and the interest is almost as keen in gaining every new seat whether the man who holds it is Mr. Balfour or the unknown son of his father.

This system of spreading the election over so many days makes a general election much more entertaining to the visiting American than is our own, where the people vote for the President before sundown on one day, and know whether he is elected or not, and whether the government has changed hands, before midnight. The English make very much more of a good thing when they have it than that. The American has only one fierce, anxious day of excitement and doubt; the Englishman stretches the excitement and doubt over two or three weeks, and gives every one a chance to prophesy things, and explain them when they do not turn out his way, and say, "I told you so," or, "I knew how it would be," or, "Wait until you hear from the boroughs," and then, after you have heard from the boroughs, "Wait until you have heard from the counties," and to hedge several times before any one knows exactly who is or who is not coming into power. This is the most important difference from a merely physical point of view; the others are the absence of bribery at an English election, and the number of people who work without hope of "getting anything for it," and the absence of processions and brass bands.

A general election in England is conducted by the entire people. There may be a Central Committee somewhere, as there is at home, but its work is not so conspicuous to the stranger as is the work of the first chance acquaintance he makes. Recall the most enthusiastic politician of your acquaintance during the late campaign, and multiply him by the whole population of Great Britain, and you obtain an idea of what a hold politics has on the people of England. By this I mean all the people, the voters and the non-voters, the gentleman who has thirteen votes in different counties and the young women of the Primrose League who have none, the landlord whose gates bar at his pleasure the oldest streets in London and the lodger who pays a few shillings for the back room.

Every class works for its party and for its candidate in its different way. Its way may be to address mass-meetings under the folds of the union-jack or to humbly address envelopes, but whatever his way may be, every one helps. As soon as Parliament ends, this interest, which has been accumulating less actively for some time, becomes rampant, and members fly north and south, taking their wives with them to sit upon the platforms, and their daughters to canvass the division, and their friends to make speeches, and the London season puts up the shutters until it is over. In London itself the signs of the times are various and many. You can see it in the crowds about the newspaper bulletin-boards, in the desertion of the Row in the morning, in the absence of the white light which had been burning over Westminster, in the placards on the hoardings, and in the carts and broughams filled with voters driving in elegance to the polls. The sandwich men on Piccadilly have changed



"YOUR CHAMBERS ARE INVADED."

their announcements of new plays and Van Beer's pictures and somebody else's catsup to "Vote for Bings," and you look down an irregular line of "Vote for Bings" like the ghosts in *Richard III.*, until you decide that no matter who the rival candidate may be, you will *not* vote for Bings. The under-butler, in undress livery, tells you that her ladyship has gone to the country to help Sir Charles in his canvass, and will not be back for a fortnight; and men you ask to dinner write you a week later from Ireland to say they have been attending the Ulster Convention, and speak of it as a much more important event than your dinner; and your chambers are invaded by Primrose Dames, who cause your landlady to look upon you with suspicion, and who seem to take it as a personal grievance and as an intentional slight on your part that you are an American and not entitled to a vote.

So I, personally, left London and followed the campaign through the fortunes of one candidate. And as his canvass resembled that of others, more or less, I will try to show through it what an English election is like. My Candidate's fortunes were very pleasant to follow, because his canvass was conducted

with much picturesqueness in the form of rosettes and outriders, and was full of incident and local color, the local color being chiefly red.

It might have been my luck to judge an English election by the efforts of a candidate unknown to the borough he wished to represent, who would have stood at the direction of the Central Committee, and who might have been *non persona grata* to the electors of even his own party. In this case he would have put up at whichever inn favored his political conviction, whether it was the better one or not, and he would have canvassed the division as a stranger, and as a stranger have been treated accordingly. For, as you probably know, a gentleman who has lived in Wales may take a train across the country and stand for a division in Scotland, or *vice versa*, just as Mr. Stanley, who has spent a great part of his life in Africa, stood for Lambeth, because the Central Committee of the Liberal Unionists assigned him to that division, and not because he was wanted there; indeed, as was apparent later, he was not. But My Candidate stood for a county division where his people had been known for hundreds of years, and where he had been known for at least thirty, where the gamekeeper remembered having handed him his first breech-loader, where the hunting set who follow the Duke of Rutland's hounds spoke of him as a "clinker" across country, and where the head of the family was the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and the owner of a great mansion which was familiarly particularized for seventy miles around as "the House." And while all this and all that pertained to it did not make his calling and election sure, it did make his efforts to render that election sure of peculiar interest to the visiting American.

My first intimation that I was to follow My Candidate's fortunes was an invitation delivered by himself in person during a luncheon in town, into the third course of which he plunged uninvited to ask if I would like to go down to a political meeting of his that night and have my head broken. Mr. Oscar Wilde was also included in the invitation because he happened to be there, but he showed a lack of proper sporting spirit, and pleading an engagement, returned to the consideration of the fourth course. My host let me off, and My Candidate took me in a train to some place, where a carriage met us, and carried us the rest of the way to a village with a queer name. In that way was I pitched forth into English politics. That night we spoke at the school-house. I say "we" because for the few weeks which followed I cast my lot in with the Conservative party and My Candidate, and though I did not speak but once, on which unhappy occasion I turned all the Conservatives of sixty years' standing into rabid Radicals, I always considered myself in the plural number.

We had a small audience. It was as large as the school-house could hold, but it was small, and it was phlegmatically and delightfully Conservative. The farmers and their wives sat on the front row, with the young ladies from the rectory and the local political agent. Back of these were the agricultural laborers, who correspond as a political factor to our sons of honest toil, and who wore suits of white corduroy and red ties, and who surprised one by looking exactly like the agricultural laborers in the *Chatterbox* of our childhood and in the *Graphic* Christmas numbers of to-day. They had red sunburnt faces, and a fringe of whiskers under the chin, and hair that would not lie down. My Candidate addressed the loyal electors of the village in a happily keyed conversational tone. He made, on the whole, a most satisfactory and clever speech, and I learnt for the first time how to say "hear, hear" in such a way as to convey the sound of "'ere, 'ere," and the idea of marked approval and deep conviction at the same time.

We did not speak beyond ten minutes, and then we made way for the political agent, and bowed to our electors, and got into the carriage again, and gave our driver the name of the next place. I have followed the fortunes of politicians in my own country from town-hall to local assembly-rooms in much the same way, and I have journeyed from the Pavilion Music Hall to Islington and from Islington to the Surrey side with Albert Chevalier and other great men of the London music halls, and I was reminded during our drives from one queerly named village to another more queerly named of both of these former experiences, and yet there was a vast difference. There was the same slamming of the carriage door, the same quick gallop of horses, and the same



"THEIR GOOD MEN WHO HAD VOTES."

welcoming hurrah and glare of light and hand-clapping at the end of it, but My Candidate's road did not lie over greasy asphalt and between rows of lamps, but through hedges in full bloom and in the soft twilight of an English summer. We forgot our speech and the last placard of the opposition in the silence of the fields, and at the sight of the old-fashioned garden and the bunches of hawthorn and the long single rows of feathery English trees, and we stopped discussing "one man one vote" to point out the spire of a village church or a cluster of thatched cottages with soft roof-lines broken with bunches of climbing-roses and curling smoke. I shall remember those long drives in the late twilight long after My Candidate has become a cabinet minister, and even after I have forgotten his satisfactory and clever speech.

The next place received us calmly, although we came into it at a gallop, and with the Candidate's dog barking excitedly from the carriage window. Old women, who could not vote, dropped us curtsies from the cottage half-doors; and their daughters, who could not vote either, waved their aprons, and ran by the wheels to wave their hands in the windows; but their good men who *had* votes kept their hands in their pockets and their pipes in their mouths, and scowled uncomfortably over the hedges, as though instinct told them to touch their caps, and the Radical political agent had told them they must do nothing so foolish. Our local agent, with a union-jack in his button-hole, received us thankfully, for the gentleman then speaking had been for the last hour trying to hold the meeting together until we came, and was getting more hoarse as the crowd grew more noisy, and it had become a necessity of night or Blücher. Then the local agent, who is always a young man with smooth hair and strong lungs, suddenly began to jump up and down and to cheer frantically, as though he had just discovered the Candidate's arrival, and the meeting turned to look, and the speaker said, "Thank Heaven!" and dropped into his chair, breathing heavily. The Candidate's speech was a little longer this time, because of doubtful spirits in the audience who had to be converted, and on account of their numerous interruptions. It struck me as a very noisy meeting, and I waited with some impatience to see the noisiest one put out as an example and a warning to the others; but no one was at all put out, not even the Candidate. That was my first experience of a mixed political meeting in England, and of the great and most curious institution of "heckling." Later in the campaign I was not so anxious to see the noisiest one put out as to ascertain at just which point in the proceedings it would be wisest for us to get out ourselves.

The next speaking-place was one of the largest in the division. It was strongly Radical. This was the place where the Candidate had promised me we would have our heads broken.

If you have ever attended a political meeting at home you will better appreciate how strange to an American must be a political meeting in England. The object of a meeting with us is to give the Candidate and some of his political friends an opportunity of telling all of those who care to come and listen what his party proposes to do, what he proposes to do if he is elected, and to point out with damning frankness the corrupt and evil doings of the other party. Those who do not care to hear this remain away; those who do, interrupt the proceedings only by begging the speaker to "let 'em have it," referring by this, of course, to the corrupt and evil other party. Any further effort on the part of the members of the audience to make antiphonal chorus of the meeting results in their being ejected forcibly and without sympathy or gloves. The result of this is that seldom any but Republicans attend a Republican meeting, and only good Democrats go to Democratic meetings, and every one departs having heard what he already knew, and more firmly convinced than before, in default of any testimony to the contrary, that his candidate and his party are the right ones. And he in time votes accordingly, like a good citizen.

But the English look at this differently. The Briton's vote is a very precious thing to him, and he wants to know exactly who is going to get that vote, and why he thinks he should get it. So he goes to the meeting at which the candidate is announced to speak and asks him. This is called "heckling"; it is a Scotch word, and in Scotland is carried out with the careful and deliberate consideration which marks that people.



"'GENTLEMEN,' THE CANDIDATE WOULD BEG."

Sometimes the privilege of heckling is conducted in good faith, but more frequently it is not. It has one great advantage, it teaches the unfortunate candidate to think while he is on his legs, and to keep his wits and his temper.

There was a man with a blue necktie. He was a most unpleasant gentleman, and he rose to ask questions at irregular moments with a pertinacity of purpose and a confident smile which no amount of howling on the part of the good Conservatives could dismay.

"Mr. ——, sir," he would say, "I 'ave a question I would like to put to you, sir. Did you, sir, or did you not, vote for the Impecunious School-masters Bill as presented on July 2, 1890?"

Now it was not at all likely that any of the Radicals present had ever heard of this bill before, or cared two pence about it if they had, but they saw the fiendish purpose of the question, and they howled accordingly, a triumphant mocking howl, quite long and loud enough to drown any possible answer in case the Candidate had one to make, and sufficiently exasperating to make him forget it if he had. But the Candidate would smile easily, and raise his hands imploringly for silence, and then turn his head over his shoulder with a quick aside to his political agent, or to one of the other speakers, and whisper fiercely, "Quick; look it up; what bill does the ass mean?" and then smile encouragingly on the heckler, while the political agent would thumb over a Speaker's Hand-book, and whisper back, hidden by the Candidate's figure: "Introduced by Lord Charing, seconded by Paddington; lost on second reading, 64 to 14. You voted *for* it. It was a bill to subsidize county school-teachers." Then the Candidate, who had probably been taking tea on the terrace when the bill was introduced, and who had voted with his party at the division, and returned in time to say, "Two lumps, please," would smile cheerfully, and ask the heckler if he would be so good as to repeat his question, which the heckler judged was a subterfuge to gain time, and would repeat it in a more triumphant and offensive manner than before.

"Impecunious School-masters Bill? Oh yes," the Candidate would say. "Introduced by Lord Charing, I believe. Oh yes, a very excellent bill; seconded, if I am not mistaken, by Mr. Paddington," and then, turning to the political agent, "Am I not right?" to which the political agent, after a moment's consideration,

nods a decided assent. "I voted for that bill." All the Conservatives cheered, and the gentleman with the blue necktie sat down, rather red in the face, and scanning the notes, with which the Radical political agent who had sent him there had furnished him, with dawning distrust.

But we did not always triumph. Sometimes My Candidate would sit on a table, patiently swinging one leg and rolling and consuming cigarettes for a half-hour before the room grew sufficiently quiet for a steam-roller to have been heard around the corner. As exhibitions they were the most unfair, the most cruel, and the most unmannerly I have ever witnessed, and they were the same in every division in England. It used to remind me of a thoroughbred horse hitched to a post, with all the dirty little curs in the village, knowing that it could not reach them, snapping and snarling at his heels.

"Gentlemen," the Candidate would beg —"gentlemen, do you call this fair play? Do you call yourselves Englishmen? Do you— Oh, go to the devil!" and he would roll another cigarette and sit down on the edge of the table and wait. When they were too hoarse to yell and boo any longer, he would begin his speech again, or would imitate the excellent example of one of our Irish speakers, and call out in a breathing spell, "I can't talk against two hundred men, but I can thrash any one of you here on this platform." They always rose at this, not because they knew he could or could not, but some latent feeling of fairness would be stirred by it, and they would bid him have his say and "speak up."

I suppose the abuse has grown to the limit it has reached to-day because the position in which the candidate puts himself when he appeals to his electors is the only one when he is a petitioner, and not a superior being and a patron. In this country a candidate never dares to pretend that he is better than any one else, whether he has but his vote or is the President of his country. And so, when he goes forth to ask for votes, his attitude is unchanged; he is still, as he has always been, one of ourselves.

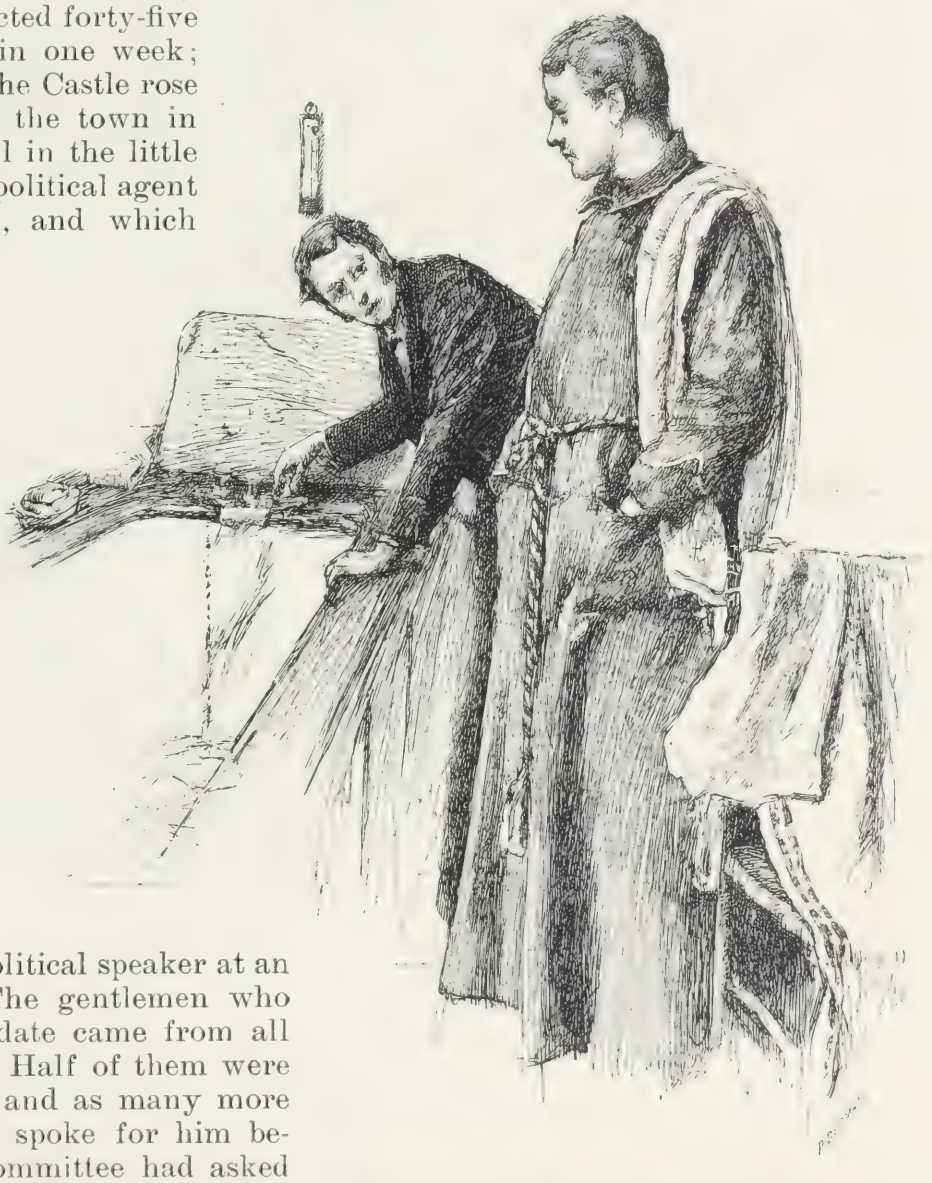
But you can see how different it must be in England. For months or years the candidate, especially a Conservative candidate, lives and moves in another atmosphere from that which his constituents breathe. He subscribes to their societies and golf and football clubs, and addresses them from the head of the table at dinners, and condescends to play cricket with them, and to give them a pass into the strangers' gallery to look down upon him with his hands in his pockets, his hat cocked over his eyes, talking familiarly to a cabinet minister. They stop trimming hedges to run and open the gate when he rides to the meet, or hurry from the shop to the sidewalk to take his order when his cart stops in front of the door.

And then on one day all this is changed, and their chance comes, and they take it. Their candidate returns to them heralded by posters, and a circular letter which begs a renewal of that confidence which he has already enjoyed, hoping he has pleased them in the past, and promising to be good, and even better, in the future if they will only send him back to that fine club in Westminster again. It is all very courteous and friendly and dignified; but the electors, like Mr. Kipling's soldiers, know they are "no thin red line of heroes," and that telling them they are intelligent and free electors is not going to alter the fact that for years or months they have been touching their hats, and that it is now their turn, and that the candidate is taking his hat off to them.

As heckling is the thing the American can't understand or admire, so the Corrupt Practices Act and its workings is the feature of an English election which appeals to him as its greatest triumph and glory. It is quite safe to say that bribery, as we know it, is unknown in England. The laws are against it, the sentiment of the people is against it, and the condition of things at the present time is against it. The Corrupt Practices Act places the conduct of an election in the hands of one person, the political agent, who is made responsible for, and who must furnish an itemized account for every cent spent during the campaign. Every voter of the opposition is virtually an auditor of that account, and proof of corruption in the slightest degree, if corruption has degrees, not only sends the political agent to jail, but loses the candidate his election.

In England there is as little possible reward for services rendered after the election as there is actual bribery for services rendered before the election. Indeed, the most remarkable thing to me about the English elections was the num-

ber of women and men who worked for the different candidates with no other incentive than the desire to see their man and their party win. The shopkeepers, after a long day behind the counter, worked in the committee-rooms until two in the morning, folding and mailing circulars and other campaign matter. The women of the village, led by the rector's wife, directed forty-five thousand envelopes in one week; and the ladies from the Castle rose early and canvassed the town in rain and storm to fill in the little slips with which the political agent had furnished them, and which they forwarded to him at headquarters before they went to sleep at night. Gentlemen of many clubs deserted these clubs to travel in open dog-carts over rough roads to speak at noisy, heated meetings, to sleep in strange inns, and to eat when and where they might. No fly-by-night theatrical company or travelling tinker works harder or suffers more privations than does the political speaker at an English election. The gentlemen who spoke for My Candidate came from all over Great Britain. Half of them were his personal friends, and as many more utter strangers, who spoke for him because the Central Committee had asked them so to do, and who on the next morning hurried away to speak for some one else.



"TOLD YOU SADLY, AS HE FIXED YOUR BATH."

They were as various as the days of the year, and as entertaining. They came at all hours, unheralded and unknown, some to remain at the House only overnight, to appear for a brief half-hour in the smoking-room, and to depart before we came down for breakfast, and others to remain three or four days, and to furnish the House party with matter for infinite speculation and delight.

The House party added an element to the campaign which was at least diverting. Its members were the drones in the hive. Some of them could not speak because they were members of the House of Peers, or because if they had spoken they would have gained more votes for the other side than the Candidate could afford to lose, or because they were Americans. But they lifted the strain of the canvass in different ways, and served to turn the Candidate's thoughts to lighter things, and to give him some one near at hand to abuse. It made an interesting picture at night, after the women had taken their candlesticks and the men had forgathered in the billiard-room, the non-speakers of the House party in their smoking-jackets amused or politely cynical, and planning tennis matches for the morrow, and the speakers enthusi-

astic and self-important, covered with flecks of flying mud, and very hoarse, and all trying to tell at the same time of the success with which their oratory had been received by the intelligent electors of Pigley-on-Thames, or Little Market Leeping, or Pippingham Corner.

"You can't make too much of that," the London barrister would say, rocking from one foot to the other in front of the fireplace. "That's an argument which I use in every speech I make. That appeals to their pockets. What does the agricultural laborer know of home-rule, or care—"

"Ah, I think you're wrong there," the dissenting clergyman from Cork would interrupt. "Home-rule is the question. Now my experience is that they'll always listen to that. I find—"

"Well, they wouldn't listen to me," the Oxford graduate breaks in, gloomily. "They jolly well hooted me."

"Is that all?" laughs the Central Committee man, easily. "My dear boy, wait until you speak at Eppingham Commons. They chased me for a mile."

And so it would go on, with the Candidate sitting in the middle, sipping cold Scotch, and nodding his head to each in turn, and wishing they were all in bed, while the drones banged the billiard balls about and made mental notes for the amusement of the women folk in the morning.

The court-yard was always filled with carts or traps or flies from the inn, or the bicycles of the telegraph messengers, and the table belowstairs was always set for these worthy people, and the table upstairs always spread with what was breakfast for one man, and luncheon or dinner for another, or all three for the Candidate. They were most amusing, these elongated breakfasts, where a speaker would stop, with his plate in his hand, between the sideboard and the table to repeat a particularly fine flight of the night before, and the butler would wait impassively until the gentleman who had asked for more claret-cup had finished using his glasses to show the position of the Unionist stronghold in Ireland. It was politics all day and long into the night, from the early morning, when the man who valeted you told you sadly, as he fixed your bath, that "we" had lost three seats since the night before, until nightfall, when the last tired speaker came apologetically in from the darkness and assured us that he had saved the sixty votes of Midland Tooting by the greatest oratorical effort of his life.

The part the women play in an English election is one of the things which no American can accept as an improvement over our own methods. It may either amuse him or shock him, but he would not care to see it adopted at home. The canvassing in the country from cottage to cottage he can understand; that seems possible enough. It takes the form of a polite visit to the tenants, and the real object is cloaked with a few vague inquiries about the health of the children or the condition of the crops, and the tractlike distribution of campaign documents. But in town it is different. The invasion of bachelor apartments by young Primrose Dames is embarrassing and un-nice, and is the sort of thing we would not allow our sisters to do; and the house-to-house canvass in the alleys of Whitechapel or among the savages of Lambeth, which results in insult and personal abuse, is, to our way of thinking, a simple impossibility. The English, as a rule, think we allow our women to do pretty much as they please, and it is true that they do in many things enjoy more freedom than their British cousins, but the men in our country are not so anxious to get into office, greedy as they are after it, as to allow their wives, in order to attain that end, to be even subject to annoyance, certainly not to be stoned and hustled off their feet or splattered with the mud of the Mile-End Road. Any one in England who followed the election last year knows to the wife of which distinguished candidate and to the daughters of which cabinet minister I refer.

I have seen women of the best class struck by stones and eggs and dead fish, and the game did not seem to me to be worth the candle. I confess that at the time I was so intent in admiring their pluck that it appeared to me as rather fine than otherwise, but from this calmer distance I can see nothing in the active work of the English woman in politics which justifies the risks she voluntarily runs of insult and indignity and bodily injury. A seat in the House would hardly repay a candidate for the loss of one of his wife's eyes, or of all of his sister's front teeth, and though that is putting it brutally, it is putting it fairly.



"THE WOMEN RAN INTO THE STREET."

It would not be fair, however, if I left the idea in the reader's mind that the women go into this work unwillingly; on the contrary, they delight in it, and some of them are as clever at it as the men, and go to as great lengths, from Mrs. Langtry, who plastered her house from pavement to roof with red and white posters for the Conservative candidate, to the Duchesses who sat at the side of the member for Westminster and regretted that it threatened to be an orderly meeting. It is also only fair to add that many of the most prominent Englishmen in politics are as much opposed to what they call the interference of women in matters political as they are to bribery and corruption, and regard both elements of an electoral campaign with as pronounced disfavor. The reply which the present President of the United States made to those enthusiastic and no doubt well-meaning women who wished to form leagues and name them after his wife, illustrates the spirit with which the interference of women in politics is regarded in this country. But then it is a new thing with us, and it is only right to remember that from the days of the Duchess of Devonshire's sentimental canvass to the present, English women have taken a part in general elections; that there is a precedent for it; and when you have said that of anything English, you have justified it for all time to come. The young American girl who would not think it proper to address men



"THE LADIES IN THE WINDOWS OF THE INN."

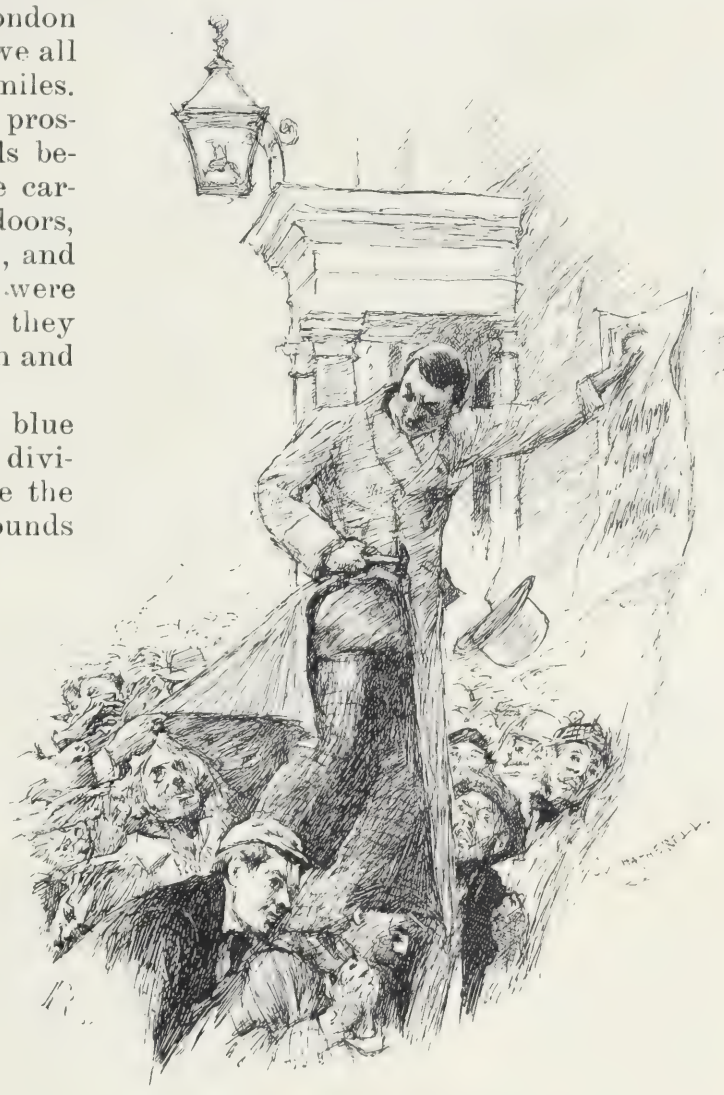
from a platform and give them a chance to throw things at her must remember that the English girl would not give the man she knew a cup of tea in the afternoon unless her mother were in the room to take care of her. And I am sure the women in My Candidate's campaign almost persuaded me that they, as the political agent declared, did more than himself to win the election. They did this by simply being present on the platforms, by wearing our colors, or by saying a kind word here or giving a nod of the head there, and by being cheerfully confident when things looked gloomy, or gravely concerned when the Candidate was willing to consider the victory already assured.

The canvass lasted two weeks. They were two weeks of moonlight rides at night from one village to another, of special trains by day, and speeches in clubs, at cross-roads, in the market-places, and in the crowded, noisy school-rooms, and they ended with a long drive, on the day before the poll, of thirty miles through all the villages. As we were good Conservatives and people of high degree, of whom such things were expected, we made these thirty miles behind four white horses, with postilions in red jackets and green velvet caps, and with long cracking whips. It made me look back involuntarily for the pursuing parent, or ahead for the gentleman in the gray caped coat and cocked hat who should have waited for us at a cross-road behind pistols and a black mask. The Radical Candidate made the same final trip over the same route in a dog-cart, driving tandem, with his sister beside him and a groom at the back. We met at the principal town on the road, and he pulled up smartly, and he and our Candidate leaned over and shook hands, and the sisters of the rival candidates smiled sweetly at one another,

and said, "What a pity it is such a rainy day!" and we men raised our hats stiffly and proudly, and the excited populace wept tears of joy. It was a historical moment, and gained both Candidates many votes. We left our starting-point in a drizzling rain, with the sisters of the Candidate in beautiful red silk capes, and the Candidate in the open carriage, and with two of the "hangers-on," as we aliens from America or London were called, on the box. And we all bowed and smiled for thirty miles. The two on the box bowed to the prospective voters back in the fields behind the hedges, and we in the carriage to those at the cottage doors, and so every one was included, and the feelings of no possible voter were intentionally hurt. Sometimes they appreciated the honor done them and sometimes they did not.

At one place it was all blue, blue being the Radical color in that division, and the streets looked like the grand stand at the Polo Grounds when Yale has scored. They greeted us in this village with curses and groans, and the women ran into the street beating tin cans and waiters to frighten the horses, and made unladylike faces and used unladylike language. We thought it a most dirty and unpicturesque village, and the postilions put their heads down and lashed the horses into a gallop. But at the next place and the next they had luncheons spread for us, and everything was red, and all the windows were hung with the Candidate's portrait, and nice old ladies with red bows in their lace caps bowed to us from the front windows, and the maids waved flags from the doors, and the constituents raced alongside in the mud and made us feel very important indeed. The Candidate never properly appreciated the luncheons. He did not consider them important. But my brother and the other "hanger-on," who was a very smart youth in a long-tailed coaching-coat and a winning smile, used to help the cause along wonderfully. "You're very good," the Candidate would protest to the anxious host, "but I really cannot eat anything more. I have some friends outside, though—" Then he would call down the hangers-on from the box-seat as substitutes, and they would set cheerfully to work again, as though the effects of the luncheon of the last village had been washed away in the rain.

"I assure you, sir," the political agent would say, pounding the table, "that the meeting last night was the greatest—"



"THE MOB SEIZED THE HANGER-ON."

"I say," the one in the coaching-coat would interrupt, earnestly, "would you kindly pass the pigeon pie? Thank you."

We had three luncheons before we reached B——, where we stopped two hours to rest the horses. B—— was the place where the votes were to be counted the next day, and strongly Radical. We found it very stupid waiting about after the exciting progress of the morning, while the horses were being baited, and



"WERE GATHERED TO WELCOME US."

so we wrote out a placard in the inn announcing the loss to Mr. Gladstone of four thousand votes in Midlothian, and put it up outside. I regret to say that this placard, when viewed from a distance, read as though Mr. Gladstone had lost Midlothian. The line "four thousand votes at" was there, but it was written so very small that no one could make it out unless he got within a few feet of it, which some good Conservatives prevented by standing in front of it. But the Radicals reached it at last and tore it down, and while we remonstrated the hanger-on in the coaching-coat went into the inn to prepare another bulletin. The remonstrances drew the crowd around us, and the crowd began to hustle, which is not what we mean in America when we use that word, but is putting your shoulder against a man and shoving him. About three hundred Radicals began to do this, and the Candidate broadened his shoulders and braced himself, and the Conservative workers plunged into the mob to help, and everybody began to sway and push, and the ladies in the windows of the inn became anxious. The hanger-on in the mean while had prepared his duplicate placard, and two Conservatives helped him up on their shoulders that he might nail it high above the reach of the mob. But the mob seized the hanger-on by the tails of his long coaching-coat, and his remonstrances and the figure he made with the placard in one hand and a hammer in the other, and with his mouth full of tacks, as he tried to balance himself on the shoulders of the two Conservatives and snatch his coat tails from the wicked Radicals, impressed me very much, though at the time I was otherwise engaged. Stones and sticks were flying, and fish that were never meant to fly, and the local inspector of police was begging the Candidate to go inside and so stop the riot, and the youngest of both sides were hammering each other right and left. They continued to throw things, the women throwing more spitefully than the men, but not aiming so well, and most of our party were hit, so that during the rest of our drive the carriage had a strange odor of a fish-market.

There were no speeches that night. We all sat around the house and tried to play cards or listen to the piano, and talked of everything but the election on the morrow. The day of the poll rose clear and calm, but the announcement in the papers of the morning that the Conservatives had lost fifteen seats on the day previous did not send us to B—— rejoicing.

They surround the counting of votes in England with much dignity and a proper degree of mystery. The votes came into town locked up in big black tin boxes, carried between two constables of the different villages in the division, and the boxes were piled in great heaps in the town-hall. Then those who were to be present went before a magistrate and swore themselves to secrecy as to what they were about to see. About one hundred people took this oath, eighty of whom were the young men who were to do the counting and the officials, and the remainder were a half-dozen friends of each of the candidates.

What I saw, which I am sure my oath of secrecy will allow me to tell, was a long bare room, with a dozen tables in the centre shut in by a railing. Inside of this railing the young men unfolded and counted out the votes and kept tally. Outside the railing hung the interested ones of both sides—the friends, the late speakers, and the sisters of the rival Candidates. Sometimes the votes at one table would all run one way, and if that was not our way we would crowd along the railing to a table where things were progressing more cheerfully. At each table there were little books with each page marked to hold the record of twenty-five votes, and so by multiplying the number of the page by twenty-five, and adding the result to the results obtained in a similar way at the other tables, one could make a rough guess at how things were going. As a matter of fact, things went entirely too evenly. For one hour, and it seemed much longer than that, we hovered over those rails like gamblers over a roulette table, or ran to a corner to compare calculations with some one else, the satisfaction of such comparisons being sadly marred by the fact that the Radicals were returning from another corner with cheerful countenances. Some one's arithmetic was most evidently in the wrong.

It was a scene quite different from anything of the sort in this country. We receive the returns here in the seclusion of a private room by wire, and the hated other party can neither hear us swear nor rejoice; but at B—— we had to control our satisfaction when things were



"THEY PICKED THE CANDIDATE UP."

coming our way out of deference to our rival's presence, and we dared not show our despair for the same reason. The sisters of the candidates smiled bravely and kept out of each other's way; and the voices of the tellers as they called the names of the candidates monotonously from the twelve tables and the shuffling of the hurrying feet around the rail were all that broke the silence of the big room. Outside, beneath the windows, the market-place was packed with a great mob of anxious people, who were almost as silent as those inside.

It was noon before the twisted pieces of paper had sunk from high white piles to a few scattered leaves on the twelve tables. And then one noticed a drawing away of the Radicals from one another, and an equally marked gathering together of the Conservatives, and one heard little gasps of doubt and hope and the louder swaggering tones of congratulation.

The Mayor of B—— rose at last and held the returns in his hand, and raised his eyes from them to smile slightly towards My Candidate. He had no business to do that, but he was only human. And then, while he pushed his way towards the window to officially announce the result of the poll to the waiting mob, we executed dance steps, or wrung the Candidate's hand, or punched each other in the side, or tried to look superior and as though we had never doubted the result from the first. But the Radical candidate's sister, who had driven at his side over so many rainy miles and sat through so many weary anxious meetings, made a straight line for our Candidate's sister, and held out her hand, and of the two I think she was the least embarrassed.

"My brother is something of a philosopher," she said, bravely; "he will take it well." I was very glad we had defeated the Radical candidate, but I wished he had left his relatives at home.

And then we were rushed out into the street, but not into such an unfriendly mob as that of the day before. It was all red now, and they were quite crazy. They raised the Candidate up and carried him on their shoulders to the stone well in the market-place, where he made a speech which no one heard save the reporter, who had crawled between his legs, because we all yelled so; and then we had a luncheon at the inn, and everybody drank everybody's health, and the Candidate went to the window every other minute to show himself to the howling crowd and to bow. We had meant to return by rail, but that was much too insipid after such a victory; and the red postilions appeared suddenly, and the four white horses, just as the fairy coach did for Cinderella, and fourteen other coaches and dog-carts and drags fell into line behind, and we left B—— at a gallop, all standing up and cheering and waving our flags or hats, and drunk with pleasure and success.

They telegraphed on ahead that the successful Candidate was coming, and at each village the people met us, and unhitched the horses, and dragged the Candidate's carriage through the streets, and all the people came to the doors and hedges and cheered too. And at every little thatched cottage the good Conservatives ran into the road and danced up and down, and at all the big estates the house-servants and the keepers and the men from the stables were gathered to welcome us, just as though they had scented victory from afar; and I regret to say that we stole most of their flags as we galloped by, and decorated the fourteen carriages, so that it looked like a trooping of the colors as the cavalcade of union-jacks went rocking and rising and falling over the hills.

It was a grand triumphal march of twenty miles. It was near six before we reached the big town near the House, and the people met us three miles out, on foot and on bicycles and on horseback, and dragged the coach the rest of the way under rows and rows of swinging flags and between lines of wildly excited people; and the Member, no longer a Candidate, made a speech at the Angel Inn—the fifteenth that day—and the landlord rubbed his hands, and said, cheerfully, "Every window in my 'ouse will be broke this night," which he accepted as a compliment to the stanch principles of his inn, which has been Conservative since the night Charles II. slept in it. And then we hitched up again, and rode out of the noisy town and through the quiet lanes on to the House, more soberly now, for we were conscious of how much victory meant there.

The House stands at the end of an avenue of elms a mile long, and the lodge-keeper had the great iron gates open in readiness for the first time in his life, and we raced through. It was just six, and the sun was going down be-

hind the House and the great elms, and the park lay half in shadow and half in twilight, and as we came swiftly up the homestretch we came so soberly that the deer did not run away, but merely raised their heads to look. That door of the House which opens on the mile of elms is one seldom used; it was opened once long ago for William III., and once again more lately for the young prince who died, and again that day for the Member. On the lawn in front of it all the tenants stood in their best clothes, with red wherever they could put it; and on the steps were the ladies from the other houses about, and the officers who had ridden over from the camp, and back of them all the servants in their best livery and powdered hair.

And in the centre, standing very tall and quite alone, with a red silk cloak falling from her shoulders to the stone flagging, was the Lady of the House. And the Member jumped out first and ran up the steps and stooped and kissed her hand, while she did not look at him, but out across the park, because, being a great lady in the land, she could not let these people see how much she cared, as other women could. The Candidate had returned bringing his sheaves with him, and from the steps of the place that had been his home, and to the people who had known him when he was a boy, he made the last speech of his campaign. I do not remember that speech now, except that I went away suddenly in the midst of it, and gazed steadfastly at a somewhat blurred painting of the "Sixth Countess of —— at the age of nine"; but I shall always remember that home-coming—although it was not my home-coming, and although I was a rank outsider and had no business there—and the sun setting behind the gray walls, and the long line of elms throwing their shadows across the park, and the cheering, happy crowd of tenants, and the tall, beautiful figure in the red cloak standing silent and motionless in the centre.

SEPTEMBER.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

NOW hath the summer reached her golden close,
And, lost amid her corn fields bright of soul,
Scarcely perceives from her divine repose
How near, how swift, the inevitable goal:
Still, still she smiles, though from her careless feet
The bounty and the fruitful strength are gone,
And through the soft long wondering days goes on
The silent sere decadence sad and sweet.

The kingbird and the pensive thrush are fled,
Children of light, too fearful of the gloom;
The sun falls low, the secret word is said,
The mouldering woods grow silent as the tomb;
Even the fields have lost their sovereign grace,
The corn-flower and the marguerite; and no more
Across the river's shadow-haunted floor
The paths of skimming swallows interlace.

Already in the outland wilderness
The forests echo with unwonted dins;
In clamorous gangs the gathering woodmen press
Northward, and the stern winter's toil begins.
Around the long low shanties, whose rough lines
Break the sealed dreams of many an unnamed lake,
Already in the frost-clear morns awake
The crash and thunder of the falling pines.

Where the tilled earth, with all its fields set free,
  Naked and yellow from the harvest lies,
By many a loft and busy granary,
  The hum and tumult of the thrashers rise;
There the tanned farmers, laboring without slack,
  From dawn till eve attend the spouting mill,
  Feeding the loosened sheaves, or with fierce will
Pitching waist deep upon the dusty stack.

Still a brief while, ere the old year quite pass,
  Our wandering steps and wistful eyes shall greet
The leaf, the water, the beloved grass;
  Still from these haunts and this accustomed seat
I see the wood-wrapt city, swept with light,
  The blue long-shadowed distance, and between
  The dotted farm lands, with their parcelled green,
The dark pine forest and the watchful height.

I see the broad rough meadow stretched away
  Into the crystal sunshine, wastes of sod,
Acres of withered vervain, purple-gray,
  Branches of aster, groves of golden-rod;
And yonder, toward the sunlit summit strewn,
  With shadowy bowlders crowned and swathed with weed,
  Stand ranks of silken thistles, blown to seed,
Long silver fleeces shining like the noon.

In far-off russet corn fields, where the dry
  Gray shocks stand peaked and withering, half concealed
In the rough earth, the orange pumpkins lie,
  Full-ribbed; and in the windless pasture field
The sleek red horses o'er the sun-warmed ground
  Stand pensively about in companies,
  While all around them from the motionless trees
The long clean shadows sleep without a sound.

Under cool elm-trees floats the distant stream,
  Moveless as air, and o'er the vast warm earth
The fathomless daylight seems to stand and dream,
  A liquid cool elixir, all its girth
Bound with faint haze, a frail transparency,
  Whose lucid purple barely veils and fills
  The utmost valleys and the thin last hills,
Nor mars one whit their perfect clarity.

Thus without grief the golden days go by,
  So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
  The summer passes to her quiet end;
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
  Sly frosts shall take the creepers by surprise,
  And through the wind-touched reddening woods shall rise
October with the rain of ruined leaves.

THE HANDSOME HUMES.*

A Novel.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Chapter XIII.

UNTIL TO-MORROW.

THE long invalid-chair of wicker-work, forming a kind of couch, was out here in the garden; Nan was seated by the side of it, on a low stool; and, with head bent down, and in half-murmured tones, she was making confession to her father of all that had occurred that morning between Sidney Hume and herself. She did not once look up. She knew nothing of what was passing in this man's face; she saw nothing of the dreams and the renunciation that were in his patient, sad eyes; she did not even notice that his clinched right hand, resting on the arm of the chair, trembled somewhat. In profoundest silence he listened to her, to the last word; and even then he did not immediately answer her.

"Are you angry, Dodo?" she asked, in the same low voice.

He roused himself instantly. "Angry, Nan?" he said, with the greatest cheerfulness. "Angry? This would be a pretty time for anger, when you come to tell me that you have got a sweetheart!—and that one just about the handsomest and best-dispositioned young fellow you could have found in the whole country. A splendid fellow—straightforward—honest—no showing off—and good-natured if good-nature was ever declared in any one's manner. Hardly a time for anger, is it? Rather a time for congratulations, I should say. And—and when are we to have the wedding, Nan?"

She started in surprise. "The wedding, Dodo?" she exclaimed. "There was no talk of any wedding. A wedding that would take me away from you?"

"Well?" said he, with bland encouragement. "Well; we must look forward to that, you know. It's the way of the world—I've told you again and again. Young people must live their lives. Old people can't be expected to live their own lives and to claim the young people's lives as well; that would hardly be fair, would it?"

"But you don't understand, Dodo," she said, almost piteously. "All that I have been telling you happened quite unforeseen—no one dreamed of it beforehand. The fact was I—I thought I was never to see him again—and I was very miserable, Dodo, and that is the truth—and then meeting him in this way—"

"And that just shows you how I mismanage things for you, Nan," said he. "Here I send you out by yourself—when you were in great trouble—and I did not even know you were in trouble—"

"I did not intend to tell you," she murmured.

"But doesn't that prove that you want some one nearer your own age to comprehend you and sympathize with you?" said he, with great gentleness. "Isn't that clear enough? You see I haven't been able to manage very well for you, Nan, with all my scheming—if you have to go away for a solitary walk—very wretched and miserable—thinking about what is troubling you—and not able to tell any one. And perhaps you were crying too?" he added, watching her in a timid and furtive way.

She hung her head.

"You see there's where it is, Nan," he went on. "I'm so stupid. You want some one nearer your own age."

"I shall never have any one be as kind to me as you have been!" she said, passionately. "Never—never—never! But what I want you to understand, Dodo, is this: all I have been telling you that happened this morning came about by accident; it could not have been foreseen or avoided. But marriage is quite different. Marriage is something that can be put aside, if one wishes. And I am not going to leave you, Dodo, so long as you care to have me with you: will you remember?"

"Very well, very well," said he, and he put his hand on the soft, golden-brown hair. "I don't mean to drive you out of the house just yet. The time will come soon enough—all right, and natural, and as it should be. And there's another thing, Nan. I mentioned to you one or two reasons why I thought our acquaintanceship with Mr. Hume should be dropped. But then, you see, that was assuming there was nothing else than

* Begun in June number, 1893.

acquaintanceship betwixt you and him; and now that it is all changed, now that he is your sweetheart, Nan, and will some day be your husband, well, you must entirely forget what I said about him and his family. I was exaggerating, I dare say—making mountains out of mole-hills. People are reasonable, after all. And he will see that you are not put into any false position—trust him for that—he has a shrewd head on young shoulders. And he'll be so proud of you, Nan, that he won't let any one treat you but with respect. He has got some independence—some firmness—oh, yes, yes: he will see that his wife has not to run the gauntlet of any prejudice—"

"But I am not his wife as yet, Dodo," she said, with flushed forehead. "I am only your daughter."

"And a very good daughter too," said he, blithely (though his eyes looked tired). "Now give me your arm until I get on my legs: dinner must be about ready." Then, as they went together towards the house, he said: "Why, don't you know that you always put an extra value on anything that is yours when you see some one else value it as well? And I am quite proud that my Nan should be appreciated—yes, indeed. Something added on: you're a person of importance now, Nan: you with your young lover, handsome, and clever, and bold. And poor Dick Erridge—what is to become of him?"

"Ah, that was never possible, Dodo," she said, as they entered the house, "though once or twice I thought of it, with a fancy that it might please you."

Next morning again he was clearly nervous and troubled, though he endeavored to preserve a gay demeanor. "Do you expect a visitor to-day, Nan?" he said at breakfast, regarding her with affectionate scrutiny. "Surely your hair is a little trimmer than usual—not quite so wild and rebellious? And what hour are you looking forward to? Five o'clock, for custom's sake? Or four, if you allow for a little impatience? Or perhaps even two? Or what do you say—what do you say, Nan—to twelve?"

"He would have come in to see you yesterday, Dodo," she said, with downcast lashes, "only that Mr. Erridge was here—"

"Oh, I don't approve of formal interviews," said he, cheerfully. "Not in the least. What is the use of them? The thing is done; you and he have settled it between you—all quite right and satisfactory; you and he are the important people. Why should I be expected to interfere, or cause embarrassment? No, no; I will take care there sha'n't be any embarrassment for anybody."

Nevertheless, between eleven and twelve, as he was seated in the dining-room, watching Nan put nasturtiums and sweetbrier into the flower-tubes on the table, a footfall outside summoned that apprehensive look back into his face again.

"Nan," said he, quietly, "will you go into the garden for a minute or two?"

She left; and the young man entered; but Mr. Summers at once cut short his explanations and apologies for having "stole Bonny Glenlyon away."

"It might have been wiser if you had looked elsewhere for a wife," said he, gravely; "but then, as you say, sometimes these things happen without set intention; and in any case since you two have pledged yourselves to each other, then that is done. And I ought to be glad of it; for it makes Nan's future secure, if anything should happen to me. I think you will be kind to her; and if you are, one thing is certain, she will not be ungrateful—"

"But why should you talk of Nan being left in that way?" Sidney protested. "Why should you make such gloomy forecasts—"

"I like to think that everything is prepared, and made safe and secure, where Nan is concerned," he went on. "And as I tell you, you won't find her ungrateful for kindness. She's a brave lass; she's not one of the whimperers; she is naturally light-hearted—and the best and happiest companion a man ever had. Well, why should I preach to you about Nan? You'd better go and talk to her yourself. You'll find her in the garden."

And Sidney would at once and gladly have accepted this invitation, only that, having eyes as well as another, he could not but perceive that on the table was a tray with a lot of cut nasturtiums and sprays of sweetbrier, while several of the flower-tubes were empty.

"But I am afraid I may be interrupting her," he said, with some hesitation. "It was really you that I was impatient to see—at this unusual hour—"

"Oh, no, you won't interrupt her," her father said. "And the longer you keep her out in the open air and the sunlight

the better—that is the proper place for Nan, and for the roses in her cheeks. She's far too much given to hanging and dawdling about me, when all I want is to sit still and give this slung arm of mine perfect rest. Now that's not the kind of a thing for a young girl at all. She should have plenty of active exercise—driving about, walking about, running, climbing, with fun and merriment. You go and make her ramble about the garden, and cheer her up. Tell her she is not wanted in-doors at all. Why should she bother about these rags of flowers? What is the use of paying wages to maidservants if they can't get the rooms ready?"

He spoke quite angrily; he took up the newspaper, so that his visitor might know he was dismissed; then, when the younger man had left the room, he resumed his seat. But he did not keep his attention fixed on the newspaper for long. Presently it dropped by his side. His eyes were staring blankly before him, with visions and recollections in them. Or perhaps he was vaguely listening, here in the cool shadow of the room, near the open window? Yet what could he gather of the wide world without, save the chirping of birds, the stirring of the honeysuckle, the hum of bees, that made the universal silence seem remote? The lovers were away by themselves now, eager and busy and joyful with their own affairs. And he was alone. By-and-by there was a soft sound of footsteps on the path outside; he snatched up the newspaper and assumed an air of preoccupied interest: it was the sporting intelligence he was apparently studying—how Michigan had been entered for the Royal Handicap at Leicester, and John Gilpin for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. And then those footfalls faded away again; the paper fell from his hand; and his eyes were once more thoughtful and sad—but not quite so sombre as they had been. For, even as the lovers passed, he had caught some tone or two of Nan's voice; and surely there was a fine and happy cheerfulness there? He rang the bell, and with a kind of humility asked the maidservant if she did not think she could finish putting the flowers in the glasses—so that Miss Anne should not be hurried when she came in from the garden.

And meanwhile what amazing discoveries those young people were making, as they strayed about in that wonderland of sweet scents and glowing colors and basking sunlight! Two lifetimes to be conned over: and in the give and take of personal experience and opinion each kept disclosing to the other a succession of marvels, of absorbing interest even in the smallest particulars. Of what did they not talk, in these swift-flying moments—of pansies and poppies and Wordsworth's daffodils, of Herrick and Lovelace and Suckling, of "Kubla Khan" and "St. Agnes' Eve," of Cumnor Hall over there in Berkshire and the hapless Amy Robsart, of Lorenzo and Jessica and the magic Italian night—anything, everything—it mattered little—so long as all the wonder of all the world shone in the rose-tints of her cheek, and all heaven seemed to open to him in the blue deeps of her eyes. Perhaps, like most young men of the day, he was but indifferently acquainted with Burns; but his mother could have put him on the right track:

"I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

"'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white,
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

"She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
She charmed my soul I wist na how,
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue."

And to him, in this first intimate intercommunion of souls, it seemed as though he were exploring some virgin forest, coming upon new beauties and new miracles at every turn; while there were entrancing strains in these mysterious groves—no other than the soft musical diphthongs of her speech, the lengthened do-wn and to-wn and no-w: it was all a kind of dream, only that when she gave him a rose he took her hands in his and held them, and they were real enough, pulsating with happiness, and warm. Then, again, he found to his amazement that she had never been out of her native land—had never beheld the sun rise over the red islands of the Gulf of Ægina, with the pale columns of the Parthenon on the distant height—nor lain out on the lagoon, watching the procession of gondolas go through the darkness like a golden snake, while a colder radiance began to steal over the frontage of S.

Giorgio—nor looked down upon the spacious Conca d'Oro, with its dark green orange groves seeming to tremble through the luminous summer heat; and here also there were large schemes and imaginative possibilities, suggesting the time when these two lives, hitherto so unaccountably separated, should flow together, in one consentient and happy channel. But Nan rather drew back from these visionary projects. Was not the present and immediate hour all that human hearts could wish? And they had so much to confide to each other!

Of a sudden she pulled out her small trinket of a watch.

"Oh, Sidney, what a shame!" she cried. "We have kept luncheon waiting twenty minutes!—and never a word from poor Dodo—no, of course not, never a word! Quick, quick, let us go in!"

"Yes, I will make my apologies, and say good-by, and be off at once," he said, as he hurried along with her to the house.

But that was not at all Mr. Summers's idea. He had directed the parlor-maid to put places for three at the luncheon table; and when the young people went in-doors he was waiting for them, with an invitation for Sidney Hume which was most gratefully accepted. Furthermore, he seemed rather inclined to offer excuses to his guest for any possible deficiency; he explained that they had been put to some little inconvenience through being unable to drive in to Henley; but now the phaeton had been sent home, and there would be no trouble in the future. For what was he apologizing, then?—the absence of cold tongue, or some particular kind of pickle? Chipped flints would have been welcomed by the young lover so long as he was allowed to take his place opposite Nan.

"Now, Dodo," she said, as soon as they had sat down, "I am going to talk seriously to you. You are always telling me that there is nothing like sunlight and fresh air—always insisting on my being in the open—invaluable for the health and spirits; and yet here have you been in-doors all this beautiful morning—"

"I am rather afraid of the heat, Nan," he said, uneasily. "It would be very awkward, you know, if any kind of inflammation were to be set up: I think the cool shade of the rooms is better."

"And do you mean to say, Dodo," she exclaimed, "that you are not going to drive in to Henley with me this afternoon, on the very first day the phaeton has come home?"

"I am rather afraid the shaking wouldn't do my arm any good, Nan, and that's the fact," said he. "The doctor is so particular about rest and quiet. But I was thinking you might give Mr. Hume a bit of a lift—just to show him how your Captain can go—that is, if he is not ashamed to sit behind such a circus-looking beast—"

"Oh, to hear such things about my beautiful Captain!" she cried. And then she looked across the table. "Sidney, what do you say?"

"Well, yes, I think he is a beautiful creature," he declared, boldly, "though I've never seen him in the shafts, you know."

"Oh, he can go—he can go—and with a very pretty action, too," Mr. Summers said; and thus it was he got it arranged that he should stay at home, while Nan would drive her lover in to Henley, by way of the Fair Mile.

And very proud was Sidney to be so driven. He also thought she had a good style in the handling of reins and whip—when he chanced to pay attention to such matters. But in fact he was now engaged in telling her all about his family—and about the three beautiful Miss Hays—and about Thomas the Rhymer and his Teviot-side prophecy—and similar things. Above all he spoke of his mother, talking in extravagant terms of her wit and shrewdness, her gracious manner, her striking figure and distinguished appearance; and clearly it had become the first wish of his heart that Mrs. Hume, as soon as she returned to Henley, which was to be on the following Monday, should come away out to Crowhurst, and make the acquaintance of both father and daughter, and see for herself what treasure of a bride he had discovered amid the quiet inland woods. Nan did not respond so joyfully to this proposition. She was silent for a second or two; but presently the brisk motion and the flying air and the sunlight had brought back her spirits again, and she was laughing with her speedwell-blue eyes.

Alas! this was but a sorry parting in the main thoroughfare of Henley, on a Saturday afternoon, with lots of idlers lounging about. But at least he had secured for himself the whole of the next

day; he was to go out to Crowhurst early, and bring with him the engravings and miniatures of which he had been telling her; and the quiet hours would go by in the still garden. And so, with another look interchanged between those two, he left her and walked away home.

Nevertheless, this ineffectual farewell haunted him with a sense of dissatisfaction and disappointment. He could not bring himself to hunt out those engravings—of the three Miss Hays, of the old tower on Teviot-side, and the like. He went out again and for a little while stood looking at the busy river; but all the beauty and the quick-glancing life of it—the restless poplars, the yellow bridge, the shimmering water, the long and shapely boats shooting by in their lustrous bronze—had no interest for him. He strolled along until he came in view of the open space of Hart Street; but she had left Hart Street; the Stanhope phaeton was no longer visible. He continued on until he reached Bell Street; and here he was just in time to intercept her—the small groom, having executed the last of his commissions, was crossing the pavement to return to his perch.

"I want to be with you as long as I can," Sidney said to her; and he got up and took his seat beside her without further ceremony.

And again he said,

"You know, bidding good-by in the middle of Henley is not good-by at all."

"Why not?" she asked; but there was no answer; and presently they had left the town and were driving along the Fair Mile—the broad thoroughfare barred across by the sunlight and the shadows of the lofty elms.

At the Traveller's Rest the road begins to ascend; and at this point he and she surrendered the charge of the vehicle to the groom, that the horse might be walked up the hill, while they leisurely proceeded on foot. But before they reached the much rougher road that strikes off at right angles to lead away towards the heights, skirting as it does so one of the great beech woods, they came upon a path that intersects this wood, and naturally they followed that, proposing to rejoin the phaeton at the summit. A few yards of advance, and they already found around them a perfect silence of leaves and tall stems and bracken; a prevailing twilight, also, save that here and there shafts of afternoon sunshine fell slantwise on the tangled undergrowth, and now and again the stirring of the topmost branches of the beeches showed a gleam of blue. Here, indeed, was a more fitting place to say farewell than the main thoroughfare of a small provincial town; here in a hushed, mysterious stillness seeming to shut out all the rest of the world. And "until to-morrow" is easily said; and fervent assurances and reassurances and faithful vows come quickly when the heart is surcharged with them; and the moments are all too short that are given over to passionate embraces and sweet kisses and devouring looks. But all the while—shut their ears as they might—they were haunted by an inexorable sound, the sound of wheels outside on the steep and flinty road. And so at length they had to tear themselves asunder, with some lingering last glances that spoke of ineffable things. When, finally, they emerged into the bewildering daylight—finding themselves just ahead of the slow-dragging phaeton—it must have seemed to them as if they had been wandering in some dim enchanted forest, such as poets tell of.

Chapter XIV.

BONDS AND COILS.

"Oh, I will give it him—I will give it him well!" said Mrs. Hume, as the afternoon train was drawing near to Henley. "Leaving two poor lone women all by themselves in London, and running away to Cappadocia, or Upper Egypt, or some such place, hunting for Greek stage-bills—"

"But I can understand the fascination," said Lady Helen, contentedly looking out on the placid landscape. "Indeed I think I must have caught a little of the infection myself. I find the British Museum quite interesting now; and I never see a handful of old seals and rings in a shop window without wondering whether there might not be a Greek gem amongst them—one of those archaic ones, you know, with the long skeleton figures. This intaglio I have got for him—this Hercules and the lion—looks all right, I imagine: it cannot be quite modern, anyway, for the grooves in the sard are polished as perfectly as the surface—"

"Ah, Helen, dear," observed her companion, in sentimental fashion, "he will never value anything so much as the

Santa Maura ring you gave him in exchange for that little keepsake I see you still wear. And that reminds me: sometimes I think I shall never die happy until he and you and I—just the three of us—go away on a yachting cruise through those Greek islands. You can do it so easily now: steamer to Corfu, then hire the yacht there, and off you go to Santa Maura, and Ithaca, and the Gulf of Patras, and Lepanto. *Non cuivis homini*, you know: it isn't given to everybody to go to Corinth—in a hundred-ton schooner; but I would live on potatoes and milk all the rest of my life to secure myself such a delicious voyage. Wouldn't that be a chance for you and him to search about for old Greek gems!—and who knows, perhaps a poor body like myself might pick up a little bit of modern silver embroidery. And don't you think he would make a capital guide for us, if we went across to Tiryns and Mycenæ?"

Lady Helen was discreetly silent; for this proposal seemed mysteriously to involve something else. In what capacity was she expected to form one of that travelling trio? It was a question she could neither ask nor answer.

But now the train was slowing into the station; and of a sudden Mrs. Hume, happening to cast her eyes forward, joyfully called out:

"Why, here he is! here is a piece of condescension! here is the rascal himself, come along to meet us." And then she added, with a laugh: "There's one thing about those brats of mine—they're easy to recognize at a distance, the lasses as well as the lads. They're *geyan kenspeckle*, as their forefathers would have said."

And amidst her motherly pride and admiration, when this tall and handsome son of hers came forward to open the door for them, she forgot all about the terrible scolding she had undertaken to administer; and Lady Helen, too, received him with a favoring glance and smile.

"I saw your carriage outside the station," he said to her, "and I guessed you would be coming by this train."

"Well," said she to him, "I have been telling Mrs. Hume that she might as well drive on at once with me to the Hall, and then we could go on the river, and have a look at the house-boats—"

She hesitated.

"Would you like me to go with you?" he said, dutifully. "The punt you have is more comfortable for ladies than a hired boat—and I could pole it along for you—"

"Will you be so kind?" said she, with pleasant and grateful eyes; and in a minute or two, when the footman had brought their things from the railway carriage, they found themselves in the open barouche, driving along by the busy river, and through the no less busy town, which was all bedecked now with bunting at the headquarters of the various rowing-clubs.

The strangest thing was that on his first glimpse of her after some little time of absence she had looked unexpectedly and unaccountably old. Very elegant-looking, no doubt, and refined; the pale features, the beautifully arched eyebrows, the conscious gray eyes with their dark lashes, and the fine bulk of her raven-black hair all very effective and striking; but there was no fascination—there was no bewilderment—there was no glamour and radiance as of youth and sunshine—nothing to cause the heart to tremble with the mere sense of proximity. He recalled certain speculations of his, in the self-communion of solitary evening hours at Lilac Lodge; and now these speculations seemed to him to have been not "sane" at all, but quite the reverse of that, and impracticable, and futile, and hopeless. Yet she was most gracious to him. When he accidentally addressed her as Lady Helen, she appeared a little bit surprised, and even amused; but she made no protest. She told him of the intaglio she had picked up for him, and hoped it was a good one, though it was not like anything she could find figured in Baron Stosch's work. She offered to postpone the survey of the house-boats if he thought the poling of the punt would be oppressively warm work; for indeed along the river valley the heat was considerable, there being not a breath of wind—even up on the wooded heights the blue columns of smoke from this or that red-tiled mansion rose without deflection into the golden afternoon. And she would have both Mrs. Hume and Sidney promise to come and dine at Monks-Hatton Hall on the Friday evening, the better to see the illuminations.

When they reached the Hall, she begged to be excused for half a minute,

that she might go and report her arrival to her mother; and accordingly they went into the library to wait for her. And no sooner had she left them than Mrs. Hume addressed her son, in something of an undertone.

"Well, Mr. Sid," said she, "I hope you feel properly crushed and penitent?"

He turned from the books and the busts, and regarded her with a glance of inquiry.

"I must say dear Helen is the most forgiving and good-natured creature in the world," Mrs. Hume went on. "And it is all the more surprising in a girl who is so much sought after—and who has got so much independence of character. Why, any other girl would have been most indignant: your treatment of her has been really too bad; and yet here she comes down from town, and meets you, and is as amiable and friendly as ever; and she has been hunting in the old shops for cameos for you; and I am almost certain she has given Captain Erle his congé at last."

"My treatment of her?" he repeated, in a vaguely astonished way. But he could say nothing further; for at this moment Lady Helen appeared, followed by a servant bringing cushions for the punt. And so they passed through the open French windows, and went down the steps, and crossed the spacious lawn leading to the river-side, where they found the shining, bronze-hued craft that was to take them away on their tour of inspection.

Nevertheless, as he proceeded to pilot them through the intricacies of the swarming river—now pausing to watch a swinging eight go by, and again making way for a couple of maidens paddling their own canoe with a happy disregard of all surroundings—the phrase his mother had used haunted him. His treatment of Lady Helen? What had he done? Or left undone? What had she been generously pleased to forgive? It is true he had come away from town in the midst of the gayeties of the season; but he had played the part of squire of dames for a considerable while; and he did not regard himself as pledged to remain in that office for ever and ever. All the same these insinuations and reproaches of Mrs. Hume caused him some disquiet; and he accompanied the two ladies on their visits—for they soon found themselves among friends—in a perfunctory fashion. If there was any mystery of entanglement or error he was impatient to have it cleared up at once—so that the promiscuous chatter of these people over tea and cake, and ices and strawberries, had no sort of interest for him.

An opportunity arrived in due course. When, their visiting over, they returned to the Hall, Lady Helen was for ordering the carriage to take them home; but Mrs. Hume would not hear of such a thing; she and her long lad of a son, she said, would walk back to Lilac Lodge. And hardly had these two set out than she reverted to the very subject that had been occupying his mind.

"Yes, indeed," she said, "Helen has shown herself most forgiving—most forgiving. I could hardly have expected it of her; for she is proud, and impetuous, and wilful; she has plenty of spirit and independence. I shouldn't have been at all surprised if she had received you in a very different manner this afternoon."

"Now what is all this about?" he demanded—for he was simple and direct of speech himself, and therefore intolerant of mystification.

"What is it all about?" she repeated. "You don't know? When your going away from London like that, and remaining away, might very easily have led any one to imagine that the engagement between you and her was broken off."

"The engagement? What engagement?" said he, midway between anger and stupefaction.

"You must be quite well aware," said she, but without meeting his eyes, "that every one assumes there is an engagement between Helen Yorke and you."

"Then every one assumes all wrong," he made answer, bluntly. "There is nothing of the kind. And I am not responsible for what a lot of idiots may assume."

"Nor am I," his mother said, with simple dignity. "It is enough for me if Helen herself assumes that there is an engagement."

"Oh, and I am not to have any say in the matter!" he exclaimed.

"I do not know what you may have said, or left unsaid," she rejoined, quickly. "It is not always by spoken words that understandings are arrived at, and the course of lives shaped. No engagement? Sidney—my dear child! Well,

you know that I am no eavesdropper, or spy; and that night at Lady Kenrick's, when I was seeking you and Helen, to get you away, I should certainly not have gone into the conservatory if I had known I should find you standing there with clasped hands."

"Oh, that was only a piece of tom-foolery," he said, with impatience. "A compact—about calling each other by our Christian names—"

"And is that nothing?" said this tall and statuesque and silver-haired lady, whose voice was suave. "And is the exchanging of keepsakes nothing—and wearing them ostentatiously? Why, what do you suppose those people on the river thought this afternoon, when they found Helen going about with us?—what but that the old relationship which was notorious enough in London had been resumed, as was natural, when she came down to Henley? Come, come, Sidney! I know that young people like to have their secrets; but you cannot expect me to be blinder than the rest of the world; and all I wished to say, and all I wish to say now, is that Helen is a dear, good girl, who has far more forgiveness in her composition than I could have hoped for."

Now he had no heart to quarrel with his mother; for he was very fond and proud of her; but he felt that he was being wound round in coils that were none of his twisting; and instinctively he grew restive and resentful and indignant. As they were crossing the garden to enter the house, he said to her:

"Look here, Mater, let's have an end of this. I tell you, there has never been a single word of love-making between Helen Yorke and me, nor anything else that could be misconstrued into love-making. And there are other reasons why there never could be any engagement between us, as I will explain to you some other time—"

She had reached the open door, and she turned and faced him—for he seemed rather inclined to remain in the garden—and the penetrating regard of this august dame had no kind of fear in it.

"Misconstruction?" she said, in a measured and incisive way. "It appears to me, my dear Sidney, that those who give ground for misconstruction are bound to make what reparation they can—the only reparation possible where a young lady's name is concerned. I say you are bound in honor to Helen Yorke; I say your honor is at stake, even if there were nothing else to be considered. Yes, and I will say this, too, that I never yet heard—no, nor did any one ever yet hear—of a Hay or Hume drawing back, where his honor was involved." And therewith she turned and swept away from him: she knew that her words had struck deep.

At first, indeed, he was all aflame with rage—for his common-sense was up in indignant revolt; yet his wrath was directed not so much against his mother as against the contrariety of circumstances and the stupidity and malignant intermeddling of mankind. Nay, at this very moment, he was for going right away back to Lady Helen herself, and demanding of her if anything in his conduct towards her could justify in the remotest degree such an amazing misinterpretation. But calmer counsels prevailed. Might not Lady Helen also have been among the purblind, piecing insignificant things together, and fashioning impossible horoscopes? Might not she, too, be inclined to say, with the same incomprehensible irrelevance, that never Hay nor Hume was known to draw back, where his honor was involved? It was altogether a maddening imbroglio—with no way out clearly visible.

At dinner not one syllable was said of this over-brooding subject; Mrs. Hume—knowing that her words would be well remembered—had now returned to her ordinary mood of brisk good-humor; she was telling him all about the other members of her scattered family, their plans for the autumn, and what not. He listened attentively enough; perhaps thinking in a forlorn way of his own little plan, which he had hoped to put in execution at once, for bringing about a meeting between his mother and his peerless Nan; and probably cursing the fatuity and perversity with which the best-laid schemes "gang aft agley." This was not an auspicious moment to ask a critical-eyed, exacting, and somewhat dictatorial mother to go away out into the solitude of the beech woods, to make the acquaintance of the roseate, shining, summer-natured Princess he had discovered there.

After dinner, Mrs. Hume having her own affairs to attend to, he wandered out

by himself in the twilight, and strolled down to the river-side. And now all the sleepy languor of the afternoon had fled; there was a fresh and cool breeze rustling and bending the tall Lombardy poplars and tossing the drooping tresses of the willows on the lawns; while the aquatic world had woke up to a new life—eights, fours, and pairs, dingheys, steam-launches, and canoes interweaving warp and woof on the bosom of the stream. Spectators were clustered on the bridge; damsels on horseback were scampering through the meadows, with an occasional pull-up to look at a passing crew; the swans, in unmolested reaches, appeared to be holding mysterious converse with the bottom, but nevertheless keeping an alert eye for anything tossed them from the bank; while here and there an azure or crimson jacketed youth, oblivious of all this varied activity, would leisurely ply his pair of sculls, fondly regarding Schön-Rohtraut in the stern — Schön-Rohtraut in the lightest-hued of boating costumes, with the tiller ropes brought idly over her shoulders. The golden light had now gone from the evening skies; a silver-gray dusk was stealing over the wide pastures and the wooded uplands. It seemed a peaceable, happy, contented kind of universe to live in—if only there were no busybodies indulging in monstrous suppositions, and malignant circumstances destroying one's pet schemes.

But after all he was going out to Crowhurst next morning; and out to Crowhurst, next morning, he accordingly went; there compensation awaited him, and assurance, and the gladdest of welcomes. Yet no sooner had he arrived than he was bidden to depart; for Nan was ordered to take him away for a long drive on so fine a morning, Mr. Summers's arm, curiously enough, still hindering him from accompanying these young people. And so, as soon as the cream-colored Captain and the phaeton had been brought round, off they went; with no thought of descending into the turmoil of the town and the river-side, but, on the contrary, making away for Bix, and Nettlebed, and Nuffield, by lonely highways, through still beech woods, pausing at times, on some stretch of upland heath, to look abroad over the wide Berkshire plain, beyond which the far western hills were but as silver-gray films in the white glare of sun and sky. Then when they came to any steep incline they gave the reins to the diminutive groom; and descended, and went forward on foot, or lingered behind, as best pleased them; and being thus left free, and alone with themselves, in the silence of the summer morning, they could make experiments with new pet names for each other, and invent petulant misunderstandings for the sake of making up, and interchange confidences about the most trivial matters, which, so soon as they were known to be personal to either, immediately became of most momentous importance. The great humblebees went drowsily booming by; the pink and white roses in the hedge were fragrant in the heat; a million diamonds sparkled on the glassy leaves of a holly-bush; a distant corn field was scarlet with poppies up towards the rounded summit. The world was so full of beautiful things!—and their hearts were so full of happiness!

But still—

"Nan," said he, "suppose there is something you know you ought to laugh at; and suppose you allow it to trouble you; and suppose you call yourself a fool for allowing it to trouble you: very well: which you is it that calls the other you a fool—which is your real self?"

"If these were the problems, Sidney," she said, "they put before you at All Souls', I don't wonder that you came away and settled down among your own books at Henley. But what is the trouble? Won't you tell it me?"

And he did tell her, in a measure, the story of his relationship with Lady Helen; and he told her also something of what his mother had said the day before; though he carefully avoided her phrase about his honor being at stake: that was too serious, considering that he was making light of all this embroilment. And meanwhile Nan's usually happy and sunny face had grown unwontedly thoughtful and preoccupied.

"Is she so very beautiful, Sidney?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Lady Helen? Oh, she is good-looking enough—distinguished-looking, you know—and elegant, and graceful, and all that. And clever too: rather too sharp, indeed, when her temper gets ruffled. But she can talk; and she's learned in all the new religions—or irreligions; and she keeps abreast of all the latest scientific discoveries—at least she goes to soirées

at South Kensington. Oh, yes, she is clever—"

"Is she so very handsome, Sidney?" she asked again.

"Well, she has a good figure—and, as I say, she is graceful and elegant—and she dresses beautifully," he replied, in a vague kind of way. Then, of a sudden, as if by some inspiration or insight, he altered his tone, and said, boldly: "But I will tell you this, Nan: if you and she were in the same room together, no one would look her way. Why, you don't in the least seem to understand that there is a kind of splendor about you that is almost bewildering. And you don't understand what wonderful eyes you have—how they flash and wound—you don't know how they flashed and wounded a poor casual stranger who chanced to be going by the front of St. Mary's Church."

"And your mother expects you to marry her?" Nan asked again, in the same low voice.

"Blessed are they who expect nothing!" he answered—for he would not have her mind overclouded on this fair morning.

"And perhaps Lady Helen also?"

"How can I tell? That is not a question to be asked of a young lady, unless you are pretty sure of the answer. And if there did not seem to be some kind of madness in the air at present, I should have said it was about the last thing that could have got into Lady Helen's head. However, I should not have bothered you with all this nonsense: let us have done with it. And I am going to give my mother something else to think of: something more reasonable, and wholesomer, and pleasanter: I'm going to bring her out to see you, Nan, either to-morrow or next day."

She looked up, startled.

"Oh, do not be alarmed," he went on. "I shall say nothing of our engagement. I have all my dark scheme planned out: I mean to introduce her to your father and you by a kind of accident; and then she will form her first impressions of you without any sort of prejudice. Do you see? And you will find her a delightful woman—as soon as this absurdity has got cleared out of her head: the sort of woman to make friends with everybody—full of fun and good-humor and frank kindliness. She likes her own way a little, you know; but then she has been allowed that all her life; and I am sure that not only her own family, but also the families they have intermarried with, would tell you that never once had she shown a trace of selfishness. She likes regulating things and managing, no doubt; but it is never for herself. And my forecast is this, Nan: that in about two minutes after seeing you—in about one minute after seeing you—she will love you."

When after their long roundabout drive—which was chiefly a wandering about on foot through still woodland ways—they returned to Crowhurst, Sidney had to reluctantly say good-by: he had promised his mother and Lady Helen to be in attendance at a certain hour. And when he had gone, Nan and her father went out into the garden, among the white campanulas, and the clustered roses, and the trained honeysuckle sweetening all the surrounding air. He thought she was rather silent, as they took their little walk together, arm in arm. He glanced at her once or twice, furtively and anxiously. And then he said:

"There has been no trouble, Nan? You seem rather quiet. There has been nothing to trouble you?"

"Oh, no," she said, rousing herself to cheerfulness. "Nothing at all. I was only thinking. Sidney says he will bring Mrs. Hume out to see us to-morrow or next day."

"Yes?" he said, in his grave and tranquil way. "Well, that is as it should be. And I hope Mrs. Hume and you will become very good friends."

But by-and-by, as they were strolling up and down the paths, between the borders of dark blue lobelia, he said, quite timidly:

"Nan, I have been considering. Perhaps you would rather that I was out of the way when Mrs. Hume calls?"

She turned and stared at him, not comprehending; or denying to herself that she did, or could, comprehend.

"It is you she is coming to see," he explained, with the strangest humility. "She might not want to see me at all. And perhaps you would rather that I kept out of the way—I could go for a walk, you know, while she was here."

She looked at him again.

"Yes, that is a likely thing!" she said—with proud and tremulous lips.

Chapter XV.

IN A LIBRARY, AND ELSEWHERE.

When on the following afternoon Mrs. Hume was asked by her son to go for a little walk into the country, she was not so surprised as many mothers would have been in the circumstances; for these two had always been great companions, when the boy was home from college: their tall figures were a conspicuous and familiar feature in and about Henley. On this occasion he said they ought to get away from the tumult of the riverside; they would have enough of that on the regatta days; an hour or two amidst the quiet of the beech woods, or out on the upland heaths, would be a pleasant change. And to this she blithely assented: she was in a most happy and gracious humor; for now she was quite convinced—since he had made no further protest, nor, indeed, reverted to the matter in any way—that her warning words had taken effect, and that he had resolved to acquit himself in regard to Lady Helen as honor seemed to demand. So all was well; her heart was full of blissful content; and it was in a most cheerful mood that she set out with him—these two looking like brother and sister, but for her silver-white hair—to leave this busy little town, by way of the long ascent of Gravel Hill.

And very briskly and brightly she talked and chatted to him, of many matters, and many men and women; and when she came, by accident as it were, to Lady Helen Yorke, she did not fear to mention her either. Yet, strangely enough, it was not in praise of her dearest Helen that she spoke, it was rather in disparagement.

"Spoiled? Oh, yes—I've often said it. How could she help being spoiled? A reigning beauty has to encounter that kind of thing, of course—paragraphs in the papers about her superb appearance at such and such a reception—photographs in the shop windows—colored lithographs in the supplements of women's journals—all that is not wholesome for a young girl. And then the way the men run after her! I wonder how many offers of marriage she has refused; and naturally that puts it into a young woman's head that she can throw the handkerchief whenever and wherever she pleases; and she becomes more and more finical—and perhaps even contemptuous of the mankind around her. And yet," continued this skilful detractor, "she is docile in some cases; she likes to learn; she has been reading up lately all sorts of books about ancient Greece, since I gave her a hint as to what you were working at; and only the other day she was wondering if you would tell her whether she ought to keep to the familiar *Mycenæ*, or go halfway and say *Mykenæ*, or go all the way and say *Mukenai*. And that is another thing: she is profoundly interested in excavations; she would like to try some little private enterprise—Syracuse she was suggesting—"

"Alexandria would suit her turn better," said he—"the ancient Alexandria, that has lain buried for centuries; but she would have to have a pretty large fortune, and the Egyptian government as well, at her back."

"Oh, she will be a very rich woman when her father dies!" Mrs. Hume said, seriously. "Or even when she marries, I suppose, he will do something handsome by her. And I was thinking myself," she continued, in a more off-hand way, "of some little joint undertaking. For example, if Helen were resolute about it, I shouldn't mind coming in with some fragment of my small savings—with your permission, of course; for all that, such as it is, is coming to you; and out of your own capital you might be willing to subscribe something; so that the three of us would have the whole project in our own hands. And don't suppose that *I* want to stand in front of the ruins to be photographed, and to appear in the frontispiece of the book; not at all; you two only; I should be behind the camera, making tea. And what a useful book that would be for me—with your name, and Helen's also, on the title-page—I mean useful as a wedding-present: I declare my poor wits are incapable of devising anything new, and my poor purse is drained. But a book with my son's name on the title-page, that would be something—and—and if Helen's name were there also—that would be a happy conjunction, wouldn't it?"

The prospect of being allowed to dig at Alexandria did not appear to excite his enthusiasm, the fact being that at this point his eyes were fixed on a certain white gate, and he had become the prey of an overpowering anxiety. For, as they

drew near to Crowhurst, he found himself more and more perplexed as to inventing any rational and plausible excuse for calling there; and he was vaguely thinking of continuing their walk, and postponing the awkward moment until their return. But as it chanced, as they came up to the gate, Mrs. Hume, looking over the bars, said,

"What a fine show of pansies!"

She paused, as there seemed to be no one about. The pansies were a broad border round a plot in the front lawn—pale yellow and snow-white they were, a goodly show. But the next plot had a border of another plant which was unfamiliar to her—a plant with dark green lanceolate leaves, and spiky, tubular, orange-red flowers.

"I wonder what that is?" she said, incidentally.

"Let me go in and ask," said he, in his desperate case. "I know the people very well—oh, yes—I have made their acquaintance—a Mr. Summers and his daughter who have come to live here—the fact is, I have been thinking that you ought to call, as they are comparatively strangers—"

She seemed a little surprised; but she was not particularly sensitive or backward; besides, she was ready to agree to anything after his tacit acquiescence in her great Eastern scheme—for at least he had brought no immediate objection.

"Oh, very well, if you like," she said, at haphazard. "But I have brought no visiting-card with me."

"They are sure to be at home—and they will give you a cup of tea," he said.

So they opened the gate, went up to the house, rang the bell, entered, and were shown into the small drawing-room.

"Who are they, did you say?" she asked as she took a seat.

"Mr. Summers—and his daughter," said he—with his ears trembling for footsteps.

It was Nan who first appeared, and now Mrs. Hume was nothing less than astonished: this was not at all the kind of country maiden she had expected to find in a road-side villa or transformed farm-house, but a young creature of quite distinctive and remarkable beauty, who had a quiet self-possession and a perfect manner as she bade her visitors welcome, and whose voice was extremely musical and pleasant, with no trace of rustic accent. Mrs. Hume was a shrewd and quick-thinking woman: why had Sidney never said a word to her before of this new acquaintance? Young men were given to talking of pretty girls: he could not be quite so indifferent to them—although he had generally shown himself indifferent—as to have forgotten even the existence of this exceptionally and even remarkably attractive young person? Mrs. Hume was a little alarmed and bewildered. The girl was very charming, very modest, and her voice was winning: but what was Sidney doing in this house? And why had he so carefully concealed his knowledge of these people?

Nan's father now entered the room; and instantly it struck Mrs. Hume that she had seen this peculiar-looking man—and no doubt his pretty daughter also—somewhere before, perhaps at a railway station. He came forward, and was introduced to her, and said a word or two; then he took a seat rather towards the window, as if he would leave Nan to continue the conversation, as if he wished to be ignored and forgotten. But that was not at all according to Nan's view of the situation. In answer to her visitor's friendly inquiries, she would say, "My father does not care to know many people," or "My father is quite content with this quiet life," and so forth: and she would appeal to him; and drag him into the general talk, whether he wished it or no. Nevertheless, it was apparent that he would rather keep in the background; he looked out of the window mostly, or at the floor; he would have Nan, with her musical speech, and her pretty ways learnt at the vicarage, represent this small household. Mrs. Hume looked curiously from one to the other of those two.

Then after some little while, spent mostly in conversation between the elderly lady and the young girl, Mr. Summers said (quite humbly, yet anxious to help Nan a little)—

"Nan, shall I ring for some tea?"

But with that Mrs. Hume rose.

"Oh, no, please don't," she said, with a fine frankness and good-humor. "Let me apologize for our intrusion. The fact is, I saw a plant in your front garden I did not know the name of; and my son said he had made your acquaintance; and so we took the liberty of coming in."

For a second there was an awkward pause. Nan did not know what to say next. It was her father who came to her rescue.

"We shall be glad to see you at any time," he said, in his grave, submissive fashion.

"Oh, thank you—thank you. Good-by—good-by!" said this tall, silver-haired lady in her most gracious way; and then mother and son went along the passage; and Mr. Summers attentively opened the door for them; and Nan stood on the threshold, to have a parting glimpse of her lover. Not any one of the four had remembered aught of the nameless plant that had been made the excuse for this singular interview.

But as they moved away from the house, Mrs. Hume's mind was filled with a dim and dark suspicion that she had been led into a trap; and, the moment that Sidney spoke, she became certain of it.

"Well, Mater, what do you think of her?" said he, concealing his anxiety.

And she also was capable of concealment. It was the very question she had anticipated; but she was far too astute to reveal the sharp apprehension it caused her.

"Oh, she is a pretty little thing," she answered, with assumed carelessness.

"A pretty little thing?" He could scarcely believe his ears. Was this all the impression that had been produced by his incomparable Nan? Does one look on the moonlight shining on the sea of a summer night, and say indifferently, "Oh, yes, well enough"?

"Little?" he remonstrated. "I don't see how you can call her little. She doesn't belong to the sons and daughters of Anak, as our family do; but she is not little. I should think most people would consider her rather tall—because of her slim and graceful figure. But that is hardly the question. It is hardly a question of height. Was there nothing else that struck you?—the simplicity and charm of her manner?—the unusual, you might almost say the extraordinary, beauty of her eyes? You ought to know what a good manner is. If it comes to that, you ought to know what beautiful eyes are. And yet you only say, 'Oh, a pretty little thing'?"

His acute disappointment was but too manifest; nor did his insidious flattery in any way mitigate the nameless fears that now beset her.

"It is not a matter of much concern, is it?" she said, with admirable composure, as they walked along. "But who are they? Why have you not spoken of them before? I fancy I have seen the man—the father—somewhere. Who is he? What is he? What does he do?"

"He doesn't do anything," he replied, in profound chagrin. Had Nan's beauty and her musical speech so entirely failed to conquer? And if so, why was it so? He did not remember, at this perturbed and unsettling moment, that the shining eyes of one woman shine upon another woman in vain.

"But what has he been, then?" said Mrs. Hume.

"A trainer of race-horses, I believe," he replied, curtly: he did not care what he answered, now that she had not succumbed to Nan at the very first glance.

"Really, Sidney," the other said, "you seem to be a little complaisant in forming your acquaintance. A trainer of race-horses—"

"I can assure you, my dear mother," said he, "that in the opinion of a great number of people in this country a trainer of race-horses is a very important person; and there is no reason whatever why he should not be a perfectly honest and upright man. But what has that got to do with me? Mr. Summers is no longer a trainer of race-horses. I judge of him as he is. I see his admirable conduct with regard to his daughter—his extraordinary affection for her—his constant care of her—his sacrifice of himself whenever he thinks he can add one jot to her happiness. And to tell you the truth, mother, I thought you would have been a little more impressed by—by Miss Summers. You don't see her like every day, either in appearance, or manner, or disposition. And yet you find nothing to say but 'a pretty little thing'!"

"I do not understand your disappointment," Mrs. Hume observed, with a certain coldness. "I might, perhaps, if I understood the origin of your interest in this girl, who, you must remember, is entirely a stranger to me." And thereafter for a time they walked on in silence, doubtless with many thoughts.

That night at dinner she said to him, in an unconcerned kind of fashion—

"How did you come to know those

people, Sidney?" And the phrase "those people" sounded to him cruel: it seemed not only to hold Nan at arm's-length, but to banish her a hundred miles away.

"Merely by accident," he responded, without heart. For he had magnified his mother's indifference or her vague suspicion into positive antagonism; and it seemed hopeless to try to overcome it. Where Nan in all the glamour of her youthful beauty and the soft charm of her speech had failed, how was he to succeed? Nevertheless, he would make one more effort. "Really, mother," he said, "I cannot understand why you should be so blind. It is not a question of prejudice or prepossession; it is a question of obvious fact. Any stranger, whoever he or she might be, taken out to Crowhurst, must see plainly enough that the girl is of quite unusual beauty and fascination. Other qualities, of mind and disposition, you might get to know afterwards—and I think they would repay the trouble—but what I say is that a mere outsider must admit that she has a most graceful figure, and refined features, and quite wonderful eyes. A passer-by in the street could not fail to notice them. And I should have thought that one of the 'beautiful Miss Hays' would have been the very first to recognize them."

"I have said nothing against the girl's appearance," observed his mother, distantly.

"Then what else can you say against her?" he demanded, with imprudent haste. "Why should you be so prejudiced against her? What little you saw of her—her mere external beauty—would extort admiration from any stranger in the street; and why should you assume that in her disposition, her character, her training, or what not, there is something that does not correspond—some defect that you cannot name—"

"Really, Sidney, your language is most extraordinary!" she protested. "When have I said anything at all against the girl?"

"Then why should you be prejudiced against her?" he went on, with some distressing consciousness that he was only beating the air. "It isn't what you say—it is what you don't say. You meet a quite rare and remarkable creature, and you talk with her and have every opportunity of judging her, and she shows you every kindness she can, in her modest and gentle fashion; and so far from being impressed, you come away saying some slighting thing about her. What is that if not prejudice?—the most incomprehensible prejudice!"

"I did not know you were looking forward to my being impressed," she made answer, calmly. "And I am not aware of having given way to any prejudice. Why should I be prejudiced? I don't understand you at all, Sidney; or why you should be concerned about my opinion of—of—what was the young lady's name?" And with that she changed the subject; but the note of keen mortification that had rung through this plaint of his remained in her mind, and in no wise tended to lessen her secret alarm.

Nevertheless the next day, which was the first of the regatta days, brought her some reassurance. Both mother and son were the guests of Lady Helen, for the lawn at Monks-Hatton Hall afforded an excellent view of the course; and amid the coming and going of many visitors, between the races, Lady Helen chose to make it apparent that Mrs. Hume and Sidney were her very particular friends, while he on his part was humbly and obediently attentive to his fair young hostess, and that to an unwonted degree. The truth is, in his present difficult, and even bewildering position he was anxious to find out what was really expected of him. Had she also adopted the preposterous misapprehension that had got into his mother's head? And if not—for it seemed hardly credible—would she not become his ally? What better court of appeal could there be, if his honor was impugned? So he sought to establish very amicable relations with Lady Helen; and she in turn was pleased to receive these little advances with gracious favor.

"Sidney," she said to him, in the early part of the afternoon, "don't you think it very hard that poor mamma should be shut up and have no part in all this gayety beyond looking out from a window? Don't you think we might go and pay her a little visit? We should never be missed by these people. Besides, Mrs. Hume knows every one who is here, or who is likely to come." For indeed there were a good many guests and visitors in possession of this quiet retreat, strolling about the lawn, or under the umbrageous limes and sycamores and purple beeches, or seated beneath the vast Japanese umbrel-

las—the scarlet and black of which blazed in the sunlight amid so much soft green—or wandering into the cool marquee, where there was a convenient *buffet*, with all kinds of beverages and cakes and fruit.

"Oh, yes, certainly," said he, with prompt obedience, and not stopping to consider that his being singled out in this way might seem rather invidious and significant.

They left the lawn, went up the gray steps, passed in under the sunblinds and through the library, and ascended the wide staircase, Sidney being at length ushered into the room where the invalid, or hypochondriac, was seated at the window, looking out on the hushed swarming of the river. The little pale old lady, sighing much, appeared none the less pleased to be thus remembered. She even hinted that Sidney might remain with her for a time, while her daughter returned to her guests. Lady Helen, however, would not hear of that.

"No, no; we shall be discovered. Sidney and I are playing truant—and we must not stay too long, or we shall be caught. Good-by, mamma, dear: I hope Mrs. Spink is looking well after you?"

But if she was in a hurry to leave the invalid's room, she was in no such hurry to pass through the library below. And indeed it was a seductive place to linger in; for those fascinating shelves of beautiful bindings, and the tall scagliola columns, and the decorated frieze and ceiling, and the cases of miniatures, and the statuettes and busts, were all in a cool shadow, grateful enough as contrasted with the glare outside.

"I wish," she said, as she saw his eyes involuntarily attracted by that array of books—"I wish, Sidney, you would come over here some day, when you have two or three hours to spare, and you could tell me something about the treasures in this library. For there are treasures, I know that; though my father does not care about such things. It was my grandfather who mainly built up the collection. There are some good Caxtons, for example; but I want to be told more particularly about them. And first editions, too: here is the '23 folio — the Shakespeare folio; would you consider this a tall copy?"

She moved towards the shelves, and of course he followed.

"Take it out for me, please," she said.

He did as he was bid; he took out the precious volume, and placed it on a table; and while he was examining the introductory pages—the Ben Jonson sonnet, the Droeshout portrait, and so forth—she was standing very close to him, her head almost bent down. Her dress of cream-white serge with its thick bands of gold cord had some furry white stuff round the throat: was it from that soft and downy collar there came a breath of perfume that was plainly perceptible? And she also would turn over the leaves, so that her fingers touched his occasionally by fortuitous accident. Did he know, she asked, of some extraordinary repetitions in the text, that the worthy Heminge and Condell had overlooked? And was it not a shame that even the parting between Romeo and Juliet should have been hashed about? "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast: would I were sleep and peace so sweet to rest!"—clearly that was Romeo's speech. She repeated the lines very prettily, in a gentle undertone. And in reply he said that, as far as he knew about such things, this seemed a very perfect copy—a treasure indeed.

When he had put the folio back, she took him to the cases of miniatures, that were set on tall stands. And here also she held him enchained over those portraits of admirals and generals, of ladies in short-waisted dresses and shining curls, of young squires in high coat collars, of fair young girls with ivory complexion and puffed sleeves. But although he and she were again standing so close together that the cream-white serge just touched his arm, there was for him no shiver and thrill of magnetism in that contiguity: he merely asked her if she had ever read of the elaborate little tricks and dodges with which the miniature-painters lent brightness to the eyes of their models and gave brilliancy to their hair. She lingered over these cases: they seemed to interest her; and he was bound to profess a like interest. A distant sound of cheering came from along the crowded banks: but apparently she had forgotten all about the regatta and her visitors and guests. This spacious apartment was secluded and quiet and gratefully cool: and there were many other things to claim attention—some admirable bronzes, for example. And if he had relapsed into the formal "Lady Helen," she, at least,

remained true to their compact, and called him "Sidney" in soft tones.

The door was opened: Mrs. Spink appeared—caught sight of these two—looked alarmed—exclaimed "Oh, I beg your pardon!" and at once withdrew again.

"That woman," said Lady Helen, vindictively, "is just made of eyes—she is all eyes. Fortunately she was born without a tongue. She takes in everything she sees, and says nothing."

"But don't you think we should go back to the lawn?" he suggested. "Your friends will miss you."

"Yes, of course—yes, I suppose so," she said; and no doubt the petulant air she wore as she walked to the open window owed its origin to Mrs. Spink's untoward intrusion. "I dare say it is one's duty to go and look at a lot of school-boys splashing the water!"

She preceded him down the wide gray steps, and presently she had rejoined her friends, in capital spirits, apparently, going from one little group to another, and making herself the life and soul of each as she did so. For she could be very entertaining, and merry, and humorous, when she chose; and, truth to say, no one seemed to pay much heed to the racing on the river; this broad lawn might have been a London drawing-room so far as the occupations of the people were concerned. She played the part of hostess excellently well—moving hither and thither with swift, amusing speech and gracious looks. But she appeared to have no further word for Sidney Hume.

When mother and son returned to Lilac Lodge, the former was in the happiest of humors; for she was convinced that all was going satisfactorily again, and that she could dismiss those dim disquietudes that had arisen in her mind.

"My dear Sid," she remarked, gayly, as they sat at dinner, "are you aware that Helen and you were absent for quite an unconscionable time this afternoon—and absent together—conspicuously absent, as one might say? Not that I object, not at all; but the fact is that Helen, though the very dearest creature in the world, is apt to be the least bit wilful and headstrong; and it should be for you to teach her a little discretion, especially on a public occasion of this kind. Oh, yes, I saw you—I saw you cross the lawn together—I saw you disappear into the library—"

"Mother, when will you have done with this nonsense?" he said—and there was something in his tone that caused her face to grow grave—something she seemed to dread: her raillery vanished. "I tell you there is nothing between Lady Helen and me," he continued, explicitly. "If ever I marry, there is for me but the one woman in the world; and you saw her yesterday, at Crowhurst. She, too, knows that; and we are both content to wait, to see what circumstances may arise. I had hoped you would have taken more kindly to her—I had indeed hoped for that; but perhaps you may, when you get to know her better."

She listened, staring at him, and for the moment struck into utter and abject silence. Her worst fears, that she had again and again striven to thrust aside, were now confirmed. And to her this thing that loomed ahead was nothing less than an appalling tragedy—the death-blow to her most cherished schemes—her life, successful all the way through, finding its climax in failure and dismay. But Sidney was not married yet; there was that one straw she could cling to.

Chapter XVI.

A CHALLENGE.

Nan was in her garden—among the white Canterbury-bells, the glowing scarlet geraniums, the pansies, the pinks, the musk, the variegated sweet-williams; bees were humming and butterflies fluttering in the brilliant sunshine; the honeysuckle clusters, now fully out, and the abundant roses sent abroad their fragrance through all the warm wavering air. Her father was with her. It was of Mrs. Hume's visit they were talking.

"And I must keep repeating this to you, Nan," said he, "for your guidance in after-days. I hope they will treat you well; but if they should be resentful—if they should say anything—then you have your answer. If they say, 'Your father was so-and-so or so-and-so; and it was presumption on your part to come into our family,' you can say, 'Yes, it is true my father was so-and-so or so-and-so; but people cannot always be what they would like to be. People are not all born rich, and able to choose for themselves what lives they will lead. Circumstances have a hard grip on the poor and ill-educated'—"

"If you think I am going to make any apology for you, Dodo," she said, in hot indignation, "then you are quite entirely mistaken. An apology? Yes, indeed!"

"But above all," he went on, gently, "your chief answer must be that you did not ask to enter their family. It was none of your seeking. And it was none of mine—no, indeed, it was none of mine. I would rather.... But when I saw you were inclined towards him—when you told me your story—then that was enough: then there was nothing for it but to look forward and hope for the best. The best? —why of course. It will be all right, Nan," he continued, with much cheerfulness. "Remember, you will have a young husband to take your part—a young fellow who has plenty of independence and pluck—I can see that well: he won't leave you unprotected—he will be there to stand by you—"

"I wish you would not talk like that, Dodo," said she, in a low voice.

"Are we children," he demanded, "that we are afraid to face what lies before us? Once let me see you happily settled—comfortably and happily settled —and then whatever comes to me, next week, next year, any year, won't be of very much consequence, I think!"

And when Sidney came out, as he had promised to do, Nan's father was still in the same resolutely optimistic mood.

"I wish," said he, "you would take this girl and make her drive you down to Henley bridge, and give her a look at the river. She lives far too humdrum a life up here—among a lot of flowers—"

"And Henley Regatta," said Sidney, promptly falling in with the suggestion, "is one of the most beautiful things in England. Very seldom they get a morning like this for it."

"But won't you come with us, Dodo?" said she, regarding him.

"No, no," he made answer, impatiently. "The driving would jolt my arm. Now go away and get ready; and I'll tell them about the phaeton."

And thus it was that, a little while thereafter, Nan and Sidney had left the solitude of the beech woods, and were driving into Henley, upon which, on this auspicious morning, all kinds of vehicles were seen to be converging. But it was not of the boat-races they were thinking; it was of something far more important; nothing less than—a Book!

"For I must keep myself out of the general reproach," he said, blithely enough. "Every other Oxford Fellow you meet has some great project in his mind—and it never comes to anything. But now that I have my materials in a kind of arrangement—now that I begin to see my way—I must actually set to work. And then the Mater will be satisfied at last: my name on a title-page—that has always been one of her secret ambitions. It may be a good book or a bad book; but at least it can be elegantly bound, and presented to friends. And I shouldn't wonder if the publisher made a little profit: we are a large family."

He laughed.

"A book is all right. Yes, she will permit of that, and even approve; but she won't go further—she won't descend lower. She has heard that I know a number of writing-men—men who write for the reviews and the newspapers; and I fancy she is haunted by a horrible misgiving that sooner or later I may lapse into journalism. Journalism—for any one connected with the august Humes and Hays—it would be too sacrilegious."

"But I should like to have you write for the newspapers and the reviews, Sidney," said she, in her bold way. "I should like your name to be known to the public. And think what a public the English-reading public is—Australia, Canada, America—a public to think of!"

"I am afraid you are not a person of lofty mind, Nan," said he. "Besides, it's an awful shame of amateurs to step in and take the bread out of the mouth of the professionals—the people who have to earn their living by journalism. It's difficult enough for them, I suppose, at the best. Why, I heard the other day of a poor wretch who was in such straits to get a taking topic that he set to and concocted a sham advertisement, paid five shillings for its insertion in an evening journal, then he took it as the text of an article—on the unblushing luxury of the fashionable classes, I think it was—and carried both article and advertisement to his editor, the advertisement being shown as a proof that here was something that urgently wanted writing about. Poor chap!—even if he got two guineas for the article, five shillings is a long percentage to pay—"

He did not complete the sentence: he suddenly found Mrs. Spink's eyes fixed

on him. She was walking along the highway—it was a portion of the Fair Mile they had arrived at—and she was alone but for a gaunt and shaggy deer-hound that was trotting after her. The next instant her eyes were turned upon Nan—swiftly and covertly. With some kind of involuntary impulse, Sidney raised his hat; but she took no notice; she was now gazing blankly along the great avenue.

"Haughty person," he remarked, without much concern.

"Who is she?" Nan inquired.

"She is what they call a reduced gentlewoman, who acts as companion to Lady Monks-Hatton. And when she and Lady Helen called on me at All Souls', I did my little best for them; I gave them what my poor rooms could afford; she need not be so arrogant."

"Oh, Lady Helen called on you at All Souls'?" said Nan, somewhat coldly.

"I met them in the High, by accident," he explained; "and I gave them lunch; I did what I could; she need not be so forgetful. I detest pride. And I also detest impertinence; she had a good stare at you, Nan."

"Yes, indeed," said Nan, with conscious color in her face. She knew quite well what suspicions might be aroused by the fact of her conspicuously driving this young man about.

Nor was this the only acquaintance they were destined to encounter. As they were passing down Hart Street on their way to the crowded bridge, who should cross just ahead of them but Dick Erridge? He was in an open fly; apparently he had come from the station, and was on his way to the Red Lion. Dick, regarding these two with evident surprise, had nevertheless sufficient presence of mind to salute the young lady; she bowed to him in return; and then the two carriages went their divergent ways, the phaeton making slow progress through the scattered groups.

But Nan had become more and more embarrassed.

"Sidney," she said, in an undertone, "I should like to get away from all these people—I do not know how many more may recognize us. What do you say—shall we cross the bridge, and get away up into the lonely country?—I know the quieter byways. I'm not used to a crowd; and I don't like the people staring."

"By all means," said he at once: surely to be alone with Nan in the silent woodland ways was more to him than all this hubbub of cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Of course as they crossed the bridge they caught a glimpse of the brilliant spectacle: the flags, and striped awnings, and scarlet parasols; the great mass of rowing-boats and punts lining each side of the stream; and out in the middle two small white dots coming along—the competitors in a sculling-match—while the umpire's steam-launch accompanied the leader. It was no hardship for them to turn from that many-colored, wide-murmuring scene. They drove on, by the Hurley and Maidenhead highway, until they reached the foot of a long ascent; then they surrendered the phaeton to the tiny groom; and presently they were making upward for the solitary heights—leaving the valley gradually below them, until the red roofs of the town, and even the four little turrets on the top of St. Mary's tower, had entirely disappeared; the while placidly and happily they went wandering forward into a wide and silent country, with strips of green corn-land here and there, that stretched away to a serrated horizon-line of wooded hill, faintly and filmily blue against the sky.

Meantime Dick Erridge had arrived at the door of the Red Lion. But he did not get down from the fly. He handed out his light travelling-bag; said he assumed that the house was full; asked if they would kindly try to get him a room in the town; and then he told the driver to drive out to Crowhurst. There was a blind and blank look in his face—all the jauntiness gone from him—the straw hat with its band of smart ribbon seemed out of keeping with his air of sombre concern.

When he arrived at Crowhurst, he found Mr. Summers at the gate, which he was in the act of opening.

"Well, well," said Nan's father, in a most friendly way, "who would have expected you of all people to turn your back on Henley Regatta?"

The young man paid and dismissed the cabman. Then he entered by the gate.

"You're not looking well, old chap," said Mr. Summers, regarding him. "Come in and have a nip of brandy."

"Well, I will," Dick made answer; and he followed his host into the house,

and into the dining-room, and stood by while the cellaret was being opened. "Travelling all night, don't you know—couldn't get away till the last minute—my grandfather is a nailer when he wants people to dance attendance on him."

The brandy seemed to revive him somewhat.

"I'll tell you in one second how I came to turn my back on Henley," he proceeded. "I was driving from the station to the Red Lion. I saw something—that rather made me jump. And if you say that I'm mistaken, well then, the regatta may go hang; and if you say I am not mistaken, then Henley Regatta is no place for me. Only I seemed to want to know just at once; and so I made the cabman drive right on. And what I saw was this: I saw Miss Nan driving; and her companion was that young fellow Hume—Sidney Hume. Of course there may be nothing in it—"

"There's something in it, Dick," said Nan's father, quietly—perhaps rather pityingly.

"Oh, there is, is there?" the young man repeated. "There is something in it, then? They have made it up in my absence?" He paused for a moment, perhaps the better to conceal his mortification. "Rather rough, I call it. I think you will admit yourself that it is *rather* rough."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Dick," Mr. Summers said, "it all came about in an unexpected kind of way. And I am sure there was nothing underhand; I am certain there was no thought of doing anything unfair to you. You must remember that neither of them could have known you had any views—I don't suppose you said anything to Nan—and then again you didn't put in much of an appearance, now did you?—"

"There it is—that's where it is!" exclaimed the young man, bitterly. "That's the result of being kept buried in a hole of a sea-side village, all because my grandfather keeps groaning with lumbago. Can I cure lumbago? Do I look like a cure for lumbago?"

He took a turn or two up and down, and even went to the window, to conceal his profound chagrin. Then he came back.

"Well, I've got to show I'm not a bounder," he said. "I mean to show those two I know what's what. I'm not going to make a fuss, like one of those Johnnies on the stage, made up with white faces and black eyebrows, and slouching round street corners with a dagger in their hand. I'm not built that way. Still—still I think it a *little* rough."

He suddenly fixed his regard on two instruments that Mr. Summers had been carrying when he was met at the gate: one was a pair of powerful steel pincers, the other was an iron hook.

"Where were you going when I came along?" he asked: clearly he had no mind to return to the river.

"Well," said Summers, "there is a farmer some little way from here who has gone and put barbed wire all through his hedges—by the public road—and the hedges are tall, so that you don't notice the wire—and in fact, the day before yesterday, Nan was reaching at some wild roses, and she stumbled a bit, and scratched all her wrist. It's a monstrous shame, I think. Barbed wire is illegal—or ought to be—"

"Why, you could summons the infernal beast!" cried Dick, his pent-up vexation finding vent at last on a specific object. "Or, I'll tell you what's better, now: you and I will start off this very minute, and we'll go to the farmer, and you'll talk to him fair and square and moderate, and then he'll give you some cheek, and then you just hit him a clip on the side of the head that 'll make him think he is a dear sweet baby-child again, with the mother o' Moses stretching him on her knees. That's just what we'll do now. You think your one arm isn't enough to knock the sawdust out of any Turnip-Johnny in the country? If it comes to that, I'd rather like to have a try in myself. I'm not a big un; but I can pound a bolster: we'll see—we'll see. Come along; I think we can make old Sheep-dip sit up!"

"No, no," said Mr. Summers, with a laugh at the young man's ferocity. "Peaceable ways are best, Dick. If you like to go along with me, I'll keep snip-snipping with the pincers, and you can take the hook and haul the wire through the hedge, and heave it away, or hide it in a ditch. It's quite a favorite neighborhood of Nan's; she likes to loiter about searching the hedges for plants and things. And of course a man would think nothing of a scratch; but it's different with a girl's wrist. Nan tried to hide it with her glove—but I found it out—"

"I think," said Erridge, with grim significance, "that if old Thorley's food-for-cattle were to happen to come along while we are destroying his fence, there might be a little difference of opinion—yes, just a little friendly difference of opinion. And I wonder what he'd be like when we had done with him!"

But as they moved away from the house, his own private sorrows resumed their sway.

"Not that I have anything to complain of," he said, with a magnanimity that might have been absent from greater minds. "Perhaps I was a little backward in coming forward; but that was my own lookout; I wanted to give public notice and have everything above-board. Then the lumbago—that confounded lumbago: hard luck I call it: and what use was I? I'm not a hospital nurse, with a bib and tucker, and a pair of scissors dangling by her side. Of course I had my reasons: the old gentleman is going to leave me a little bit—so he kept telling me, anyway, when he wasn't howling and growling and groaning like a hedgehog on a hot griddle. No, I don't suppose I've anything to complain of; but all the same, when you get a thing sprung on you like this, when you have been looking forward to domestic felicity, and a smart dinner table, and doing your friends well when they come to see you; and then all of a sudden you're brought up, as if you'd burst your head against a flint wall—another fellow driving with her, don't you know—well, I call it a little bit rough—I call it just a little bit rough."

"Ah, well, my good chap," said Mr. Summers, with his grave eyes grown pensive, "there are many disappointments in life; but you are young—"

"Oh, look here," said Dick Erridge, interrupting without scruple, "I'm not going to have that consolation. I know what they say: there's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. That's all blossoming tomfoolery: find me her match anywhere betwixt here and the Land's End, and then I'll believe those Solomon-Ecclesiasticus idiots. And suppose it was true; suppose there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, how are you going to catch 'em? I had my chance—well; I ought to say that perhaps I had my chance—and missed it, like a blamed jackass. But I don't bear malice. I'll show them I'm not a bounder—"

"You're a right good fellow, Dick," said Mr. Summers. "And sometimes I have thought— But then, you see, Nan is peculiar—she has been peculiarly situated—she has been brought up in a different kind of way. And I hope it will be all right. I think you can fairly believe it was no ambition of mine, her going among those people. No, nor of hers either. But here in a kind of chance way this young fellow comes along—handsome enough to dazzle any girl's eyes—and a fine young fellow besides—yes, I will say that—modest, and manly, and honest, if ever I met any human being that was so; and by a sort of accident, as it were, all this happens; and the main thing, the very fortunate thing, that I can see about it is that Nan looks happy. And I suppose I should be satisfied too. You see, Dick, I have been a little bit anxious now and again, in case anything should happen to me—"

"I like that!" the younger man broke in, scornfully—"I like that! About the strongest man in the length and breadth of this country talking like that! But listen to what I'm going to say now, and this is my last word. If anything should happen to you—and nothing is going to happen—but what I have to say is this: that the daughter of Jim Summers, whether she's married or whether she's single, will never want for a true friend as long as this humble person has the breath of life left in him."

"I can believe that," Mr. Summers said, slowly, and in an undertone. "I know you, Dick."

And while these two now proceeded to snip the scoundrelly wire, and haul it out, and heave it away, so that Nan's pretty wrists should not again be scratched, Nan herself and her lover were away in the solitudes beyond and above the Thames—by Culham, and Cockpoll Green, and Crazey Hill—wandering along the lonely lanes, watching the cloud-shadows steal over the blue-green wheat, or some recently harrowed field flare red in the sun, while ever and always they had the same old story, magic and wonderful, to repeat to each other a thousand times in the course of an hour. The cream-colored, black-maned Captain had an easy time of it; the phaeton was a light one, and the groom a mere feather-weight; and now,

when they were in out-of-the-way neighborhoods, they had almost given up the pretence of driving: the circus-looking animal, as Mr. Summers had unfairly called that most excellent creature, was allowed to walk both heights and hollows, and even level plains. For Sidney and she had a marvellous number of things to talk of—the passionate hopes and aspirations of youth—doubts to be resolved away—courage to be summoned up—and still again the old assurances to be given. Not that Nan was over-timid and apprehensive. She was naturally of a gay disposition—well pleased with the passing hour—especially when the sun was shining, and the winds were soft, and there were wild roses along the highway. But on one point she could not attain to her lover's confidence.

"No, no, Sidney," said she, laughing and shaking her head. "You can make me believe a good deal, but not that. I know what your mother thinks of me, and what she is likely to think. I am a dangerous person. All the time she was in the room at Crowhurst she was examining me: I felt her eyes upon me—"

"Yes, naturally, as a stranger!" he exclaimed.

"No, no; more than that," said Nan. "She suspected—and she suspects me now."

"There I can convince you you are wrong," he rejoined. "There is no more suspicion in the matter. Last night I informed her in set terms that I meant to marry you or no one."

She looked up quickly. "Why did you not tell me that before?"

"Well," said he, with a trifle of embarrassment, "I was waiting until the Mater and I had had some further talk—so that I could bring you a message from her."

"So you have told her!" said Nan, thoughtfully. "Then I am no longer merely suspected. Now I am her enemy."

"Oh, stuff and nonsense!" he cried. "Do you think she sets such store by her futile schemes? Do you think she cannot recognize the impossible as well as any one else? There is no question of compulsion. She knows I am my own master; and if the worst came to the worst—"

At this moment they happened to be passing an old little wayside public-house; and a sudden thought fired his fancy.

"Shall we stop and have a bit of lunch, Nan?" said he.

"Very well," she answered; for it was mid-day, and they had walked many miles.

So they sat down on the outside bench; the phaeton, coming up, was brought to a standstill, and a shock-headed boy despatched for a pail of water for the horse; and by-and-by an old woman brought the two travellers some bread, and a piece of cheese, and a couple of bottles of ginger-beer, all of which they consumed with the greatest apparent satisfaction.

"It is good to practise economy," said he, with some dark amusement in his eyes, "in view of contingencies."

"I wish for no better fare," said Nan; she was a contented kind of a lass.

But while they were thus divinely idle and unconcerned, Mrs. Hume had been neither the one nor the other. Swiftly and discreetly she had been pursuing her inquiries; she had no longer a thought for the busy river and her many friends there; even her dearest Helen, and the lawn at Monks-Hatton Hall, had to be neglected—so terrible was this danger that threatened. And as it chanced her desperate efforts were rewarded in a way she could not have anticipated; she could hardly believe in her astonishing good fortune; now she could assure herself that her precious son—her Benjamin—the last of all her brilliant family—was to be saved from destruction.

Yet she was outwardly calm when she next encountered him—which was on his return home in the afternoon.

"What?" he said. "I thought you would be over at the Hall!"

"No," she made answer, quietly. "I wished to have the earliest opportunity of conveying to you a little piece of news I have received to-day. It is about some friends of yours. You remember what you told me last night. I said nothing; for it is not a thing to be argued about; but I felt certain you had fallen into rather incomprehensible company; and so I have been making inquiries. My dear boy, you have been misinformed. Mr. Summers is not an ex-trainer of race-horses—though that would have been bad enough, if you had been so infatuated as to think of associating any one connected with him with our family. No, Mr. Summers is not an ex-trainer;

"'IT IS GOOD TO PRACTISE ECONOMY,' SAID HE."

but he is an ex-champion—a pugilist—a common prize-fighter—"

"It is ridiculous rubbish!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "Do you suppose a pugilist would have enough money to educate his daughter in that way—to live in that way—"

"Nevertheless it is true," she replied, in a tranquil manner. "I can give you my authorities. Why, he is well known in the town—familiarly spoken of—though he lives apart there as a sort of outcast, with hardly any one to visit him but a kind of creature who keeps a public-house in Richmond. And these are the acquaintances you appear to have made! At all events, if you will think for a moment of the family—or rather, the families—to which you belong, I imagine you will pause a little before asking them to receive the daughter of a common prize-fighter. That would be something too much of outrageous folly!"

She left him, the better to let the blow strike home. And he stood stunned and bewildered; for, despite his angry denial—first of all to her, and now to himself—there were some strange coincidences that came surging into his memory, assuming a greater and more startling importance the longer he thought of them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



LICK OBSERVATORY BY MOONLIGHT.

EDWARD EMERSON BARNARD.

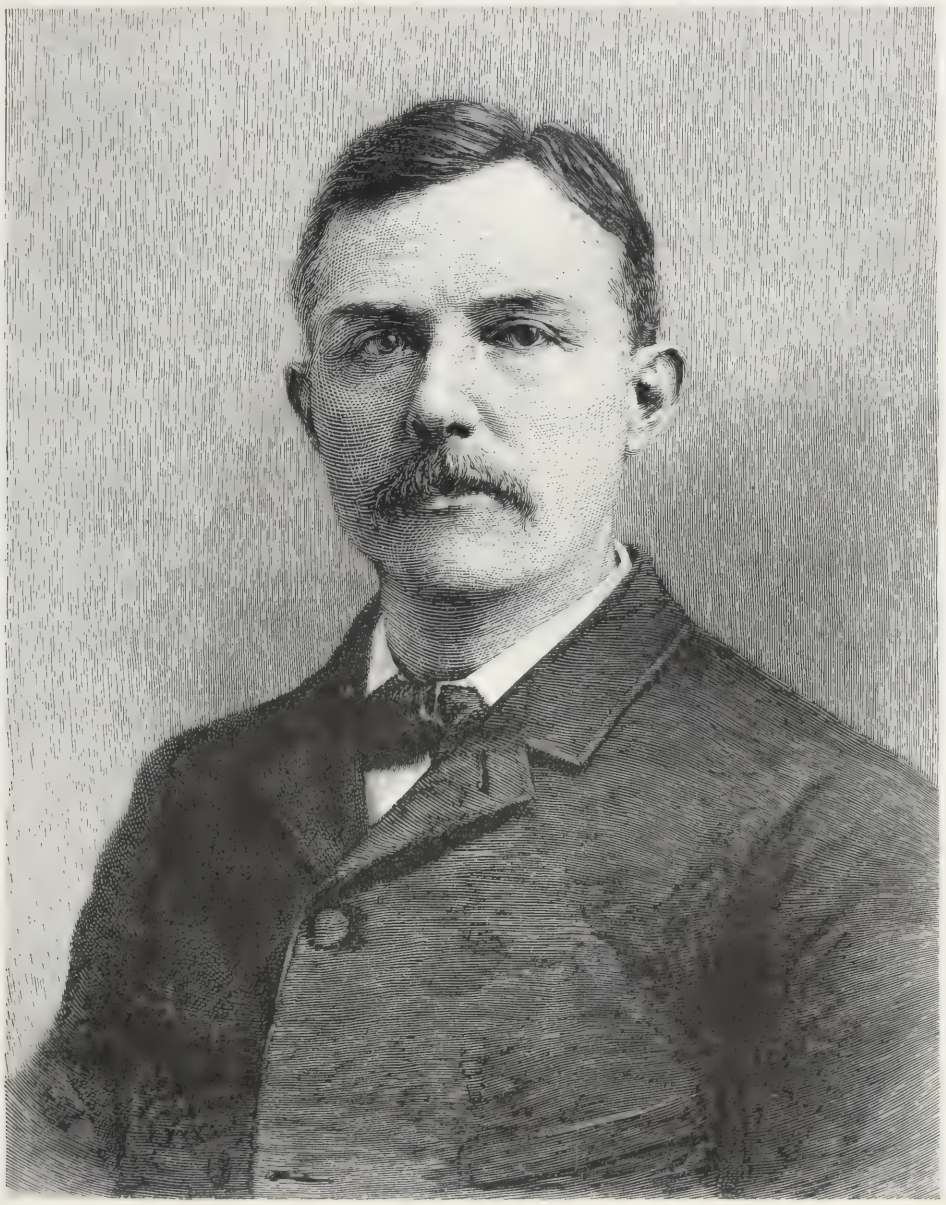
BY S. W. BURNHAM.

EDWARD EMERSON BARNARD was born in Nashville, Tennessee, December 16, 1857. His early education was limited to two months' attendance at a common school, and such instruction as his excellent mother could give him at home; and all of his acquirements in literature, the sciences, and languages in late years are the result of his own earnest efforts. Fatherless and destitute at the close of the war, he began at the age of eight or nine to work in a large photographic studio in Nashville, and continued to follow the occupation of photographer until 1883. During this time he had mastered every department of the photographic art, and had become invaluable to his employers as a faithful and accomplished assistant.

From an early age he had been interested in optical matters, and this interest was increased by the use of the various lenses employed in the gallery. In 1876 a friend happened to leave in the young photographer's possession for a few days an old book, which he was delighted to find was a copy of Dr. Thomas Dick's *Practical Astronomer*. This book was studied with great avidity, and it awakened a thirst for astronomical knowledge which has never since ceased to be controlling. From the maps of the constellations and other engravings he speedily learned to identify the objects in the sky about which he had been reading, and the descriptions of celestial wonders had now a new interest. Then came the desire to possess some kind of telescope; and

finally he obtained the object lens of a common spy-glass, and mounted it in a paper tube made by himself. This lens was about one inch in diameter, and, of course, was never intended for looking at celestial objects. Still it revealed the heavens as they can never be seen by the unaided eye, and showed the beautiful crescent form of Venus, and the disks of Jupiter and other planets.

About this time a travelling show-man with a small glass for street exhibition turned up in Nashville, and young Barnard was a steady patron whenever nickels were sufficiently plenty to warrant such a dissipation. This was not much of a telescope, but it was superior to the home-made affair he had constructed for himself. He resolved to have a better instrument of his own, and after practising the most rigid economy, he was enabled in 1877 to purchase a telescope of five inches aperture with a proper mounting, and a suitable equipment of eye-pieces and other accessories. In August of that year he met in Nashville Professor Simon Newcomb, the distinguished Washington astronomer, and received advice and kindly suggestion in regard to the future.



EDWARD EMERSON BARNARD.

His first systematic work of any importance with this telescope was a careful study of the planet Jupiter, and the popular scientific periodicals of the time contain many of his contributions on this

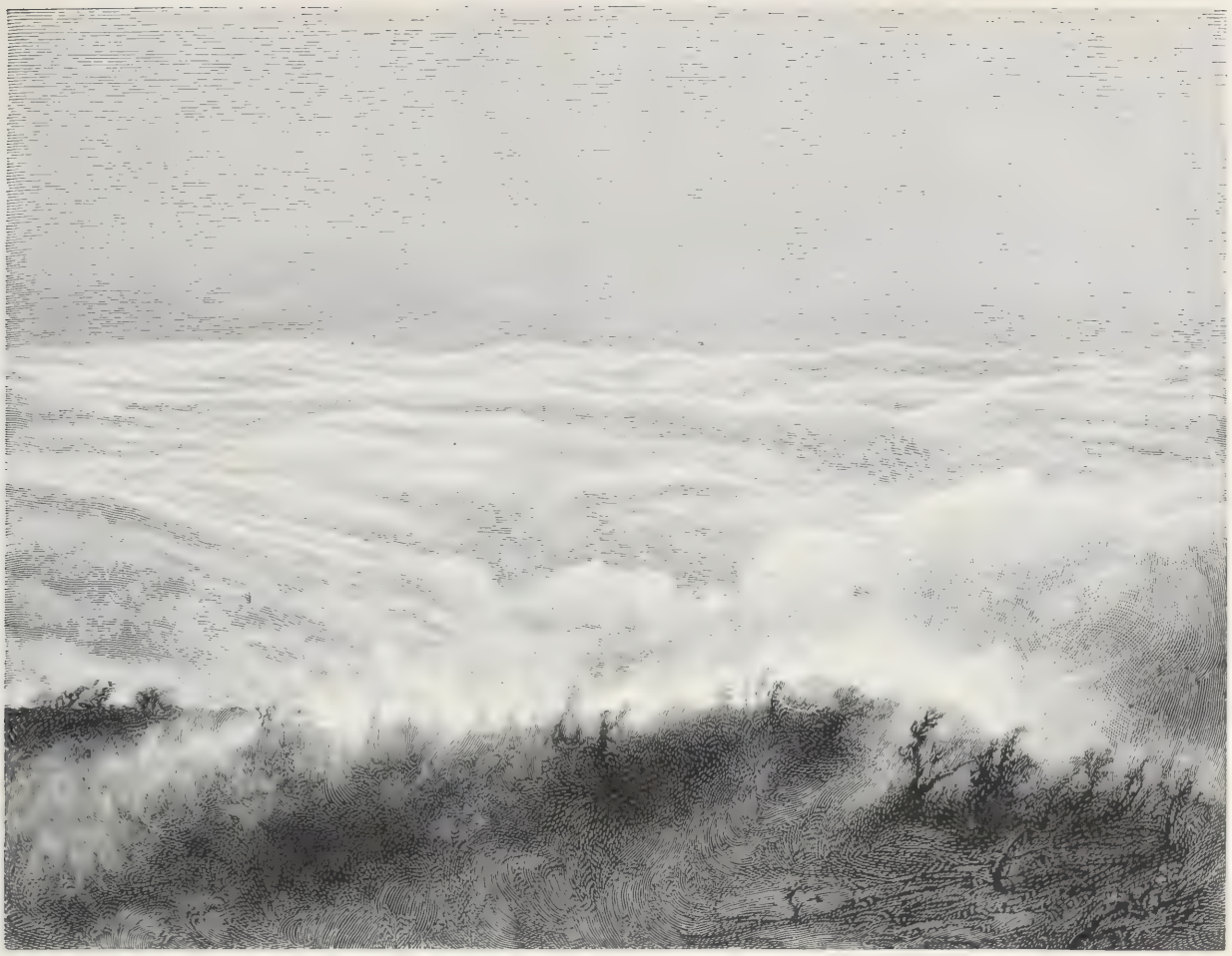
subject. This planet, the largest of the solar system, seems to have had a special charm for the young astronomer at the very beginning of his use of the telescope; and, to repeat his own modest statement of the time, he "began regular observations of Jupiter, and contributed his mite in drawings and observations of that changing old planet." In late years this work was continued with instruments of much greater power, and finally culminated in the discovery of a new member of the magnificent Jovian system.

In 1881 Mr. Barnard began to search for new comets with his five-inch telescope, and very soon discovered the comet known in astronomical works as Comet VI. This was quickly followed by Comet 1882 III., and in the succeeding year by Comet 1884 II. (a comet of short period, 5.4 years, due again in 1895). The next year, 1885, yielded two new comets, 1886 one, and three more were discovered in 1887. Nearly every year since beginning this work he had found one or more of these strange celestial visitors. In the seven months from October, 1886, to May, 1887, he discovered four new comets. He discovered every comet of the year 1891. Many of these have proved to be of more than common interest in consequence of their periodic returns, and peculiarities of motion in the approach to and recession from the sun.

In 1883 he left the photographic business, having received a fellowship in Astronomy at the Vanderbilt University. During the preceding years he had given all his spare time to study, working in the daytime and studying alone at night, and had acquired a good education in the ordinary branches of knowledge. He was promptly placed in charge of the observatory attached to the Vanderbilt University, and continued his researches with the 6-inch equatorial. This instrument was superior in power to that previously used, and having a fixed equatorial mounting, with driving-clock and micrometer, it was much better adapted to the work of determining the absolute positions of unknown objects. While connected with the observatory he took in the university a thorough course in English, French, German, mathematics, and physics, and was graduated from the School of Mathematics in 1887. Work with the telescope was constantly going on, and in addition to many other discoveries and observations, he found eight comets during the time of his connection with the university, one of them completing its circuit about the sun in less than five and a half years, and having next to the shortest period known. By this time he had become known throughout the world as the leading observer of comets, and an authority upon the subject generally. Since that time he has found not less than ten new comets, and now stands at the head of all living astronomers in the number of comet discoveries.

While he was still at Nashville, and working his way through the university, he had an opportunity of turning his astronomical discoveries to a very practical account. Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, New York, in connection with the Warner Observatory, offered a prize of $200 for the discovery of each new comet. The zeal and industry of the young astronomer in this field were duly rewarded, and the amounts thus received were turned to good account in supplying him with books and other necessary accessories, and enabled him to make the most of his opportunities.

The work at Nashville was by no means confined to comets. The astronomical journals of that time show a great variety of observations. One of these discoveries may be mentioned because it is unique, and illustrates remarkable skill as an observer and ability to detect and interpret unsuspected phenomena. In 1883 he was observing an occultation of the well-known star β *Capricorni* by the moon. It is probably well known to most readers that when the moon passes between the observer and a fixed star, the disappearance of the latter is absolutely instantaneous. This is because the star at the distance from which we look at it is a point only, and as the moon has no surrounding atmosphere, the instant the edge of the lunar surface touches the line joining the eye of the observer and the star, the star vanishes from sight. When the moon passed in front of the star referred to, the observer noticed that instead of disappearing instantly, the process was gradual. The interval between the diminution and complete extinction of the light occupied only a few tenths of a second, but it was long enough to put the expert observer upon inquiry, and was evidently a matter requiring expla-



ABOVE THE CLOUDS, LICK OBSERVATORY.

nation. Mr. Barnard called attention to this curious phenomenon in one of the astronomical journals, and suggested that the most probable explanation was that this star, always heretofore known as one of the ordinary type, was really composed of two stars, so extremely close together that to the ordinary telescope they appeared as one star. It was also inferred that one of these stars must be considerably brighter than the other, from the fact that at the beginning of this fraction of a second the change in brightness was less than at the end. Subsequent examination of this star with the 6-inch telescope with which the occultation was observed failed to show any peculiarity in it under the highest powers, and therefore the attention of astronomers with more powerful telescopes was called to the matter. The 18½-inch equatorial of the Dearborn Observatory at Chicago was subsequently turned on this object by the writer, and it was seen to be a close and unequal double star, and one which taxed the powers of that splendid instrument to show even to a trained eye. A set of micrometrical measures of the two stars was made at this time, and it was subsequently measured with the still more powerful telescope at Mount Hamilton, and these observations make it highly probable, if not certain, that this double star is an interesting binary system, the two stars revolving about their common centre of gravity in perhaps several hundred years.

Professor Barnard's discoveries at Nashville include many new nebulæ. He independently discovered, in 1883, that singular phenomenon called the "Gegenschein," which is an extremely faint diffused light seen at times in the sky at night, at points exactly opposite the sun. It is always difficult to see, and even now but few of the astronomers of the world have seen it, although it was first discovered many years ago by a German astronomer. The cause of this appearance is still a mystery.

In 1888 he was offered a position in the Lick Observatory, then about to be opened with the largest equatorial and the best equipment of astronomical instruments in the world. The temptation of superior



LICK OBSERVATORY IN WINTER.

facilities for astronomical work and discovery, and the opportunity to devote his whole time and strength under these circumstances to the work of his life, left no hesitation in regard to his future course; and, much to the regret of the university, and the citizens of Nashville generally, he left for Mount Hamilton, and commenced, with increased enthusiasm, a series of brilliant observations and discoveries which are familiar to the astronomical world and to the readers of scientific literature. They are recorded in the standard astronomical periodicals and publications of the world. In the volumes of the publications of the Royal Astronomical Society, the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, the *Astronomical Journal*, the *Sidereal Messenger*, and many others, will be found scores of papers, not of a speculative or descriptive character, but founded upon original observations, and forming valuable contributions to our knowledge of the universe beyond.

Reference has already been made to the comets discovered by Barnard on Mount Hamilton from 1888 to 1892. These were systematically measured from night to night with the micrometer, and the same line of observations followed with regard to the comets discovered by other observers, as well as the returns of the various periodic comets. Many of these bodies were observed long after they had passed beyond the reach of other astronomers. Comet V. of 1889 was followed for nearly a year after it had become so faint as to be invisible at all other observatories.

In the course of his observation of these bodies for the determination of their places and motions around the sun, many curious things were found out concerning these mysterious visitors. In August, 1889, he discovered that Brook's comet of that year was passing through space with four minute comet satellites, moving generally with the parent body, but with some relative motion of their own. Nothing of this kind had ever been observed before, and it naturally attracted a great deal of attention from the scientific world. Some of these objects were very faint, and could only be seen by experienced observ-

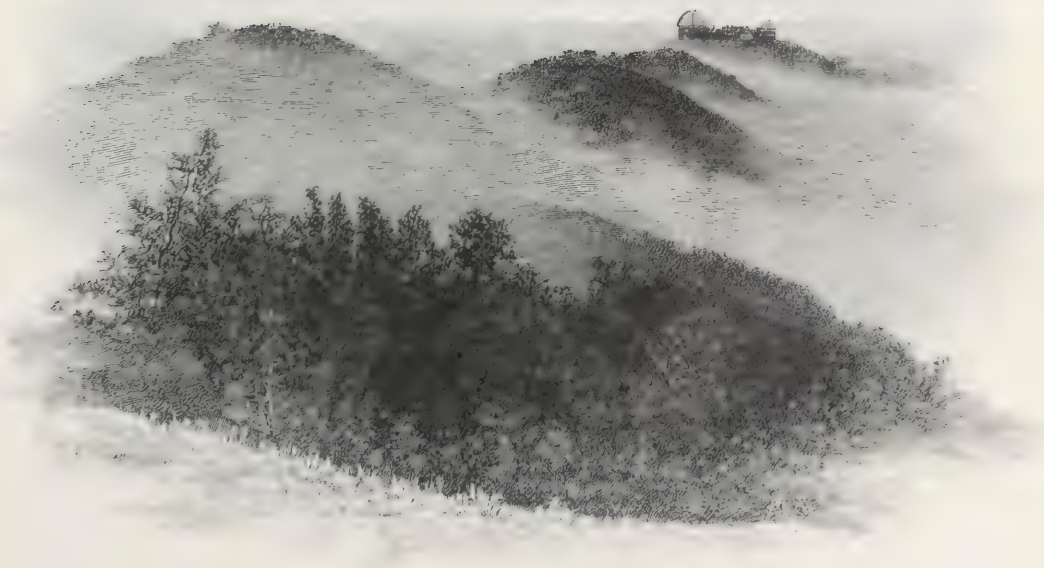
ers with large instruments. They were fully measured by Barnard at every available opportunity as long as they were visible, and a valuable paper embodying these observations was published by him in the *Astronomische Nachrichten.*

During the observations of comets and stellar systems at Mount Hamilton many new nebulæ were found, some of them being of more than ordinary interest.

His long experience in all departments of the photographic art was turned to practical account at the Lick Observatory in the direction of celestial photography. He was the first to photograph the Milky Way, and show the wonderful cloud forms of its structure. This work attracted wide-spread attention, and down to the present time it has not been equalled by any one. Many other specially interesting regions of the sky, as, for example, the Great Nebula in Andromeda, the Pleiades, and other well-known central points of interest, have been photographed by him. This work, it should be remarked, was not done with a large equatorial, or with a telescope of any kind, but with a large portrait lens, fastened to an equatorial telescope with driving-clock in order to follow the objects during the exposure.

Among other specially interesting subjects photographed with the same instrument was the comet of March, 1892. This was discovered by Dr. Swift of Rochester on March 6th. It rapidly increased in brightness, and became somewhat prominent in the morning sky in the early part of April. It was photographed several times, with exposures varying from one to two hours, and remarkable results obtained, showing the division of the tail into several distinct streams of cometic matter, invisible except in the photographic plate, and the changes in the structure and appearance of the tail, which at this time was more than twenty degrees in length. These are the most successful photographs ever taken of a comet. This was the largest comet visible in the northern hemisphere since the great comet of 1882. The motion of the object during the exposure is shown by the elongated disks of the stars.

The visual observations at Mount Hamilton during the four years Professor Barnard has been connected with it embrace a wide range of subjects. Asteroids, nebulæ, double stars, planets, the moon, sun-spots, meteors, occultations, eclipses, etc., have all received a good deal of time



MOUNT HAMILTON ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

and study. In many instances these observations will have a greater value a century hence than they have to-day.

In November, 1889, the rare phenomenon occurred of an eclipse of Iapetus, the eighth satellite of Saturn, in the shadows of the ring system of the planet, and it was carefully observed by Barnard for the purpose of determining the nature and density of the so-called dark or crape ring of Saturn. The observation established the remarkable fact, which had been long suspected but not entirely proved, that this mysterious ring, discovered by Bond in 1850, is really transparent, and therefore possibly composed of minute portions of matter surrounding the planet like a dense swarm of satellites. The effect in the most powerful instrument is simply that of a surface with the power to reflect a feeble amount of light. This very rare phenomenon of the eclipse of Iapetus was the first ever seen, and was witnessed by no other observer.

It has been already stated that from the beginning of his work with the telescope Barnard has given special attention to the planet Jupiter. In 1890 the planet was observed by him on forty-nine nights with the 12-inch equatorial, and careful measures made of all the markings on the planet. In September of that year he observed the singular phenomenon of a double transit of the first satellite across the disk of Jupiter. Projected on the face of the planet it appeared distinctly double, resembling a close double star, the components being slightly unequal. This remarkable appearance has not yet been accounted for. It was probably due to a bright belt on the satellite, similar to some of those on Jupiter. The observations would imply that the satellite in its revolution about Jupiter rotates on an axis nearly perpendicular to its orbit, as in the case of our own moon. The observations might also imply that the first moon of Jupiter is really double, though this explanation is hardly probable.

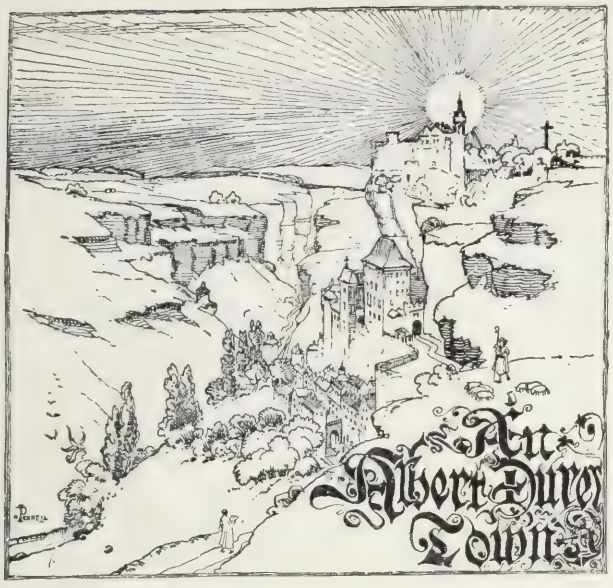
In July, 1892, he commenced to use regularly the large telescope on one night each week, and naturally began systematic observations of the great planet. It was but a short time before the superiority of the largest telescope in the world for this work was made manifest. In due course of mail the writer received at Chicago a letter from Professor Barnard, written on Saturday morning, September 10th, stating that on the previous evening (Friday), at about midnight, he had observed an extremely faint speck of light very close to Jupiter; that it seemed to be moving with the planet; and that he strongly suspected it was a new satellite. He said that it was so difficult with the large telescope that he was unable to see it except by shutting out the light of the planet. The suspected star was found by the observations of the following night to be a new satellite, and on Monday morning the whole astronomical world was electrified by the announcement that Jupiter, observed more than any other planet for the past three hundred years, had a fifth moon, revolving about it in less than twelve hours, at a distance from the surface of the planet of about 70,000 miles. Since that time Barnard has measured its position at every available opportunity to supply the data for accurately computing its orbit. He finds that its periodic time is $11^{h}\ 57^{m}\ 23.1^{s}$, and that its distance from the centre of Jupiter is 112,500 miles. From careful observation it seems to shine with the light of a thirteenth magnitude star, and is perhaps less than one hundred miles in diameter, which makes it a very minute world indeed as compared with the other moons of Jupiter. It will always be beyond the reach of all but the largest telescopes, and can only be seen by them when near its maximum distance from the primary.

On the night of October 12th Professor Barnard discovered a new comet by photography. A photograph of the Milky Way, in the constellation of the Eagle, was being made, and an exposure of four hours and a half was given, and when the plate came to be examined after development the photographer recognized the strange visitor by its motion on the plate during the time of exposure. This is the first comet discovered by photography. Singularly enough, the comet has been found to be of more than ordinary importance, as it has been shown to be periodic, its revolution round the sun being accomplished in about six years.

[Professor Barnard has been a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of London since 1887. Last January he received the highest recognition of the French Academy of Sciences by the award to him of the Lalande gold medal.]

AN ALBERT DÜRER TOWN.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

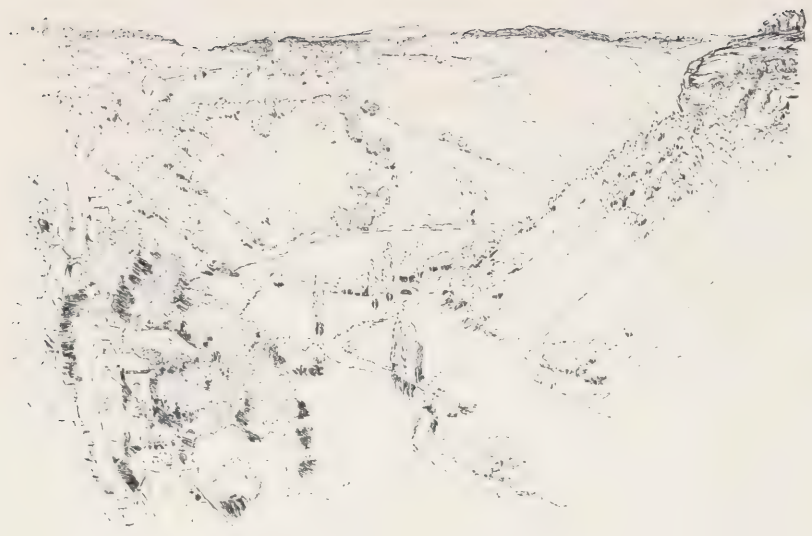


A PHOTOGRAPH which had often attracted us in M. Jusserand's book on *English Wayfaring Life* first made us want to go to Rocamadour, a little town only to be reached, we discovered, by taking the slowest of slow trains between Limoges and Toulouse.

When, after a long morning's journey one hot August day, we finally stopped at the Rocamadour station, we saw no sign of town or village, but a small crowd of French tourists, one carrying a camera, got out with us, and at once a fierce creature, with hoarse voice, big beard, blouse, and a brown *béret* that showed we were getting south, took possession of the entire party with an authority that no one ventured to dispute. "I am the correspondence of Rocamadour," he said, and as soon as the train had gone on, we meekly followed him across the track, through the station-house on the other side, and let him distribute us in three stages that were waiting. The road lay through slightly rolling country, strewn with bits of rock and bowlders, and divided by low stone walls. We passed no houses or buildings of any kind until, after we had gone three kilometres or more, we came to a little church and a way-side cross. Here some giggling, chattering country girls waylaid the stage and scrambled up on top, and it was between their stout ankles, incased in bright red stockings and dangling before the front window, that we first looked upon Rocamadour. With a turn of the road we saw the hilly upland over which we had been driving suddenly fall away in steep cliffs to a tiny valley, and where the cliffs were most precipitous a cluster of brown houses and churches clung to them, halfway between the green pasture line far below and the fortified wall, topped by a belfry, which rose from the summit of



FROM ACROSS THE VALLEY.

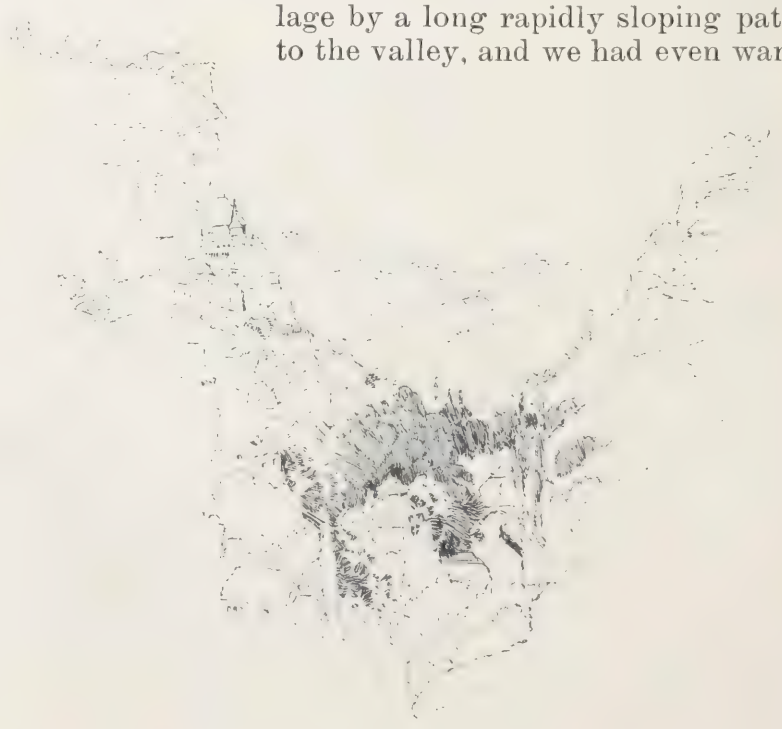


THE TOWN AND THE VALLEY.

the rocks. Seen from here, the town seemed hanging in mid-air, or resting just for a moment on the cliff-side, where the first breath of wind must blow it away, or the first loose rocks dash it to the very bottom of the precipice.

In front of the upper wall the driver drew up his horses, the girls sprang down, clambered up the steps and about the windows of the stage, and deluged us with cards, as if every house in Rocamadour were a hotel. I suppose we looked to our driver for help, for he took our bags, handed them to an angular, smiling, middle-aged woman in short skirts, and after her we started down, first, two or three steep and winding flights of stairs, and then a no less steep and winding path, Alpine-like in its many turns. The heavy baggage was left above to be lowered by a great crane set on an overhanging ledge of rock, by which a large portion of the provisions of Rocamadour are dropped into the town. Half-way down the hill-side, the last zigzag ended in a little open space in front of a brand-new battlemented gateway. Under this our guide hurried us, and then, without giving us time to look at anything, on through a court, shut in on one side by the cliffs, on the others by huge stone buildings, along a narrow tunnelled passage, through a second quadrangle, surrounded by chapels, with a little booth to the right where nuns served behind the counter. Another flight of stairs went down to another gateway, which opened upon a small place and faced an inn with "Les Saintes Maries" in big letters on its white wall. Its front door led at once into the kitchen, bright with shining copper pots and pans; and madame, a nice old lady in white cap, left her cooking to show us into a room upstairs, where a crucifix guarded each bed, a Virgin kept watch on the mantel-piece, and a holy-water font hung at the door; of its two windows, one commanded the valley below, the other looked out across the court, where oleanders blossomed in every corner, to the stern battlemented walls of the sanctuary.

Before the afternoon was over we had explored the hill-side, descending by a long stone stairway of 140 steps from the narrow plateau of the sacred buildings to the village street, and from the village by a long rapidly sloping path to the valley, and we had even wan-

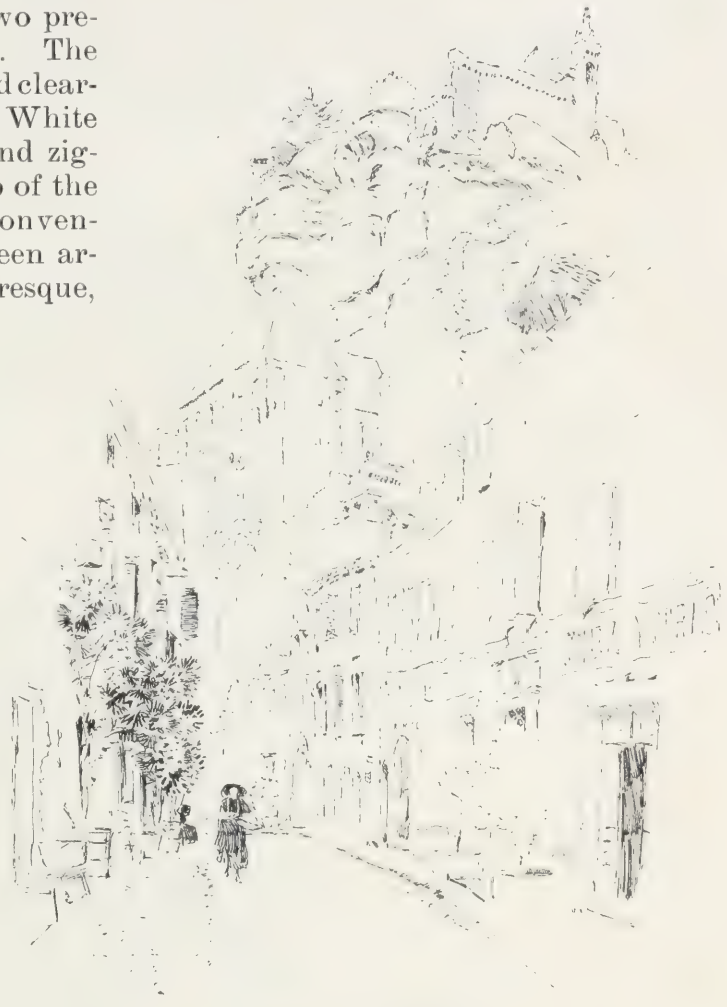


LOOKING DOWN THE VALLEY.

dered up the opposite heights. We found that chance had brought us to a little Albert Dürer town set in an Albert Dürer landscape, as if for the benefit of the mediæval draughtsman. The tiny green valley, through which winds a stream, dry in midsummer, lies between two precipitous ranges of brown bare hills. The strata of the rock are as regularly and clearly marked as in a Dürer drawing. White roads, in long well-defined lines and zigzags, scale the cliff-side; on the top of the hills trees rise singly, or in stiff conventional grouping that might have been arranged by Dürer. But most Düreresque, most mediæval, is the position of the town upon the cliffs. We saw this best when in the cool of the day we walked to the deserted pigeon-house, more like the ruins of a watch-tower, which stands alone above the valley and faces Rocamadour. Sitting under its shadow, we looked down to where, far below, a man in a white shirt was cutting grass in the low-lying narrow fields, and a few stray poplars were casting long slim shadows; and across to where, from the base of the hill, trees climbed thickly to the long street of white and brown houses, above whose roofs the rock reached upward in great heavy cliffs. Out of these, as if part of the strange rock formation, sprang the wall of the sanctuary, with its towers and turrets and battlements grim as any fortress of old. Above, again, the cliffs still more abruptly ascended ever higher—in one place a long low house literally embedded in them; on their topmost ledge rose the fortified walls of the castle built for the defence of Our Lady and her shrine. We might have thought we were looking on an old picture enlarged and thrown by some wonderful new realistic process on a screen of rock, so impossible did it seem that anything as perfectly middle-aged should exist in this century of steam and electricity.

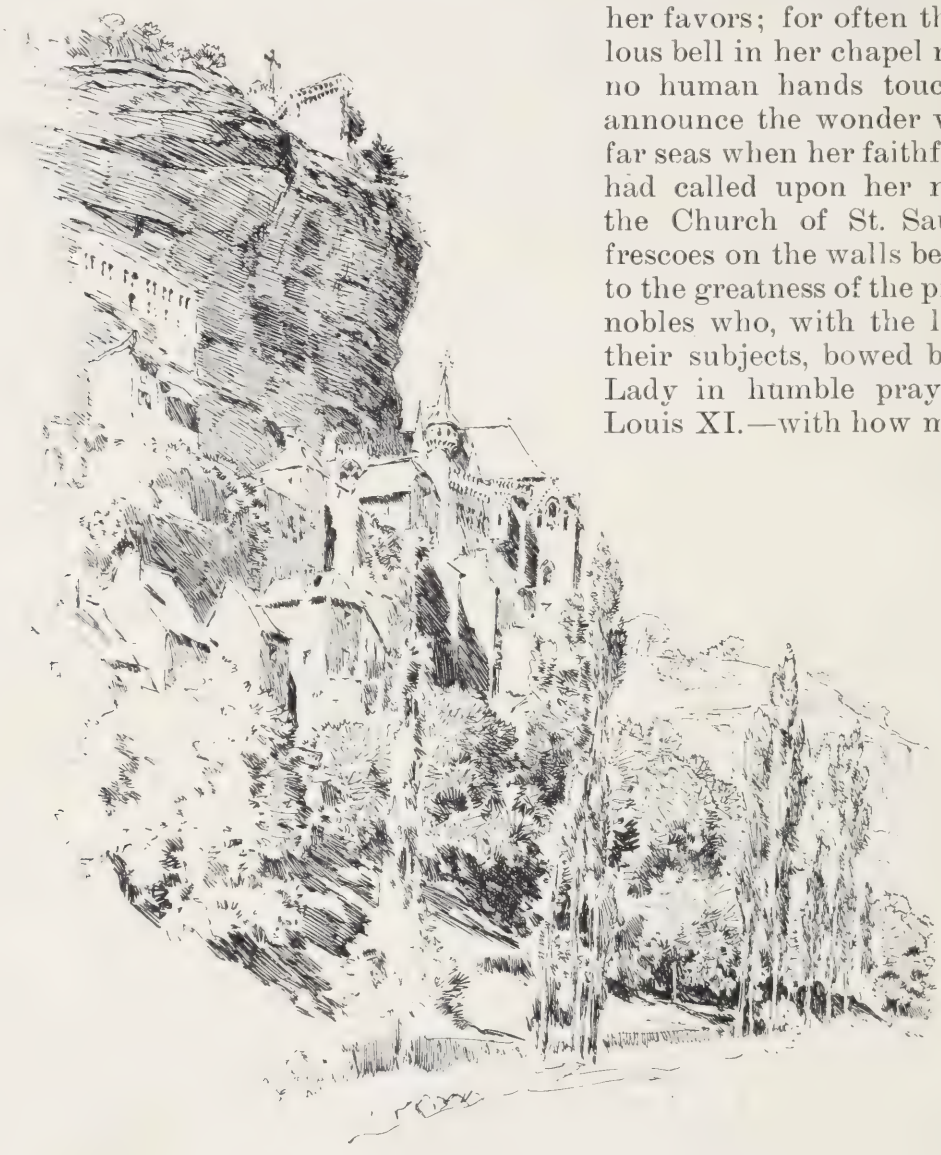
We staid not only that day, but many more in Rocamadour, and our first impression of its mediævalism never grew less. That it has a history worthy of its position we learned from a guide-book written by a priest, and sold by the nuns at their little booth.

The remote ravine, which hardly a modern English-speaking tourist ever visits, was one of the most famous places of pilgrimage during the ages of faith. It dates back to the first century. When the blessed Saturninus was preaching in Toulouse, and Martial in Limoges, Amadour, their brother in Christ, hid himself from the world in a cave in these wild cliffs. It was here revealed to him by the Virgin, whom he dearly loved, that henceforth the Shadowy Valley, as it has been called, would be the scene of her holiest miracles. And Amadour the recluse made this known to the world, until from far and near, from remote England and Italy as from the towns of the Midi, the faithful flocked, bringing gold and silver and precious stones to lay at the feet of her who had rescued them in the hour of need; and Amadour's name and fame spread as the renown of the



THE MAIN STREET.

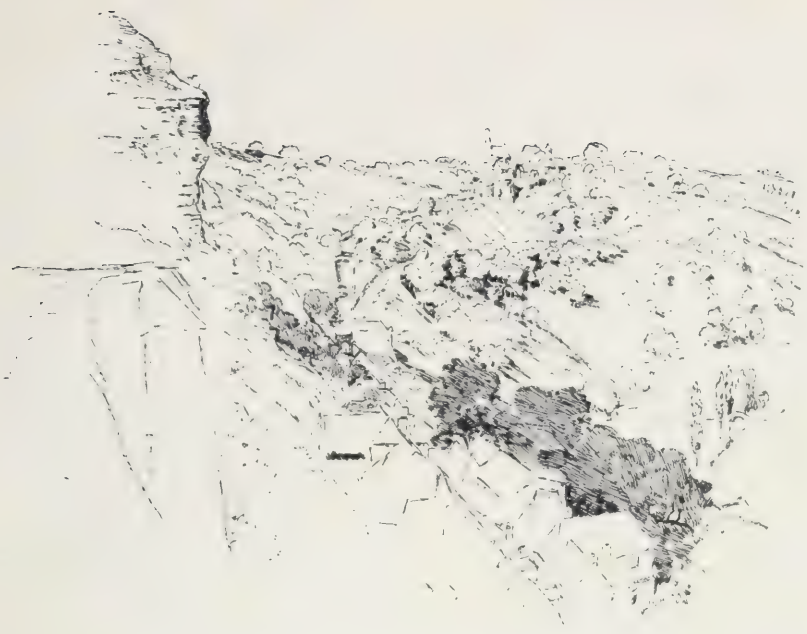
Virgin's miracles went abroad, and to-day the tomb against the rock that marks the grave where his body once rested is among the very sacred spots in the sacred enclosure, and is always sprinkled with the sous of the devout, who, in their fervor, throw their copper charities upon the stone figure of the saint stretched behind the iron railing. Before long, in the place of Amadour's cave, there rose on the cliff-side a fair shrine to the Virgin, and many chapels and houses where those who were her priests might dwell. All were well fortified, and a strong castle was set above, since in those days one never knew when the enemy might come, and the treasures of Our Lady of Rocamadour were soon great enough to tempt the greedy of gold, and as time went on they became ever greater. And, as about every castle and monastery in those times, a village sprang up close to the holy place, and it, too, had its gates and walls for defence. To the shrine the mightiest in the land journeyed on pilgrimage, sometimes to implore the Virgin's aid, at others to return thanks for her favors; for often the miraculous bell in her chapel rang when no human hands touched it, to announce the wonder worked on far seas when her faithful servant had called upon her name. In the Church of St. Sauveur the frescoes on the walls bear witness to the greatness of the princes and nobles who, with the lowliest of their subjects, bowed before Our Lady in humble prayer. Here Louis XI.—with how many medals in his hat, I wonder?—and Simon de Montfort, and one Count of Anjour after another came; here not only Henry II., but Englishmen of many ranks and many generations hastened in such numbers that Langland once protested,



DOWN THE VALLEY.

"Right so, if thou be Religious, renne thou never ferther,
To Rome ne to Rochemadore";

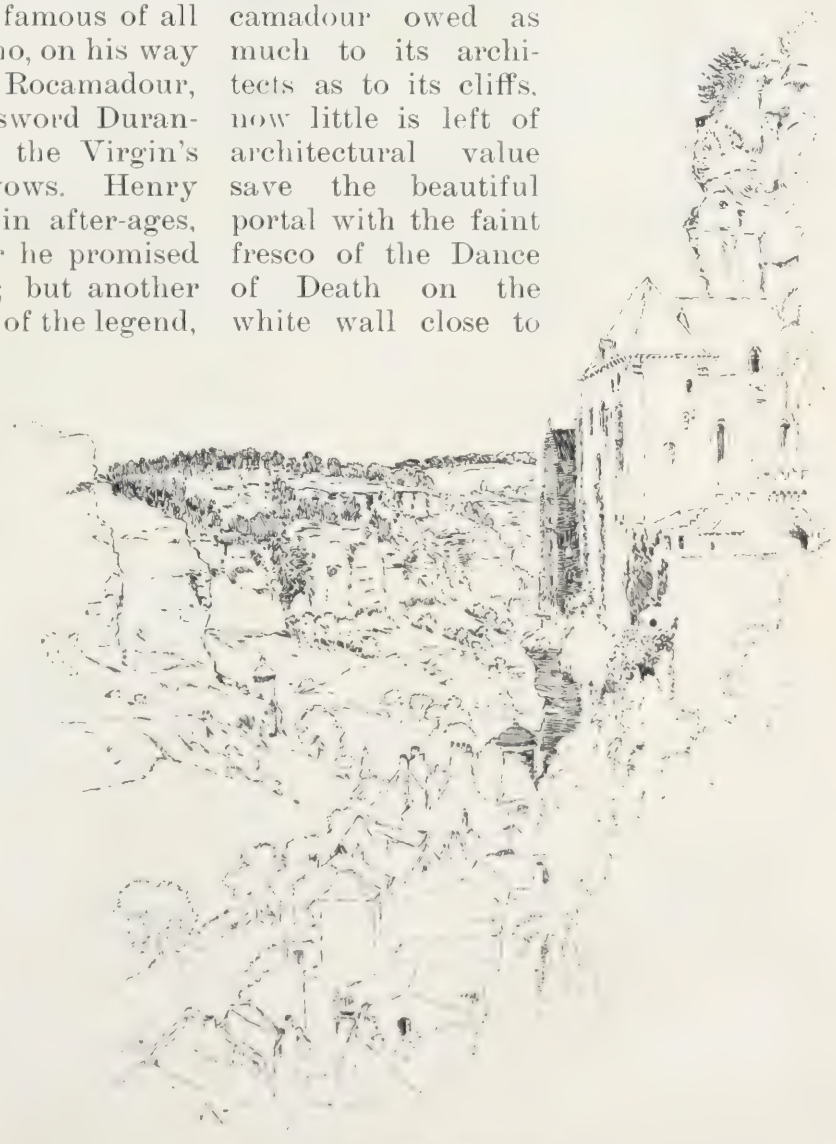
and here Fénélon was brought, when an infant, by his mother, and restored to



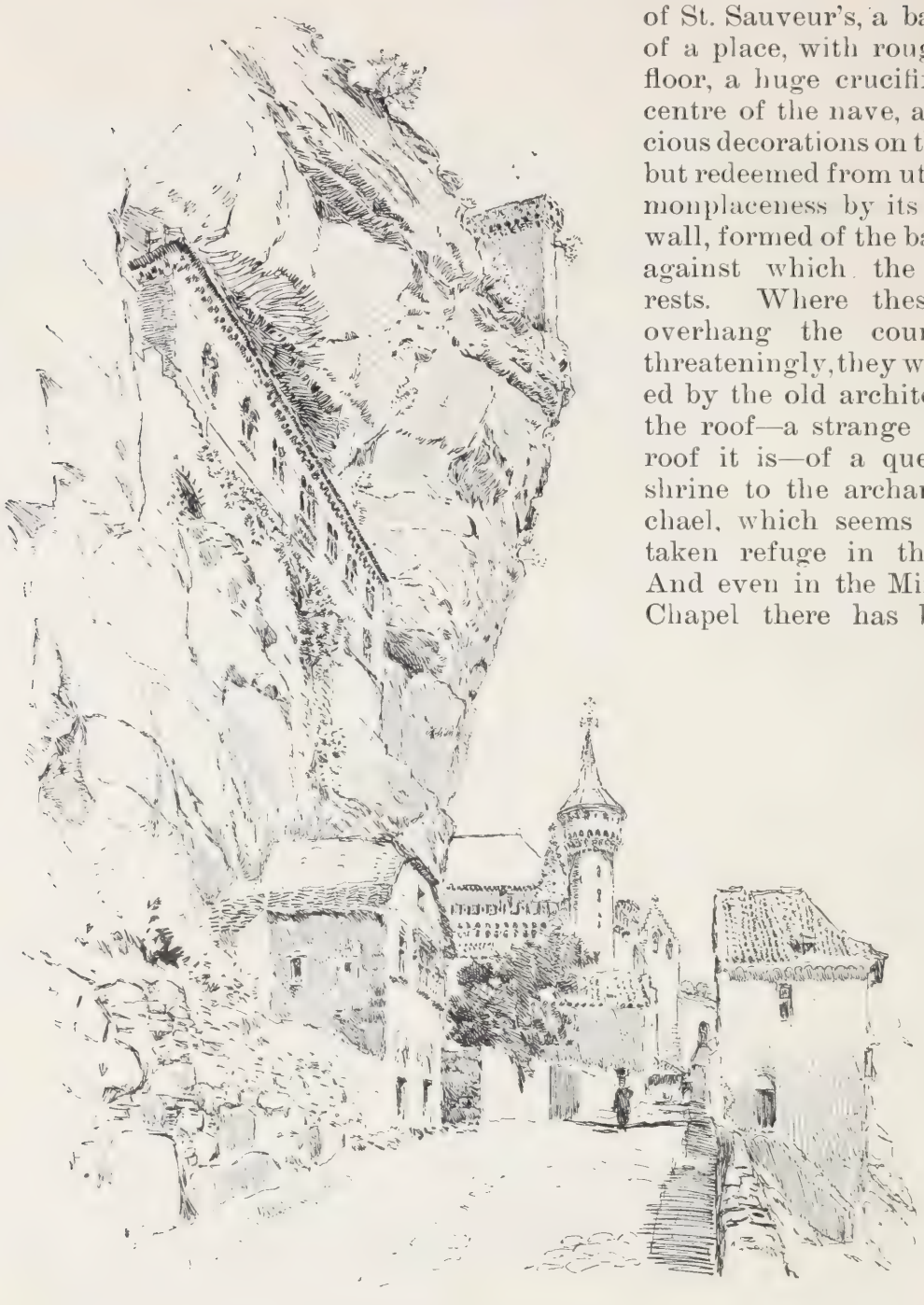
THE HOSPICE FROM THE CASTLE.

health by the Virgin so lavish with her tender mercies. But most famous of all the pilgrims was Roland, who, on his way to Roncesvalles, stopped at Rocamadour, and there thrust his good sword Durandal into the wall opposite the Virgin's chapel in memory of his vows. Henry II., they say, drew it out in after-ages, when before the holy altar he promised reconciliation with Becket; but another quickly replaced it in honor of the legend, and there the rusted hilt and chain can still be seen.

And then evil days came. The Huguenots made desolate the lonely ravine, pillaged its shrines, and laid waste its sanctuary. The destruction which they had so well begun the soldiers of the Revolution completed, and the old walls lay in ruins, and Our Lady was forgotten. The desolation might have lasted until now but for the pious zeal of monseigneur the Bishop of Cahors, who, not many years ago, set about the work of restoration with an energy that would do credit to an English restoring dean or rector. It is he who has renewed Rocamadour's old prestige as a centre of miracles and a goal of pilgrims. Under his direction the walls, left in sad mutilation by religious and social vandals, have re arisen spick and span. Not from these cheerful windows, with the gay flowers on their ledges, which our bedroom faced, were arrows and darts cast upon the enemy; not under this spotless white gateway, with the arms of monseigneur carved upon it, did the old pilgrims of fame pass. Staringly new are the buildings within the precincts. If once Rocamadour owed as much to its architects as to its cliffs, now little is left of architectural value save the beautiful portal with the faint fresco of the Dance of Death on the white wall close to



THE UPPER CHURCH.



THE PLACE OF RETREAT.

of St. Sauveur's, a bare barn of a place, with rough stone floor, a huge crucifix in the centre of the nave, and atrocious decorations on the walls, but redeemed from utter commonplaceness by its western wall, formed of the bare cliffs against which the church rests. Where these rocks overhang the court most threateningly, they were turned by the old architects into the roof—a strange slanting roof it is—of a queer little shrine to the archangel Michael, which seems to have taken refuge in the cliffs. And even in the Miraculous Chapel there has been no

it, and the graceful arches of Our Lady's chapel.

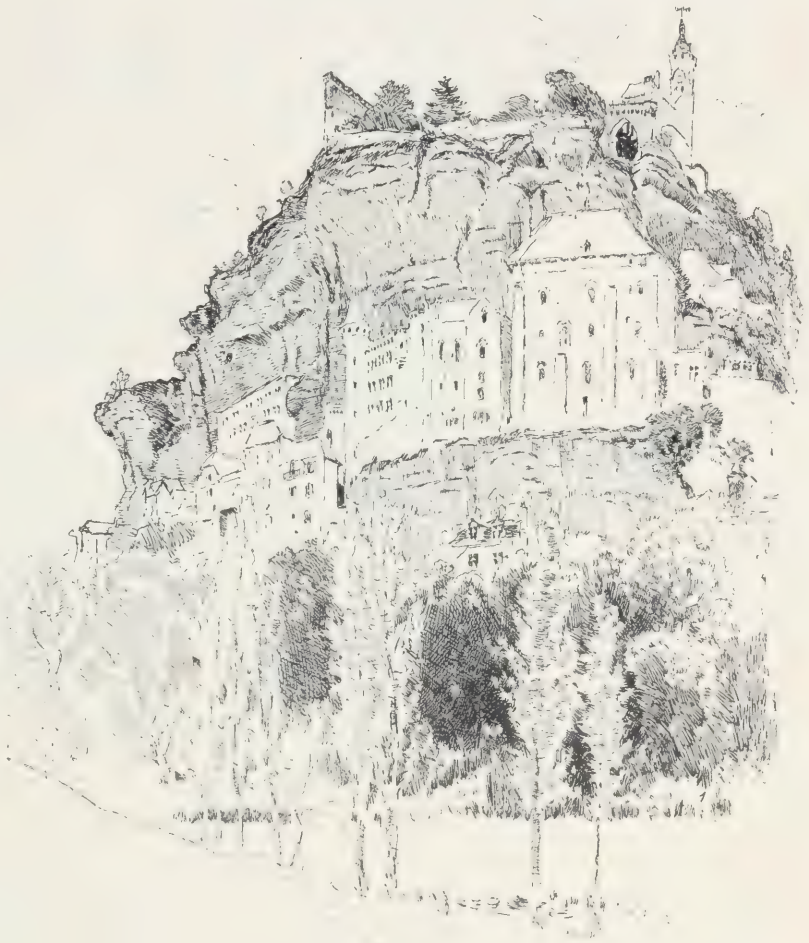
But there is much that is curious. Chapels of every degree of sanctity still surround the second court, or holy of holies, and open their doors upon it with a symmetry of arrangement which suggested to our profane minds a well-composed scene at a theatre. Besides the chapels, there are, as at Assisi, or San Clemente in Rome, an upper and a lower church. St. Amadour's, where we discovered nothing of note but the old coffer containing the saint's bones, is the crypt

effort to conceal them. Against their damp, grim surface hang the crutches of cripples made whole, and the chains of prisoners set free, which, together with innumerable gold and silver hearts and marble tablets, bracelets, rings, and brooches, have been offered by many generations to the miraculous black statue of Virgin and Child, whose ebony faces peep out from the rich mass of gold-embroidered robes, enthroned above the tabernacle. Perhaps in all Rocamadour there is really nothing more mediæval than this chapel. As you sit there you can still see pilgrims pros-

trate themselves before the altar as in the days of Roland; you can look up to the old bell in the roof, which the priests still believe may wake them some night from their slumbers in divine warning of the miracle worked on foreign seas or shores. There on its golden shrine is the very statue upon which Amadour's eyes rested during his devotions; there on the walls, on every pier and about the tabernacle, are votive offerings as in the centuries long past, when men fought for the Holy Sepulchre and poets sang the praises of Our Lady. The buildings may have been restored, but the faith which raised them, whatever it may be in the world without, has here endured, firm as the cliffs which gave Amadour shelter.

About a mile or less away, in a hamlet high on the hills, are the ruins of the hospice where pilgrims the last night of their pilgrimage rested before falling at the feet of the miraculous statue. Their way was down the road which now makes such a white line on the cañon's side, and through the delightful village street of Rocamadour, still spanned by its four old gateways, with here and there, breaking the pretty monotony of its white houses, an ancient palace, showing a Gothic window or Renaissance portal, pink oleanders blossoming in August at almost every door. A shorter cut is by the rough foot-path above the road to the broad terraced walk, with marble benches under the trees, that overhangs the village street, and leads to the first gateway by which we had entered. But the route through the village was the holier because the harder, on account of the 140 steps up which the pilgrims climbed on their knees singing hymns.

They were very quiet, the days we staid in Rocamadour. Religion is the one occupation, the one trade, of the town, and we were there in an interval between the spring and autumn seasons of devotion. It is in the month of September that the important mission of the year is given, and then the strange house embedded in

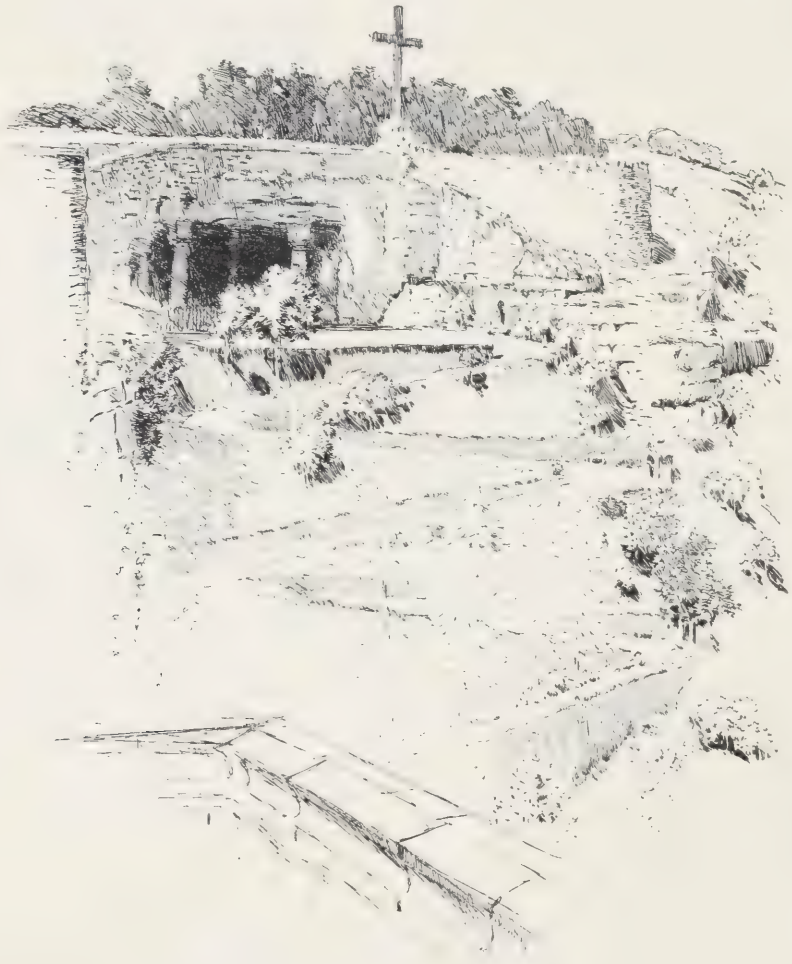


THE SANCTUARIES.

the rock, best seen from the opposite hillside, and approached only by a narrow balustraded ledge, is filled by the devout, who come to spend eight days in solitude and prayer, and even all the hotels are crowded. While we were at the Saintes Maries many people came and went, chiefly ladies with rosaries prominent, and priests in black gowns, who, except at breakfast and dinner hours, were always within the sacred precincts. Never, however, did we find the great multitude of pilgrims of whom our landlady liked to talk, and who, in a few more weeks, would descend upon Rocamadour. Then there would be bustle enough in the pretty street where, during the day, we saw nothing gayer than the old gray-haired

women sitting with their distaffs under the oleander blossoms, or pigs and goats wandering amiably up and down, or a pack-horse, home from weary travels over the neighboring hills; where, at night, the only lights were from the dying fire in a kitchen which a white-capped woman was putting to rights, or the single candle in a dark café, around which two or three men in blouses played cards.

There was, however, something in the daily life of the place, even in midsummer when comparatively deserted, that reminded me pleasantly of my convent days. I might have fancied myself back at Eden Hall, where all existence was regulated by church bells and rounded by a prayer. There was always on the steps and paths and in the precincts a flutter of nuns' robes and priests' cassocks, for a community of Sisters in charge of the holy shop live in a white house just beyond the hotel, and a dozen or more missionaries are established in the white château away at the top, reached either by the zigzags up the hillside, or by a mysterious steep dark stairway cut right through the rock from the loft of St. Sauveur's to the priests' bright flower-garden. One of these missionaries, a friendly plump little Monsieur l'Abbé, would, with the greatest pleasure, have baptized us both off-hand; indeed so determined was he that I don't know what might have happened if at the week's end we had not started suddenly for Toulouse. At all hours we used to find people kneeling in the Miraculous Chapel, or making the way of the cross under white umbrellas, starting from the gate of the sanctuary, stopping to pray at every station, panting and puffing on benches conveniently placed under the trees, finishing at the sepulchre and great pilgrims' cross on the hill-top, and then rushing frantically down for a last *sirop* or *absinthe* before leaving, while the fiercely impatient correspondence of Ro-



THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

camadour waited above under the cross, thundering his "*Sapr-r-r-risti!* when are you coming to take the stage?" after them down the ravine. At the inn of the Saintes Maries we were forced to abstain whether we would or no, and were given no meat on Friday. On the hot breathless evenings, when in the twilight we wandered along the high mule track, from the valley below would come the voices of children singing "*C'est le mois de Marie*" and the sweet convent hymns of my childhood. And day and night there hung over Rocamadour a monastic-like peace—the peace of a place which, to the people who live therein, is, like the hospice of old, but one of many stations on the long pilgrimage to another and better life.



THE DÜRER VIEW OF THE TOWN.

GABRIEL, AND THE LOST MILLIONS OF PEROTE.

BY MAURICE KINGSLEY.

MANY tourists in the past few months who have swung down the endless curves on the Interoceanic Narrow-Gauge Railroad from the city of Mexico to Jalapa must have heard the story of the millions buried under the waterfall to the left of the track in the deep cañon near Las Vigas, just where the central plateau of Mexico drops suddenly some four thousand feet on to a lower valley, stretching far away to the blue coast-line.

Each expert in romance tells a different tale, the ground-work of all being, in brief, that a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago a Spanish Governor-General was sending from Mexico to Vera Cruz, to be shipped thence to Spain, a "conducta" of $3,000,000 of silver in charge of 300 Spanish troops. Close to Las Vigas, in the lava beds, they were attacked by bandits. During a stubborn fight of three days and nights which followed, the drivers of the pack-train of mules managed to get the treasure down the hill, hide it under the waterfall, and save it; but from that day to this soldiers, muleteers, treasure, have never been seen or heard from.

I had heard the yarn nearly twenty years ago, and paid little attention to it, for the reason that the trail leading down to the valley is impracticable for mules or horses unloaded; a big active man and good climber can just do it. If the $3,000,000 was all silver, as was supposed, it would take a train of 750 pack-mules (at $4000 per mule) and about 100 muleteers. Even granting it were possible to get the treasure down, to hide it under or behind the fall in trap and lava walls or beds of broken rock seemed impossible.

The legend, therefore, was put away as

unworthy of thought, till a year ago, when, chancing along the unfinished line of the railroad, I found every engineer's camp agog with it from Jalapa to Perote.

The "boys" had got the fever badly, and every Sunday was spent in prospecting. One party had taken up dynamite and blasted out holes back of the fall. The precipices on each side of the valley, every queer knoll or upheaval in the lava bed. had been probed and pried into. To the east of the volcano of Perote, a noble peak about 13,000 feet high, extends a vast lava bed of broken tufa, not coming from a central crater in the peak itself, but from two small ones about two-thirds of the way up to the top. Both railroad and stage road pass through this "Bad Land," as it is well called, for a worse land I never saw. Pine, agave, cactus, ferns, lichens, all dwarfed, eke out a scanty existence on the barren rock—an uncanny blue-black and gray wilderness, so broken and honeycombed that in it does not exist a square yard perhaps of level ground. Therein are caves and holes innumerable, into which many a jolly young engineer fresh from England has thrust himself in hope of finding the treasure, not, as he confessed, without an inward dread lest he might unearth some guardian of the millions in the shape of bandit, panther, or still more uncomfortable rattlesnake.

To persuade the staff of the Interoceanic that there was nothing in the legend proved impossible, but at last we compromised by their promising not to spend more time or money till I had seen Gabriel, an old bandit friend of mine—a father of outlaws—who, if any one did know it, could give us the details. And this is Gabriel's story of the affair:

One evening about twenty-three years ago, when the country was still in turmoil from the effects of the French intervention, Mexican horsemen kept dropping into a little meson (inn and stable) on the outskirts of the pretty tropical town of Cordova, on the highroad between Orizaba and Vera Cruz. Some came singly, some in pairs, till a dozen or more were sitting in the little drinking-shop back of the store at the corner of the meson.

"What's the news, Gabriel?" said one of the last-comers.

"Nothing at present. The telegraph man said he'd let Juan know at eight, and Juan is waiting at the end of the lane. Let me see; they're now at Puebla. It will take them four days to Orizaba. One day's rest there, say, then two days to Chicihuite. They'll be there, then, in seven days."

"And how much in it, Gabriel?"

"Pepe sends word one million silver, no gold, and only three hundred troops—two hundred of the Seventh and one hundred of the First. We can let them get down to the bridge at Atoyac, and then, as they begin to rise the hill, 'viva! sables! muchachos!' before and behind, and we have them in a trap; then right across to the San Juan, where Don Simonides will have his goleta ready in case we're followed. Here's Juan!" as a low chirruping whistle sounded from the lane. On being replied to in the same way, Juan was soon in the room.

"The news! the news!" eagerly asked all, under their breath.

"Caspita! Poor news," said Juan, looking rather sheepfacedly around. "They're not coming this way."

"Not coming this way? Maldito!"

"Shut your mouths!" said Gabriel. "Then, for the love of God, where are they going?"

"Why, down by Jalapa! The telegrapher heard it all. Ah, he's a clever fellow! He heard it, he says, as it was passing on the wire, only it didn't stop. The Governor of Vera Cruz has heard of us somehow, and is going to make all preparations to receive the conducta at Orizaba."

"Let me think!" said Gabriel. "Three days to Perote, two to Jalapa. Then on the fourth morning from to-morrow they start from Las Vigas. That's Saturday. Very good; we'll take them in at the town just at the lower end of the Bad Land. Here, Juan, get across to Simonides, and tell him to keep the goleta at Nautla, and we'll get across there by the Cuesta de San Juan. Tell the San Juan folk to be at Rancho de las Ayas Friday evening. Pedro, kill your horse in getting up to Roldan at Las Vigas, and tell him all, and to have scouts out on the road beyond Perote. You, Tuerto, run down on foot to Marcos at Atoyac, and tell him to meet me at San Salvador Friday night, with all his men; the rest of you get out of here as quick as you can, and get your men together to meet me at San Salvador. Don't stay here any ex

cept Juan and Calisto, and if you hear anything more from the telegraph, send a runner to me at Pablos in Jalapa."

Out into the night rode all, the air heavy with scents of all the tropic flowers — jasmine, orange, huele de noche, rose, oleander, magnolia, and countless others. Through dark coffee plantations, with here and there a giant mango raising its bolled head, rides Gabriel along a muddy lane, ending in a narrow path half hidden in sugar-cane, till the mountain-base is reached, and thence over chine after chine on pathways scarce fit for a goat in daytime, and at night seemingly impassable to man or beast; but the old robber horse has been the trail many a time, and in good time he lands his master safe in Jalapa.

Friday morning came, and with it good news. The conducta had passed the night at Las Vigas, eight miles away, and had started on again unsuspectingly. The clans had gathered; Gabriel had stationed his men, and the spot was well chosen. Just at the eastern end of the Bad Land the road, turning suddenly, dipped into a little creek, rose sharply on the other side for a few yards, and then broke away again into a grass valley three hundred yards long and fifty wide, with heavy, almost inaccessible rock walls on each side. At the lower end of the valley the stream cañoned through gates of rock, and it was in this glade the conducta was to do or die. At each end were stationed about one hundred and fifty men — part horse, part foot — and about fifty on each side, while below again were about one hundred non-combatants and mules to help pack away the booty, as it had been found that half the conducta was carried in wagons. Strong pickets were left on the road towards Jalapa and Las Vigas to stop stragglers.

It was about nine in the morning, and the mist still swept chilly and damp through the pines, almost hiding the pillars of an old ruined meson of Spanish time that stood up gaunt and dismal on one side of the glade. Gabriel, with a body of about thirty picked men, well mounted and armed with Winchesters, is standing behind them.

Hist! Stealthy as a fox out of the mist on the road comes a half-naked Indian at a long sling trot. "Steady, boys! they're close behind!" And soon the creaking of the wagons, hallooes of the men, and the regular pulse of marching troops can be heard.

Gabriel can just make out the head of the column walking their horses down into the stream, fifty cavalry in blue, with carbine in holster and long lance at heel; then about fifty infantry, also in blue, armed with Remingtons, and swinging along in open order, chatting and smoking. Then come a hundred or so pack-mules, with their leather bags of precious silver; next, a hundred infantry; and then, as the first wagon is topping the little rise, and the leading troops and mules are well out in the glade, a loud crack!—a grind and curse—a wagon has broken down in the creek bed!

Halt! The soldiers turn round and look back; some lie down; officers hurry about—when bang! bang! and with a wild yell the rear body of robbers charges down upon the rear-guard of troops. The vanguard is alert in a second, and Gabriel sees a heavy fight before him. Instead of the attack being made in the glade from all sides at once, where all the bandits would be in touch with each other, the rear-guard is entirely separated from the leaders, and each must fight separately.

Gabriel and his party fire hastily a volley into the infantry, and then gallop at the cavalry, which are charging the robbers at the lower end of the valley, and driving them back to the shelter of the cañon. For a few minutes the cavalry made a gallant fight. Colonel Rodriguez, in command, singles out Gabriel, and they have a heavy fence, till a shot from the rocks knocks over the colonel, when they break and run, followed by the whole robber band.

"Don't come into the open; keep to the rocks and trees!" shouts Gabriel.

For in the centre of the glade, in hollow square, are a hundred to a hundred and thirty infantry, their officers urging them to keep steady. The muleteers are scudding for safety, and the mules rushing about hither and thither in panic.

And soon shots begin to rain on the poor square from every tree and from behind every old pillar and knob of tufa rock. Men are dropping fast on both sides, but the fight is by no means won.

"Gabriel! Gabriel! Help! The rear-guard is broken!"

"Demonios! I expected as much!"

And gathering as many horsemen as

he can, he gallops through the creek, past the wagons, and straight into the mêlée on the road above, in the middle of which were fighting a confused mass of men, principally cavalry, while from points of vantage on the sides, the infantry, both government and robber, pepper away promiscuously at each other and into the fighters in the road.

The robbers are evidently getting the worst of it. Part of the government cavalry have charged through, and forming, meet Gabriel and his party nearly at full gallop. Crash! they come together, and down go horses and men like ninepins. Gabriel is down, but up again in a moment, and on to a loose horse, which he drives through the press like a catapult.

"Charge the Seventh!" he yells to his infantry; "charge them!" and the fight becomes general. However, the square in the glade is soon broken, and he is being re-enforced. The last remaining cavalry turn to fly. "Al lazo! al lazo!" is the cry, and twenty lassos are out and whirling up the road after them ere the words were uttered. And when Gabriel, gathering his forces, makes a last and effectual charge on to the stronghold of the Seventh Infantry, the battle is over, though the poor devils, knowing no quarter will be given, fight it out to the last, despairing.

The few stragglers that have crept away into the lava bed will be caught erelong by the pickets, and now the bandits throw themselves down to rest and look to their wounds.

Heavy had been the loss on both sides. The bandits had lost sixty men killed, and had over a hundred wounded, while the government troops were fairly wiped out. Only a dozen or so had slipped away; all the rest were killed in the fight, or afterwards by the camp-followers.

Within two hours the dead and seriously wounded bandits had been carried away to the villages and ranches around. The silver had been packed on mules taken from the wagons, or put on men's backs, and naught remained on the little glade but the old ruined pillars looking grimly down on to naked corpses, and the turkey-buzzards fighting over their prey.

Quite a sum of the silver had been distributed among the recruits from those parts, but the bulk was to be carried down to Nautla to be kept safe till the hue-and-cry was over, and then meted out to the worthy.

For the first four miles they held the main road downwards, the mist driving up past them, till, where a trail branched off to the left, it suddenly lifted, and the world was bathed in sunshine. Across the deep valley, due north, perched on a hill similar to the one they were on, the white houses of Naulinco glittered, fifteen miles off. Would they were safe there! There were over two hundred troops in Jalapa, only eighteen miles away, and the loss of the conducta must soon be known.

They struggle down the crooked path leading into the valley, nearly three thousand feet below them. The mules have been lightened up so that they only carry one bag, or half a load; the men carry the same weight; but many a slip and stagger and fall happened ere they got into the valley. Even then it was bad going over the waves of lava which covered it. There was a rest of half an hour at the Rivera de las Ayas, and then, before the climb up the hill to Naulinco, packs were thrown off, the mules watered, and for twenty minutes the men lay around eating tortillas, smoking, and yarning. A galloping horse is heard, and in comes a breathless picket to say a runner has come from Jalapa, and that the troops there are in motion.

"On with the packs, and up the calzada to Naulinco!"

For four thousand feet a path paved with cobble and flat stones runs up the face of an almost perpendicular wall of rock in zigzags, each stretch being from fifty to two hundred feet long, from eight to ten feet wide at most, and the angle at which it stands is never less than forty-five degrees, and sometimes up to sixty degrees—a more trying road to man or beast never was travelled. Then again the springs which well out of a hundred crevices, draining the plateau above, keep the stones continually moist and slippery, making it doubly hard for beasts.

"Get on to Naulinco, Juan; we must stay there to-night, and hold the top of the cuesta with our rear-guard. Tuerto, take the middle of the line. If a mule tires or falls, throw her over the cliff, and hide the bag as best you can! You, my sons, stay with me in the rear, and we'll try a few stones from the calzada on the lanceros' heads if they appear," says Gabriel. The long line is soon started, and



THE INFANTRY SQUARE.

after he has given a few instructions for the pickets, he can see the foremost men and mules panting, slipping, struggling up the ascent.

An hour more and Gabriel is standing a thousand feet above, at a little sharp turn in the calzada, close to the hindmost mules, and anxiously scanning the plain below, where, less than five miles away, a long line of blue and red is winding through the lava beds from the direction of Jalapa.

"Caramba! Who can it be that knows that short trail? Is it Abran Plata? Curse him! I know he's gone over to government; only he knows of it. If it's he, we must look to ourselves, muchachos! Push the mules on!"

The troops were allowed to get well into the bend below, when there was hurled upon their heads such a volley of cobble-stones that scarcely a horse or man of the leading files was left alive, and those in the rear, after one dash, that was repulsed by shot and stone, had been recalled by the bugler, and were making their way down hill again with all speed. So indeed it seemed, for, on reaching the plain, they form, and, after a consultation, strike off southward at a round trot, leaving three of their number as a picket at the foot of the calzada.

"They are going round by the coast, and will strike us between Misantla and Nautla. Wait here, you. Estevan and Rodriguez, watch them and the picket well, and one of you bring me word of them at dusk to-night, and the other at daylight to-morrow. Vamonos! Vamonos!" And up they struggle, some on foot and others still on horseback, but in either case resting every forty yards at first, and later every twenty, as the air becomes more rarefied. The top is gained with the loss of only two mules, squeezed off over the precipice by their companions in a jam at a narrow place where the parapet was low. A strong guard of thirty men is stationed at the top in an almost impregnable position, and as Gabriel takes a last look over the plain, now darkening under the sunset, he can just discern the moving troops towards the south. Stop! What is that other dark mass toward Jalapa, moving as if to join the troops he had defeated? "Another column of troops! Por Dios! Well, we shall have heavy work if we don't get down to Nautla ahead of them. What does it matter? To-day with me, to-morrow with thee!" And on he gallops into Naulinco.

Early the next morning all was hurry and bustle, men and mules loading up and getting away towards San Juan.

At last the river is brawling close below them. Then crossing, they toil up the well-named Cuesta del Suspiro: and then round a giant wild fig-tree on the top they pile the sacks, and loll about, smoking and cooking under the spreading roof of branches to wait for the mules and horses. As these do not arrive till past four o'clock, it is decided to camp there for the night.

The morning sun found them following down the bank of the river Misantla at a fast pace, the trail being fairly good, through patches of plantations with their owners' little wattled huts, alternating with dense growths of mahogany, cedar, wild-fig, sycamore, ceiba, and other forest giants, raising their lofty heads skyward, and festooned with lianas, creepers, and orchids, through which flutter toucan, parrot, papagayo, and many another tropic beauty, lighting up the sombre shades of that forest primeval.

The town of Misantla, and bad news. A large body of troops is on the coast road, and it will be a question if the pack-train can get to Nautla before them.

After half an hour's halt they are pushing on to the coast. By night there is only five miles more, but a long five miles, and many a man and mule sank down under their burden, fairly run out; but their packs were lifted on to some other man or animal, and they were left there to crawl back as best they could.

The junction of the coast road and river road at last! Juan reports the troops have not passed, but are coming up fast, and must be only two or three miles away. "Hurry on the booty," says Gabriel to Juan. "Get it on board the goleta [schooner], and I will stay and fight it out at the crossing of the lagoon till I hear from you that it is all safe."

Gabriel has now about fifty well armed and mounted men acting with him as the rear-guard, and riding about a quarter of a mile behind the mule-train. The crossing of the lagoon is a bad one—quicksand on both banks, and a deep hole in the middle which takes a horse out of his depth for ten to fifteen feet.

The last mule is scarcely over when

"DOWN GO HORSES AND MEN."

the rear-guard ride up. "Halt! listen, men." Yes, sure enough, the clank of galloping troops. "One charge, men, and then get across, tie up your horses, and take to your carbines from behind the trees. Stay! Half of you go across now to cover our retreat."

Breathless the rest waited, as the horse-hoofs sounded nearer and nearer, till the leaders appear in the dim light round a sharp bend in the road not thirty yards away.

"Charge!"

The two troops crash together, fall apart again, and, before the cavalry can recover, all of Gabriel's men (except a few that had gone down for good) are racing to the ford. In they plunge. Gabriel stands on the bank for a second, cursing the troops. A patter of shot, and the old horse that has carried his master so well these ten years in many a hard-fought scrimmage makes a wild lunge outward into the lagoon, and sinks, never to rise again. Gabriel swims to land under a heavy fire from his own men, which drives the troops back.

The next four hours is anxious work. After two or three fruitless charges the troops take to the woods, and keep up a desultory fusillade at intervals. On each side of the lagoon, or bayou, there is dense mangrove swamp, so there is no fear of their getting round and attacking the bandits in the rear. Nautla is only a quarter of a mile away, and there will be many willing hands to help loading.

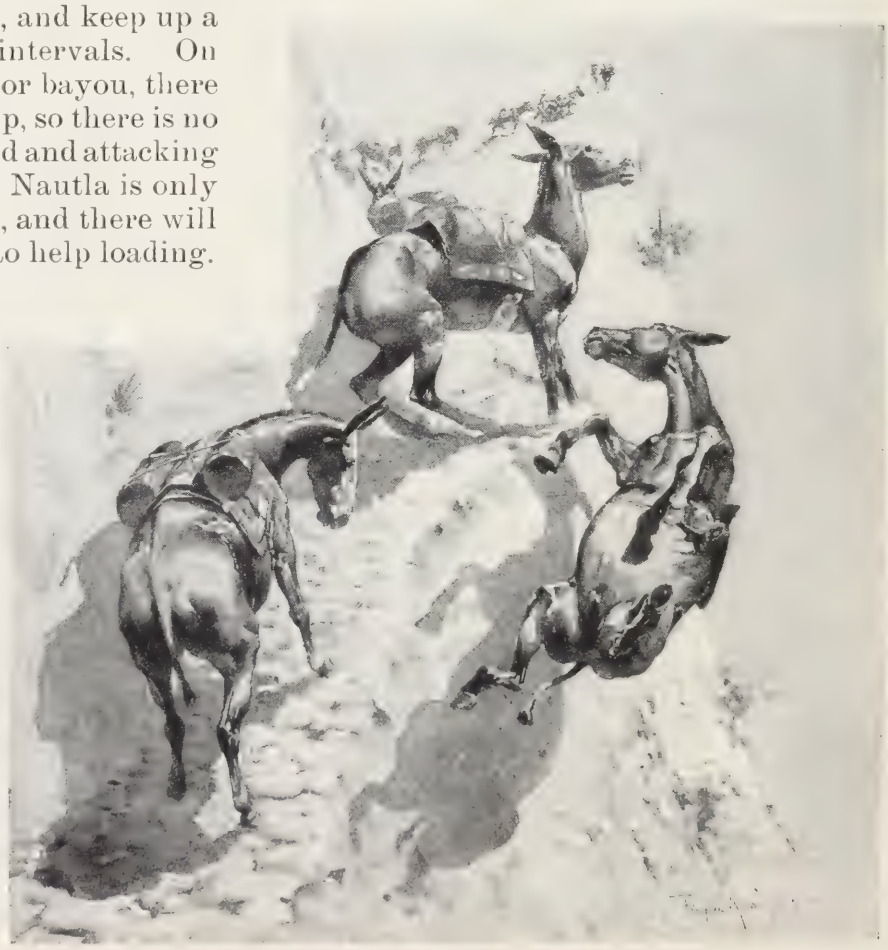
A message at last from Juan that the goleta is loaded and standing down the river to the bar. The men are paid and have dispersed, and Don Simonides says he will run the goleta up to Tuxpan and wait orders.

"Get away quietly, men," says Gabriel. "I've sent four mules up to Tesuitlan, so that you know where to get some money. I'll be up there in two or three days; meanwhile I'll stay here to keep up appearances, and make sure the goleta gets off."

As morning broke, our chief bandit stood on the shore by the bar of Nautla watching the goleta heading up the coast with a bright breeze, when his observations were rudely broken up by a rifle-shot whizzing past — a good hint to jump into the canoe at his feet, and, under a dropping fire of shot, paddle across the mouth of the river and disappear in the mangrove thickets on the other side.

"Well, but," said I to Gabriel, after he had finished his story, "how about the silver?"

"We got none of it. That old thief Simonides swore it was retaken by a government vessel off Tampico, and that he lost goleta and all. But he got safe back to Nautla, and went home to Greece only three months afterwards, and they say he's as rich as the shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe. They're all pirates, I tell you, those Greeks at Nautla. I spit upon their memory."



THE LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

"I KNOW only two ways," says Sainte-Beuve, in his essay on the Correspondence of Buffon—"I know only two ways of writing excellent letters that shall last as pieces of literature: to have a lively, alert, prompt genius, and to give it free rein; or to allow one's self time and to take pains, writing with a quiet hand—in a word, either to improvise, or to compose." But it must be a past master of the art of writing who can give to a deliberate composition that air of nature and of spontaneity, that grace of easy self-revelation and simple self-forgetfulness, which make the charm of the best letters. The careless and wayward improvisation which is only the play of a lively and shallow fancy is, indeed, apt to grow tiresome; but such improvisation as that of Mrs. Carlyle in her letters—the quick, eager utterance of feeling, the animated narrative, the full disclosure of the heart of the moment—never loses interest; or such improvisation as that of Carlyle himself—the unimpeded flow of thought from a full fountain-head, the flash of imagination lighting up the currents of steadfast feeling, the wit quick to leap at the call of the instant suggestion—surpasses all the labored art of the most elaborate composition. The best letters are truly not those written with literary intent. A letter with an address, however artfully concealed, to any other reader than the person to whom it is professedly written may be excellent, may be durable as a piece of literature, may have every merit except that which gives to a letter its supreme pleasantness. "Authors," says Mr. Lowell to one of his feminine correspondents, "can't write letters. At best they squeeze out an essay now and then, burying every natural sprout in a dry and dreary sand flood, as unlike as possible to those delightful freshets with which your heart overflows the paper. They cannot forget themselves in their correspondent, which I take to be the true recipe for a letter." And again he says: "A letter ought always to be the genuine and natural flower of one's disposition—proper both to the writer and the season—and none of your turnip japonicas, cut laboriously out of a cheap and flabby material. Then, when you have sealed it up, it comes out fresh and fragrant." "Do you find the real inside of him in his letters?" he asks concerning the subject of a biography lately published. "I think not—and this is a pretty sure test."

It is a test which may be applied to his own letters. They show the real inside of him; and the revelation of the inside of a man of such character, such gifts, such intelligence and power as his, is, to say the least, of uncommon interest. His poems and his other writings have, indeed, a marked personal quality, and have made his disposition, his convictions, his tastes, his moods, and many of his experiences familiar to the readers of his works. No poet of our time has written more of himself into his verses. But they have left something of him untold; they have not shown him in the light of common day, in the simple habitual affairs and relations, and in the unconsidered trifles which make up the largest part of every man's life. And it is here that the letters come in to supplement and complete the record. For those readers of them who already know Lowell's writings their most striking characteristic will perhaps be their consistency with the image which he has given of himself in his work. There are no secrets, no subjects for vulgar gossip to be disclosed by them, no hidden incongruities between ideals and performance; but they exhibit a simple and consistent life, in which the poet and the man are one and the same attractive and vigorous figure. Poems, essays, letters, combine to reveal, with singular unity and completeness, alike his character and his course of life.

The controlling traits of Lowell's temperament and genius are already apparent in the letters of his college days. With his classmate and early friend, George Bailey Loring, he carried on for some years an active correspondence, in which his youth finds frank and full expression. It was fortunate that he had a friend to whom he was willing thus to confide his inmost self. He was already a great reader, already writing verse, already feeling the pangs of first loves and the spur of first ambitions; trying his

* *Letters of James Russell Lowell.* Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With Portraits. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1893.

wings, uncertain of their capacity of flight and of the direction which their course should take. In 1836, a Junior in college, seventeen years old, he writes: "Here I am, alone.... Pope, Dante, a few of the older English poets, Byron, and last—not least—some of my own compositions, lie around me." It is of interest to note that Dante, who was to become "his author," was already in his hands. And already his fondness for nature, and his love for his own home and native place—a love that was a life-long passion with him—unmistakably declare themselves. "You can't imagine," he says, in April, 1837, "how delightful it is out here. The greatest multitude of birds of every description that I ever recollect to have seen. The grass is fast growing green. Every day that the sun shines I take my book and go out to a bank in our garden and lie and read." His youthful correspondent had spoken disrespectfully of Cambridge, and Lowell replies: "To me 'tis not an 'infernal hole,' I can tell you. It is my birthplace, the 'home of my childhood,' and to me its fields are full as green and its woods as sombre as any in 'less privileged earth.' Show me a place so sweet as that most delightful of spots, 'Sweet Auburn!' Match me Fresh Pond! Show me any elms like the Cambridge ones!" He likes Whittier "the better for 'sticking up' for *old New* England. Yankee-land is no place to be sneezed at."

His letters at this period are full of scraps of his own verse, and of mention of the books he has been reading, and which took him far afield from his college studies. And when in his last college year his neglect of required duties led to his "rustication" for some months in Concord, he writes:

"I acknowledge that I have been something of a dreamer, and have sacrificed, perchance too assiduously, on that altar to the 'unknown God' which the Divinity has builded not with hands in the bosom of every decent man, sometimes blazing out clear with flame, like Abel's sacrifice, heaven-seeking; sometimes smothered with green wood and earthward, like that of Cain. Lazy quotha! I haven't dug, 'tis true, but I have done as well, and 'since my free soul was mistress of her choice, and could of *books* distinguish her election,' I have chosen what reading I pleased and what friends I pleased, sometimes scholars and sometimes not."

After leaving college he wavered as to the choice of a profession. He thought of going into the Divinity School; he tried the law and did not like it; he tried a counting-room and liked it still less; he thought of medicine, but that was even worse, and he went back to law. But literature drew him steadily more and more strongly to itself. His verses were getting into print in the magazines; he proposed to write a drama on Cromwell and the Roundheads, who "have never had justice done them." He was taking interest in public affairs. "I am fast becoming ultra-democratic," he writes in 1838, not yet twenty years old. "As for the two great parties which divide this country, I for one dare to say that democracy does belong to neither of them. ....The Abolitionists are the only ones with whom I sympathize of the present extant parties."

Gradually he was becoming conscious of his own powers, and he says to his friend: "Before I die your heart shall be gladdened by seeing your wayward, vain, and too often selfish friend do something that shall make his name honored. As Sheridan once said, 'It's *in* me, and' (we'll skip the oath) 'it shall come out!'" And again some months later, in 1840: "Alas! the young soul is full of sorrows at that time when it only sees written over the gate of life, *Per me si va in eterno dolore*, and has not yet found that, as the God-man 'descended into hell, and rose the third day,' so for us this gate leads also to heaven. If I don't die, George, you will be proud of me, I *will* DO somewhat."

His determination was confirmed, and his power to fulfil it increased, by his happy engagement and marriage. His first volume of poems, *A Year's Life*, was published in 1841. In 1842 he writes, "I am growing slowly into favor as a poet," and from this time onward his reputation steadily increased as his voice grew firmer, and gave clearer and clearer utterance to the moral sense and inmost convictions of New England. His letters in these years are the record of his poetic work, of his intellectual growth, and of his happy, retired, and tranquil domestic life. They are delightful impressions of his real inside. "I never wrote a letter," he says to his friend Briggs in 1846, "which was not a sincere portrait of my mind at the time, and therefore never one whose contents can hold a rod over me." "I do not believe," he says, "that many

authors have written less from without than I." "I consider every poem I write as a letter to all those whom I hold personally dear. I feel that I have made a truer communication of myself so than in any other way—that is, that I have in this way written my friends a letter from the inner and better J. R. L., who resides within and often at a great distance from the external man."

But while his letters and his poems thus directly reveal the man himself, the letters reveal him also indirectly in their criticisms of life and books, in the vast variety of incidental topics touched by them, and in the inexhaustible freshness of their spirit. It is impossible to do full justice to them by extracts, they must be read in sequence, and thus read they serve as an autobiography of the best sort, unconscious, frank, and excellent merely as literature. If one stops to extract, almost every page has something to offer. Here is a description of his room, written in 1848, the year of "Sir Launfal," the first "Biglow Papers," and the "Fable for Critics":

"Elmwood, *May* 12, 1848.

"...Here I am in my garret. I slept here when I was a little curly headed boy, and used to see visions between me and the ceiling, and dream the so often recurring dream of having the earth put into my hand like an orange. In it I used to be shut up without a lamp—my mother saying that none of her children should be afraid of the dark—to hide my head under the pillows, and then not be able to shut out the shapeless monsters that thronged around me, minted in my brain. It is a pleasant room, facing, from the position of the house, almost equally towards the morning and the afternoon. In winter I can see the sunset, in summer I can see it only as it lights up the tall trunks of the English elms in front of the house, making them sometimes, when the sky behind them is lead-colored, seem of the most brilliant yellow. When the sun, towards setting, breaks out suddenly after a thundershower, and I see them against an almost black sky, they have seemed of a most peculiar and dazzling green tint, like the rust on copper. In winter my view is a wide one, taking in a part of Boston. I can see one long curve of the Charles, and the wide fields between me and Cambridge, and the flat marshes beyond the river, smooth and silent with glittering snow. As the spring advances and one after another of our trees puts forth, the landscape is cut off from me piece by piece, till, by the end of May, I am closeted in a cool and rustling privacy of leaves. Then I begin to bud with the season. Towards the close of winter I become thoroughly wearied of closed windows and fires. I feel dammed up, and yet there is not flow enough in me to gather any head of water. When I can sit at my open window and my friendly leaves hold their hands before my eyes to prevent their wandering to the landscape, I can sit down and write."

Some of his reflections as he sat writing at this window appear in the following passage, written some months later:

"I love above all other reading the early letters of men of genius. In that struggling, hoping, confident time the world has not slipped in with its odious consciousness, its vulgar claim of confidantship, between them and their inspiration. In reading these letters I can recall my former self, full of an aspiration which had not learned how hard the hills of life are to climb, but thought rather to alight down upon them from its winged vantage-ground. Whose fulfilment has ever come nigh the glorious greatness of his yet never-balked youth? As we grow older, art becomes to us a definite faculty, instead of a boundless sense of power. Then we felt the wings burst from our shoulders; they were a gift and a triumph, and a bare flutter from twig to twig seemed aquiline to us; but now our vans, though broader grown and stronger, are matters of every day. We may reach our Promised Land; but it is far behind us in the Wilderness, in the early time of struggle, that we have left our Sinais and our personal talk with God in the bush. I think it fortunate to have dear friends far away. For not only does absence have something of the sanctifying privilege of death, but we dare speak in the little closet of a letter what we should not have the face to at the corner of the street, and the more of our confidence we give to another, the more are we ourselves enlarged."

Nothing was more characteristic of Lowell through his life than the affectionateness of his disposition and the warmth of his feeling toward his friends. It led him to overlook their faults, perhaps to overestimate their virtues. In a delightful letter written in 1849 to his friend from boyhood, Mr. William Story, in whose growing fame as a sculptor he took hearty pleasure and pride, he writes as follows:*

* This letter, to my regret, has come to my hands too late for insertion in the volumes of Lowell's letters. Story and Lowell were born within a month of each other at Cambridge. They grew up together, and were college classmates; they married intimate friends. Mr. Story writes to me: "I daily lament James's loss. He bound me to childhood and boyhood, as well as manhood—and alas, old age."

"There is only one of your foreign experiences which I grudge you, only one which I envy, and that is the meeting with Frank Heath. If he be still within reach of voice or letter, give him my love, fresh as ever after so many years' silence; nay, seeming all the fresher, like a flower upon a grave. Yet for that buried friendship I live in the faith of a joyful resurrection—and in the body. Here I sit alone this chilly September morning, with the rain just beginning to rattle on the roof, and the writing of his name has sent my heart back to the happy, hopeful past, when one was capable of everything, because one had not yet tried anything. The years between have brought some sharp and some sweet lessons, none wiser than this—to keep the old friends. Every year adds its value to a friendship as to a tree, with no effort and no merit of ours. The lichens upon the bark, even the dead limbs here and there, are dear and sacred to us. Every year adds its compound interest of associations, and enlarges the circle of shelter and of shade. It is good to plant them early..... Later friends drink our lees, but the old ones drank the clear wine at the brim of our cups. Who knew us when we were witty? Who when we were wise? Who when we were *green?*"

Sixteen years later, writing to another friend, he says:

"The Storys have got home, and look as young as ever. I first saw William on Commencement day, and glad enough I was. A friendship counting nearly forty years is the finest kind of shade tree I know of. One is safe from thunder beneath it, as under laurel; nay, more safe, for the critical bolts do not respect the sacred tree any more than if it were so much theatrical green baize. To be sure, itself is of the harmless theatrical kind often enough. Well, he and two more came up hither after dinner, and we talked and laughed and smoked and drank Domdechanei till there wasn't a bald head nor a gray hair among us. *Per Bacco* and tobacco, how wisely silly we were! I forgot for a few blessed hours that I was a professor, and felt as if I were something real."

Closely connected with this fidelity to friendship was his large, quick, and wise sympathy with men younger than himself who came to him for counsel or encouragement at the beginning of their career. He was always ready to cheer them with cordial approval of what was deserving in their efforts, and to help them with the kindliest criticism. His position for some years as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the *North American Review* gave him opportunity to be of substantial service to them.

Writing in 1854 to Mr. Briggs, who was then one of the editorial staff of *Putnam's Magazine*, he said of Curtis, who was then winning the spurs he was to wear so well:

"Curtis has been here, and was as delightful as could be. He is a most charming companion, and his mind works so easily. I think his 'Castle-building' one of the best essays I ever read—I don't care by what author."

And a few days later, Mr. Briggs having thought poorly of a poem which Lowell had sent him for the magazine, he says:

"Of course I should like popularity if I could get it—the grapes are not sour; on the contrary, no one can enjoy more heartily than I do the sweetness of Curtis's, who is eating them now with the bloom on, pulpy and full of sun. It is a pleasure to me to see him; but he will never be so happy again. The grape disease gets hold of all but this first crop. Popularity is as good for an author as the good-will of an audience to a speaker. It is his magnetism, and he lives and writes with the force of all his admirers—or at any rate, I should..... If I can I will write something about Clough, for I love him, and would like to do him a service in an honest way."

He had learned to love Clough during the preceding year, which had been spent in Cambridge by that true poet, whom no one could fail to love who had the happiness of knowing him and of being admitted within the barrier of shyness behind which he sometimes concealed himself, without success in hiding his fine genius and strong soul. There is a sentence in one of Clough's letters which is pleasant to the readers of the two poets. "Yesterday I had a walk with James Lowell to a very pretty spot—Beaver Brook. Then I dined with him, his wife, and his father, a fine old minister, who is stone-deaf, but talks to you. He began by saying he was born an Englishman, *i. e.*, before the end of the Revolution." "Clough's 'Bothie,'" writes Lowell in this year, "is a rare and original poem, quite Homeric in treatment, and modern to the full in spirit. I do not know a poem more impregnated with the nineteenth century, or fuller of tender force and shy, delicate humor."

There is hardly a page of Lowell's letters which does not afford illustrations of his character, but it will be better, perhaps, to let the reader draw his own con-

clusions from extracts unaccompanied by further comment.

He spent the summer of 1854 at Beverly, and writing from there he says:

"Find the Yankee word for Sorrento, and you have Beverly—it is only the Bay of Naples translated into the New England dialect. The ocean and the forest are not estranged here, and the trees trust themselves down to the water's edge most confidingly. In some places the ivy plays in the air and the kelp in the water like children of different ranks making shy advances to each other. Close behind us rises a rocky hill, and the pine woods begin—wonderful woods, called Witch Woods by the natives because it is so easy to lose your way in them. All through them strange rocks bulge out—amphibious-looking hybrids between sea-shore and inland—their upper edges fringed lightly with ferns that seem to entangle the sunshine and hold it fast, and their bases rough with queer lichens that look like water-weeds. I think there is more ocean than land in the blood of these rocks, and they always seem to me listening and waiting for the waves. If you leap down from one of them, you sink ankle-deep in springy pine tassel or moss. Somewhere in these woods is a visionary clearing and farm-house, which every one gets a glimpse of—but no man hath seen twice. You hear the crowing of cocks, the contented low of cattle rubbing their soft throats over the polished bars, and sometimes a muffled throb of flails; presently, through some wood gap, you see the chimney and the blue breath of the hearth in the cool air, but when you have made your way through the next thicket, all is gone. . . .

"Well, well, after all, I am only saying that Nature is here as well as at Newport, and that she has not lost her knack at miracles. But at Newport you have no woods, and ours are so grand and deep and unconverted! They have those long pauses of conscious silence that are so fine, as if the spirit that inhabits them were hiding from you and holding its breath—and then all the leaves stir again, and the pines cheat the rocks with their mock surf, and that invisible bird that haunts such solitudes calls once and is answered, and then silence again."

The next year, 1855, Lowell was in Europe, and he wrote from London:

"I was heartily tired of Paris. I used to think of what good old Mr. Sales said about his father-in-law, 'Paris is not just the place for a deacon, you know, by George!' However, the Louvre was always fine, and I went thither nearly every day.... It was a great pleasure to me that I discovered Rembrandt—not all of him, but his mastery in portrait. Surely in this he comes next to the great Venetians. I say not all of him—for I had not then seen his 'Jacob's Dream,' at Dulwich College. It is full of imagination and grandeur—and yet perfectly Dutch too, for Jacob is nothing but a Flemish peasant, even to the costume. But those wondrous angels! There are only *two*, and yet they are enough—so dim and dreamy and majestic they are, and one thinks he can make out hosts of them in that darkling glory behind. It is just a brown heath, with one brown dream of a tree, under which lies a brown Jacob. Everything is brown but the two gray angels, both draped below the feet, and with such soft, such silent wings—yet so full of sweep and sustentation! Henceforward I am to be thankful for another great genius. We met Browning and his wife there, and Browning pointed out to us some reeds behind Jacob, evidently scratched in with the handle of the brush, showing how rapidly it had been painted. Another picture which interested me was a portrait of Lady Venetia Digby, by Vandyck. It seems painted after death. She lies on a pillow, pale, and with flowers strewn about her. I was glad to show Mrs. Browning the likeness of a woman who had inspired so noble and enduring a love in so remarkable a man as Sir Kenelm. She is always associated in my mind with Beatrice and with the better part of my life. Sometimes I think there are no happinesses like our sad regretful ones. Joy and sorrow are sisters surely, and very like each other too, or else both would not bring tears as they do equally. And this reminds me of Tennyson's 'Maud,' which I think wonderfully fine — the antiphonal voice to 'In Memoriam.' I tried to read it aloud, but broke down in the middle in a subdued passion of tears. . . .

"But I am running on too far. I must only tell you of one wonderful thing I saw in France—the Cathedral of Chartres. It is very grand—with mossy saints and angels looking down upon you out of that hoary, inaccessible past. It is the home now of innumerable swallows and sparrows, who build upon the shoulders of those old great ones—as we little folks do too, I am afraid. Even here I found the Norman—for when I mounted to the spire, I saw numbers of hawks who dwell in the higher parts, as in their castles, and prey on the poor Saxons below. *Per Bacco!* how little heed Nature pays to our theories and our Jean Jacques Rousseaus! I never heard finer music than the wind made among the stone chords of the spire. . . ."

Writing a month or two later, he says:

"DRESDEN, *Monday, Oct.* 12, 1855.

". . . Whitman—I remember him of old; he used to write for the *Democratic Review* under O'Sullivan. He used to do stories then, *à la* Hawthorne. No, no, the kind of thing you describe won't do. When a man aims at originality he acknowledges himself consciously unoriginal, a want of self-respect which does not often go

along with the capacity for great things. The great fellows have always let the stream of their activity flow quietly—if one splashes in it he may make a sparkle, but he muddies it too, and the good folks down below (I mean posterity) will have none of it. We have a feeling of quiet and easy-going power in the really great that makes us willing to commit ourselves with them. . . . It is not the volcanoes, after all, that give a lasting and serene delight, but those quiet old giants without a drop of fire-blood in their veins that lie there basking their unwarmable old sides in the sun no more everlasting than they—patent unshiftable ballast that keeps earth and human thought trimmed and true on an even keel. Ah, the cold-blooded old monsters, how little they care for you and me! Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe — are they not everlasting boundary-stones that mark the limits of a noble reserve and self-restraint, and seem to say, 'Outside of us is Chaos—go there if you like—*we* knew better —it is a dreary realm where moan the ghosts of dead-born children, and where the ghost of mad old Lear is king'?"

Once more at home, in the next year, he writes:

"CAMBRIDGE, *Sept.* 16, 1856.

". . . I have just come in from a walk up the little lane that runs down behind the hill to Fresh Pond. It is one of the few spots left *something* like what it was when I was a boy, and I can pick hazelnuts from the same bushes which brought me and the chipmunks together thirty years ago. I really think it is bad for our moral nature here in America that so many of the links that bind us to our past are severed in one way or another, and am grateful for anything that renews in me that capacity for mere delight which made my childhood the richest part of my life. It seems to me as if I had never seen nature again since those old days when the balancing of a yellow butterfly over a thistle bloom was spiritual food and lodging for a whole forenoon. This morning I have had it all over again. There were the same high-heaped shagbark-trees — the same rose-bushes with their autumn corals on —the same curving golden-rods and wide-eyed asters—the same heavy-headed goats-beard—the same frank blue sky — the same cloud-shadows I used to race with—the same purple on the western hills—and, as I walked along, the great-grandchildren of the same metallic devil's-darning-needles slid sideways from the path and were back again as soon as I had passed. Nature has not budged an inch in all these years, and meanwhile over how many thistles have I hovered and thought I was—no matter what; it is splendid, as girls say, to dream backward so. One feels as if he were a poet, and one's own Odyssey sings itself in one's blood as he walks. I do not know why I write this to you so far away, except that as this world goes it is something to be able to say, 'I have been happy for two hours.' I wanted to tell you, too, what glorious fall weather we are having, clear and champagney, the northwest wind crisping Fresh Pond to steel-blue, and curling the wet lily-pads over till they bloom in a sudden flash of golden sunshine. How I do love the earth! I feel it thrill under my feet. I feel somehow as if it were conscious of my love, as if something passed into my dancing blood from it, and I get rid of that dreadful duty feeling—'what right have I to be?'—and not a golden-rod of them all soaks in the sunshine or feels the blue currents of the air eddy about him more thoughtlessly than I.

"I wish I could reach you a cup of this wine over those briny leagues. I drink your health in it, and then the glass shatters as usual. . . ."

Here is a passage from a letter to Mr. Hughes ("Tom Brown"), dated "Cambridge, St. Shakespeare's Day, 1860."

"You are quite right in thinking that I am none of the 'peace at any price' men. I believe that Shakespeare has expressed the true philosophy of war in those magnificent verses in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen,' which are as unlike Beaumont and Fletcher as Michael Angelo's charcoal head on the wall of the Farnesina is unlike Raphael:

> 'O great corrector of enormous times,
> Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
> Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
> The earth when she is sick, and curest the world
> O' th' pleurisy of people!'

And if the bold Duval who now rules France (holding it virtue, when he steals a hundred pounds from the rich, if he give sixpence to the poor) should try to filch that 'precious gem set in a silver sea,' no one will exult more than I when the men whose bones were made in England teach him a severer lesson than his uncle learned on sea and land a half-century ago. Though you English (most of you) insist on misunderstanding us Yankees, you must not think that we forget what blood runs in our veins."

In a letter to Mr. Nordhoff, written on the last day of 1860, just after Lincoln's election, there is an interesting piece of political speculation and prophecy:

"I do not well know what to make of the present posture of affairs—whether to believe that we have not succeeded in replacing the old feeling of loyalty with the better one of Public Spirit, and whether this failure be due to our federal system—whose excellence as a drag on centralization in the general government is balanced by its evil of disintegration, giving as it does to the citizens of each State separate interests and what the Italians call belfry patriotism; or whether it be due to the utter demoralization of the Democratic party,

which has so long been content to barter principle for office; or whether to the want of political training and foresight, owing to our happy-go-lucky style of getting along hitherto. All this puzzles me, I confess. But one thing seems to me clear—that we have been running long enough by dead-reckoning, and that it is time to take the height of the sun of righteousness.

"Is it the effect of democracy to make all our public men cowards? An ounce of pluck just now were worth a king's ransom. There is one comfort, though a shabby one, in the feeling that matters will come to such a pass that courage will be forced upon us, and that when there is no hope left we shall learn a little self-confidence from despair. That in such a crisis the fate of the country should be in the hands of a sneak! If the Republicans stand firm we shall be saved, even at the cost of disunion. If they yield, it is all up with us and with the experiment of democracy.

"As for new 'Biglow Papers,' God knows how I should like to write them, if they would only *make* me as they did before. But I am so occupied and bothered that I have no time to *brood*, which with me is as needful a preliminary to hatching anything as with a clucking hen. However, I am going to try my hand, and see what will come of it. But what we want is an hour of Old Hickory, or Old Rough and Ready—some man who would take command and crystallize this chaos into order, as it is all ready to do round the slenderest thread of honest purpose and unselfish courage in any man who is in the right place. They advise us to be magnanimous, as if giving up what does not belong to us were magnanimity—to be generous, as if there were generosity in giving up a trust reposed in us by Providence. God bless Major Anderson for setting us a good example!"

Writing in 1864 to Mr. James T. Fields, who was then editing the *Atlantic Monthly*, he says of Mr. Longfellow's new volume:

"I have been reading the 'Wayside Inn' with the heartiest admiration. The introduction is masterly—so simple, clear, and strong. Let 'em put in all their *ifs* and *buts;* I don't wonder the public are hungrier and thirstier for his verse than for that of all the rest of us put together. Curtis's article was excellent. I read also Hale's story with singular pleasure, increased when I learned whose it was. Get more of him. He has that lightness of touch and ease of narration that are worth everything. I think it the cleverest story in the *Atlantic* since 'My Double' (also his), which appeared in *my* time. I confess I am rather weary of the high-pressure style."

Here is a first breath of the spirit which was to find full expression in the "Commemoration Ode."

"Elmwood, *April* 13, 1865.

"....The news [of Lee's surrender], my dear Charles, is from Heaven. I felt a strange and tender exaltation. I wanted to laugh and I wanted to cry, and ended by holding my peace and feeling devoutly thankful. There is something magnificent in having a country to love. It is almost like what one feels for a woman. Not so tender, perhaps, but to the full as self-forgetful. I worry a little about reconstruction, but am inclined to think that matters will very much settle themselves. But I must run to my tread-mill. Love and joy to all!"

In the following summer he wrote:

"Elmwood, *Aug.* 28, 1865.

"Why I did not come to Ashfield, as I hoped and expected, I will tell you when I see you. Like that poor Doctor in the 'Inferno,' I have seen before me as I sat in reverie those yellow hills with their dark-green checkers of woods and the blue undulation of edging mountains (which we looked at together that lovely Sunday morning last year) I can't say how often. Perhaps I do not wish to see them again—and in one sense I do not, they are such a beautiful picture in my memory. For I have a theory—or rather it belongs to my temperament to believe—that there are certain things that one should take a sip at, as a bird does at a spring, and then fly away forever, taking with us a snatch of picture, the trees, the sky with its cloud-drifts of warm snow—yes, and our own image in the sliding wave too. We do not care to see our own footprints on the edge again, still less to tread in them. Somehow the geese always follow where the song-birds have been, and leave their slumpy stars in the mud themselves have made. There, by ginger! I meant to give the merest hint of a sentiment, and I have gone splash into a moral! I did not mean it, but I cannot cure myself. I shall never be a poet till I get out of the pulpit, and New England was all meeting-house when I was growing up. But I assure you I am never dull but in spite of myself.

"Somehow, this cool, beautiful summer day I feel my heart go out towards you all, and am not writing because I ought. I fancy you up there in your little withdrawing-chamber of a town, with a hundred miles of oak 'sported' against the world, and it makes me happy. And when one is happy what a beautiful frame it sets the world in!"

During the war Lowell made a friend who was to be dear to him and to contribute much to the happiness of his life through all its remaining years—Mr. Leslie Stephen. And after the war was over Lowell wrote to him, April 10, 1866:

"I am not very good at writing letters at any rate, and this is the first one I have sent across the Atlantic since our war began. That is now five years ago, but so crowded with

events that it seems hardly yesterday that Sumter was fired on. Montaigne, and Byron after him (and both of 'em after Plutarch, if I remember), are all wrong in saying that life is long in proportion to its eventfulness or the movement of thought it has forced upon us. On the contrary, I am persuaded that periods of revolution and excitement cheat us of half our days; and that a pioneer backwoodsman, who knows no changes of ministry but those of the seasons, and whose greatest events are the coming into office and falling of the leaves, is the only mortal who knows what length of years is....

"I confess I have had an almost invincible repugnance to writing again to England. I share with the great body of my countrymen in a bitterness (half resentment and half regret) which I cannot yet get over. I do not mean that, if my heart could be taken out after death, *Delenda est Anglia* would be found written on it—for I know what the land we sprung from, and which we have not disgraced, is worth to freedom and civilization; but I cannot forget the insult so readily as I might the injury of the last five years. But I love my English friends none the less—nay, perhaps the more, because they have been *her* friends too, who is dearer to me for her trials and for the victory which I am sure she will be great enough to use gently. There! like a true New-Englander I have cleared my conscience, and I can allow a little play to my nature....

"I am desired by the American Eagle (who is a familiar of mine caught on the coins of my country) to request you to present her compliments to the British Lion, and say to him that she does *not* (as he seems to think) spend *all* her time in trying to find a chance to pick out his eyes, having vastly more important things to occupy her mind about. She really can't conceive how they can quarrel when *his* place is on the ground and *hers* in the air—a moral on which she begs him to meditate. *She* doesn't wish to change, having a natural fondness for large views. 'As for Fenians,' she adds, 'tell him to spell it Fainéants, as we do over here, and he will enjoy his dinner again.'"

To another friend, in another mood, he wrote not long afterwards:

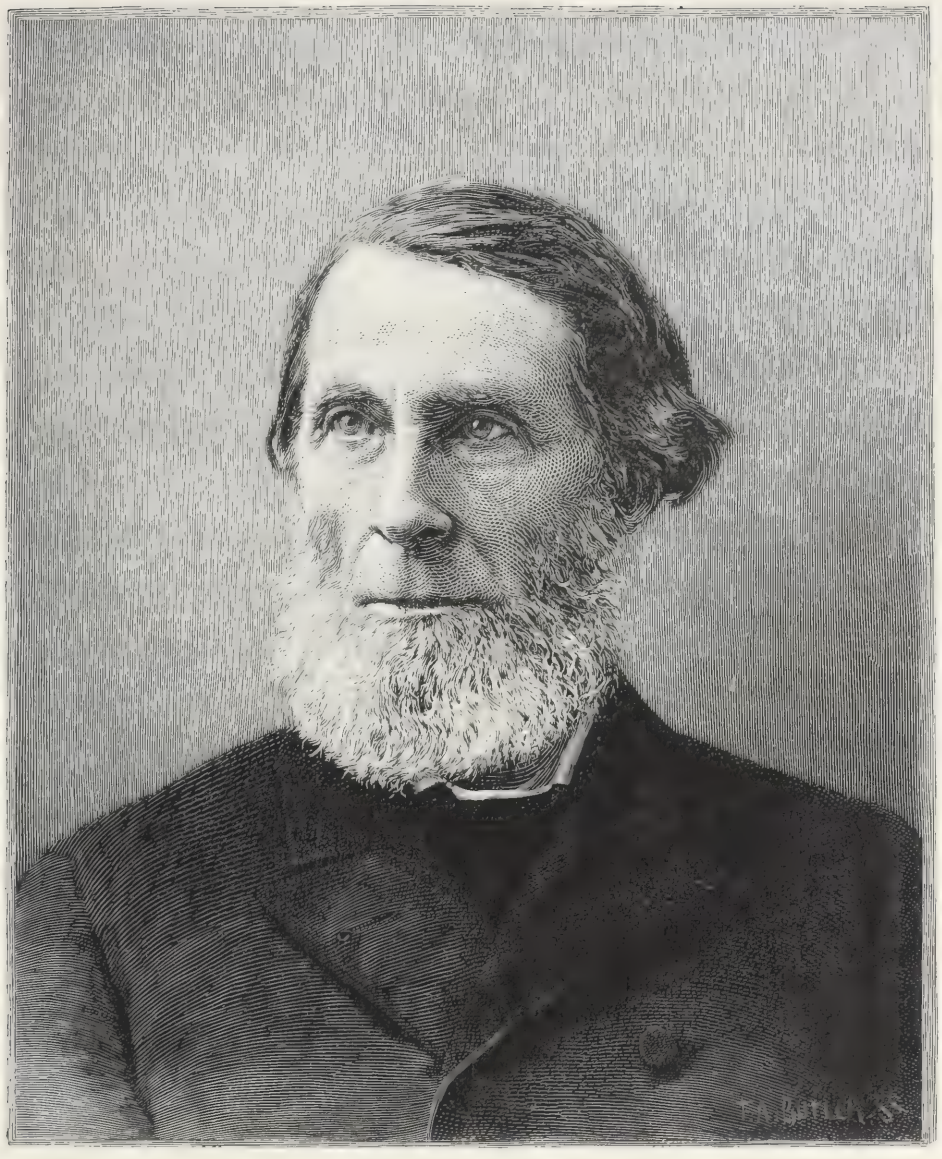
"ELMWOOD, *July* 10, 1866.

"The older I grow the more I am convinced that [there] are no satisfactions so deep and so permanent as our sympathies with outward nature. I have not said just what I meant, for we are thrilled even more by any spectacle of human heroism. But the others seem to bind our lives together by a more visible and unbroken chain of purifying and softening emotion. In this way the flowering of the buttercups is always a great and I may truly say religious event in my year. But I am talking too unguardedly. You know what a deep distrust I have of the poetical temperament, with its self-deceptions, its real unrealities, and its power of sometimes unblest magic, building its New Jerusalems in a sunset cloud rather than in the world of actuality and man."

Many of his letters are rich with brief but weighty criticism of men and books. Here is a passage from a letter to Mr. Stedman:

"I have not seen Swinburne's new volume—but a poem or two from it which I have seen shocked me, and I am not squeamish. . . . I am too old to have a painted *hetaira* palmed off on me for a Muse, and I hold unchastity of mind to be worse than that of body. Why should a man by choice go down to live in his cellar, instead of mounting to those fair upper chambers which look towards the sunrise of that Easter which shall greet the resurrection of the soul from the body of this death? *Virginibus puerisque?* To be sure! let no man write a line that he would not have his daughter read. When a man begins to lust after the Muse instead of loving her, he may be sure that it is never the Muse that he embraces. But I have outlived many heresies, and shall outlive this new Adamite one of Swinburne. The true Church of poetry is founded on a rock, and I have no fear that these smutchy back doors of hell shall prevail against her."

Passage after passage as characteristic and as full of various interest in their revelation of Lowell's nature as those already cited crowd before the eyes of the reader of his letters. All thus far have been taken from the first volume, and the space allotted to this paper is already overrun. Yet the contents of the second volume are certainly not inferior in interest. The experiences of his later years were widely different from those of his earlier life. Seclusion was exchanged for society. The charm of his intercourse, reserved for much more than half his life for a few intimates, was largely shared and widely felt as time went on. He became the most generally known of Americans. But he himself changed little, save in the way of natural growth. He remained at Madrid, at London, the same simple, strong, sweet, opulent, youthful son of the Massachusetts Old Cambridge, the same faithful child of New England. There was an utter consistency in the poet and the man, in youth and in age. The dominant impression remains always the same, and those to whom his poems and other writings have long been familiar and precious will find in his letters only fuller reason for prizing and loving the man and the author. They show truly the "real inside of him."



SAMUEL BELL MAXEY.

TEXAS.

BY EX-SENATOR SAMUEL BELL MAXEY.

TEXAS stands alone in her history preceding her admission as a State into the Union. She was not part of the territory of any of the original States. She was not acquired by the United States by treaty, to be disposed of and regulated by Congress. She was acquired by neither the blood nor the treasure of the United States. Texas won her independence by her chivalric courage from a country with which the United States were at the time at peace.

By the wisdom and sagacity of her own statesmen she ordained and established her own Constitution as a free, sovereign, and independent republic, and was recognized by the great powers of earth as an independent nationality. She put in successful operation and maintained a civil government independent of all others, and so continued until by the voluntary action of her own people lawfully expressed, and by like action on the part of the people of the United States through their laws, she was admitted by Congress on the 29th day of December, 1845, as a State into the Union, "on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever."

The history of Texas, therefore, as it is and as it has been made by Anglo-American civilization, divides itself naturally into three epochs:

1st. From the introduction of the first

colony of Anglo-Americans into Texas by Stephen F. Austin up to the organization of *ad interim* government of Texas under the Constitution of the republic of March 17, 1836.

2d. Her history as an independent republic from March 17, 1836, to December 29, 1845, when she was admitted as a State into the Union.

3d. Her history from the latter date as one of the States of the United States of America.

It is to the history of Texas as above outlined I shall devote this article.

Its development is wholly Anglo-American, and I shall therefore not encumber these few pages with its history preceding December, 1821, under a different people, with language, laws, institutions, habits, manners, and customs wholly unlike the people who have made Texas what it is.

I.

To Moses Austin, a native of Durham, Connecticut, a citizen of Missouri, is due the conception and matured plan of colonizing by peaceful and lawful methods the wilds of Texas with Anglo-Americans trained to venerate civil and religious liberty as the greatest blessing ever vouchsafed to men. Having matured his plan of colonization, he set out across the almost trackless wilds from his home to San Antonio, then the capital of the Spanish province of Texas, and reached that place in January, 1821. He at once laid his plan before Don Antonio Martinez, Governor of the province. Governor Martinez was not favorably impressed with the plan, and peremptorily declined to recommend it to the supreme government of the Eastern Internal Provinces, whose capital was Monterey, and at the head of which was General Don Joaquin Arredondo, Civil and Military Governor.

On his way back to his lodgings, bowed down under the weight of his heavy disappointment, he chanced to meet his old friend the Baron de Bastrop, a man of great influence in Spanish affairs in Mexico. The baron took Austin home with him, and there Austin fully explained to the baron the object of his visit to San Antonio, and laid before him in detail his plan of colonization. Fortunately the baron was convinced that the scheme was feasible, and, if executed, would add to the power and wealth of Mexico. On the next day, in company with Austin, he sought an interview with Governor Martinez, and after elaborate discussion, Governor Martinez agreed to and did recommend the plan, and forwarded it for approval to General Arredondo at Monterey. Austin, being unable to remain pending action of the government of the Eastern Internal Provinces, left for his home in Missouri, and died there on the 10th of June, 1821, from fatigue, exposure, and a severe cold contracted in his long journeys. He enjoined upon his son, Stephen Fuller Austin, the execution of his great plan, which was, in brief, the introduction into Texas, by Moses Austin as *impresario*, of three hundred Anglo-American families, and their settlement as citizens of Mexico.

I think no man could have been better equipped than Stephen F. Austin for the successful execution of his father's plan. Having secured its recognition by the proper authorities of the Eastern Internal Provinces, as well as authority in himself to execute it, he at once set about securing the requisite number of families, and having succeeded, and having provided them with the necessary outfit, he set out for Texas, and with a portion of his colonists reached the Brazos River, where the La Bahia or Goliad road crosses it, in December, 1821, and the settlement was at once begun. From this point (the crossing of the Brazos by the La Bahia road) the colonists, as they arrived, moved out in every direction, as far as the La Vaca and San Jacinto rivers, as they might well do, for there were no specific boundaries set out in this first colonization contract—in this respect differing from all those thereafter made. Later on the town of San Felipe de Austin was laid off near the place of landing of the first colonists, and was made the capital of the colony. Soon the three hundred families were all happily settled. Austin became acquainted with all of them, and was not long in securing their absolute confidence, and in all the trying times that followed that confidence was never shaken. He was a graduate of Transylvania University, a lawyer by profession, and had been a member of the Territorial Legislature of Missouri, and at the early age of twenty-seven had received the appointment from the United States of Territorial Judge of the Territory of Arkansas. When he be-

gan his great task of colonizing he was but twenty-eight years of age. Energetic, courteous, brave, honest, cool, and deliberate in judgment, with admirable administrative capacity, sound morals, punctiliously honorable, and a diplomatist by nature, he had all the qualities for the leadership of a colony destined to be the nucleus of a commonwealth to be devoted to civil and religious liberty. He subsequently made other colonial contracts, all of which he faithfully and promptly executed, and thus acquired the confidence of the Mexican authorities. With many of the distinguished citizens of Mexico he was personally acquainted. Shortly after colonization began he found it necessary to visit the city of Mexico, in order to secure the ratification by the central government of his contract with the Eastern Internal Provinces, a step made necessary by the rapid political changes then taking place in Mexico. He spent on this trip some twelve months in the city of Mexico, and profited by the opportunity of perfecting himself in the Spanish language; and at the same time impressed upon the political authorities the great resources of Texas, and its great value to Mexico when developed by Anglo-American enterprise. Before his return colonists under other *impresario* contracts began to pour into Texas, to extend the borders of the settlements, and to add wealth and security to the community.



STEPHEN FULLER AUSTIN.

No community of like size in Europe or America possessed more talent, more enterprise, more courage, or a greater love of free government. In ten years the community had an Anglo-American population of not less than 20,000. Border troubles with hostile Indians were not uncommon—the unhappy fate of all frontier settlements in America. Outside the colonial settlements, others had preceded any of them, situate in North Texas on Red River, in what is now Red River County. These settlements were around Jonesboro, Pecan Point, and the mouth of Mill Creek, and began in 1816. It will be remembered that the treaty with Spain establishing the boundary-line between Texas and the United States was not made until 1819, and the boundary-line of Louisiana Territory, ceded in 1803, had not been run, so that the settlers were long in doubt as to whether they were under the jurisdiction of Spain or the United States, and in fact courts of the Arkansas territory and of Texas were held in this county at the same time, Arkansas claiming and calling it Miller County, and Texas then as now called it Red River County, and it was years before the question was settled. The lines, when run, showed clearly that these settlements were in Texas. Around them gathered a goodly population. They were the nucleuses of North Texas settlements.*

The people in North Texas, as well as in the colonies, devoted themselves to farming and stock raising, and commerce was carried on with New Orleans.

For the first ten years peace prevailed between Texas and Mexico. The first note of warning and prime cause of strife was the unnatural connection of Coahuila and Texas. This was unques-

* I have a most interesting manuscript account of them, written by the late Judge George W. Wright, an honored citizen of this place, whose father, Claiborn Wright, settled, when the judge was a boy, at Pecan Point in 1816. Judge Wright's son, James H. Wright, has kindly placed this manuscript in my possession. I am also indebted to Mrs. Isabella Gordon, of Clarksville, Red River County, one of the early settlers, for valuable information.



SAM. HOUSTON.

tionably in violation of the colonization agreement between Austin and the Mexican authorities, as authentic documents abundantly show. Coahuila was settled exclusively by people of Spanish descent. They were not used to free government; their habits, customs, and language, as well as pursuits, were different from those of Texans, and Coahuila having a large numerical preponderance, Texas was absolutely at the mercy of Coahuila in matters of legislation.

To this prime cause may be added the arrest and imprisonment by Colonel Bradburn, a native of the United States, but who was a naturalized citizen of Mexico and in its military service, of William B. Travis and Patrick C. Jack, two of the most popular men in Texas. Their arrest was considered by the people as without cause, arbitrary, and unlawful, and that it was so is undeniably established. They determined to release them, and did so; and from this on the breach became wider. A convention having been called at San Felipe de Austin, the capital of the colonies, it met in October, 1832, and reassembled in April, 1833. It embraced the best talent of the colonies. They prepared a memorial to the Congress of the United Mexican States, and a State Constitution for Texas, dissociated from Coahuila. The memorial was prepared by David G. Burnet, afterwards President *ad interim* of the republic of Texas. It is a respectful and unusually able document, in which the causes of grievance are clearly and firmly set forth, and the unnatural union between Texas and Coahuila is forcibly presented. Austin and Houston were members of the convention. Stephen F. Austin, Erasmo Seguin, and John B. Miller were appointed commissioners to bear the memorial and Constitution to the city of Mexico, and present them to the proper authorities. Austin alone went on this mission. In proof that the people of Texas were peaceful and law-abiding, I call attention to the report of Colonel Juan Almonte, commissioner appointed by the Mexican government to report on the condition of Texas. Colonel Almonte's report is dated in the spring of 1834. In it he says: "In Texas, with the exception of some disturbers, they only think of growing the sugar-cane, cotton, maize, wheat, and tobacco, the breeding of cattle, opening of roads, and rendering the rivers navigable."

The Mexican authorities, with blind fatuity, arrested Austin after he reached the city of Mexico, confined him in a filthy dark cell, and treated the memorial and Constitution he had presented with contempt. He was detained a prisoner till the summer of 1835. During the latter part of his imprisonment his prison bounds were enlarged on bail to the city limits. After his release, in pursuance of a general amnesty act of the Mexican Congress, he returned to his home in Texas, and on the 8th of September, 1835, met his fellow-citizens at Brazoria, and in a public address gave an account of his mission, of his imprisonment, of the political condition in Mexico, and urged upon the people what he regarded their true policy, especially as to the course to pursue for their own protection. He advised a general consultation through delegates to be chosen by the people, urging the selection of their ablest and best men, to the end that a plan might be agreed on satisfactory to all. In a letter dated Octo-

ber 5, 1835, to Judge David G. Burnet, he says: "No half-way measures now. War in full....no more doubts, no more submission. I hope to see Texas forever free from Mexican domination of any kind. It is yet too soon to say this publicly, but that is the point we shall end at, and it is the one I am aiming at. But we must arrive at it by steps, and not all at one jump." On the same day he wrote to William Hardin and brothers, "Texas must be free, and establish a government before this campaign is over." William Hardin and David G. Burnet were members of the Committee of Safety of the Municipality of Liberty, and on the 24th of October, 1835, that committee issued an address breathing the spirit of Austin shown in his letters to Burnet and Hardin.

The Consultation met on the 16th of October, 1835, and adjourned for want of a quorum, a majority of the members-elect then being in the army. Texas was then fighting for the restoration of the Constitution of 1824, and doubtless looking to a separation from Coahuila. They had no confidence in Santa Anna, who had been elected President in 1833 as an enthusiastic devotee to the Federal Union under the Constitution of 1824, had betrayed and deserted his party, and turned Centralist, had overthrown the Constitution of 1824, and in 1835 had made himself Dictator.

The campaign of 1835 was not begun for separate independence, but for the restoration of the Constitution of 1824, yet it is clear to me the most sagacious Texans believed that ultimately a struggle for independence was inevitable. With revolution, pronunciamentos, and general disorder in Mexico, it could not be otherwise. But to return to the Consultation. This body reassembled November 1st, and organized a provisional government, with Henry Smith, Governor; J. W. Robertson, Lieutenant-Governor; Sam. Houston, Commander-in-chief; and a Council of twelve to co-operate with the Governor. Previous to this a Committee of Safety had been organized, and had appointed Stephen F. Austin to the command of the army, and when the Consultation met he was with the army before San Antonio.

The Consultation having appointed Ste-



THE ALAMO.

phen F. Austin, Branch T. Archer, and William H. Wharton commissioners to the United States, Austin, then before San Antonio, proceeded to his new duties, and turned over the command of the army to the next in command, Colonel



THOMAS J. RUSK.

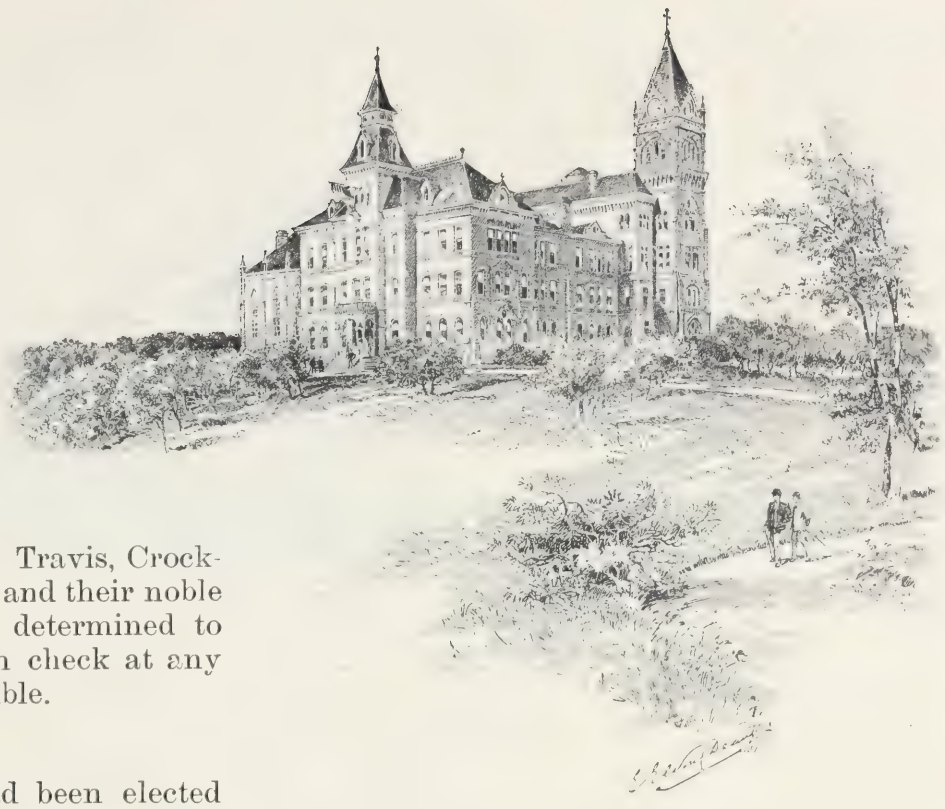
Edward Burleson. The attack on San Antonio for a long time partook of the nature of a siege, but the place was, on the 10th December, 1835, captured by assault, gallantly led by Colonel Ben. R. Milam and Frank W. Johnson. Milam, a glorious man, was shot in the head on the 7th and instantly killed. General Cas and army surrendered, were paroled, and returned to Mexico. Thus ended the campaign of 1835, with success crowning Texas everywhere. The campaign of 1836 was a succession of disasters and cold-blooded butcheries by Santa Anna's orders of Texas soldiers, up to the final and decisive battle of San Jacinto.

The causes of these disasters seem to me not difficult to trace. The Governor and Council were at cross-purposes. Orders were issued by one, and counter-orders by the other, and the Commander-in-chief was handicapped by Council orders, practically taking the conduct of the campaign out of his hands. This unseemly wrangle culminated in the deposition of the Governor by the Council. The army was scattered about on useless expeditions, dazed and uncertain whom to obey. To these causes should be added unreasonable elation at the successes which had crowned the campaign of 1835, causing most of the men to go home believing the war over; and next, to an under-estimate of the enemy, and more particularly to the wonderful rapidity with which Santa Anna organized his forces and moved an army.

The world furnishes no example surpassing the chivalric devotion to duty, to country, to freedom, displayed by the immortal defenders of the Alamo. On the 23d of February, 1836, Santa Anna appeared before the Alamo, unfurled the red flag, and demanded its surrender. The cannon of the Alamo defiantly answered. Santa Anna had a well-equipped and disciplined army of about 8000. Colonel William B. Travis, commanding the Alamo, had, all told, 183 men. On the 25th Santa Anna opened his batteries, and from that day till the morning of the 6th of March his fire was incessant. Travis's little command kept their cannon and unerring rifles hot day and night, till on the morning of the 6th the final assault was made, and every Texan died at his post, not one left to tell the story. Sixteen hundred of Santa Anna's soldiers dead in range of the defenders' artillery and rifles bore silent testimony how well the Texans had done their duty. The bodies of the dead heroes were gathered by Santa Anna's orders into one common heap and burned. His own 1600 dead were accorded decent interment. Shortly after Texas established her independence at San Jacinto, Juan N. Seguin and General Rusk had the bones of these immortal dead and the remains of the Texans butchered at Goliad carefully gathered and decently buried.

The motive which actuated Travis and his men to defend the Alamo, which he and they knew could but end in the sacrifice of his whole command, was the loftiest patriotism. Santa Anna, with his invading army, had rapidly moved into Texas breathing vengeance. He stopped before the Alamo to brush out of his way the handful of men garrisoning the fort.

Every hour's delay was precious to Texas. There was no army in the field, only a few scattered detachments here and there, and time was absolutely essential to the defence of Texas, to the end that the men might arm themselves, assemble, and prepare to repel the invaders. Travis, Crockett, Bonham, Bowie, and their noble comrades therefore determined to hold Santa Anna in check at any cost as long as possible.



UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.

II.

A convention had been elected by the people in February, 1836, with power to take whatever steps they deemed best for the public welfare.

The convention assembled at the town of Washington, March 1st; and on the 2d the committee, through George C. Childress, its chairman, reported a Declaration of Independence. Whereupon General Sam. Houston offered this resolution, which was unanimously adopted: "*Resolved*, That the Declaration of Independence reported by the committee be adopted, and that the same be engrossed and signed by the delegates of this convention." It was signed by every delegate. At the very time this Declaration was unanimously adopted, Santa Anna's artillery was thundering against the Alamo; yet they had the nerve to proclaim Texas a free, sovereign, and independent republic!

On the 4th General Houston, with but one dissenting vote, was chosen "Commander-in-chief of the army, with all the rights, privileges, and powers due to a commander-in-chief in the United States of America." He had been, as I have stated, appointed Commander-in-chief by the Consultation, but owing to interference with his orders, and assumed superior power of the Council to control the army even in minute detail, General Houston had at his request been granted a leave of absence by Governor Smith, who, in granting it, said: "Your absence is permitted in part by the illegal acts of the Council in superseding you by the unauthorized appointment of agents to organize and control the army contrary to the organic law and the ordinances of their own body." On the 6th he set out for Gonzales, and reached that place on the 10th, there to find an army of 374 raw undisciplined troops without equipment! Houston had given orders to Colonel Fannin to evacuate and blow up the fort at Goliad. Unhappily obedience was too long delayed. An ill-advised expedition against Matamoras had weakened Fannin's command, and he delayed compliance with General Houston's order that he might recall these detachments. Santa Anna had just reduced the Alamo, and counting out all his losses there, had about 6000 well-disciplined troops free for his next enterprise. Such was the condition. Houston fell back to the Colorado, hoping for re-enforcements, which he received in very meagre numbers. He crossed the Colorado, and fell back to the Brazos, crossing at Groce's ferry on the steamer *Yellowstone*, when he had the happiness of receiving the famous "Twin Sisters," two 6-pounders, the gift of friends in Cincinnati.



STATE CAPITOL, AUSTIN.

Crossing Buffalo Bayou on the 19th of April, he moved toward San Jacinto, having some days previously been joined by General Rusk, Secretary of War, with whom he was in perfect accord. General Houston, notwithstanding the senseless clamors against him for falling back, wrote to General Rusk from Camp Mill Creek, March 29th: "I consulted none. I held no council of war. If I err, the blame is mine." He can well afford to stand on the record. Despatches captured by the indefatigable and almost ubiquitous "Deaf" Smith on the 18th of April established that the Mexican army under Santa Anna was near by.

In a communication to Colonel Henry Raguet, of Nacogdoches, Texas, dated April 19th, General Houston says:

"CAMP AT HARRISBURG, *April* 19, 1836.

"This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas. . . . We will only have about seven hundred men to march with, besides the camp guard. We go to conquer. It is wisdom growing out of necessity to meet and fight the enemy now. Every consideration enforces it. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action."

General Rusk was heartily in accord with this purpose. On the morning of the 20th Houston moved rapidly to a point a short distance below the junction of Buffalo Bayou and the San Jacinto River. His force was concealed by trees, and the "Twin Sisters" well posted. Houston was prepared for battle. The scouts reported that the enemy would soon be in sight, and scarcely had this report been made when Santa Anna opened with his brass 12-pounder, which was promptly answered with telling effect by the "Twin Sisters." Houston ordered a reconnoissance in force on the evening of the 20th, under the direction of Colonel Sherman, and a sharp skirmish ensued. The enemy withdrew and took his position, and the operations for that day closed. During the night Santa Anna threw up a rough breastwork of packs and baggage, with open space in the centre for his 12-pounder.

There was not a cloud in the sky on the morning of the 21st day of April, 1836—the most glorious of all days to Texans. Before the battle began, General Houston ordered "Deaf" Smith, his trusted and most reliable scout, to take two men and cut down and burn Vinces bridge over Sims's Bayou. Said Smith, in his quiet way, "This looks a good deal like fight, General." It meant just that. Vinces bridge was the only way for retreat, as the bayou was not fordable, and the banks nearly perpendicular. The bridge was destroyed, and Smith and his two comrades got back in time to take part in the fight. That destroyed, both armies were in a cul-de-sac, which was precisely what Houston meant. It was with him war to

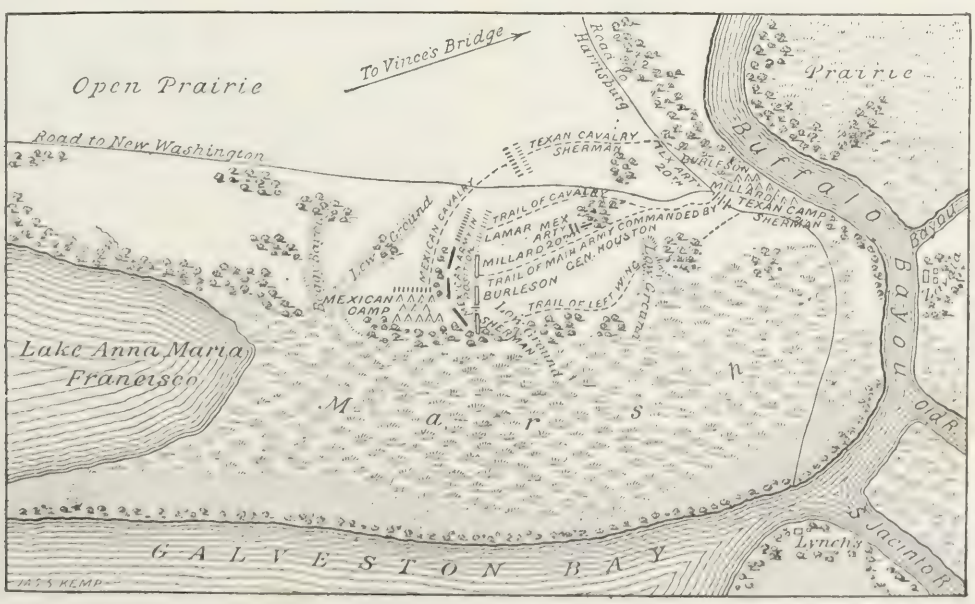
the knife, and knife to the hilt. Texas had to be lost or won on that day, and he did not doubt, although greatly inferior in numbers to the enemy, that he would succeed. His men were fighting for the right, for home, for country, and were nerved to their utmost endeavor by Santa Anna's butchery at the Alamo and Goliad, and he had implicit confidence in his men, and they in him. It is not my purpose to give the detail of military movements, but rather of results accomplished; but I have departed somewhat in this instance, for San Jacinto was the culmination of all previous efforts to plant Anglo-American civilization in Texas.

By far the ablest and most satisfactory account of the battle of San Jacinto is General Houston's official report of April 25th. General Houston says:

"About nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the enemy were re-enforced by 500 choice troops under General Cos, increasing their effective force to upwards of 1500 men, whilst our aggregate force for the field numbered 783. At half past three o'clock in the evening I ordered the officers of the Texan army to parade their respective commands, having in the mean time ordered the bridge on the only road communicating with the Brazos, distant eight miles from our encampment, to be destroyed, thus cutting off all possibility of escape.... Colonel Sherman, with his regiment, having commenced the action on our left wing, the whole line, at the centre and on the right, advancing in double-quick time, rung the war-cry 'Remember the Alamo!' received the enemy's fire, and advanced within point-blank shot before a piece was discharged from our lines.... The conflict lasted about eighteen minutes from the time of close action until we were in possession of the enemy's encampment, taking one piece of cannon (loaded), four stand of colors, all their camp equipage, stores, and baggage.... In the battle our loss was two killed and 23 wounded, six of whom mortally. The enemy's loss was 630 killed, among whom were one general officer, four colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, five captains, twelve lieutenants. Wounded, 208, of which were five colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, two second lieutenant-colonels, seven captains, one cadet. Prisoners, 730. President-General Santa Anna, General Cos, four colonels, aides to General Santa Anna, and the colonel of the Guerrero Battalion are included in the number."

Many of the Mexicans were taken, or were killed or drowned, at the place where Vinces bridge had been destroyed.

The Mexican army annihilated in eighteen minutes, and the President-General a prisoner! In eighteen minutes a battle was gained and a nation born. Houston was severely wounded, and his horse shot under him, yet he never left the field until the battle was over and the victory complete. A debt of gratitude is the meed of Houston from all Texans. As Austin was necessary to Texas in the part he performed, so in Houston the man and the occasion met. Endowed by nature with a superb physique and commanding presence, with an address which would have been the envy of the most accomplished prince of Europe, he was equally at home on the battle-field and in the Senate Cham-



PLAN OF THE SAN JACINTO BATTLE-GROUND.

ber of the Union, where he served so long with such distinction. General Rusk, also distinguished at the battle of San Jacinto, had been one of the most notable men in the Texas revolution. He was elected to the Senate of the United States by the first Legislature of the State of Texas, and was continued there by successive elections up to his death in 1857.

Inquiry has often been made, why did Mexico authorize the colonization of Anglo-Americans in Texas? Why did she not, with her vast superiority in numbers, and with a large organized army inured to battles, crush out the Texas revolution? It does not seem to me difficult to answer these questions.

1st. The Mexican settlements did not extend, when colonization began, beyond San Antonio. That place and the whole northern settled frontier of Mexico were subject to frequent incursions of warlike Indians.

2d. At the time Mexico gave authorization for the settlement of Texas, her entire attention was directed to her own internal dissensions and revolutions. Undoubtedly it was thought that if the northern province of Texas could be settled with hardy, brave Anglo-Americans, the Latin settlements south would be completely protected without cost to Mexico.

3d. The Mexicans supposed that the process of absorption and Mexicanization would go on as the like absorption and Americanization had gone on in the United States.

4th. After the settlements had so largely increased in numbers and wealth, and were strong enough to be a menace, Mexico doubtless would have been glad to have enforced a policy of repression. But here, again, circumstances favored Texas. For many years before the Iturbide revolution, Mexico was restive under Spanish rule. This culminated in the successful revolution of 1821, under Iturbide. Upon his execution as a traitor, July, 1824, the Republic of Mexico was established.

During all the years from the successful planting of Austin's first colony of 300 families, beginning in December, 1821, down to the decisive battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, pronunciamentos, revolutions, and strife were the order of the day in Mexico. All this aided in securing the triumphant success of Texas, so that the Mexicans themselves, by their own internal dissensions, pronunciamentos, and revolutions, unwittingly aided Texas.

The results of the battle of San Jacinto are wonderful. 1st. Texas independence established. 2d. Annexation of Texas to the American Union. 3d. The Mexican war. 4th. Treaties with Mexico consequent thereon, by which the United States acquired New Mexico, Arizona, California, Utah, Nevada, Colorado south of the Arkansas, and the south part of Wyoming Territory. 5th. Out of this territory have been carved two new States and three Territories. 6th. The greatest gold and silver fields in the world. 7th. Boundary of the United States still further extended to the Pacific, and embracing the best harbors on the Pacific coast. 8th. The securing Pacific ports invaluable to common defence and to commerce with China and East India. 9th. Railway connection between the oceans. 10th. Means of grain and live-stock product illimitably extended. 11th. Homes secured for untold millions of liberty-loving people. All these are links of a chain, the first link the battle of San Jacinto.

But to resume the action of the convention. The Declaration of Independence, as we have seen, was adopted unanimously on the 2d of March, and General Houston appointed Commander-in-chief on the 4th. On the 17th the convention completed the Constitution, which was duly adopted, and subsequently ratified. A government *ad interim* was organized on the 18th of March, with David G. Burnet, President; Lorenzo de Zavala, Vice-President; S. P. Carson, Secretary of State; Bailey Hardiman, Secretary of the Treasury; Thomas J. Rusk, Secretary of War; Robert Potter, Secretary of the Navy; and David Thomas, Adjutant-General.

There was great rejoicing among the friends of Texas in the United States when the news was received of the overwhelming victory of San Jacinto. On the 18th of June, 1836, Henry Clay, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the United States Senate, reported in favor of recognizing the independence of Texas "so soon as it should appear that she had in successful operation a civil government capable of performing and fulfilling the obligations of an independent power." In his speech on presenting the report this sagacious

statesman said, "The battle of San Jacinto may be considered as decisive of the independence of Texas." He was right, and his report was adopted. On the 23d of July, 1836, an election was ordered by David G. Burnet, President *ad interim*, to be held on the first Monday in September, for President, etc., under the Constitution of the republic, and the Congress to be elected was ordered to meet on the first Monday in October at Columbia. General Houston was elected President and General Lamar Vice-President, and they were installed on the 23d of October. Congress had organized on the 3d of October, and thus the permanent government was put in operation. As an unmistakable evidence of his confidence in Austin as a man and a statesman, Houston tendered to him the position of Secretary of State of the Republic of Texas, which was accepted, and he was installed in that high position when Houston took the oath of office as President of the republic on the 23d day of October, 1836, and continued in that important position of Secretary of State until his death at Columbia, December 27, 1836, at the age of forty-three.

The Constitution and laws of the republic were most liberal in land donations to its citizens who were here before the Declaration of Independence (March 2, 1836), and to those who had participated in the battle of San Jacinto; and liberal provision, but less in amount, was made for those who came afterwards. Her homestead laws are a blessing to every woman and child in Texas. Her marital laws are equally just to man and wife, treating them in all respects as equal partners, so far as what is acquired by their joint industry is concerned, and protecting each in his or her separate property if any was possessed at marriage, or acquired by inheritance, devise, etc., after marriage.

The foundations were laid in the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the republic for the general system of education we enjoy to-day, and liberal donations of land were granted by the Congress of the republic as early as 1839 to the university and common schools, and have from time to time been greatly increased since. The population at the date of independence, all told, did not, I think, exceed 50,000. It began to flow in after the battle of San Jacinto, and every year the republic became stronger and better able for self-defence. The settlements extended far beyond the original colonies. During the whole time up to annexation, and for many years afterwards, Indian outrages were perpetrated and Indian fighting was the order of the day; but despite all drawbacks and a few ill-considered expeditions, Texas increased in wealth and population. It had lost greatly during the revolution, and the republic was in debt. Mirabeau B. Lamar, the second President, was inaugurated December 10, 1838. During his administration efforts were made to establish a considerable navy. The debt was largely increased. General Houston was the second time elected President, and inaugurated December 13, 1841. His administration was rigidly economical. He was succeeded by Anson Jones, inaugurated December 9, 1844, and he was President when annexation occurred.

On the 12th April, 1844, a treaty of annexation was agreed on, but was rejected by the Senate of the United States. It was the summer of the Presidential campaign. The rejection of the treaty was unpopular. Annexation of Texas was the battle-cry of Democracy in the Presidential campaign of 1844, and James K. Polk was elected President, in large degree, on that issue. Resolutions of annexation were passed (Twenty-eighth Congress, second session) through both Houses, and were approved by John Tyler, as President, among his last acts, March 1, 1845. They were transmitted to President Jones, who, on the 15th May, called a convention of sixty-one delegates to meet at Austin, July 4, 1845, to act on the resolutions of annexation, and, if adopted, also to frame a Constitution, preparatory to admission into the Union, according to the terms of the resolutions of annexation; and at the same time he called the Congress of the republic to convene June 16th. The resolutions of annexation were approved by the Congress of the republic, and ratified by the convention. Thomas J. Rusk was president of the convention and John Hemphill was chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary. The latter had been appointed Chief Justice of the republic in 1840, and upon the organization of the State government he was made Chief Justice of the State, which position he held until 1859, when he was elected to the United States Senate.

III.

The Constitution of 1845, under which Texas was admitted into the Union, was admirable. Its leading provisions, so far as applicable, have been retained in every Constitution of the State since made. The population of the State in 1845 was estimated to be 145,000. Its increase, as shown by the census, is as follows: 1850, 212,592; 1860, 604,215; 1870, 818,579; 1880, 1,591,749. Its present population is about 2,500,000, and largely increasing every year. According to the official report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office of Texas, the area of the State is 252,514 square miles. There is a great variety of soil, and most of it of unsurpassed fertility. The climate is mild, and the State, as a rule, healthy. There is a great misapprehension as to the timber resources of the State. Texas has a great variety of valuable timber. The report of the Agricultural and Statistical Bureau of Texas shows that there are 35,537,967 acres of timber land in the State, including the long and short leaved pine, all the oaks, hickory, ash, cypress, gum, magnolia, bois d'arc, walnut, and mesquite. Bituminous coal is profitably worked, but thus far no very thick vein has been found. A Geological Bureau has recently been established, and a geological survey has been begun from which we hope good results. Several varieties of marbles are known to exist, as well as hydraulic limestone, ordinary limestone, sandstone, glass sand, kaolin, potter's clay, and a magnificent bed of granite in Burnet County, out of which the Capitol was built. This granite is unsurpassed in beauty and quality, and is inexhaustible.

Texas is dependent for internal transportation facilities upon railroads. River navigation is quite limited. The progress in railroad building, like everything else in Texas during the last twenty years, is marvellous. In 1865 we had, all told, 331 miles of railroad in detached pieces. We now have more than 8000 miles, and we need at least 25,000 miles. An inspection of the figures in this article will show that population, development in every direction, schools, colleges, and churches, farms, villages, towns, factories, and railroads, move with equal step in parallel lines.

In 1850 Texas raised 58,072 bales of cotton. We have increased that to nearly two million bales. In cattle, sheep, corn and other grains, and sugar we have advanced in about the same ratio. In fruits we have even done better. The methods of farming and the use of the most improved agricultural implements speak volumes in favor of Texas progress. Another indication of importance to note is in the improved buildings, not only in architectural design, but in all the modern conveniences, in city, town, and country, with furniture corresponding to the buildings. The people of Texas live well.

A few years ago disturbances, cattle-stealing by marauders across the Rio Grande, were common. Now they are of rare occurrence. Indian raids are happily things of the past. We have not gone far into manufacturing, but the cotton and woollen mills we have do good work. We have fine roller flouring mills, saw-mills, planing-mills, and a few iron-foundries and forges have recently been started, and certainly there is no better iron ore than that in Texas, and it is abundant. In the fruit sections canning factories have been established, and in some places creameries. The manufacturing industry is an infant, but a very healthy infant, and we will feed it well and raise it right.

The system of public education consists of: 1st, common schools; 2d, normal schools; 3d, the University of Texas, which embraces the main university at Austin, including the law department, and the medical department at Galveston. The Agricultural and Mechanical College, at College Station, is, by the Constitution, a branch of the university, but as it has a separate board of directors, it will be treated separately.

The Blind Asylum and Deaf and Dumb Asylum, as well as the State Orphan Asylum, are practically educational institutions. It will readily be perceived that in a State of the great size of Texas, in which, owing to natural features, population is very unequally distributed, the difficulties of establishing common schools so as to reach every child of scholastic age, which is the desire of the State, are very great. Yet the progress of common schools in the last fifteen years has been simply amazing.

The common-school fund consists in round numbers of 28,000,000 acres of unsold lands, about one-fourth of which is leased for grazing at four cents per acre;

$7,000,000 in interest-bearing bonds; and $10,000,000 in interest-bearing land notes. In addition a donation of four leagues (17,712 acres) of land was made to each county for school purposes. The available fund is the interest and lease money supplemented by taxation. There are two admirably conducted normal schools for the education of teachers: the Sam Houston State Normal School, at Huntsville, for white teachers, and the Prairie View State Normal School, in Waller County, for colored teachers, and these also are well provided for by the State. The Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Blind Asylum, and Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institute for colored youth, all State institutions situated near Austin, are educational, and an immeasurable blessing to these unfortunates. The State Orphan Asylum at Corsicana is supported by the State, and is educational.

The Agricultural and Mechanical College, situated at College Station, Brazos County, is a noble institution, and honestly carries out the purpose for which it was established. The 180,000 acres in land script received from the United States under the act of July 2, 1862, amended July 23, 1865, was sold for $174,000, which was invested in seven per cent. Texas bonds, the accumulated interest on which, at the time the college was opened, October 4, 1876, was $35,000, and this was invested in six per cent. State bonds. These sums constitute a permanent fund, the interest on which only is used for current expenses. In addition, the college is an agricultural experiment station, and receives $15,000 per annum from Congress, devoted to the objects of the act making the appropriation. To the annual resources of the college the State adds out of the general revenue.

The University of Texas owes its existence to the founders of the republic. It is a grand institution, worthy of the great State which fosters, supports, and maintains it. The main university is located on a beautiful block of forty acres of ground in the city of Austin, overlooking the Capitol. This block, under an act of the Congress of the republic, January, 1839, establishing Austin as the seat of government, was set apart for a university. Of the lands donated to the university by the republic and State yet unsold there remain 2,022,978 acres. The permanent fund in bonds and notes consists of State bonds, $523,511 63; land notes, $106,810; total, $630,321 63. The interest on this sum, rental on leased lands, matriculation fees, and such appropriations as may be made out of the general revenue or by special act constitute its available fund. The Constitution requires the Legislature to establish, support, and maintain a university of the first class. The buildings, grounds, etc., are valued at $241,500. The university building, when fully completed, will be admirably adapted to its purpose. Laboratories, observatories, etc., will in due time be erected outside the main building. The fiscal management, appointment of professors, etc., and general supervision are under a Board of Regents selected from different parts of the State, and are appointed by the Governor by the advice and consent of the Senate. The appointments have been admirable. The late Doctor Ashbel Smith, universally conceded to be the father of the university, was the first president. He was a native of Connecticut, and came to Texas in 1837, and soon after was appointed Surgeon-General of the army. From 1842 to annexation he was minister from the republic to France; in 1849 he was president of the Board of Examiners at West Point; and in 1878 he was Texan Commissioner to the Paris Exposition. Doctor Smith was a graduate of Yale, and a close student all his life. He was frequently a member of the Legislature. His work in connection with the university was continued earnestly and actively until his death, January 23, 1886. He was succeeded by the present president, Doctor Thomas D. Wooten, who in every sense is a worthy successor of Doctor Smith. The faculty has been selected with great care, and is thoroughly competent. The university building was opened to students January 1, 1884, and the university has ever since been increasing in the number of its students, in its usefulness, and in public estimation. It is now one of the established institutions of Texas, and one of its best.

The general system of education established and supported by the State is supplemented by many excellent educational institutions, some under the auspices of religious denominations, and others established by private enterprise. There is no need to leave the State to secure a good education.

There are two lunatic asylums already in successful operation, one at Austin and one at Terrell; one blind asylum, one deaf and dumb asylum, one deaf and dumb and blind asylum for colored youths, all at Austin. These institutions are well provided for by the State, and are conducted according to the most approved methods. The Legislature has made provision for an additional lunatic asylum at some point in Southwest Texas to be selected by commissioners. The commissioners appointed selected San Antonio, an admirable selection, and their report is approved by the Governor. There is a State orphan asylum recently provided for, and located near Corsicana. The buildings have been erected on 200 acres of land, beautifully located about two miles south of Corsicana, and the asylum was formally opened to indigent orphans on the 15th of July, 1889. The present buildings have a capacity for 200, and like buildings, without marring the plan, may be erected if this number be exceeded.

The Legislature passed an act, approved March 29, 1887, for the establishment of a State House of Correction and Reformatory. It has been erected with a capacity of 100. All persons under sixteen years of age convicted of felony, whose punishment does not exceed five years' confinement, are sentenced to the reformatory, and like convicts in the penitentiaries, where they have been confined, are transferred to it. The reformatory is located near Gatesville, and has 696 acres of land.

The State Capitol, recently completed, is the pride of the State, and the grandeur of its proportions accord with the immense area of Texas. The length of the Capitol building is 566 feet 6 inches, inclusive of porticos. Width, 288 feet 10 inches at widest point. Height, 311 feet from grade line to top of the statue on the dome. It contains 258 rooms. Its architectural proportions are perfect. It is situated on a fine eminence on the plat of ground selected for the Capitol by the third Congress of the republic in January, 1839, and was paid for in lands inherited from the founders of Texas. The outer walls are built of Texas red granite from the inexhaustible quarries of Burnet County, and the stone, lime, brick, wood, etc., were procured in the State. It is emphatically a Texas Capitol, built out of Texas material. It is in shape a Greek cross, with projecting centre and flanks, and rotunda and dome at the intersection of the main corridors. It is elegantly furnished, and has all the modern conveniences. The Capitol and university belong to all Texas, and are noble and enduring monuments of her intelligence.

THE GENERAL'S SWORD.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

THE General looked round the room for the twentieth time. No, there was nothing he could sell; no one would buy his discharge from the army, as no one would buy his graduation diploma done in Latin which he could no longer read. The discharge and the diploma were neatly framed and hung on the wall beside his bed. The furniture did not belong to him, so he could not sell that; nothing in the room was his but the discharge and the diploma. Of course the sword was his, in a way. There it hung in its faded velvet sheath over the mantel-piece. But he regarded it as a piece of history, a national belonging of which he was the custodian, the sword his grandfather had carried when he went to the camp at Valley Forge with his blade in his hand and those memorable words upon his lips, "This is my excuse for forcing myself upon you, sir," as Washington grasped his hand and accepted his youthful services.

The sword was the General's riches. From his earliest boyhood he had venerated and loved it, and guarded it with his greatest care as he would have guarded his life.

Every Sunday before going to church—a practice which gained for him the reputation of a most ridiculous hypocrite in this neighborhood—he took down the blade and polished it, and hung it in its accustomed place once more. Then he would brush his hat, button up his coat, and pick up his old iron-wood cane which he always took to church with him, and go out and lock the door securely after him, as though behind it reposed

the Koh-i-noor. Ay, the sword had been with him through all the vicissitudes of his life, and they had not been few nor light; he regarded it as a sacred thing, and could tell wonderful stories about it which his father had told him. There was no one to tell the stories to now, unless it were Miss Smith downstairs, the General being entirely alone in the world, everybody seeming to have dropped off and left him, even the old comrades of Company A. For the General, too, had seen his share of warfare, being one of the first to enlist during the national struggle. The results of that struggle guaranteed his only means of support, the government allowing him a pension of twelve dollars a month, payable quarterly, for past services. He had been only a private, and he took the money with a certain reluctance, feeling almost that he was unpatriotic in doing so. But he could not help himself, he must live, and the government considered it right to allow him the money. Often he thought bitterly that if he had not been so foolish during the oil craze of a score or more years ago as to take every cent he had and buy that bit of land on Oil Creek, upon which he based all his hopes and had them shattered, he might even now refuse to be paid in money for having done his duty to his country, as his father had done before him in '48, and as his father's father had done before that.

No, there was literally nothing more to sell, and he must have ten dollars more. He had already disposed, temporarily, of his overcoat and that big silver watch of his which he had to put back a few minutes every day, it made such strides toward eternity; the proceeds of this transaction and the five dollars left over from last quarter's pension made in all fifteen dollars, and he needed twenty-five. If he could only do something by which he might earn money; if it were not that that failure of his hopes in the oil-land speculation had cost him a long spell of sickness, from which he rose with a partially paralyzed side, he might do something yet. But he was helpless, and yet little Dora must go to the country, and the doctor had said she must go at once; there was no other way to save her after her illness. The weather was hot and sultry, the city teemed with unhealth, and the child must go away. For a year she had been a great companion to him, ever since her mother died and Miss Smith, the pallid finisher of overcoats, volunteered to care for her. But Miss Smith could do little in the way of country air after she had suggested the Fresh-Air Fund to the General.

"Charity!" he said, sternly. "Miss Smith, you grieve me, deeply grieve me. The child's mother was a lady, and I—my dear woman, though I have sometimes—well, felt the lack of some of the luxuries of life, which might even be denominated its necessities in these days when luxuries are common, I have never appealed to charity; I have—ah—effected a trifling advance on my overcoat and chronometer, and waited till my pension became due, no matter what the annoyance the waiting may have occasioned, but I have never availed myself of charity. The Fresh-Air Fund is an admirable institution for the benefit of the little ones around us in this neighborhood, but Dora's mother was a lady, Miss Smith; Dora's mother was a lady."

Miss Smith, feeling squelched, had the further sorrow of feeling that she had roused the General's anger by a well-meant suggestion. Not that his anger on any occasion would have been more actively expressed than by a haughty look and an absence from her apartment thenceforward.

And Miss Smith could scarcely have borne that; she and the General had lived in the house for six years; the other people were nomadic, and had come and gone, vanishing like the mist, but he and she staid on; she had nursed him when he was sick, and he had been kind to her in many ways, and she clung to him in a manner that often gave her more regret than satisfaction. She had taken Dora for no other reason than that he loved the child, and it often pinched her a good deal to provide for the little one. But it brought the General to her shabby sitting-room every evening to play with Dora in a cheerful elephantine way, while Miss Smith went on finishing off her overcoats, that were very heavy and warm in the summer weather.

What possibilities passed through her mind during those evenings! Sometimes her machine would go like mad, whizzing as though it laughed in wild merriment, away beyond her control, until it broke a needle, and came to a stop through sheer exhaustion. A faint flush

would light up Miss Smith's face when the General looked up to find out the cause of the cessation of labor. For at the time when the needle broke she might have been thinking, suppose the General were her husband, and Dora—

"The tension was too tight," she would interrupt herself to say to him, and subdue the machine in its hilarious recklessness.

No, assuredly she could do nothing toward getting Dora away to the country, the doing of which had become of vital importance to her, now the General was so set upon it; she was paid so meagrely for her work that she could save nothing, even though she sewed till midnight, as she had often done when Dora was sick and needed medicine, which the General would not have from the dispensary; or when the General himself had his spells, and she wanted him to have tasty little luxuries. It seemed to the house that her machine was going perpetually, and yet she never saved anything.

The General heard the heavy machine as he sat cogitating in his room this morning. It was not soothing to-day, as it often was, and did not suggest a far-off mill in the country which might put you to sleep, when sleep was chary of coming to the tired brain that ached for rest.

He had the fifteen dollars, and that was all, and he must have ten more—a farmer had agreed to take Dora for twenty-five dollars, money down, for the six weeks prescribed by the doctor.

A great wrinkle came between his brows. How could he get the money? Suppose—no, there was nothing in that. Or—but there was nothing in that either. He rose and paced the narrow limits of his room, but nothing came of it except the headache. His head was not strong any more, and it usually ached when he thought too much. He would go down to Dora for a while. But he glanced round the room once more before leaving it; no, there was not a thing to sell.

He sighed. He sighed again as he opened the door and went out into the hall where the children of the house were getting up an impromptu hanging-match for alleged depredations of Patsy Mulligan's young brother, who wore frocks and a perpetually bruised soul.

"Git on to de Giner'l!" cried Patsy Mulligan, the hangman, and the ring-leader of the house. Patsy, during a wild Indian mêlée on the roof the week before, had inadvertently fallen down the air-shaft, which accounted for his head being swathed in bandages. "Hi, Giner'l! Gimme a cent, and I'll show you me sore head. See?"

"My lad," returned the General, "here is the coin, but I have no desire to see the abrasions," and passed down the stairs, while Patsy took the crowd off with him to see him buy a cent's worth of vanilla ice-cream from the Dago with the handcart at the corner, who served his perishable ware in bits of brown paper.

The General went slowly down, smiling at the children racing after Patsy, whose young brother, in the rear, wept because of short legs.

"I wish I had a coin for each one of them," he thought; "poor little chaps."

"Gener'l!" called a woman's voice.

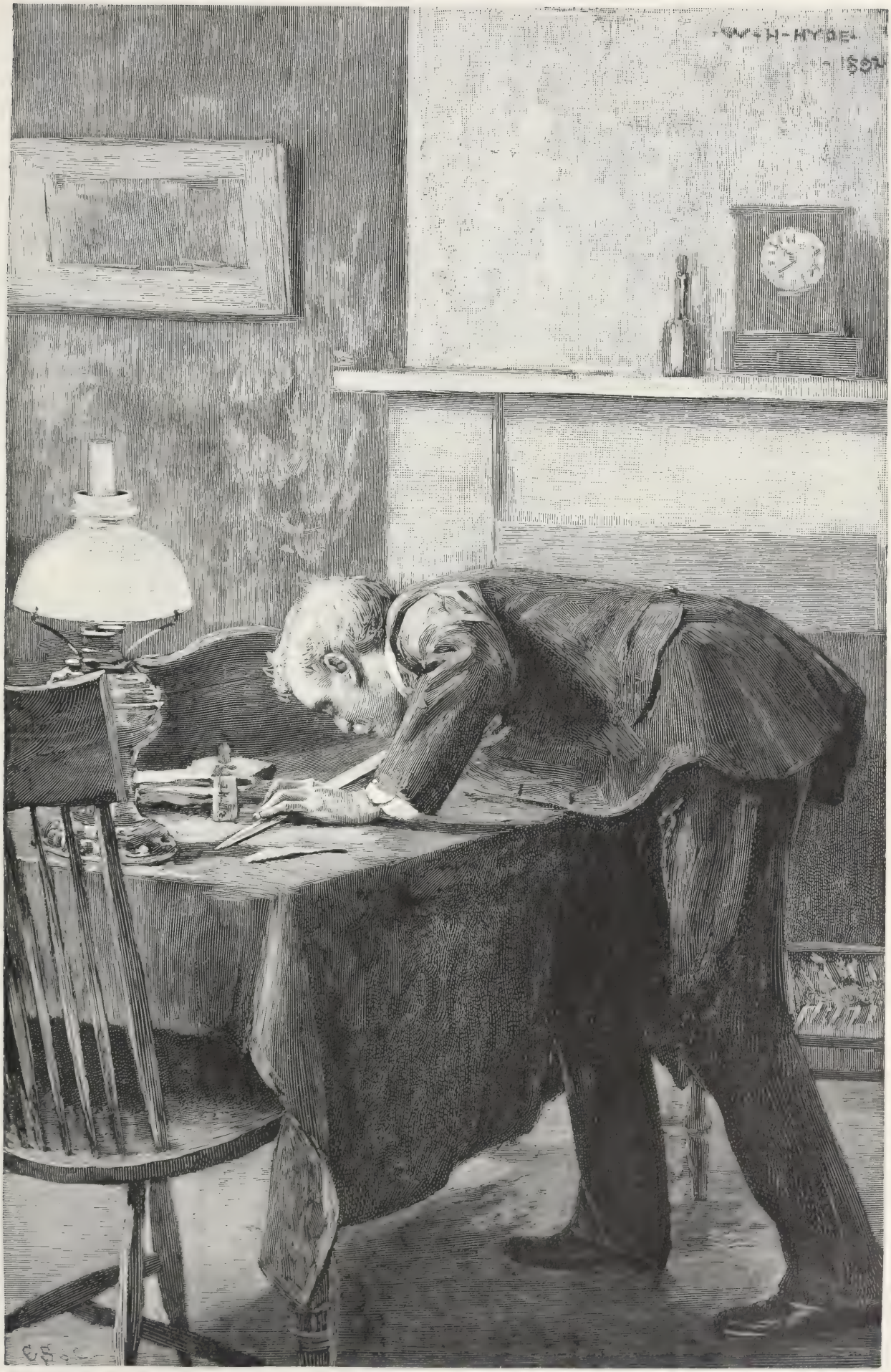
Mrs. Murgatroyd had come to the door. She was doing up her hair with one hand, the other employed in dandling Edna Murgatroyd, aged nine months, whose improvised doll was a piece of firewood with Mrs. Murgatroyd's apron draped on it.

"Madam!" said the General.

"A man's been to see you a dozen times this week, while you've been down at Miss Smith's," pursued Mrs. Murgatroyd. "I never tell where any of the ladies and gents in the house is when anybody knocks on their door. I've been there myself. I don't think it's the instalment man, for I guess you don't buy plush albums. Maybe it's the insurance man wants to insure you, ten cents a week, and fifty dollars when you die. Everybody's insured here; you ought to get Dora Allen insured; she don't look as if she'd scratch gray hairs. My Edna's insured; there'll be enough to bury her, and a little over. All mine dies in their second summer. I thought I'd tell you the man was to see you," and she picked her kettle from the floor.

The General bowed and passed on. At Miss Smith's door he paused a second to get a cheerful expression of countenance well fixed, for Dora must not see he looked worried. Dora was sitting beside the sewing-machine holding a coat to give to Miss Smith when the one now on the machine dropped to the floor like a gentleman in a state of collapse.

She was a child of about six, pale, thin



"HE REGARDED IT LONG AND LOVINGLY."

to emaciation, her abnormally large eyes circled with bands of black—a wistful-eyed child, a lonely-looking child. With a pang the General saw how necessary it was for her to get to the country.

She looked up with a glad smile on her face, and slipping to the floor, went over to him and raised her face for him to kiss. This she did as often as he came to the room, even during her sickness doing the same thing, relying upon him, watching and waiting for him with pathetic affection. He went over to the window, seated himself there, and took her upon his lap.

"She's been looking for you, Mr. Ashton," said Miss Smith. She did not give him the perfunctory title bestowed upon him in mockery by the rest of the house, although he was not averse to the title; rather liked it. "She's always looking for you, I believe. I've been trying to tell her a story, a sort of fairy tale, don't you know; but the machine and the ulsters get me all jumbled up, and I've got *Cinderella* mixed up with *Jack the Giant-Killer*. Maybe you can do better."

Away went the machine, getting into its hilarious mood again, and Miss Smith could not hear the two at the window. But she knew that they were there, and there was a sort of singing in her heart. For she was going to do something for the General, and it made her happy. And there was Dora commanding the General to tell her a story.

Tell a story! Why, he had not told a story for years. Now it seemed strange to him that he had never tried to amuse Dora in this way; it was surely more dignified than playing "jacks," or pretending to be a kicking horse—two forms of amusement in which Dora thought he excelled. But he knew no fairy tales, and the stories of his life would scarcely amuse a child.

"Where's your watch?" she suddenly demanded, feeling for that venerable piece of jewelry. He told her it was not a good watch any more, and that he had let another man have it.

"Why did he want it if it wasn't good?" she asked. "That's the way Patsy Mulligan does to his brother—he gives him the cores. Was this other man your brother?"

"Not at all," the General answered, fearful that Miss Smith might hear what he had done. "Not even my cousin."

"Your uncle?" persisted the child.

The General told her that was more like it, and at once plunged into the only story he had ever told, and wearied his friends with, the story of his grandfather's sword.

Miss Smith's machine became sober, became sad, loitered, stopped, and she leaned over it, drinking in the words the General told the child, her face excited, her eyes glittering. With an air of determination she softly folded up her coats. The General was so absorbed in his narrative that he was not conscious of her existence, going over the old tale that had been told to him in his childhood, and which always stirred his heart.

Miss Smith put on her hat; she had made up her mind that Dora should go to the country for one week at any rate, and as a lady, as the General wished her to go. She took a little package from a drawer in her machine and softly crossed the room. At the door she paused; the General had reached Valley Forge and Washington, and his grandfather was touching his hat with the sword and saying, "This is my excuse for forcing myself upon you, sir." The General's eyes were set and sparkling; he looked almost young. Dora was lying in his arms. Again to Miss Smith came that possibility—suppose the General were her husband and Dora had every right to rely upon them! She quietly passed out into the hall, closing the door after her, and sped away. In ten minutes she was back again.

The General raised a finger as she came in; he had discovered that Dora was asleep just as Washington, exemplified by himself, reached his hand to his grandfather and made use of some remarkable words he had never uttered.

Miss Smith went over to him, a five-dollar bill in her hand. "She will not wake," she said; "she is so weak she sleeps soundly. Take this money; it is for a week in the country for her. I know you want her to go."

He looked up at her as she stood before him taking off her hat, little wrinkles in her forehead as she raised her hands to her head-gear.

"You are a good woman," he said. "But surely—ah—you will miss this money?"

"Oh, will I?" she returned. "It is not money out of my pocket. I have—I

have pawned mother's wedding-ring and father's gold glasses. I can get 'em again, don't you know."

The General's hand caught hers.

"You do so much for her," he said.

Miss Smith angrily drew her hand away.

"I don't do it for her," she said, hotly. "You want her to go to the country, don't you?"

She went over to the machine and dragged up one of the thick ulsters, and set the wheels whizzing in their noisiest manner.

The General sat there with the sleeping child in his arms. This pale, slight, hard-worked woman had done a most generous deed, as she had already done so much for him. All these years she had hoarded those sacred belongings—her dead mother's wedding-ring, her dead father's gold glasses—only to part with them when he wanted to send this little child into the country. She had had privation and want, and she had still kept these things; yet she had parted with them in consideration of a whim of his. For surely it was only a whim that made him refuse to send Dora away through the agency of the Fresh-Air Fund.

He glanced over to the sewer at the machine; he was sure he saw a tear steal down her face and fall upon the heavy coat she was finishing off. Was it for grief over letting the wedding-ring go? She was pale and thin, and he doubted if she had had a holiday in years, and yet she wanted a stranger's child to have a holiday, because he wished it. Her eyes were good, her hair of a pretty brown color: who knew what ease and rest might do in the way of improving her appearance, which had never had any chance? And she had done for him what she would not have done for any one else—he knew that.

Then a feeling of joy came to him now he had twenty dollars; five more, and Dora might go for the six weeks and come back a new creature, clean air in her lungs, the memory of country quiet in her mind.

Five dollars more! Hold! Had he not a possession dear to him as had been her mother's wedding-ring to this poor woman? Could he do it?—could he do it after all these years of love for it, of care for it, of pride in it? He had let his watch and overcoat go, was not that enough? But what had this woman done? He rose and laid the child on the lounge, a feeling of shame sweeping over him. Miss Smith did not know he was near her till she felt his touch on her shoulder. She pulled herself away from him; she had said too much, she knew; she had let him see what he was to her, and she hated herself for it.

"Dora is asleep," he said, in a quiet, dignified voice. "Good-morning!"

He was gone, and he had laid her five-dollar bill on the machine. She looked wildly at the bill. He was a gentleman, and he had been insulted by what she had said and done, and she had severed the friendship of her life. She almost hated the child at that moment, although she got up after a while and went and knelt down beside the lounge, and put her hands up over her face.

In the mean while the General had gone to his room. He was firm and erect, his head raised like a man's who is going into action with the chances against him, but resolved to play his part. He went to the fireplace and took down the sword. For an instant he held it convulsively in his grasp; it might never be his any more, for he doubted if he should ever be able to redeem it. Reverently he drew it from its velvet scabbard and ran his thumb along its edge, and smoothed the beautiful old metal-work of the hilt. There was a spot down near the point. He eyed it with alarm. Why, it was a speck of rust! He hurried to the closet and got a little bottle of oil and a feather; he dipped the feather in the oil and rubbed it over the rust. Then he took a piece of chamois-skin and bore upon it, rubbed and rubbed, till the faint spot almost disappeared, and the steel was nearly in its pristine condition of white glitter.

He placed it upon the table and regarded it long and lovingly; he looked down at it as a mother might look on the face of her dead child before they closed the lid upon it forever. Then glancing furtively round as though he feared being spied upon, he laid his lips down upon the blade for an instant, raised his head, slipped the sword into its velvet case, and holding it close to his side, hastened from the room. He neglected to lock the door after him, though, had he thought of it, would he have locked it? The treasure gone, why lock the door?

He went down the stairs so softly, so guiltily, that Miss Smith, who always heard his step, did not hear it in this instance. She had gone back to her machine, not having much time to spend on herself, her joys, and her sorrows. She blinked to get the tears out of her eyes, not wasting the time to raise her hand to her face and brush them away. She had let the five-dollar bill fall upon the floor among the coats; she knew she should destroy it if her hand came in contact with it while she felt as she did just then. No, she must keep busy, busy, busy over her work, hasten and hurry with it to try to stultify thought and keep mental horrors from raising simulacra of desperation before her eyes.

She was busy over her work when the General entered her room again. He seemed to have shrunk, and he came in with a stumble. She heard him then, and her heart bounded within her: he was not angry with her! His eyes were strange, and his face was ashen gray. He had money in his hand.

"He gave me ten dollars on it," he said. "That is—I mean I have the money for Dora's six weeks in the country. I wish you would go, please, Miss Smith, and get your mother's wedding-ring from Bernstein's. I thank you, though. It was nobly done, and for so selfish a creature as I. It was nobly done—nobly."

Without so much as looking at the child, he turned and left the room, leaving Miss Smith stunned. She knew what he had done, and she regarded the sword almost as he did. *She* had forced him to do this by her unwomanly conduct; she had forced from him the only possession he prized in the world, and *such* a possession!

She heard him going up the stairs, and he seemed to walk heavier than usual; oh! much, much heavier. She sat there like lead; she heard the children on the roof lowering Patsy Mulligan's young brother down the air-shaft with ropes, despite his vociferous terror, or in consequence of it; she heard Mrs. Murgatroyd scolding Edna for crying as she went down to get her third kettle of beer that morning—Miss Smith always counted them.

"He has gone to his room to be alone," was her awed thought.

Which had been the General's intention. He had meant to go up there and rest awhile, for, call it weak or not, he must be alone after parting with the sword. But a man was in the room awaiting him. Instantly he knew it must be the man Mrs. Murgatroyd had mentioned, for he never had any visitors. He felt testy; he wanted to see no one just yet.

"Mr. David Ashton?" queried the stranger.

"Well?" demanded the General, determined if the man so much as hinted at insuring Dora for ten cents a week to pitch him all the way down stairs; and if he said fifty dollars at her death, to drop him out the window.

"I found your door open," apologetically said the stranger. "I believe you are the owner of a property," and here he described the old piece of ground on Oil Creek.

"What of it?" said the General. "I do not intend to pay any more taxes on it. Not a dime, sir."

"What an old crank!" thought the man. Aloud he said: "I have been trying to find you for a week. I would have written, but—" and he paused with the mental observation that he doubted if a letter would ever have reached his man in this locality. "The firm of which I am the legal representative, holding the property adjoining yours, would like yours to enlarge their plant. They are in a hurry for it, therefore in rather an unbusiness-like manner offer you a price for it without first ascertaining your figure. If you refuse their offer, and I consider it a very just one, they will move their plant farther up."

The General seized his arm. "Give me ten dollars for it," he gasped, tremblingly; "ten dollars. Give it to me now, *now!*"

"I am authorized," said the other, dryly, "to offer you twenty thousand dollars for it."

The General sat down heavily.

"Is it yes, or no?"

The General could only nod.

"Have you the deeds?"

The General moved slowly to the closet and got some papers from a tin box and spread them before his visitor, and sat down again. He knew that questions were asked him, and that he answered them. He was brought to himself by the man placing money on the table beside him to bind the bargain and telling him he would hear from him later, putting his card beside the money, writing a receipt

for the papers, and another for the money, which he asked to have signed. The General, with a hand that could not make a straight letter, put his name to the receipt, and after a few further words found himself alone.

knees beside his chair, "you are ill, and it is my fault. But you've got it again. I thought if Dora brought it to you, you'd pardon the liberty I took. Dora!"

Dora threw her hands in front of her —she had the sword.



"ALL THE BEWILDERMENT SEEMED TO LEAVE HIM."

He sat there motionless. Dora could go to the country; he could give the children of the house some coins—he could get back the sword! Here was a hundred dollars, more money than he had seen together in years. And more was to come; so much more! He placed his hand over the money, and sat quiet again, without the slightest inclination to move. And he need not take the pension any more. Hush! Was that a step on the landing? Was the man coming back for the money, to say it was only a joke?

"Mr. Ashton," called a timid voice. It was Miss Smith. Dora was with her, but held back, her hands behind her. He looked at them, but did not say a word.

"Oh!" cried Miss Smith, falling on her

The General, with a cry, snatched it from her and held it up to his heart, his face bent over it. All the haziness, all the bewilderment and confusion, seemed to leave him at once.

"You dropped the pawn-ticket in my room," Miss Smith was going on, "and I found it. I blamed myself for what you had done. I took the five dollars I already had, and Mr. Bernstein gave me five more on my machine. Mrs. Murgatroyd will let me use her machine till I get mine back, and—oh! do not deny me the right to do this—do not, do not, for it will break my heart."

The General leaned toward her. What further sacrifice had she made for him! and how she placed its true value upon

the sword! He tried to speak, and could not. But everything was clear to him now. It was fully a minute before he could speak to her. Then "My dear," he said, gently, "have you not the right?"

But she only sobbed the harder, her head buried in her hands.

"Miss Smith," said the General, stroking her hair. "Emily—I think your name is Emily?"

"Emma," she sobbed. "Mother wanted it 'Emily,' but father liked 'Emma.'"

"Emma, we are the only father and mother Dora has," continued the General: "is it not so?"

Her soul had sprung into the wet eyes she raised to his, and in that instant a warmth he had not thought could live there came to the General's heart.

"I have much to tell you, and only you," he said, "about my property on Oil Creek, and—so forth. But first," and his manner was brisk, "we must get your mother's wedding-ring. Will you wear it?"

"Will I wear my mother's wedding-ring?" she asked, mistily.

"Would you let any one place it on your finger with the same meaning that was in your father's heart when he placed it on your mother's?"

Miss Smith merely reached out and gathered Dora close to her.

"I will endeavor," the General went on, in a tone of voice that was a compromise between dignity and feeling, "to ease many things in your life, noblest of women, and in yours, sweetest of little children. Now, until it has a more fitting place, I will hang up the sword, perhaps not ungallantly repeating those words, Miss Smith, made memorable by my grandfather when he addressed the illustrious Washington, this blade in his hand, 'This is my excuse for forcing myself upon you.' No, no," he cried in a burst, letting the sword fall with a clang to the floor, his face rare with an inner light, his hands outstretched to the still kneeling woman, "I do not mean that, I do not mean that. My dear, let *me* place upon your finger the wedding-ring of your mother, with all the meaning that moved your father when your mother wore it—be my wife, for I love you."



DOWN LOVE LANE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

CERTAINLY all the world knows—barring, of course, that small portion of the world which is not familiar with old New York—the Kissing Bridge of a century ago was on the line of the Boston Post Road (almost precisely at the intersection of the Third Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street of the present day) about four miles out of town. And all the world, without any exception whatever, must know that after crossing a kissing-bridge the ridiculously short distance of four miles is no distance at all. Fortunately for the lovers of that period, it was possible to go round about from the Kissing Bridge to New York by a route which very agreeably prolonged the oscupontine situation: that is to say, by the Abingdon Road, close on the line of the present Twenty-first Street, to the Fitzroy Road, nearly parallel from Fifteenth Street to Forty-second Street with the present Eighth Avenue; thence down to the Great Kills Road, on the line of the present Gansevoort Street; thence to the Greenwich Road, on the line of the present Greenwich Street—and so, along the riverside, comfortably slowly back to town.

It is a theory of my own that the Abingdon Road received a more romantic name because it was the first section of this devious departure from the strait path leading townward into the broad way which certainly led quite around Robin Hood's barn, and may also have led to destruction, but which bloomed with the potentiality of a great many extra kisses wherewith the Kissing Bridge (save as a point of departure) had nothing in the world to do. I do not insist upon my theory; but I state as an undeniable fact that in the latter half of the last century the Abingdon Road was known generally—and, I infer from contemporary allusions to it, favorably—as Love Lane.

To avoid confusion, and also to show



OLD HOUSES IN TWENTY-SECOND STREET.

how necessary were such amatory appurtenances to the gentle-natured inhabitants of this island in earlier times, I must here state that the primitive Kissing Bridge was in that section of the Post Road which now is Chatham Street, and that in this same vicinity—on the Rutgers estate—was the primitive Love Lane. It was of the older institution that an astute and observant traveller in this country, the Rev. Mr. Burnaby, wrote in his journal a century and a half ago: "Just before you enter the town there is a little bridge, commonly called 'the kissing-bridge,' where it is customary, before passing beyond, to salute the lady who is your companion"—to which custom the reverend gentleman seems to have taken with a very tolerable relish, and to have found "curious, yet not displeasing."

The later Love Lane, the one with which I am now concerned, was but little travelled — being, primarily, the approach from the highway to Captain Clarke's estate known as Chelsea—and for a good many years lovers had the chief use of it; yet was it used also a little by polite society taking the air of fine summer afternoons: up the Bloomingdale Road to this turning, thence across to the riverside, and so homeward to New York, being one of the longest of the ordinary afternoon drives.

To the south of the lane lay the estate —extending from the present Broadway to the present Eighth Avenue—that was presented by the Corporation to Captain Warren, afterwards Admiral Sir Peter Warren, in the year 1745, in grateful recognition, ostensibly, of his capture of Louisburg; but really, I fancy, because a good many of the leading citizens were under obligations to him of one sort or another for benefits derived from the many prizes which he had sent into this port to be condemned. Later, when the whole of the Warren estate was partitioned, two roads were opened out from the Abingdon Road across this northern portion of the property. The first of these, known as the Southampton Road—Sir Peter's second daughter, Ann, married Charles Fitzroy, who later became the Baron of Southampton; his eldest daughter, Charlotte, married the Earl of Abingdon—was a continuation of the Great Kills Road from (to use existing designations) the Seventh Avenue and Fifteenth Street to Eighteenth

Street just east of the Sixth Avenue, and thence parallel with the Sixth Avenue to the northern side of Twenty-first Street. The second, known as the Warren Road, left the Southampton Road at Sixteenth Street and ran parallel with, and a little to the east of, the Seventh Avenue, also to Twenty-first Street.

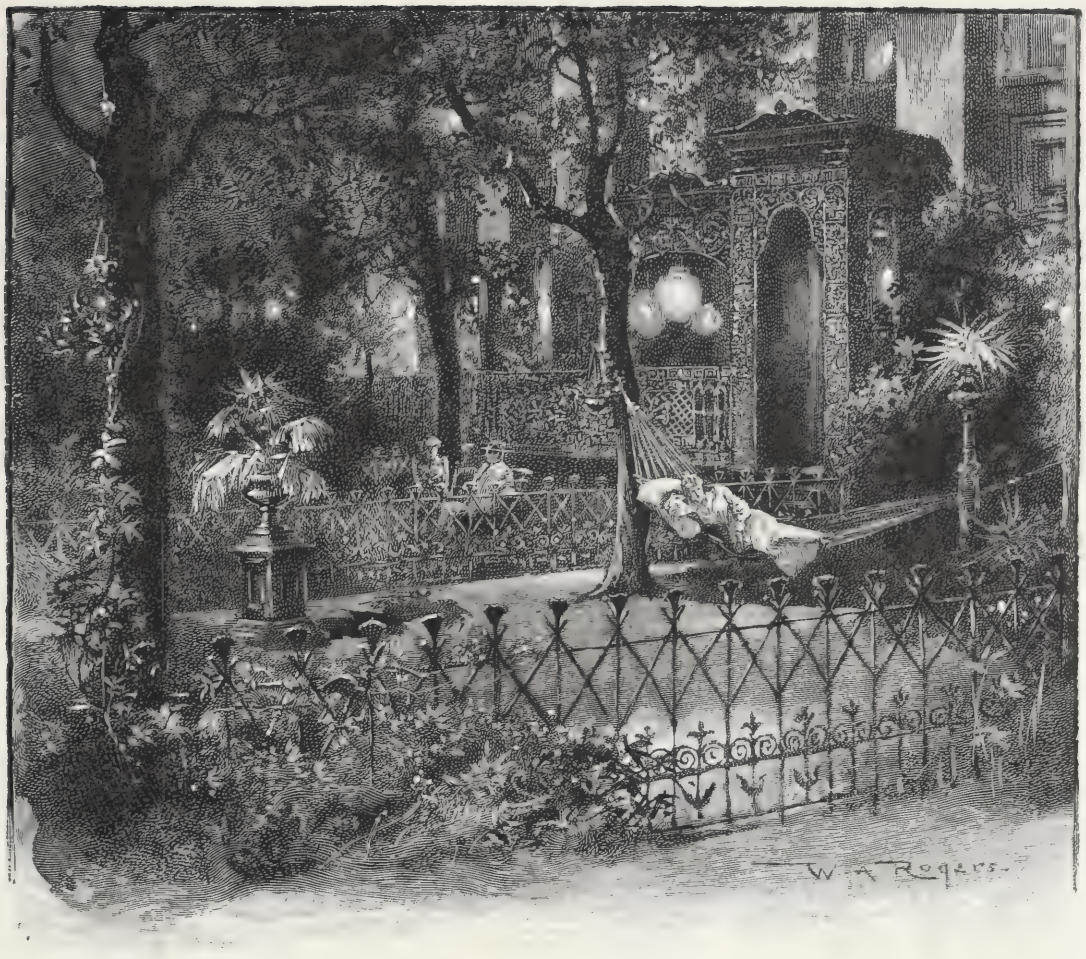
At Twenty-first Street and Broadway there is nothing now to suggest that ever a Love Lane was thereabouts; and the Fifth Avenue crossing of Twenty-first Street—with a huge nine-story building on one side and the traditionally respectable Union Club on the other—presents so forbidding an appearance that the searcher after traces of these old-time byways very well may be led to abandon at the very outset, all untimely, his gentle quest. But he who hunts for ancient landmarks must not be discouraged easily; and this particular hunt, in the happy end, reveals so astonishingly large a survival that the sadness of the beginning is swept away and lost in a flood of genuine antiquarian joy. The fact, indeed, really is extraordinary that this part of the city—which has the appearance to the ordinary observer of being essentially modern and uninteresting—should so teem with signs and relics of a truly interesting past.

II.

The first traces of the Abingdon Road, otherwise Love Lane, found in West Twenty-first Street are the little two-story brick houses, Nos. 25, 27, which stand back from the street and affect a rural and cottage-like air on an insufficient capital of narrow veranda. These houses certainly were built after the present City Plan had been adopted (1811); and probably were built not much more than forty years ago—a little after the creation of London Terrace had sent into this bit of country-side a premature thrill of speculative activity.



OLD HOUSES IN EIGHTEENTH STREET.



LONDON TERRACE, CHELSEA.

Yet while thus essentially modern, they cling affectionately—using their meagre verandas and villagelike front yards as tentacles—to the traditions of a really rural past.

Only a little farther westward is a row of three houses, Nos. 51, 53, 55, which very obviously belong to the period to which the others only aspire. They are built of brick, are very small, and are only two stories and a half high: and seem still lower because the grade of the present street actually is two or three inches above the level of the ground-floor. Even yet in the rear of the little houses are deep gardens in which are genuine vines and, as a theatrical person would style them, practicable trees. They are the delight, these gardens, of the present French inhabitants of the tiny dwellings: as any passer-by about noon-time of a fine summer's day may see for himself with no more trouble than is involved in looking through one of the open front doors, down a tunnel-like passage, to the sunny open space in the rear—where he will behold (surrounded by conspicuous evidences of clear-starching) a gay Gallic company breakfasting under its own vine and ailantus-tree with such honest light-heartedness as can be manifested only by French folk eating something—eating almost anything—out-of-doors.

At first these houses were a bit of a mystery to me. I could not understand why, especially, they should be just there. But a reference to the Commissioners' map explained that they had been built upon what once was an eligible corner lot—at the very point, in fact, where the Southampton Road came into Love Lane. It has occurred to me that the three little houses may have been, originally, a single house which served as a road-side tavern. Here would have been almost precisely the half-way point in the long drive out from town and back again of an afternoon; and at this particular corner—the Southampton Road being a short-cut down to Greenwich and across to the Great Kills Road—would have been intercepted the whole procession of thirsty wayfarers. Possibly, the tavern prospering, the tavern-keeper may have built out of his

profits the large house, with quaint windows in the gable of its weather-boarded side, which still stands at the northeast corner of Twenty-first Street and the Sixth Avenue; and thereto may have retired, when sufficiently enriched by his genial trade, to spend in luxurious idleness the Indian summer of his alcoholic life.

West of the Sixth Avenue is a large open space which testifies silently yet strongly to the time when all this part of the island was quiet country-side and the city still was very far away. It is the Jewish graveyard—the Beth Haim, or Place of Rest. Sixty years and more ago the Beth Haim at Greenwich was swept away (save the little corner which still remains east of the Sixth Avenue) by the opening of Eleventh Street. Then it was that the Beth Haim was established here—on a lot which possessed the advantages of lying within one of the blocks of the new City Plan and therefore was safe against the opening of new streets, and which also could be reached by an already opened country road. Although long since superseded by the Beth Haim on Long Island, this graveyard still is cared for zealously—as may be seen by looking from the back windows of the big dry-goods shop on the Sixth Avenue upon its rows of seemly monuments, whereon are legends in Hebrew characters telling of "Rest" and "Peace." And, truly, looking out from the bustle and clamor of the shop upon the grassy quiet place, with its ivy-clad dead-house and its long lines of marble gravestones whereof the whiteness has become gray as the years have gone on and on, there is a most pleasant sense of rest and peacefulness amidst this calm serenity of ancient death.

Save for the graveyard, there is no sign—at least, I have not found any sign—between the Sixth and Seventh avenues of the old country road. In this block Love Lane seems to have been ploughed under completely. The houses on both sides of the street, having still about them an air of decayed smugness, date from the period, thirty years or so ago, when West Twenty-third Street was pluming itself (vastly to the amusement of Second Avenue and Gramercy Park and Stuyvesant and Washington squares) upon being quite the smartest street of the town; and when Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, catching a little reflected glory from this near-by glitter of fashion, exalted their horns above horns in general and gave audible thanks that they were not at all as were the other streets over on that part of the west side. It is not sur-



LITTLE HOUSES ON TWENTY-FOURTH STREET.

prising, therefore, that from this section of Twenty-first Street the modest memory of Love Lane should have disappeared.

The trail shows again in the middle of the next block, between the Seventh and Eighth avenues, in the little houses standing far back from the present street in deep yards. But the most conspicuous house in the block—the large dwelling standing in its own grounds and having so quaint and so agreeably dignified an air that one instantly is disposed to classify it as a survival from the beginning of the present century—is not an antique at all. Actually, it was built but twenty-five or thirty years ago; and its owner, being a boss-mason—the builder of the Fourth Avenue tunnel—built it for himself according to his own notions and in his own way. Though a large house, it is not at all a grand one; but there is not a house in New York that excels it in the matter of positive individuality. It is delightful to see how much meaning and character its builder contrived to put into it while yet employing only simple means. He is dead, this excellent boss-mason; but in the long stable beside the mansion-house still is preserved his original kit of mason's tools. Never in his lifetime would he permit them to be disturbed, and his wishes concerning them have survived his death.



A SIDE GATE IN CHELSEA.

For many years the Abingdon Road—to give it at parting its more dignified name—ended at the line where now is the Eighth Avenue and where then was the Fitzroy Road. Later, certainly before the year 1811, it was carried westward to the shore of the Hudson. But the weather-boarded, hip-roofed house still extant on the southwestern corner of this ancient crossway is to be classed less as a survival of Love Lane than of Chelsea Village: that ambitious suburb which, sixty years or so ago, made its somewhat premature start in life on the lines of the City Plan.

III.

"Dead as Chelsea!" is a phrase which has been current in the British army since the battle of Fontenoy—when a British grenadier, of unknown name but epigrammatic habit, first used it in apostrophizing himself when a round-shot took off his right leg, and so gave him his billet to the Royal Hospital. That he rammed an oath down on top of this observation was no more than natural. A military authority of the highest, the late Captain Shandy, of Leven's regiment of



A TENNIS-COURT IN CHELSEA.

foot, who served in those very parts but a half-century earlier, has left on record his testimony to the exceeding profanity of the British troops in the Low Countries.

Almost contemporaneously with this lasting utterance of the Fontenoy grenadier, an American soldier, Captain Thomas Clarke, a veteran officer of the provincial service who had done some very pretty fighting in the old French war, gave the name of Chelsea to his country-seat—a modest estate on the shores of the Hudson, between two and three miles north of the town of New York. And he chose this name, he said, because the home to which he gave it was to be the retreat of an old soldier in the evening of his days. So nice a touch was there of the fanciful and the poetic in the selection of such a name at a period—'twas in the year 1750—when neither poetry nor fancy had become rooted in American soil, that one's heart warms toward this gentle warrior in the certainty that he must have possessed a subtler and a finer nature than fell to the lot of most men of his country and his time.

There is yet another touch of pathos in the fact that the Captain, after all, did not die in this retreat which he had hoped would shelter him until the end. While his last illness was upon him his home was burned to the ground, and he himself was but barely saved from burning with it by rescuing neighbors, who carried him to a near-by farm-house—where he and Death came presently to terms.

When all was over, Mistress Molly Clarke, the Captain's widow, being a capable and energetic woman still in her prime, set herself to the work of rebuilding; and found, no doubt, some measure of comfort and solace in being thus busily employed. The house then built was a large square structure of two stories, standing upon the crest of a little hill which sloped gently to the river-side, a hundred yards or so away. In relation to the present City Plan, the house stood two hundred feet or thereabouts west of the present Ninth Avenue, with its northern corner on the southern line of Twenty-third Street.

Mistress Molly, I fancy, had a fair allowance of peppery energy. When the Revolutionary war came on she had the

pluck to remain—with her two pretty daughters—in her country house, although the house was at no great distance from the American fortified camp. To her sore vexation, a squad of Continentals was billeted upon her; and her distress was so reasonable that the officer in command—who, likely enough, had daughters of his own at home, and so was tenderly considerate of her proper motherly alarm—made a report of the matter to the commanding General. A good deal was going on just then to engross this General's attention; but, being a Virginian and a gentleman, he found time to ride over to Chelsea—on that famous white horse which curvets so dashingly in the background of Trumbull's picture—that he might express to Madam Clarke his regret that she had been troubled, and at the same time assure her that her trouble was at an end. Truly, it was very handsomely done!

While the American forces still were in possession of the island, and before the billet on Chelsea had been raised, an English frigate stood up the river one day to give her crew practical exercise at the guns, and in the course of her firing pitched a shot fairly into Mrs. Clarke's dwelling; which shot hurt nobody, but made necessary some patch-work carpentering that ever afterward showed where the ball had come cracking along. Mistress Molly happened to be abroad when this bit of military incivility occurred; and her first news of it was from one of her billet of soldiers whom she met as she was driving home, and who hailed her briskly with the announcement: "The British have fired a shot into your house, Mrs. Clarke!" To which her ladyship replied instantly, and with a not unreasonable bitterness: "Thank *you* for that!" and so drove homeward in a fine temper in her chaise.

Mistress Molly was near half a century behind her Captain in the eternal march. She died in the year 1802. At her death the dwelling, together with a part of the estate, passed to Bishop Moore and his wife; and by them, in the year 1813, was



THE CHAPEL DOOR, CHELSEA SQUARE.



A CHELSEA DOORWAY.

conveyed to the late Clement C. Moore, their son. Upon coming into possession of this last-named gentleman another story was added to the house, and cellars were built beneath the old foundation: in which reconstructed form the mansion remained standing—within its terraced and beautiful grounds, at a considerable elevation above the street level—until about forty years ago. Possibly this old house was more picturesque than it was comfortable. Certainly its owner did not seem greatly to regret its loss. To his brief history of the property, from which the facts given above are extracted, he added the curt statement that when "the corporation of the city ordered a bulkhead to be built along the river-front it was thought advisable, if not absolutely necessary, to dig down the whole place and throw it into the river; when, of course, the old house was destroyed."

IV.

It was to Mr. Clement C. Moore that Chelsea owed its existence as a village a long while in advance of the period when it became a part of the city of New York. His estate, by inheritance and by purchase, extended from the north side of the present Nineteenth Street to the south side of the present Twenty-fourth Street, and from the west side of the present Eighth Avenue to the river. Sixty years or so ago he began opening through his property the existing streets and avenues on the lines of the City Plan; and thereafter he gave his energies to founding and to fostering his town—to which access from New York was easy, either by way of Love Lane from the Bloomingdale Road, or by either of the roads from New York to Greenwich and thence by the Fitzroy Road for the final three-quarters of a mile.

The most notable dwellings erected in that early time were those which comprise the still existing rows on Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets: London Terrace and Chelsea Cottages, as they respectively were, and continue to be, called. The first of these is the row, between the Ninth and Tenth avenues, of tall pilastered houses which gives one the impression of an Institution not very firmly fixed in its own mind and liable to become something else, yet having an air both gracious and friendly because of its deep gardens and many tall old trees; and the second is in part a reproduction of the pilastered houses upon a smaller scale, and in part chunky little two-story houses with little pudgy bay-windows and with ornate little porches over their little doors. All of these dwellings, small and large, are at odds with their present city surroundings because of their affectation of a countrified air; yet must they have been far more at odds with their surroundings when they were erected—being then remote in the country, yet presumptuously aping the manners of the town.

Both Terrace and Cottages date from almost half a century ago. The block on which they stand was leased by Mr.

Moore to William Torrey on May 1, 1845; and Torrey thereafter built and sold the houses subject to the lease—the owner of the estate wisely retaining the fee. To a slightly more remote period belongs the large square brick house on the Ninth Avenue between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets; a house so citylike that passing strangers must have regarded it as some trick in optics when first it sprang up in that open country-side near sixty years ago. And now, the city pressing close around it, it also has somewhat



CHELSEA SQUARE—MODERN COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

of a country air: yet this is due mainly to the ample reaches of land about it—a lawn with a tennis-court at one side, and a sweet-smelling old-fashioned garden in the rear.

These conspicuous features of what once was Chelsea Village assert themselves—not offensively, yet with insistence born of a proper respect for their own dignity—upon the merest loiterer through the ancient roadways of the little town; and even a few of the more modest remnants of that earlier period, the little wooden houses wherein dwelt folk of a humbler sort, still may be seen here and there: standing back shyly from the street in deep yards, and having somewhat the abashed look of aged rustics confronted suddenly with city ways. But many more of these timber-toed veterans—true Chelsea pensioners—lie hidden away in the centres of the blocks, and may be found only by burrowing through alleyways beneath the outer line of prim brick houses of a modern time. Notably, on both sides of Twentieth Street, between the Seventh and Eighth avenues, these inner rows of houses may be found, and west of the Eighth Avenue on the northern side of the way. But one may rest assured that wherever, in any of the blocks hereabouts, an alleyway opens there will be found an old wooden house or a whole row of old wooden houses at its inner end.

Geographically, and in all other ways, the central feature of Chelsea—from before its ambitiously early essay at being a village on its own account even until this present day when it is in the city but not exactly of it—is the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal



CHELSEA SQUARE—ONE OF THE OLD COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

Church. To this institution was given rent free by Clement C. Moore—the good Bishop, his father, no doubt having a share in the prompting of the gift—the whole of the block between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets and the Ninth and Tenth avenues; which lot, being for many years only in small part built upon, long was known as Chelsea Square. Here was laid the corner-stone of the East Building of the Seminary on the 28th of July, 1825; and of the West Building ten years later—both structures, with the minor edifices erected later, being of a dark gray stone which made an admirable color composition with the green of the grass and trees, and of the ivy when it began to grow later on. Only one of the original stone buildings still is standing, and the larger part of what was Chelsea Square now is covered with the great brick halls, and the brick chapel, erected within the past ten years.

Even with all this growth of new buildings there still remains a wide extent of trimly kept lawns dotted with flower beds and shaded by wide-branching trees; and there is no more delightful bit in all New York than the deeply recessed space in the east front, where the yellow-green lawn has for background the ivy-clad red brick walls of the chapel, far above which rises stately the gravely graceful square brick tower. Especially pleasing and Old-Worldly is this same place of a bright spring afternoon during the last five minutes' ringing of the chapel bell—when the seemly young Seminarists (every one of whom reasonably may hope to be a bishop before he dies) come trooping along the paths or across the grass to the chapel entrance, all properly clad in caps and gowns; while at the same time come up the pathway from the street to that same entrance (for their souls' comforting) some of the most charming and most charmingly dressed young gentlewomen to be found within a radius of a mile around. Truly, looking at this pretty sight, it is not difficult to fancy one's self a whole Atlantic away from New York in one of the English university towns.

Just across the Ninth Avenue, eastward from the Seminary, on Twentieth Street, is another picturesque bit: St. Peter's Church—a large structure of dark gray

stone with a tall and massive and very well proportioned tower. Seen in broad daylight, the church is a good deal the worse for its Perpendicular porch built of pine planks, and for its absurd wooden crenellation. But these incongruous qualities disappear when dusk is falling, and in moonlight they become glorified into realities instead of cheap shams. At such times this church is beautiful with a grave beauty that fitly is its own.

V.

The Fitzroy Road, leading from Greenwich to Chelsea and thence onward to the Bloomingdale Road, was closed as the streets of the City Plan were opened; but it has by no means disappeared. It may be traced more or less clearly from its beginning, south of Fifteenth Street, to its ending, at Forty-second Street, being throughout its entire length close upon the Eighth Avenue line. Principally is its former course marked—and this is true of all the old roads hereabouts—by open spaces in the rows of houses, or by houses of only a story or two stories in height, and usually of wood—as though some doubt as to the title to land which for so long a period had been surrendered to the public use had prevented the building upon it of anything, or had prompted the building of houses of small cost. These signs are not certain. At Twentieth, Nineteenth, and Sixteenth streets there are no traces of the road at all. On the other streets south of Twenty-first its crossing is clearly marked. At Twentieth Street it passed through the opening yet remaining between the wooden houses Nos. 250, 252; at Eighteenth Street an actual section of it remains in use in the driveway to a brewery; at Seventeenth Street another section remains, west of the wooden house No. 246, in the court running into the centre of the block; at Fifteenth Street it passed beside the old gambrel-roofed house still standing, across the space now occupied by the one-story buildings Nos. 231, 233. Its union with the Great Kills Road was made a little south of the present Fifteenth Street, in the heart of the existing block; the Fifteenth Street crossing, therefore, virtually is its southern end.

There was also, I am inclined to believe—although it is not marked on the Commissioners' map—a road which ran parallel with the Fitzroy Road a little east of the present Ninth Avenue. What I take to be a trace of it on Twenty-first Street is the two-story stable, No. 341, beside a large frame house; on Twentieth and Nineteenth streets no sign of it appears; on Eighteenth Street the one-story shop, No. 368, seems to be another trace; on Seventeenth Street, between the wooden houses Nos. 352, 354, there still is a driveway into the middle of the block, where more wooden houses of ancient date are found; on Sixteenth Street the trace is a modern two-story dwelling, No. 352, in the rear of which is a small wooden house with old-fashioned outside stair; and on Fifteenth Street the traces are the one-story buildings on each side of the way, Nos. 366, 367; on Fourteenth Street, naturally, no trace survives, for here it would have merged into the Great Kills Road.

But the most substantial evidence in favor of this vanished and unrecorded roadway is found in the two delightfully picturesque old wooden houses which stand in the rear of No. 112 Ninth Avenue —up an alluring alley and in a little court of their own. They are of the same type as those on Eighteenth Street of which a picture is given on page 584; but the outside stairs leading to the second story are not roofed over. Houses of this sort were common in New York half a century and more ago, and many of them, hidden away inside the blocks as these are, still survive. They possessed the very positive merit of giving the privacy of an entirely separate dwelling to the tenants of each floor. These houses, which certainly were built long before the Ninth Avenue was opened, must have faced directly upon the old road; and, in additional proof of this conjecture, is the fact that they stand precisely in line with the opening on Eighteenth Street where the road presumably crossed. Possibly the road never was opened officially. It may have been only a short-cut from the end of the Greenwich Road (of which, another point in its favor, it would have been a direct continuation) to Chelsea across the fields.

Of the Warren Road there is no trace on either Twenty-first or Twentieth Street; but its track is marked on Nineteenth Street by the wooden house No. 148; on Eighteenth Street by the houses Nos. 155, 157; and on Seventeenth Street by the house No. 154.

VI.

Of all these old roads the Southampton was the most thickly settled, and has left behind it the strongest surviving traces. Excepting Twentieth Street, there is not one of the modern streets throughout its length but exhibits distinct marks of its ancient course; while the line of the Great Kills Road, of which it was a continuation, is shown clearly by the oblique side wall of the house at the northwest corner of Fifteenth Street and the Seventh Avenue. Its most marked and most interesting remnant, however, is the group of wooden houses—buried in the heart of the block between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets and the Sixth and Seventh avenues—built seventy years back, and long known as Paisley Place, or "the Weavers' Row."

This cluster of dwellings, once outlying upon Greenwich Village, came by both of its names honestly. Hand-weaving was a New York industry of some magnitude, relatively speaking, in the early years of the present century, and was carried on mainly by weavers emigrant from Scotland; and it was by some of these Scotch weavers that Paisley Place was settled and named, about the year 1822. The date is well determined, inasmuch as the settlement stands in direct relation with the yellow-fever epidemic of that year; but whether the weavers came to Paisley in order to escape the fever, or came after the fever had passed away in order to get the benefit of low rents, is not so clear.

Mr. P. M. Wetmore, in a note upon Paisley, held to the former view. "At a little distance from where the larger merchants had made their temporary homes," he wrote, referring to Greenwich Village, "ran a secluded country lane which bore the somewhat pretentious name of Southampton Road. A convenient nook by the side of this quiet lane was chosen by a considerable number of the Scotch weavers as their place of refuge from the impending danger. They erected their modest dwellings in a row, set up their frames, spread their webs, and the shuttles flew merrily from willing fingers. With the love of Scotland strong in their hearts, and the old town from which they had wandered far away warm in their memories, they gave their new home the name of Paisley Place."

On the other hand, Mr. Devoe—who lived for many years in the immediate vicinity of Paisley, and whose knowledge in the premises was personal—wrote in his Market Book: "Many of the wooden buildings in the neighborhood [of the Jefferson Market] were suddenly put up in 1822 to accommodate the bankers, insurance and other companies, merchants, etc., who left them tenantless after the dreaded yellow fever had subsided, which were at this period [1832] filled with weavers, laborers, and others, who sought low rents."

But whether the Scotch weavers came before or after the fever is immaterial to the point of present interest, which is that the little wooden houses on the line of the extinguished Southampton Road still stand where they were built more than seventy years ago—a fact that any person of antiquarian tendencies, sufficiently resolute not to be dashed by a bad smell or two, may verify personally by making an expedition up one of the several alleyways on the south side of Seventeenth Street west of the Sixth Avenue. And—without rising to such heights of dare-odor adventure as the search for the Weavers' Row up dubious alleyways—a house of the same period may be seen, No. 107, still standing on Seventeenth Street at the point where the Southampton Road left Paisley Place and bore away across country by the east and north.

Having, at first, Paisley as its nucleus, but being centred, later, upon the factory that was built at the northeast corner of Nineteenth Street and the Eighth Avenue, a scattered village grew up between Greenwich and Chelsea half a century ago—partly on the lines of the old roads and partly on the lines of the City Plan. Many scraps of this broadcast settlement still survive, and nearly every scrap has an interesting individuality. Best of all are the two delightfully picturesque wooden houses Nos. 251, 253 West Eighteenth Street, standing far back in what once very likely were gardens, but which certainly are not gardens now, and each having ascending to its second story a roofed-in stair. At the northwest corner of Seventeenth Street and the Eighth Avenue is a remnant of what, in its prime, was life of a higher caste: the brick-front wooden dwelling with a quaint little colonial porch having an iron railing which would be quite perfect were the graceful newel-posts wrought instead of cast—a

house that has an air about it, and that manages to preserve even in the bedraggle-ment of its now sadly fallen fortunes something of the bearing of its better days. It is far from being in as good condition as is the row of large comfortable-looking frame dwellings a little west of it on Seventeenth Street, and yet even the tradition of its former rating suffices to throw the present undoubted well-to-do-ness of these latter entirely in the shade—in much the way that a battered and out-at-elbows gentleman still rises superior to the commonplace sort of humanity that is prosperous but has not in all its blood a single drop of blue. Scattered along the Seventh Avenue are half a dozen more of these trig and seemly but not aristocratic frame houses; and at the Eighteenth Street crossing, on the southwest corner, is a large outcrop of now shabby wooden dwellings which very likely had their genesis in the factory that stood two blocks away to the west and north. In all this collection of remnants the oldest and the shabbiest are the most attractive—for on these is found that exalting touch of the picturesque or the romantic which is nature's gift in compensation for ruin and infirmity and broken age.

From Paisley Place the Southampton Road went northeastward by a way which still, save on Twentieth Street, is well defined. It crossed Eighteenth Street a few feet to the east of the Sixth Avenue, and there its line is recorded on the oblique western wall of the house No. 63; at Nineteenth Street it crossed where now are the small houses Nos. 52, 54; and on Twenty-first Street its trace is very clear in the little houses where now dwell French clear-starchers, and where once dwelt—I insist upon it—the genial landlord of Love Lane.

Being come to these old houses again, we are back very nearly to the point at which our walk began.

HORACE CHASE.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Chapter XX.

WHEN July came, it found Ruth at L'Hommedieu.

"We grew tired of St. Augustine," Dolly had written to Horace Chase upon her arrival, with Ruth, at Savannah, "so we came here for two weeks. What should you think of our spending the summer in North Carolina? We could go up and open the house, and then you could join us there, later. Three or four months in that splendid mountain air would, I am sure, be better for Ruth this year than a third long summer at Newport."

"That Dolly! always trying to make out that Ruth is sick," Chase said to himself. When the letter came, he was on the point of returning to Florida; he did not accept Dolly's suggestion that he should join them later, he simply took the first train for Savannah.

Upon his arrival, he was disturbed to find his wife so much altered; so white and so silent; she scarcely spoke, she sat hour after hour with her eyes on a book, though the pages were not turned. "She isn't well," Dolly explained.

"Then we must have in the doctors," Chase answered, decisively. "I'll get the best advice from New York immediately. I'll wire at once."

"Don't; it would only bother her," objected Dolly. "They can do no more for her than we can. For it is nothing but lack of strength. Take her up to L'Hommedieu, and let her stay there all summer; it will be the best thing for her by far."

"That's the question; will it?" remarked Chase to himself, reflectively.

"Do I know her, or do I not?" urged Dolly. "I have been with her ever since she was born. Trust me, at least where *she* is concerned. For she is all I have left in the world to love, and I understand her every breath."

"Of course I know you think no end of her," Chase had answered. But he was not satisfied; he went to Ruth herself. "Ruthie, you needn't go to Newport this summer, if you're tired of it; you can go anywhere you like, short of Europe (for

* Begun in January number, 1893.

I can't quite get abroad this year). There are all sorts of first-rate places, I hear, along the coast of Maine?"

"I don't care where I go," Ruth answered, dully, "except that I want to be far away from—from the tiresome people we usually see."

"Well, that means far away from Newport, doesn't it? We've been there for two summers," Chase answered, helping her (as he thought) to find out what she really wanted. "Would you like to go up the Lakes—to Mackinac and Marquette?"

"L'Hommedieu would do."

"Yes, Dolly's plan. Are you doing it for *her?*"

"Oh," said Ruth, with weary truthfulness, "don't you know that I never do things for Dolly, but that it's always Dolly who does things for me?"

Her husband took her to L'Hommedieu.

She seemed glad to be there; she wandered about and looked at her mother's things; she opened her mother's secretary and used it; she sat in her mother's easy-chair and read her books. There was no jarring element at hand. Genevieve, beneficent, much admired, and well-off, had been living for two years in St. Louis; her North Carolina cottage was now occupied by Mrs. Kip.

Chase had the inspiration of sending for Kentucky Belle, and after a while Ruth began to ride. This did her more good than anything else. Every day she was out for hours among the mountains, sometimes alone with her husband, sometimes with the additional escort of Malachi Hill on Daniel.

One afternoon they made an expedition to the wild gorge where the squirrel had received his freedom two years before. Ruth dismounted, and walked about under the trees, looking up into the foliage.

"Your monkeyfied Trone wouldn't know how to live in the woods, Ruthie," Chase commented; "nor Kentucky Belle either; but Robert the Squirrel—he's booming!"

"Oh, I don't want him back," Ruth answered; "I am glad he is free. Every one ought to be free," she went on, musingly, as though stating a new truth which she had only just discovered.

"I came out nearly every week, Mrs. Chase, during the first six months, with nuts for him," said Malachi, comfortingly. "I used to bring at least a quart, and I put them in a particular place. Well—they were always gone."

As they came down a flank of the mountain overlooking the village, Chase surveyed the valley with critical eyes. "If we really decide to take this thing up at last—Nick and Richard Willoughby and myself, and one or two more—my own idea would be to have a grand combine of all the advantages possible," he said. "In the United States we don't do this thing up half so completely as they do abroad. Over there, if they have mountains—as in Switzerland, for instance—they don't trust to that alone, they don't leave people to sit and stare at 'em all day; they add other attractions. They have boys with horns, where there happen to be echoes; they illuminate the waterfalls; girls dressed up in costume milk cows in arbors and sing; and all sorts of carved things are constantly offered for sale, such as salad-forks, paper-cutters, and cuckoo clocks. Then, if it's springs, they always have the very best music they can get, to make the water go down. It would be a smart thing, by-the-way, to have the sulphur near here brought into town in pipes, to a sort of park, where we could have a casino, with a hall for dancing, and a restaurant where you could always get a first-class meal. And, outside, a stand for the band. And then in the park there ought to be, without fail, long rows of bright little stores for the ladies—like those at Baden-Baden, Ruthie? No large articles sold, but a great variety of small things. Ladies always like that; they can drink the water, listen to the music, and yet go shopping too; it would be extremely popular. The North Carolina garnets and amethysts could be sold, and specimens of the mica and gold. And the native pink marble could be exhibited. A large model of the Capitol at Washington might be made of it; it would be certain to attract great attention. Then those Cherokee Indians out Qualla way might be encouraged to come to the park with their baskets and bead-work to sell. And there must be, of course, a museum of curiosities, stuffed animals, and mummies, and such things. There's a museum opposite that lion cut in the rock at Lucerne, Hill—I guess you've heard of it? It attracts more interest than the lion him-

self; I've watched, and I know; ten out of twelve of the people who come there look two minutes at the lion, and give ten at least to the museum. Then it wouldn't be a half-bad idea to get hold of an eminent doctor; we might make him a present of a mountain or two to get him here. Larue, by-the-way, won't be of much use to our boom, now that he isn't a Senator any longer. Did they kick him out, Hill, or freeze him out?"

"Well—he resigned," answered Malachi, diplomatically. "You see, they wanted the present Senator—a man who has far more magnetism."

"Larue never *was* 'in it'; I saw that myself," Chase commented. "Well, then, in addition, there must of course be a hospital in the town, so that the ladies can get up fairs for it each year at the height of the season. They find the greatest interest in fairs; I've often noticed it. Then I should give *my* vote for a good race-course. And, finally, all the churches ought to be put in tip-top condition—painted and papered and made attractive. But that, Hill, we'll leave to you."

Malachi laughed. He admired Horace Chase greatly. But he had long ago despaired of making him pay heed to certain distinctions. "I think I won't meddle with the other churches, if you will only help along ours," he answered—"our school here, and my mountain missions."

"All right; we'll boom them all," said Chase, liberally. "There might be a statue of Daniel Boom in the park," he went on, in a considering tone. "Though I believe his name was Boone, wasn't it? Much less appropriate. And perhaps of Colonel David Vance also. And of Dr. Mitchell, who is buried on Mitchell's Peak. And of David L. Swain."

"Have you any especial sculptor in view?" asked Malachi, who was not without a slight knowledge of art.

"No. But we could get some good marble-cutter to take a contract for the lot. That would be the safest way, I guess."

Malachi could not help being glad, revengefully glad, that at least there was no mention of Maud Muriel. Only the day before, the sculptress had again greeted him with her deep "Manikin!" as he came upon her accidentally in a lane which he had incautiously entered. Usually he kept a sharp lookout for her; he avoided all narrow and gateless places; but upon this occasion, his mind being occupied with other thoughts, he was caught before he knew it. A man may be as dauntless as possible (so he told himself), but that does not help him when his assailant is a person whom he cannot knock down—"a striding, scornful, sculping spinster!" "She had better look out!" he had thought, as, red with anger, he passed on.

Immediately after lunch, Chase, on a fresh horse, rode down to Crumb's. Nicholas Willoughby, having taken a fancy to the little plateau on the mountain-side above the Crumb farm—"Ruth's Terrace," as Chase had named it—had built there, two years before, a cottage which he called the Lodge. He had occupied the Lodge for two months during the preceding season. This year he was not to be there; he was going abroad; but as he had lent it to some friends for August and September, he had asked Chase to see that all was in order before their arrival.

While Chase was off upon this errand, Ruth and Dolly were to go for a drive along the Swannanoa. But first Dolly stopped at Miss Mackintosh's barn, for her latest work was now on exhibition there. This was nothing less than a colossal study in clay of the sculptress's own back, from the nape of the neck to the waist. Dolly, who had already had a view of this masterpiece, was now bringing Ruth to see it, with the hope that it would make her laugh. It did. Her old mirth came back for several minutes as she gazed at the rigidly faithful copy of Maud Muriel's shoulder-blades, her broad gaunt shoulders, and the endless line of conscientiously done vertebræ adorning her long spine.

Mrs. Kip was there, also looking. "Maud Muriel, how did you *see* your back?" she inquired.

"Hand-glass," replied the sculptress, briefly.

"Well, to me it looks hardly proper," commented Mrs. Kip; "it's so—so *exposed*. And then, without any head or arms, it seems so mutilated, like some awful thing from a battle-field. I shouldn't like to have Evangeline *Taylor* see it. I don't think it's necessary for lady artists to study anatomy, Maud Muriel; it isn't expected of them; it isn't quite feminine. Why don't you carve angels? They *have*

no anatomy, and of course they need none. Angels, dear little children, and flowers—I think these the most appropriate subjects for *lady* artists, both in sculpture and in painting." Then seeing Maud Muriel begin to snort (as Dolly called the dilatation of the sculptress's nostrils when she was angry), Mrs. Kip hurried on: "But sculpture certainly agrees with you, Maud dear. I really think your splendid hair grows thicker and thicker. You could always earn your living (if you had occasion) by just having yourself photographed, back view, your hair down, and a placard—'Results of Barry's Tricopherus.' Barry would do *anything* to get you."

Maud Muriel was not without humor, after her curt fashion. "Well, Lilian," she answered, "*you* might be 'Results of Packer's Granulated Food,' I'm sure. You look exactly like one of the prize health babies."

"Oh no!" said Mrs. Kip, in terror. She hastily made a rabbit's head with her hands, whispering, "Black dog, get out!" And then she knelt down on the dusty floor and knocked on the under side of a table, murmuring another exorcism. "I'm not at *all* well, Maud Muriel," she said, protestingly, as she rose. "Don't tell me so, or I shall be ill directly. Neither Evangeline Taylor nor I are in the *least* robust; we are *both* pulmonic."

At this moment Evangeline herself appeared at the door, accompanied by her inseparable Miss Green, a personage who was the pride of Mrs. Kip's existence, not for what she was, but for her title; "Evangeline Taylor and her governess"—this to Mrs. Kip was almost royal. She now hurried forward to meet her child, and taking her arm, led her across the barn, where two new busts were standing on a table, one of them the likeness of a hideous, belligerent boy, and the other of a dreary wash-woman. "Come and look at these *sweet* things, darling."

And then Ruth again broke into a laugh.

"Mrs. Chase," said Maud Muriel, suddenly, "I wish *you* would sit to me."

"No. Ask her husband to sit," suggested Dolly. "You know you like to do men best, Maud Muriel."

"Well, generally speaking, the outlines of a man's face are more distinct," the sculptress admitted. "And yet, Dolly, it doesn't always follow. For, generally speaking, women—"

"Maud Muriel, I am *never* generally speaking. But always particularly," Dolly declared. "Do Mr. Chase. He will come like a shot if you will smoke your pipe; he has been dying to see you with it for three years."

"I have given up the pipe; I have cigars now," explained Maud Muriel, gravely. "But I do not smoke here; I go out for a walk, with a cigar, on dark nights—"

"'Sh! Don't talk about it now," interrupted Mrs. Kip, warningly. For Evangeline Taylor, having extracted all she could from the "sweet things," was coming towards them. There was a good deal to come. Her height was now six feet and an inch. Her skirts had been lengthened; but they were still juvenile, as she was only sixteen. Her long face wore an expression which she intended to be one of deep interest in the works of art displayed before her; but as she was more shy than ever, her eyes, as she approached the group, had a suppressed nervous gleam, which, with her strange facial rigidity, made her look half mad.

"Dear child—she is such a reader!" said the mother, fondly, as Ruth, to whom the poor young giant was passionately devoted, made her happy by taking her off and talking to her kindly apart. "All the morning she has been reading Whitman; she knows him by heart."

"Good heavens, Lilian! Whitman?" exclaimed Dolly.

"Whittier," corrected the governess, primly.

Achilles Larue now appeared at the open door.

"Oh, Maud Muriel, *do* cover that thing up!" whispered Mrs. Kip, nervously.

"Cover it up? Why—it is what he has come to see," answered the intrepid Maud.

The ex-Senator inspected the torso. "Most praiseworthy, Miss Mackintosh. Really very interesting. And, in execution, quite—quite fairish. Though you have perhaps exaggerated the anatomical effect—the salient appearance of the bones?"

"Not at all. They are an exact reproduction from life," answered Maud, with dignity.

Mrs. Kip, having sent her daughter home to play "battledoor and shuttlecock,

dear" (Evangeline and her governess played battledoor and shuttlecock every afternoon for two hours), seated herself on a bench on the opposite side of the barn, at a distance from the others; and from this point she gazed and gazed at Achilles Larue. He was as correct as ever, from his straight nose to his finger-tips, and from his smooth short hair parted in the middle to his long slender foot with its high instep. He was talking to Ruth; and Dolly, after a while, came and sat down on the bench beside the widow. They heard Achilles say, "No; I decided not to go." Then, a few minutes later, came another "No; I decided not to do that."

"All his decisions are *not* to do things," commented Dolly, in an undertone. "When he dies, it can be put on his tombstone: 'He was a verb in the passive voice, conjugated negatively.' Why, what's the matter, Lilian?"

"It's nothing; I am only a little agitated; I will tell you about it some time," answered Mrs. Kip, squeezing Dolly's hand.

Maud Muriel followed Ruth and Dolly to the door when they took leave. "I *should* like to do your head, Ruth."

"No; you are to do Mr. Chase's," Dolly called back from the phaeton. "She has been in love with him from the first. It's her only weakness," she went on to her sister, as she turned her pony's head towards the Swannanqa. And then Ruth laughed a third time.

But though Dolly thus made sport, in her heart there was a pang. She knew—no one better—that her sister's face had changed during the past three months. Now that his wife was well again, Chase himself noticed nothing. And to the little circle of North Carolina friends Ruth was so dear that not one of them had observed any alteration. To-day, however, Maud Muriel's unerring scent for ugliness had put her (though unconsciously) upon the track, and, for the first time in all their acquaintance, she had asked Ruth to sit to her. It was but a scent as yet; Ruth was still lovely. But the elder sister could see, as in a vision, that with several years more, under the blight of hidden suffering, the beauty might disappear; her divine blue eyes alone could not save her if her color should fade, if the enchantingly sweet expression of her mouth should alter to confirmed unhappiness, if her face should grow thin, so that its irregular outlines would be too marked and apparent.

An hour and a half later there was a tap at Miss Billy Breeze's door, at the Old North Hotel.

"Come in," said Miss Billy. "Is it you, Lilian? I am glad to see you. I haven't been out this afternoon, as it seemed a little coolish."

Mrs. Kip's fair countenance looked deeply excited. "Coolish, Billy?" she repeated, standing in the centre of the room. "Ish? *Ish?* And I too have said it; I don't pretend to deny it. But it is over at last, and I am free! I have been—been different for some time; I knew that. But I did not know *how* different until this very afternoon. I met him at Maud Muriel's barn, soon after two. And I sat there and looked at him and looked at him. And suddenly it came across me that *perhaps* I didn't care *quite* so much for him. I was trembling so that I could scarcely speak, but I did manage to ask him to take a little stroll with me, and we went up to Beaucatcher. And as he walked along beside me, putting down his feet in that precise sort of way he does, and every now and then saying 'ish'—like a great light in the dark, like a falling off of *chains*, I knew that it was at last at an end—that he had ceased to be all the world to me. And it was such an enormous relief that when I came back, if there had been a circus or menagerie in town, I give you my word I should certainly have gone to it—as a celebration! And then, a little later, Billy, I thought of *you*. And I made up my mind that I would just come over here and ask—*Is* he worth it? What has Achilles Larue ever done for either of us, Billy, but just snub, snub, snub? and crush, crush, crush? If you could only feel what a joy it is to have that old ache gone! And to just *know* that he is hateful!" And Lilian, much agitated, took Billy's hand in hers.

But Billy, dim and pale, drew herself away. "You do him great injustice. But he has never expected that the ordinary mind would comprehend him. Your intentions, Lilian, are good, and I am obliged to you for them. But to me it is a pleasure, and always will be, as well as a constant education, to go on admiring the greatest man I have ever known!"

"Whether he looks at you or not?" demanded Lilian.

"Whether he looks at me or not," answered Billy, firmly.

It was nearly dark before Horace Chase returned from his long ride. Dolly was alone in the sitting-room when he came in. "Well, the cottage is all right," he reported. "Nick's friends can come along as soon as they like."

"Will he himself join them, later? Or any of the Willoughbys?" Dolly inquired.

"Oh no. Nick has gone abroad: didn't you know that? And Richard is off yachting. Walter will spend the whole summer at Newport; he'll be there until late in October."

Dolly already knew this. But she wished to hear it again.

Malachi Hill now came in. He was so unusually erect that he seemed almost tall; his face was flushed, and his bright eyes had a triumphant expression. He looked first at Dolly, then at Chase. "I've done it!" he announced, dashing his clerical hat down upon the sofa. "That Miss Mackintosh has called me 'Manikin' once too often. She did it again just now—in the alley behind the church. And I up and kissed her!"

"You didn't?" said Chase, breaking into a roaring laugh.

"Yes, I did. For three whole years and more, Mr. Chase, that woman has treated me with perfectly outrageous contempt; she has seemed to think that I was nothing at all; she has walked on me, stamped on me, and shoved me right and left. I have felt that I couldn't stand it *much* longer. And I have tried to think of ways to take her down. Then suddenly, just now, it came to me that nothing on earth would take her down quite so much as that. So when she came out with her accustomed epithet, I just gave her a hurl, and did it! It is true I'm a clergyman. And I have acted as though I had kept on being only an insurance agent. But a man is a man, after all, clergyman or no clergyman," concluded Malachi, belligerently.

"Oh, don't apologize," said Dolly. "It's too delicious!" And then she and Chase, for once of the same mind, laughed until they were exhausted.

Meanwhile the sculptress had appeared in Miss Billy's sitting-room, her footfall more quiet than usual. "Wilhelmina, how old are you?" she asked, after she had closed the door.

"Why—you know—I am thirty-eight," Billy answered, putting down *The Blue Ridge in the Glacial Period.* She was reading it with redoubled tenderness now that the dastardly Lilian had apostatized.

"And I am thirty-nine," pursued Maud Muriel, meditatively. "I have stopped in just for a moment to mention something. You know all the talk and fuss there is in poetry about kisses, Wilhelmina? Well, I'm now in a position to tell you." She came nearer and lowered her voice. "They are *very far indeed* from being what is described! There is nothing whatever in them. Utterly disappointing."

Chapter XXI.

July, August, and September passed, and October came. Then the atmosphere of paradise, as we imagine paradise, was lent to the earth for a short time; during a week it lay over the valley of the French Broad. For seven days the sunshine had come filtering through a haze of glittering gold; the hue of the peaks had been like violet velvet. There was no wind; the air was perfectly still; in all directions the forest flamed and glowed with the indescribably gorgeous tints of the American autumn.

Upon the seventh of these heavenly days Dolly Franklin came into her sister's room to tell her a piece of news, namely, the engagement, just made public, of Lilian Kip and Malachi Hill. "Somebody should speak to them," Dolly declared. "It's really a public matter. There ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Future. Think of her profile, and then of his! And imagine, if you can, a combination of the two let loose upon an innocent world."

Ruth smiled a little, but the smile was faint. She was in bed. "Let me stay where I am," she had said to her sister, wearily, the day before. "There is nothing the matter with me, but I like to lie here."

Horace Chase was absent. He had spent the summer at L'Hommedieu, and as long as he remained, his wife had kept up; she had ridden, and walked, and led her usual life. Usual, that is, to a certain extent; for she had been listless and silent, and the change in her looks had by degrees grown so marked that at last

even he had noticed it. As Ruth herself was impenetrable — sweet, gentle, and dumb—he was finally driven to speak to Dolly.

"You say she seems well," Dolly answered. "But that is just the trouble; she seems so, but she is not. What she needs, in my opinion, is a complete change —a change of scene and air and associations of all kinds. Take her abroad for five or six years, and arrange your own affairs so that you can stay there with her."

"Five or six years? That's a large order; that's *living* over there," Chase said, surprised.

"Yes," answered Dolly, "that is what I mean. Live there for a while." Then she made what was to her a supreme sacrifice: "*I* will stay here. I won't try to go." This was partly a bribe (for she knew that her brother-in-law found her constant presence irksome), and partly a plan. Ruth, alone with her husband, would probably end (if the time were sufficiently long) by turning to him, that is, turning entirely. At least so the elder sister hoped. And she even believed it.

"Of course I wouldn't hesitate if I thought it would set her up," said Chase. "I'll see what she says about it."

"If you consult her, that will be the end of the whole thing," answered Dolly. "You will never go, and neither will she. She will feel that you would be sure to dislike it. You ought to arrange it without one syllable to her, and then *do* it. And if I were you I wouldn't postpone it too long."

"What do you talk that way for?" said Chase, angrily. "You have no right to keep anything from me if you *know* anything. What do you think's the matter with her, that you take that tone?"

"I think she is dying," Dolly answered, stolidly. "Slowly, of course; it might require two or three years more, at the present rate of progress. If nothing is done to stop it, by next year it would probably be called nervous prostration. And then, the year after, consumption, perhaps."

Chase sprang up. "How dare you sit there and talk to me of her dying?" he exclaimed, hotly. And two tears glittered in his eyes and fell on his cheeks. "What the h—l do you mean?"

Dolly preserved her composure unbroken. "She has never been very strong. Nobody can know with absolute accuracy, Mr. Chase. But at least I am telling you exactly what I think."

"I'll take her abroad at once. I'll live over there forever if it will do any good," Chase answered, turning to go out in order to hide his emotion.

"Remember, if you tell her about it beforehand, she will refuse to go," Dolly called after him.

This had happened eight days before. Chase was now in New York, arranging his multifarious interests, getting them into a shape that would allow him to leave them. It was a heavy piece of work, requiring more than one journey, as well as days and nights of thought. The first moment it was possible he intended to return to L'Hommedieu, thence he should take his wife abroad instantly, allowing her not an hour for demur.

Dolly in the mean while spent the intervening time trying to amuse her sister, at least trying to occupy her, and fill the long days. For one thing, she was careful not to thwart her; if Ruth expressed even a faint desire to do something, anything, Dolly encouraged the wish, no matter what it was. Since her husband's departure, several times Ruth had gone off for a solitary ride. On these occasions Dolly had come out on the veranda when Kentucky Belle was brought to the door, had watched her sister mount, and had waved a cheerful good-by as she rode away. And though she never had one moment's rest until Ruth's return, not once did she allow herself to beg her to take Chase's groom. And when Ruth expressed this new wish to lie for hours motionless, Dolly had again acceded, as though it was the most natural thing in the world.

On this occasion, however, Ruth did not remain in her room all day. She lay for some time with closed eyes, her head on her arm (like a flower half broken from its stalk, poor Dolly thought), then she sat up. "I believe I will go out, after all. Will you call Félicité? And please order the phaeton."

"A drive? That is a good idea, as it is such a divine day. Shall I go with you?" Dolly asked.

"No. I'll go by myself for an hour or two, if you don't mind."

"On the contrary, I shall be glad to stay at home; I have a slight headache,"

answered Dolly, lying heroically. "May I sit here while you dress?"

"If you like," said Ruth, listlessly.

Dolly pretended to knit. And she made jokes about Mrs. Kip and the approaching nuptials. "I suppose we must not pity Malachi; he is absolutely radiant from happiness. It is to come off next month. Do you think they will have Evangeline Taylor walk up the aisle ahead of them? The Bishop is to be here, they tell me. But he is only to pronounce the benediction, for Lilian, it seems, wishes to have the Rev. Mr. Arlington perform the ceremony. She *usually* has Mr. Arlington."

But in Dolly's heart there were no jokes. As Félicité dressed Ruth, the elder sister could scarcely keep her voice clear while she talked, as she noted how wasted was the slender figure, as she saw the hollows at the temples when the maid brushed back the hair. Under Ruth's eyes were deep dark shadows. These eyes were still extremely lovely; but the white face, and the almost colorless lips, a little apart, as though from suffering, were pitiful to see.

Ruth returned from her drive at sunset. She entered the sitting-room with her hands full of colored leaves. Their tints were less bright than her cheeks, and her eyes had a flash of new life that was startling.

Dolly gazed at her alarmed (though, faithful to her rule, she uttered no comment). "Can it be fever?" she thought.

But this was not fever.

Ruth decorated the mantel-piece with her leaves, talking, and trying to appear natural. What she said was unimportant—the beautiful day, the condition of the river road, and so forth. She lingered for several minutes, repeating these commonplaces. Then she went up stairs.

Not long afterwards Billy Breeze came in. "I am sure dear Ruth is feeling better to-day, Dolly? She passed me just now in her phaeton, looking really brilliant. By-the-way, I saw Mr. Willoughby a moment later. Such a surprise!"

"Willoughby? What Willoughby?" Dolly demanded.

"Oh, of course you are thinking of Nicholas, as he was here all last summer, or rather he was down at Crumb's. But I do not mean Nicholas; I mean the nephew, Mr. *Walter* Willoughby," Billy explained.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DIPLOMACY AND LAW OF THE ISTHMIAN CANALS.

BY SIDNEY WEBSTER.

I.

I AM asked whether or not the United States now have permanent treaty stipulations with Nicaragua adequate to effectively protect an interoceanic ship-canal through that country constructed by the government or citizens of the United States. The recent internal commotion in Nicaragua, the accompanying revolt against the persons then in power therein, who not long ago gave to a private association of American citizens a canal concession not guaranteed by treaty, and the resulting newspaper comments in Nicaragua on the future of the canal enterprise, have all been of a character to set on foot the inquiry.

I answer it in the negative!

Notwithstanding the lively interest taken by the government of the United States in the construction of an international highway by land or water across the isthmus of the two Americas, nothing practical was accomplished till President Polk, on December 12, 1846, made a treaty with the Republic of New Granada, whose titular designation was in 1861 changed to the United States of Colombia. As its negotiation in 1846 and proclamation in 1848 were contemporaneous with the Mexican war, the acquisition of California, and the gold discoveries, it may be inferred that our first treaty preparation to separate the continents by an artificial waterway at Panama, a free navigable route between the two oceans, was inspired by what was then sweeping into our knowledge and our possession on the Pacific coast—now so near by many land routes, but then so inaccessible by land and so remote by sea. Surveys were immediately begun, but the outcome was the Panama Railway, that has been in successful operation during nearly forty years, and is now under French control.

By the thirty-fifth article of the treaty

of 1846 the citizens of the United States were put, as to transit across the isthmus, on an equality with New-Granadians. As a compensation to New Granada the United States guaranteed "positively and efficaciously" to her the perfect *neutrality* of the before-mentioned isthmus, and the rights of sovereignty and property therein then possessed by New Granada, "with the view" that the free transit promised to the United States may not be interfered with while the treaty exists. The undertaking has already, even with only a railway existing, been burdensome to the United States. It may be very serious if ever a canal shall be in operation, and commercial avidities, ambitions, and strifes of rival peoples and governments shall on that account gather around Colombia. She has interpreted our undertaking as a stipulation that we will defend the railway against local uprisings and civil tumult, and the government at Washington has frequently responded to her calls for aid by a military force landed from one of our men-of-war. In 1862, however, when Colombia asked that three hundred cavalry be sent thither, Secretary Seward conferred with England and France, setting forth to them that the United States had "no interest in the matter different from that of other maritime powers." Despite the "Monroe doctrine," he invited two great European states to join the United States in guaranteeing the safety of the transit and the authority of the Colombian Confederation. Each replied that as the transit had not been actually interrupted the United States were not yet called on to interfere, but Lord Russell said to Mr. Adams that when the transit shall be really interrupted England will readily co-operate with the government at Washington.

An official opinion has been given by the Attorney-General of the United States to the effect that our guarantee to Colombia covers only "neutrality," in that modern use of the word which relates to an attitude between two or more belligerents, and does not imply a mere protectorate in time of peace.

Perception of the novel and even yet unexplored questions of international law involved, and of the fact that Colombia ever since 1868, as now, might put an end to the treaty of 1846 within a year after giving to us notice of that intention, and, were a canal opened at Panama, might cancel these existing privileges and obligations, has made our Department of State not unwilling to conclude a permanent treaty on more satisfactory terms. In 1856 Secretary Marcy made an endeavor, but New Granada raised insuperable obstacles. The war of secession pushed aside for a time consideration of foreign canals, but in 1868 Secretary Seward caused to be sent to the Senate a new treaty with Colombia, the ratification of which was refused. In 1870 Secretary Hamilton Fish made another effort, but the Congress of Colombia so mutilated the result of the negotiation that it could not be accepted by the United States. A second attempt was made by Mr. Fish, with no better outcome. Various causes contributed to prevent agreement between Washington and Bogotá, but probably the chiefest was the very natural conflict of pecuniary interests between, on the one hand, an owner not having the money needed to improve his land, and, on the other hand, a possessor of capital and energy to make the land profitable by incurring serious expenditures, responsibilities, and risks.

Nothing new in regard to the canal was done by Colombia till the concession of March 20, 1878, made by her to Lucien N. B. Wyse, in behalf of the "International Interoceanic Canal Association," of Paris, whose doings have lately lit up again with such lurid light the hazards of even a republic and the statesmen of a republic. That concession was made by Colombia without the consent, and, it has been said, without even the knowledge, of the State Department at Washington. Congress having in 1876, in a spasm of economy, abolished the mission at Bogotá, and not having re-established it till the summer of 1878, the Secretary of State had no official channel through which he could be told, and, when told, could protest against, what was going on prejudicial to our interests at Panama.

The efforts in Paris and elsewhere to construct a canal under the Wyse concession moved Secretary Blaine in June, 1881, to send to our minister at London, and to each of our ministers in Europe, what was in effect a warning to European governments not to enter into a joint guarantee of the neutrality of the interoceanic canal projected across the isthmus of Panama. He therein informed those governments that "a prop-

er guarantee of neutrality" is essential, but the guarantee of the United States will not need "re-enforcement, or accession, or assistance from any other power." A copy of the note was presented to the Foreign Office at London. Lord Granville briefly but most courteously replied by pointing out that the attitude of both governments toward the canal had been and was then fixed by the Clayton-Bulwer convention, and by adding the expression of his confident hope that the United States will observe "*all* the engagements of that treaty." Mr. Blaine having made no allusion to the treaty, it may be that its existence, and especially the validity of its eighth section, had for the moment escaped his attention. However that may have been, the note provoked a learned discussion, carried on for two years, which was, however, fruitless in everything excepting a distinctly expressed refusal by the British government to alter or depart from the declaration it had made in the beginning. The refusal distinctly implied that England intended to hold us to the promise made on our behalf in 1850, which was that we will not attempt, either in peace or war, exclusive control over any isthmian canal between the Atlantic and Pacific, but that (quite to the contrary of Mr. Blaine's warning) we will unite with Great Britain in establishing "a general principle" applicable to each and every of such canal—namely, the principle of "protection" thereof by each and every government in Europe or America disposed to unite therein, receiving therefor from the proprietors equality of treatment in use of the waterway.

II.

There are three canal routes that have had attention—one at Tehuantepec, one at Nicaragua, and another at Panama. The first-named dropped early out of the competition. Owing to the disturbed condition of the state of Nicaragua, created in part by race conflicts and boundary disputes, no efficient work in the way even of surveys or practicable concessions was done on the route till a half-century ago, when, under the auspices of Frenchmen, a beginning was made both at Nicaragua and Suez. Both were resisted by the government at London. The opposition of Lord Palmerston to the endeavors of M. de Lesseps at Suez, under the patronage of France, continued till as late as 1861.

Much that is obscure in British doings at Suez and Nicaragua a half-century ago becomes more plain if one takes account of the personality of Lord Palmerston. He condemned the Webster-Ashburton treaty of 1842 as an "Ashburton surrender" to the United States. To Lord Minto he criticised Americans as "an encroaching people." His maxim as Minister of Foreign Affairs was, "Never give up a pin's head that you ought to keep and think you can keep; and even if you think that, in the last extremity, you will not be able to keep it, make as many difficulties as you can about resigning it, and manifest a doubt as to whether you should not sooner go to war than resign it."

The preparations of 1849 for a canal in Nicaragua under a concession to the "American Atlantic and Pacific Ship-Canal Company" were stopped by British pretensions on the Mosquito Coast, occupation of San Juan, and by need of pecuniary aid from England. Lord Palmerston denied British intention to hold against the United States exclusive possession of San Juan as the key of the contemplated communication, and offered to unite with them in order to promote by joint influence and mutual co-operation the opening of a channel by Lake Nicaragua, and then declare it a common highway for the use and benefit of all nations. The outcome was the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, negotiated for objects the attainment of which was then indispensable to assure the success of the canal. The needed money was, however, not forthcoming from London. Nicaragua revoked the concession, and there ensued a ten years' controversy over the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the boundaries of Nicaragua, which were, by the persistent efforts of the United States, finally adjusted in favor of Nicaragua. Our war of secession soon after befell, and public interest in the isthmian routes was temporarily submerged, to reappear in 1867 with the treaty of that year between the United States and the republic of Nicaragua, negotiated by direction of Secretary Seward. At about the same time Nicaragua concluded similar engagements with Great Britain and with France in respect to a canal and its use.

Those treaties are now temporarily in force, and alike manifest the international character of the enterprise. Nicaragua granted thereby "the right of transit" on any and every route, wherever made, by land or sea, through her dominions, and on terms of equality with Nicaragua as to tolls. She distinctly reserved her "sovereignty over the same." She promised a free port at each end. She stipulated that our vessels of war could pass through the canal if the vessels were not to be used against Central American nations friendly to Nicaragua. She covenanted that the United States may, on prescribed conditions, use military force in Nicaragua in order to protect the lives or property of their citizens. What were the United States to do in return? They were, first, to "extend their protection to all such routes of communication as aforesaid"; secondly, "to guarantee the neutrality and innocent use of the same"; and third, "to employ their influence with other nations to induce them to guarantee such neutrality and protection." Thus under three treaties which Nicaragua has made with the United States, Great Britain, and France she has granted to the people of each a transit through any canal on conditions the same as those enjoyed by Nicaráguans.

III.

The administration of President Grant desired the construction of a canal either at Panama or Nicaragua, and to that end opened, as has already been seen, negotiations with Colombia, which failed on account of inadmissible conditions exacted by that state. Seven years afterward the Grant administration turned to Nicaragua. The treaty of 1867 existing only for fifteen years, and one year after notice of termination by either party, had proved ineffective. Capital could not be enlisted for a canal. There was needed the more cordial good-will and co-operation of the great powers, made manifest by approving the terms of concessions and by obligations of guarantee. It was important that the control granted by Nicaragua to those supplying the money should be more explicit and satisfactory. Secretary Hamilton Fish entered on a negotiation with Nicaragua early in 1877. The draught of a new treaty was by him prepared, but Nicaragua refused to concede essential things. It provided for the co-operation of the principal maritime nations in making the canal a neutral pathway consecrated to peace. Its theory of the true interests of the United States in respect to the canal, and of the necessity and method of enforcing its neutrality, was quite unlike that subsequently set forth by Secretary Blaine in his circular note of 1881 to our foreign ministers. In 1884 Secretary Frelinghuysen negotiated another canal treaty with Nicaragua, which was sent to the Senate, but was withdrawn by President Cleveland before the Senate voted finally on its ratification.

IV.

Dr. Cardenas, the diplomatic representative who had been sent to Washington in 1876 for negotiation with Mr. Fish of a new treaty, having refused to assent to the draught prepared by the executive branch of the treaty-making power of the United States, and President Grant having rejected in 1877 the conditions imposed by Nicaragua, a plan for concerted legislation by Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and the United States seems to have been devised after what, in 1885, happened to the Frelinghuysen negotiation. Mr. Menocal, then or previously in the service of the United States, and acting in behalf of a private company—the Nicaragua Canal Association, organized on December 3, 1886—entered into a contract with Dr. Cardenas, representing Nicaragua, which was signed April 24, 1887. The government at Washington had no part therein. For the concessions therein made by Nicaragua the association, as subsequently appeared in evidence before the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, paid to that government one hundred thousand dollars in money, and expended twice as much for surveys. A Nicaragua Canal Construction Company was subsequently organized, on June 10, 1887, under the general laws of Colorado, the capital to be twelve millions; and two months thereafter the association holding the concessions from Nicaragua sold and transferred to that Colorado Construction Company, of which Mr. Warner Miller is president, all the rights and franchises of the association that obtained the concession, including its right to shares and bonds. Congress then incorporated the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua.

The Colorado Construction Company

thereupon sold for 12 millions of paid-up shares all its property and rights to the new company chartered by Congress, of which Mr. Hiram Hitchcock was and is president. That third owner of the concession and franchise straightway made, on May 24, 1889, a contract with the Colorado Construction Company to build the canal for 200 millions of bonds and 75 millions of shares of the "Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua," but with a condition that the latter can put an end to the contract by paying all disbursements *plus* ten per cent.

In that condition of the enterprise, which Mr. Menocal had affirmed that 65 millions of dollars would suffice to complete, the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee took it in hand, and after examining witnesses as well as making other diligent inquiries, reported that it was "a clear and specific purpose of the act of Congress that" the political control of the canal shall be retained by the United States; that the corporation is public, not private; that three governments have united to create the corporation and exercise over it a "sovereign control"; and that Nicaragua and Costa Rica have acquiesced in a control of the canal by the United States.

The Foreign Affairs Committee advised the Senate that probably no combination of private individuals can be made adequate to complete the canal. This is its language: "In whatever view the committee could take of the enterprise, there appears grave doubt whether it could be executed without the strong, certain, and powerful support of a great nation, or a combination of nations." Such is the plan of concerted legislation, rather than treaty stipulation, for building a canal in Nicaragua.

The Senate Committee reported a bill which must, one would think, have been a surprise to members of that Democratic party five of whose Presidents—Madison, Jackson, Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan—had vetoed as unconstitutional bills appropriating money for highways and canals *within* the United States. It proposed to limit the number of shares of the "Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua" at one million of a hundred dollars each; to call in and cancel all shares and bonds issued, as well as satisfy all outstanding liabilities of the company; to authorize a new mortgage on everything, including the franchise, and an issue by the company of 100 millions of new three per cent. bonds, to be deposited in the Treasury of the United States. The Secretary of the Treasury is, after such deposit, and in behalf of the United States, to be required to endorse a guarantee of payment of principal and interest, hand back the bonds to the company, pay the same if the company shall fail so to do, and foreclose the mortgage. The hundred millions in new shares are to be fully paid up—12 millions for the Colorado Construction Company, 7½ millions for Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and the remaining 80½ millions are to become the property of the United States. The President is to appoint ten out of fifteen directors, who are to vote at share-owners' meetings for three others who are to be share-owners. The remaining two directors are to be appointed, one by Nicaragua and one by Costa Rica. That is to be done in face of the stipulation in the concession that in no case shall it be transferred to a "government"!

The Senate Foreign Affairs Committee must be taken to have reported that Congress has constitutional power to raise money by taxation and appropriate the money to dig and operate a ship-canal in a foreign country and outside the territorial jurisdiction of United States over the land or water occupied by the canal and its ocean approaches, even although the seventeenth clause of the eighth section of the first article of the Federal Constitution indicates a clear intent that the Federal government shall hold and exercise exclusive jurisdiction over all places, even in one of our own States, in which "forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, and other needful buildings" shall be erected, and although Congress began as early as 1789 to require cession of jurisdiction before erecting even lighthouses, and has ever since continued in that way. Mr. Gallatin did, it is true, lead President Jefferson to advocate in 1806–7 a vast national system of internal improvements, including canals, but he deemed a constitutional amendment necessary to bring those objects within the powers of the Federal government. In the Fourteenth Congress Mr. Calhoun raised a special committee of the House to consider "internal improvements," and reported a bill setting aside moneys (derived in some way from the United

States Bank) as a fund for constructing roads and canals. The bill was passed by Congress, but its veto was President Madison's last act of official authority. Therein he declares that the power to "*regulate* commerce" did not include a power to dig canals, nor did the power to provide for the common defence and general welfare embrace canal-digging. He put the veto on the ground that a power to dig canals "is not expressly given by the Constitution," and "cannot be deduced from any part of it without an inadmissible latitude of construction"—referring, of course, as he then did, to a time of profound peace, and not to the exigency of actual war and of naval defence; and in 1825 Mr. Jefferson expressed his concurrence with Mr. Madison's views.

I make no comment on the contentions of those who assert or those who deny a power in Congress to levy taxes in order to carry on "a general system of internal improvements." The money expended or land given or credit loaned by the United States to aid in building railways to the Pacific was to promote a public work within our own country—an internal and not an external "improvement."

V.

What will be the difference in public law and in the rights of foreign governments between the Panama Railway and the Panama Canal if it shall ever be built? One is a metal road connecting the two oceans, over which transportation is conducted; and the other, if ever made, will be an artificial channel for water, along which vessels can go from one great ocean to the other.

In some current comment and discussion it has been assumed that if there shall be a canal built at Panama under a concession given by Colombia to Frenchmen, or at Nicaragua under a concession given by the republic of that name to Americans, foreign governments may under certain circumstances, and in the absence of treaties, contracts, or special stipulations, have a right, in time of war, to control a use of either of those canals against the will of the owner.

The Suez Canal was dug under a firman delivered to M. de Lesseps by the Viceroy of Egypt in 1854, and the digging of the Nicaragua Canal is now going on upon much the same plan; and yet, when the Suez Canal had been completed, and before Great Britain had purchased shares therein, that power turned its diplomacy on the canal because of its international qualities. Later on Lord Derby said to Count Schouvaloff that if Russia, then in war with Turkey, exercised the belligerent right to blockade the canal, England could no longer be a neutral, because such interference would be "a menace to India, and a grave injury to the commerce of the world." Lord Derby defended the purchase by England, in 1875, of the canal shares on the plea that the canal came under the "cognizance" of the great powers of Europe; and Great Britain subsequently invited Germany, Austria, Spain, France, Italy, Holland, Russia, and Turkey to unite with her in a convention, stipulating that the Suez Canal shall always be open and free, in time of war as in time of peace, to every vessel of commerce or of war, and not to interfere with such use. A treaty to that effect was signed at Constantinople, October 29, 1888.

If on that international theory, or world-wide commerce theory, foreign governments can, apart from treaties or concessions, insist on such participation in the use of a canal across the American isthmus, no matter by whom it may be owned, then why shall not the United States urge that Nicaragua unite with them in proposing severally to the maritime powers to enter into guarantees and stipulations with reference to the canal and its use as contemplated in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty? Surely such an international understanding would greatly facilitate the loaning of needed funds to the canal company.

Running through all the diplomacy relating to interoceanic canals on either continent there has been distrust of one another among the great maritime powers. It pervades the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It was manifested between England and France as to Suez. It is seen in the concession by Nicaragua of April 12, 1886, to Mr. Menocal, representing the Nicaragua Canal Association, under which concession, transferred to the Maritime Canal Company, chartered by Congress, excavation for the canal is going on, and Congress is solicited to contribute a hundred millions of three-per-cent. United States bonds.

It is stipulated therein that

"the present concession is transferable only to such company of execution as shall be organized by the *Nicaragua Canal Association*, and in no case to governments or to foreign public powers. Nor shall the company cede to any foreign government any part of the lands granted to it by this contract."

And yet the concession permits the building, operating, and business part of the canal to be in the hands of a company "organized in the manner and under the conditions generally adopted for such companies"! Would a transfer of the franchise to the United States by mortgage foreclosure work a forfeiture of the concession?

The distrust and solicitude in respect to a canal at Panama or Nicaragua have related thus far chiefly to war. Hence stipulations touching the guarantee of neutrality. The language of the sixth article of the recent Nicaragua concession to Menocal is a pertinent example and illustration.

That sixth article begins by declaring the proposed canal a neutral place, and that *all* vessels may freely navigate it, but ends by declaring that vessels of war belonging to a government at war with Nicaragua or with any Central American state will be rigorously excluded. Thus, if there be no treaty to the contrary, and a government at war with the United States can get a Central American state as an ally, our ships of war may be excluded from the canal. What the United States can, if they see fit, require—as a condition precedent of pecuniary aid—is a perfect *neutralization* of the canal, as the Suez Canal was neutralized in 1888 by all the great powers, stipulating with one another that the vessels of war of each can always and forever freely use the canal, and that no act of force shall by any of the signatory powers be done in or near the canal.

A protectorate is unlike neutrality, and neutrality is unlike neutralization. England exercised a protectorate over the tribe of Mosquito Indians, but they were not thereby neutralized. "Neutral" and "neutrality" are terms of war. They are the antitheses of intervention and belligerency. When war has begun, new classes of very complex rights and duties, described as neutral rights and duties, supervene for neutrals upon the rights and duties existing before the war so far as the two classes are inconsistent. A definite set of ideas—definite at least among jurists—is now associated with the neutrality of a *state*, but what of a *canal* within that state? Nicaragua does not declare herself (but only the canal and its ports) always neutral "during the term of this concession." She cannot merely by her declaration deprive other governments of their sovereign right to make war on the canal and destroy it. No more can the United States. They were neutrals in the Franco-German war of 1870, but yet were free to become belligerents. Belgium and Switzerland were neutrals, and abstained as did the United States, but Belgium and Switzerland, having been neutralized, had lost the element of freedom to enter the war which the United States possessed. Prussia and France, having consented to neutralize Belgium and Switzerland, had no right to assail them, or either of them.

The only treaty hold Nicaragua has on the United States, or they have on Nicaragua, in regard to the neutrality of the canal, is the treaty of 1867, which can be terminated on a year's notice, and then the United States can as a belligerent violate the neutrality of the canal proclaimed by Nicaragua.

VI.

Congress and capitalists are solicited by promoters of the Nicaragua Canal as if it, when dug, will make one navy suffice for our two sea-coasts. A delusion and a snare!

Neutralized—the Nicaragua Canal will of course be to the disadvantage of the United States when at war with any great naval power, by subjecting both our Atlantic and Pacific coasts to peril which menaces either.

Not neutralized, or its neutrality disregarded—the Nicaragua Canal will be at the mercy of the superior naval power, which the United States are not now among all the nations, nor for a long future likely so to become, nor to have a supreme interest in so becoming.

The canal not dug—the United States retain exclusive possession, between the two oceans, of the advantage of railway routes incapable to be cut, or blockaded, or shared by any hostile power.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROYAL GUARD.

DANIEL DE GRESOLLON, SIEUR DU L'HUT.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

[Daniel de Gresollon, Sieur du L'hut, died during the early years of the last century. In time his memory faded from the minds of men, and at last his very name disappeared, and was forgotten for over a hundred years; but there came a day when a settlement was founded on a site over which he no doubt often trod at the head of the great lake whose every bay and headland he so thoroughly explored, and was named in his honor—Duluth.

His name as given at the head of this article is probably correct, but I have preferred to follow the manner in which he invariably wrote it—Dulhut.

The material for this sketch has been gathered from the original documents preserved in the prothonotary's office in Montreal, from contemporary writers, from collections of official documents, and from modern historians, of whom Dr. Parkman, in a note in his *La Salle and the Discoverers of the Great West*, has collected more information on the subject than was ever before attempted.—W. M.]

ALL France was interested in the fortunes of Canada, *la Nouvelle France*, during the last quarter of the seventeenth century. The fostering policy of Louis XIV. and his minister Colbert was producing the best results possible in a system which was defective in many essential points. The fur trade was growing year by year in volume, there was fair promise of agricultural prosperity, the population was steadily increasing, and the Indians were fairly well held in check. New discoveries were constantly being made in the West, and each new year brought glowing reports of its wealth and possibilities. A royal edict had thrown trade open to the noble without any loss of his privileges, and commissions in the troops and the marine were to be had by all of good family. Younger sons with such possibilities before them could look on the future with hopeful hearts, and impoverished families saw the way re-opening to their past greatness. Here was a legitimate opportunity not only for every man with broad pieces at his back, but also for him who had naught but his sword by his side.

Daniel de Gresollon, Sieur du L'hut—or Dulhut, as he generally signed—was born at Saint-Germain-en-Laye about the middle of the seventeenth century. His father, a member of the numerous class of *la petite noblesse*, had strengthened the waning fortunes of his house by marriage into the Patron family, wealthy merchants of Lyons, whither the family removed, and this accounts for La Hontain's description of Dulhut as a "Lionnais."

The Court, the Church, and the Army were the three avenues open to young men of his class, of which Dulhut chose the last, and his name was duly enrolled as a member of the Royal Guard. None but gentlemen could wear the blue facings of this famous troop, whose nominal commander was his most Christian Majesty. Dulhut ever highly prized the honor of having served in its ranks, and to the end of his life clung to his first and most cherished distinction of "Gendarme de la Garde du Roy."

But advancement was slow in old France, while brilliant possibilities were offering in the New World, so Dulhut applied for and obtained a captain's commission in the troops of the marine, and joined his command in Canada.

The first glimpse we catch of him in his new surroundings is in 1674, when he knelt with a group of lads before the altar of the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, then used as the parish church for Montreal, and received his first communion, probably at the hands of Dollier de Casson. Among these boys were the three Le Moynes (Ste. Hélène, Iberville, and Maricourt), all destined to add to the lustre of their family, Daillebout de Manthet, Dulhut's companion in later years, and others.

When we remember that Dulhut must have been about twenty years of age at this time, that the other communicants were mere boys, as is usual, that he had passed his early years in Lyons, where Huguenot influence was strong, that his intimate friend Bizard was undoubtedly a Protestant, as his father was Mayor of Becaix, in Neufchâtel, the most Protestant of the Swiss cantons, there is reasonable ground for believing that up to this time Dulhut belonged to the Reformed religion. In the spring of this year he returned to France on family matters. There he found the whole country ablaze with enthusiasm. The Great Condé had taken the field against the youthful William of

Orange and his allies in the Low Countries. Every sword was urgently needed, and Dulhut immediately volunteered, and once more stood beside his old comrades of the Royal Guard.

In August he saw dreadful work on the bloody field of Seneffe, in Hainault, where he served as squire to the young Marquis de Lassay, ensign of his regiment, who was thrice wounded and had two horses killed under him during the day. With the rest of the household troops, Dulhut stood for eight mortal hours under that awful fire, and with them bore off the hardly earned honors. It was another victory to the roll of *le grand Monarque* and of his greater general, but there were 27,000 men to be buried within the two leagues covered by the battle.

Among the non-combatants was a young Recollet, who stole backwards and forwards at the risk of his life, comforting the wounded, confessing the dying, and saying a hurried prayer over the dead, through the long night which followed. His name was Louis Hennepin, and he and the young squire, both of whom played their parts gallantly on that eventful day, were destined to meet again in a wilderness where victors and vanquished were alike unknown. Dulhut probably returned to Montreal at the close of the season's campaign, for early in the next summer he leased a modest house and garden from Pierre Pigeon on the southern side of Notre Dame Street, at the corner of St. Sulpice (then St. Joseph) Street, for a rental of 120 livres per annum. Opposite him stood the house of Jean Bourdon, the armorer, and the garden of Agathe St. Père, recently acquired by the seminary, occupied the site of the present Place d'Armes, while from his side window he overlooked the fruit trees of Maître Basset, the notary, on St. Sulpice Street, where the Parish Church now stands. Here he lived with his younger brother, Claude Gresollon de la Tourette, and evidently intended settling down to the life of a quiet-going citizen. He had retired from his command on half-pay, retaining his rank, and joined the monopolists headed by Frontenac in opposition to the less distinguished if more solvent fur-traders.

His ventures prospered, for a year later he purchased an arpent of land fronting on St. Paul Street, at the lower end of the present Jacques Cartier Square. He removed the old house which had been built by Maître Étienne Bouchard, the first surgeon of Montreal, and at once set about erecting a substantial dwelling. No more favorable site could have been chosen, and the extent and cost of his establishment clearly indicate his intention of permanent residence.

His friend Jacques Bizard, once lieutenant of the Comte de Frontenac's guard, had also retired from active service, had settled in Montreal, and with him and his brother La Tourette, Dulhut took possession of his new home, and no doubt kept open house, in accordance with the generous hospitality which prevails in every new country.

Some disturbing element was evidently at work in Dulhut's life. It may have been the result of intercourse with such men as Dollier de Casson, who, although a priest, had once been an officer like himself, who had wandered westward with La Salle, and had seen somewhat of the marvels of the West, and may have awakened the restless ambition of the future explorer; it may have been the more commonplace result of finding that he had burdened himself with a more expensive establishment than he was able to sustain; but whatever it was, his uncle, the Lionnais merchant Jacques Patron, was prepared to take advantage of his decision.

Towards the end of May the uncle and nephew undertook a journey down the river to visit M. Pierre Boucher, at his seigniory of Boucherville.

We may be sure their welcome was a warm one. Pierre Boucher was too enthusiastic a Canadian to fail in any of the generous graces of his countrymen, and no doubt the evenings were spent in listening to his descriptions of early wanderings and adventures when a mere lad among the Indians. He had eager listeners, both in the cautious merchant, anxious to gather information about the country, and in the young officer, unsettled and restless in his present surroundings.

This may have been the last impulse needed to start Dulhut's restlessness into action, for he accepted Patron's offer of nine thousand livres for his new house, and, with his usual promptness, at once sent a canoe off to Montreal for Maître Basset, who arrived in all haste, and without further delay drew up the deed, which was signed at the manor in presence of Pierre Boucher and his son, Boucher de Boucherville.



A COUREUR DES BOIS.

Maître Basset has left us no clew to Dulhut's action in the formal wording of the hurriedly drawn contract, but it is difficult to believe there was not some powerful motive behind it all, and the elements of a romance are certainly hidden behind the curtain of these distant years. It seems probable that he had renounced his former faith and entered into the bosom of the Church; he returned to France on family matters, and after a successful campaign again turned his back on possible fame as a member of one of the finest bodies of troops in the world; he came back to Montreal, resigned his commission in the colonial troops, built a

house, then the best in the little town, sold it in a moment's impulse, and disappeared from amongst civilized men. Surely some story of disappointment is behind the bare facts of that deed of sale and transfer.

From this time onward Dulhut became a wanderer on the face of the earth, leading a lonely, hazardous life among open foes and dangerous allies. Few men, even in those days of wonderful deeds and endurance, were possessed of greater courage and determination. Although a martyr for over twenty-five years to the tortures of gout, his life was thenceforward spent in constant activity, building forts, fighting, trading, and exploring for more than thirty years.

On the 1st of September, 1678, he left Montreal, accompanied by his brother, six Frenchmen, and three slaves, presented to him by friendly Indians, as guides. His object was to penetrate the Sioux and Dakota country, which now forms part of the State of Minnesota, and which had never been explored, although known to the early missionaries and such wanderers as Péré. The inhabitants were mighty hunters and great warriors; what little intercourse they had with the whites was through the Indian allies of the English, who came up from the southeast; but the eight hundred leagues which lay between them and the French, added to the reports of their ferocity and perpetual warfare, had so far kept white traders or explorers without their borders.

Dulhut, with his little following, pushed westward, and wintered in the woods on or near Lake Huron. The following spring he set forth again, passing the mission station of the Sault, and skirting the southern shore of Lake Superior, struck inland, and reached the principal village of the Sioux, or Issati, called Kathio. Here he planted the royal arms on the 10th of July, 1679, where a white face had never before been seen. From here he continued his journey into the interior one hundred and twenty leagues, among other tribes, where he again raised the lilies of France, and proclaimed Louis XIV. as King and protector of the country, and succeeded in winning the confidence of the rival nations. He appointed a rendezvous on the shore of Lake Superior in September, and patched up a peace between them and their enemies the Sioux.

The following winter was spent among the rival tribes. He joined their hunting parties, induced them to intermarry, and persuaded them by handsome presents from his own purse to descend to Montreal with their furs, from whence they had been kept by reports of plague industriously spread by the allies of the English.

Here, as in many instances afterwards, he relied solely on his own personal influence, and never seems to have faltered at any danger on account of the slenderness of his following, nor met any difficulty which he was not able to surmount. His success, however, was not viewed with equal approval by the authorities. Frontenac, it is true, knew and heartily approved of his conduct, but the Intendant, Duchesneau, looked on his course with very different eyes.

While Dulhut was exploring a country where a white face had never been seen before, and proclaiming the authority of the French King to tribes who knew no higher power than that of their own chieftains, the Intendant was complaining bitterly to the Minister at home. On the 10th November, 1679, he writes that Dulhut, who has ever been the Governor's correspondent, shares his gains with him, and with Barrois, his secretary; that he is guilty of having a brother-in-law near the Governor, M. de Lussigny, an officer of his guard; and further, that La Toupine, the famous *coureur des bois*, who set out at the same time and probably with Dulhut, has left two of his men with him. Against La Toupine the Intendant had special cause of grievance, for on his summary arrest he had produced a safe-conduct from the Governor, which the Intendant dared not disobey.

La Toupine had been with Dulhut, and was undoubtedly a free-trader. Dulhut was still in the wilds, the royal edict of 1676 was still in force, and he therefore fell into the worst category in the Intendant's list, that of the *coureurs des bois*.

The *coureur des bois* occupies a peculiar position in early Canadian history. He was often an outlaw, was not infrequently under pain of infamous punishment, even of death, was constantly the object of the severest strictures of Intendant and Governor, and was looked on with horror and terror by the quiet-going citizen. His life was one of constant danger and exposure. Cut off from all



ACT OF POSSESSION.

companionship with his countrymen, he wandered through the trackless wilds from Hudson Bay to La Belle Rivière, and the forests of the West were as familiar to him as the streets of Montreal. He lived with the Indians, talked their language, dressed like them, hunted with them, and shared all their fortunes of the chase and the foray. He was bound to them by ties of marriage and kinship, and frequently lost his identity and the light veneer of civilization which he had inherited and acquired. His wanderings never attained the dignity of exploration, and his marvellous tales of unknown lands and imagined waters sometimes led the unwary chronicler into laughable absurdities. He was a constant anxiety to the authorities. While absent he might embroil neutral Indians; he was almost sure to corrupt their allies; he always interfered with the monopolists, and, if too severely pushed, might find an easy and more lucrative market at Orange or Manhat. When he returned he brought all the license of the forest with him. Followed by his train of white men and Indians, he swept down the rapids of Lachine in his flotilla of canoes laden to the water's edge with bales of beaver-skins worth one hundred good crowns apiece. The whole population turned out to welcome the wanderers, and the little market-place, the present Custom-house Square, was soon filled to its utmost capacity, and the fur trade was at its height.

After an absence often extending over eighteen months, the pleasures of the town were tasted to the dregs. Weather-worn garments were doffed, and all the bravery of lace and velvet was donned. There were good eating, deep drinking, and high play until the broad pieces dwindled. Then the gold and lace and finery gradually disappeared, and the bird of passage took his flight northward or westward once more. In times of peace his industry and management filled the fur-traders' stores; in time of war it was to his control and authority over the Indians that much of the success of the French arms was due. Nearly every family in Canada had at times some member in the wandering brotherhood. Soldiers, sailors, gentle and common, swelled the number of white men roaming through the unsettled parts of the country, and the freedom and excitement of the life were ever sufficient to render all punishment and persuasion ineffectual to prevent the evil.

Dulhut passed the winter in and about the head-waters of Lake Superior, and in the early summer again set forth in two canoes with four Frenchmen, and an Indian for guide. Coasting along the southern shore of Lake Superior, they entered a river, now the Bois Brulé, about eight leagues distant from the head of the lake. This they ascended to its rise, portaged over into a lake, and from there pushed on to the upper waters of the Mississippi. While Dulhut was making his way westward by an untrodden path, there was another white man whose face was turned towards the east, after a long year's wanderings up and down the Mississippi, for the last three months a captive among the Sioux. This was the Recollet father of whom we caught a glimpse through the smoke and fire of that awful day at Seneffe.

Louis Hennepin had had an adventurous and roving life from the hour he left his father's roof in the little town of Ath, in Hainault. He had followed the army of the Great Condé as chaplain, he had wandered afoot through Flanders and France, had listened to the tales of sailors at Dunkirk and Calais until he was ill with the stench of their vile tobacco and wild to see something of the marvels of the world over-seas. His wish was gratified at last on the day he sailed for Canada on board the same ship with Cavalier de la Salle. He quarrelled with La Salle on the voyage by his interference on the occasion of a dance among the passengers, and La Salle qualified his conduct as that of "a pedagogue," an insult which evidently rankled, for Hennepin gives the story in all its amusing detail in one of his prefaces.

After some experience among the Indians, he joined La Salle in his expedition of 1678, but, separating from him, culminated his adventures by being taken captive by the Sioux, who adopted him into their tribe, and, in spite of his adoption, met with sufficiently rigorous treatment to cause him to sigh heartily for the flesh-pots of civilization once more.

Dulhut reached the Mississippi without mishap, and there met an encampment of Sioux, from whom he heard that there were white captives among their people two hundred and forty miles distant, a tribe as warlike and bold as any of

the dreaded Iroquois. He and his comrades were the only other white men in the country within possible reach, and yet without a moment's hesitation he determined on their rescue. Leaving two of his men in the Indian camp to guard their goods, he set forth in a single canoe with the two others, and a Sioux for guide and interpreter. For two whole days and nights they journeyed without resting excepting for hasty meals, until at ten o'clock on the morning of the third day Dulhut with his two followers marched into the camp of the Sioux containing over a thousand souls and boldly demanded the prisoners.

Dulhut declared Hennepin to be his elder brother, roundly abused the Indians for their treatment of him and his fellow-prisoners, and there is no greater proof of his influence over the Indians than the fact that the prisoners were instantly surrendered. We can readily imagine how the grateful father poured forth the story of his adventures—probably the only accurate and unembellished account he ever gave—how the history and chances of La Salle's expedition were discussed, how eagerly news of the outside world was asked for, and we "who live at home at ease" may gather something of the isolation of such wanderers from the fact that neither of them knew the day of the month. The present and the immediate future seem to have been all-absorbing to them, for neither appears to have discovered that his companion had been present at Seneffe, while each mentions his own presence on that memorable day.

After a week's repose in the Sioux village, Dulhut called a council, and setting forth their bad faith in the capture and ill treatment of the Recollet and his companions, called the tribe to account, and refused to receive the two calumets which he forced them to offer, saying that he would not accept the peace pipe from a tribe who, having known him, received his peace-offerings and lived with the French for over a year, yet captured their people while on a visit. Each chief and warrior tried to excuse himself, but their excuses did not prevent Dulhut insisting that the Recollet should return with him, as he held that to allow such an insult to pass would be fatal to the prestige of the French among the tribes.

They were treated with every honor, and forced to submit to the gastronomic horrors of an Indian feast; the principal chief, Ouasicoudé, was firm in his admiration and friendship, and when the time came they departed without interference, and retraced their course until they reached the Falls of St. Anthony. Here they found their first point of dissension. Some Indians had suspended two dresses of beaver-skins, richly worked with porcupine quills, as an offering to the Spirit of the Falls, and these one of the men declared would suit him to a nicety, that he intended to take them, and cared neither for the Indians nor their superstitions. Dulhut, with his instincts of a gentleman, his respect for the feelings of the people amongst whom he had cast his lot, and his knowledge of the sacredness of such offerings, was indignant. He was so angry that if Hennepin had not prevented him he would have run the violator through with his sword; but in spite of his protests the sacrilege was committed, and they continued their journey.

Indians have a means of communicating news which has never been satisfactorily explained. For example, Dulhut and Hennepin had news of each other's presence in the Sioux country about the same time, and in this case the story of the profanation was carried back to the Issati with the same rapidity with which the Frenchmen descended the Mississippi.

There had been a stormy scene in the lodges when the theft and sacrilege was reported, and some of the chiefs urged that the Frenchmen should be followed and killed. But their friend and host, Ouasicoudé, leaped into the middle of the tepee and brained the chief who proposed the revenge. However, the warriors were called together, and a fleet of canoes was soon in hot pursuit of the offenders.

Our wanderers found buffalo in plenty, and stopped at the mouth of the Wisconsin River to cure their beef, when three Indians arrived with news that the Issati were in pursuit to kill them. Hennepin knew that these messengers were friendly, but Dulhut was equally sure that they were spies, and two days later a fleet of canoes, which Hennepin numbers as one hundred and forty, came down bearing directly on their camp.

All the men were greatly terrified, as they had every reason to be, and Hennepin would persuade us that Dulhut shared the general panic, whilst he, the friar who



HIGH PLAY OF THE COUREURS DES BOIS.

had been held in abject captivity by these very Indians, and was only rescued by Dulhut's chivalrous championship, took the lead in this perilous juncture. He says he advanced in a canoe with only two men, although Dulhut begged him to take three, and holding forth the peace pipe, boldly met the threatening Indians. They parted at his call for Ouasicoudé, who was in their midst, and the chief and his former captive landed before Dulhut. Here Hennepin again assumed his old rôle of pedagogue. He informed Dulhut that his proffered embrace was contrary to Indian etiquette, which demanded that food should be set before the chief, and if he accepted, all would be well. The offer was accepted, and it is probable that restitution was also made, although Hennepin makes no mention of such a trifle, and only says that the Indians went southward on a war party, while the little band of Frenchmen proceeded on their journey until they arrived in safety at Green Bay. Here Hennepin found the Jesuit father Pierson, "son of the Royal Receiver in our town of Ath, in Hainault," and with him renewed his boyish sport of skating. He returned to France in 1682, and after publishing his first book, quarrelled with the French court and his order, was defrocked, rewrote his work, which he dedicated to William III. of England, was forbidden to return to Canada, and our last glimpse of him is in the Convent of the Ara Cœli at Rome, scheming for a new enterprise in the country of the Mississippi.

His vanity leads him to belittle Dulhut's services in his rescue in the most amusing manner. In his successive editions he gradually attains the courage of his imaginings, until the reader is in doubt whether Dulhut had not more cause for rejoicing in their meeting than the Recollet; but by a comparison of them all we can see that he was grateful in his own way, and had he been a man of more generous instincts, he could hardly have overestimated Dulhut's sacrifices for his sake; for not only had Dulhut willingly braved the personal danger, but he turned his back on the discovery of a great salt sea lying west-northwest, probably the Great Salt Lake in Utah, from which the Indians had brought him salt, and the news that it could be reached in twenty days' travel. He was sufficiently equipped for the journey, he was on the best of terms with the Indians, but he conceived his duty lay in the rescue of the unfortunate priest and his companions. For them he unhesitatingly expended his goods in presents, he risked his life without a thought, and, greatest of all, let an opportunity pass, which never again presented itself, of making his name as famous as it is now obscure.

We have followed Dulhut's career sufficiently closely to realize that he could have had but little time for commercial affairs of any importance, and although the Intendant shortly afterwards condemns him as a captain of the *coureurs des bois*, we have Dulhut's word that up to 1685 he never had a following of more than eight men on any of his expeditions. That he carried on such trade as he had time for in defiance of the order of the government there can be no doubt, but that he sent canoes southward to trade with the English, as alleged by the Intendant, is entirely another matter, and there is nothing in his recorded career to give the slightest color to the assertion. Indeed, the untiring energy of his life was directed in persuading and buying over the Western and Northern Indians to trade with Montreal, and in intercepting and defeating the designs of the English from the south and from Hudson Bay.

However, the complaint was so serious that Dulhut undertook a voyage to France during the summer of 1682, and successfully represented his case to the minister at Versailles. He returned to Quebec the same year, and was one of the council assembled by the new Governor, La Barre, to decide on the course to be pursued towards the Iroquois.

The council over, he again set out for the West, and the next year put the post of Michilimackinac in thorough repair to receive its new garrison of thirty men under La Durantaye, and made strenuous and successful efforts to prevent the Northern Indians from trading with the English of Hudson's Bay.

The Kamanistiquia had long been looked on by Dulhut as an important point, being the place of meeting of the Northern and Western Indians, and in this same year he built a fort about three miles further up than the Fort William of our day. Fort Kamanistiquia—or Fort Dulhut, as it was also called—outlasted the French dominion, and was the first point

to which the traders of a hundred years since pushed their ventures westward from Michilimackinac when the fur trade revived after the cession of Canada.

The new Governor pitched upon Cavalier de la Salle as the author of French lawlessness in the West, complained that he lorded it over the Indians, interfered with and pillaged other traders who carried permits, and conducted himself as if he held the country for himself alone. Accordingly he ordered Olivier Morel de la Durantaye, an ex-captain of the Chambellay Regiment, then in command at Michilimackinac, to repair to Fort St. Louis, in the Illinois, nominally to stop all illegal trading by unlicensed rovers, to suppress the use of spirits, but in reality to watch over the movements of La Salle, and, if the charges proved true, to place him under arrest.

With La Durantaye he sent as lieutenant Chevalier Louis Henry de Baugy, a young gentleman of an ancient and honorable house of Berri, and commander of a troop of dragoons, who had arrived in Canada the previous year. The chevalier left Quebec on the 23d of April, 1683, to join his chief at Michilimackinac, and being favored by the weather, only took a week to reach Montreal. Here he waited for the arrival of the Governor, charmed by the natural beauty of the place, but disgusted with the jealousies of its inhabitants—"*un asses beau monde, mais tous de si mechant accord que personne ne se voit.*"

He made his first experiments in the matter of bark canoes, "*ces petites maschines*," and soon learned to handle a paddle. He got away by the 12th of May, and after a hard struggle to the Bout de l'Île, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains, and made his way up the Ottawa northward and westward, with the usual experience of rapids and portages, skirted along the shores of Lake Huron, and so on to the mission station, where he was received with a warm welcome but scanty fare by the Jesuits in charge.

"The Jesuit fathers have made life pleasant enough," he writes, "although their fare is abominable, as they have neither bread nor wine nor meat, but only a little ground Indian-corn, which they cook in water with a little fish. This is the kind of life we lead. When it may please the Lord to send in a better we will welcome it."

La Durantaye and M. de Baugy set forth on their unwelcome mission, but the chevalier was apparently alone when he met La Salle within fourteen leagues of his destination. It must have been an embarrassing position for the young officer; but La Salle, recognizing that he was acting under orders of his superior, courteously gave him a letter to Henri de Tonti, his lieutenant at the fort, entreating him to receive his guest graciously, and endeavor to live with him in all amity, while he journeyed eastward to represent his wrongs and obtain redress.

Henri de Tonti, La Salle's one devoted friend, an officer of good Italian family and a cousin of our Gresollon Dulhut, received the chevalier, yielded up his fort to him in obedience to the Governor's orders, speaks of him in high terms, saved the fort side by side with him a few months later, and when reinstated, the following year, paid a graceful compliment to M. de Baugy's character.

Meantime La Salle had continued his journey, and leaving Canada, arrived in France, galled and impatient under his wrongs, complaining bitterly of friend and foe indiscriminately, and especially of his rival in the West, Gresollon Dulhut. But Dulhut was occupied at this time with far more serious work than infringing on La Salle's privileges. La Durantaye had left him in command at Michilimackinac, and news was brought of the murder of two Frenchmen on the shores of Lake Superior.

At this time Dulhut held the most important post in the Northwest, surrounded by tribes on whose faithfulness he could rely so long as he commanded their respect. The murder had been committed within his territory, and he held it imperative that the culprits should be rigorously dealt with. The murderers were undoubtedly the Indian Achiganaga, his sons, or another savage whom the French called Folle Avoine, all men of importance among the tribes.

Hearing that Folle Avoine had arrived at the Sault Ste. Marie, accompanied by fifteen families of Sauteurs, Dulhut determined on prompt action, undeterred by the fact that the culprit was in the midst of his friends and allies. The French at the Sault were only twelve in number, and dared not make the arrest, as the Sauteurs declared they would not allow them "to redden the land of their fathers with the blood of their brothers."

Dulhut, recognizing this as a turning-point in his influence, set forth at break of day with only six Frenchmen and the Jesuit father Enjalran. When within a league of the village he disembarked, sent the canoe forward with four men, and, accompanied by the priest, the Chevalier de Fourçille, and La Cardonnière, struck through the wood, arrested Folle Avoine in the midst of his friends, and set a guard of six men over him night and day.

This important step accomplished, he called a council of all the Indians in the place, boldly declared that they must separate the innocent from the guilty, as he did not wish the whole nation to suffer; if any intended to shield Folle Avoine, let them step forth, and they would see he did not fear them enough to prevent him from doing his duty. The Indians held several councils, to all of which Dulhut was invited, but their only object was to exculpate Folle Avoine. They all accused Achiganaga and his sons of the murder; assuring themselves that Péré, whom Dulhut had sent out for the purpose, would never be able to arrest them, and that he and his detachment would be destroyed.

But no persuasions or threats could move Dulhut, who answered that he would not believe Folle Avoine on oath, and would detain him until convinced of the facts, when, if he proved innocent, he would be released; that he was not anxious as to the fate of Péré or of the other Frenchmen, and that he would have the murderers, dead or alive. This was the strain of his replies during the three days the councils lasted, and at ten in the morning he embarked with his prisoner and a guard of only twelve Frenchmen to show those who boasted of a rescue that he did not fear them.

Reports came that Achiganaga was gathering his tribe together, ostensibly for a war party, but in reality to protect himself against arrest, and Dulhut lived betwixt hope and fear for the safety of Péré. It was drawing towards the end of November, and the winter was fast cutting them off from the outside world; the short days came and went without news, and the situation became more and more critical, until one night Dulhut was aroused by a joyous clamor to welcome Péré, who bore news that he had Achiganaga and four of his sons fast prisoners in the woods only four leagues distant. He had followed the Indian custom and arrested all the relatives of the murderers, but had released the youngest son of Achiganaga, a boy of thirteen, and sent him back to tell his tribe and the Sauteurs that "if any one wished to complain, he would await them with a firm foot." At break of day Péré set off again in a canoe with four men, and at two in the afternoon arrived with his prisoners, whom Duluth locked up in a room in his own quarters under a strong guard.

The following day proceedings were begun; Dulhut summoned all the chiefs and elders to appear, and gave Folle Avoine the privilege of choosing two of his relations to plead for him. He examined him and the two eldest sons of Achiganaga separately, and as Folle Avoine accused the father of being indirectly accessory to the murder, he brought him in and confronted the four. The two sons and Folle Avoine accused each other of committing the murder, without denying they were participators. Achiganaga stoutly denied any knowledge of their design, and on appealing to the others to declare if he had counselled them to kill the Frenchmen, they all answered "no."

The confrontation had completely surprised the prisoners, and all the chiefs cried out, "It is enough; you accuse yourselves; the French are masters of your bodies."

It was another matter, however, to get the chiefs and elders to consent to the execution of the murderers. They met Dulhut's representations with an ominous silence, and finally forced him into saying he would consult with his companions and let them know the result.

His position was a very delicate one. The Indians present, though convinced of the guilt of the murderers, gave no sign of what their action would be in the event of a death-sentence being carried out, while those at Kiaonan openly declared they would wreak their vengeance on the French if the prisoners were not released. All the French in the country could not make a successful defence in the event of a general rising, and their lives seemed to be balanced against the fate of Folle Avoine and the two brothers. Dulhut had no precedent to guide or justify his decision, but determined that Folle Avoine and the elder of the brothers should be shot, holding that the safety of every Frenchman in the country depended not on the release of the prisoners, but on the

carrying out of the evident course of justice, in which he was supported by all present.

He returned to the council with his followers, amongst whom were Legardeur de Repentigny, Daillebоust de Manthet, Péré, and others, and told the Indians of their decision. "It was a hard stroke for them all," he says, "for none of them believed I would undertake it."

Two of the chiefs made a strong appeal for the lives of the prisoners, to which Dulhut replied that "had they been prisoners of war, he would gladly release them, but as murderers they must die; they knew well he loved all men, but feared none so greatly as to prevent him carrying out his orders." An hour later he put himself at the head of his forty-two followers, and in sight of over four hundred savages, and within two hundred paces of their encampment, saw the sentence carried out.

It appears inconceivable that there could be two opinions as to his conduct, and yet the Intendant wilfully misinterprets it, severely condemning him for his rashness; and the King, in writing to the Governor in July, 1684, states that all the trouble with the Indians seems to have arisen from Dulhut's conduct in this affair. But the King had before him not only the Intendant's complaint, but also that of La Salle, then in high favor, and who, ever jealous of Dulhut's success, and suspicious of his motives, writes that "the man named Dulhut, well known as the commander of the *coureurs des bois*, had been sent to his fort of St. Louis with M. de la Durantaye and the Chevalier de Baugy to carry off the peltries of the Indians whom he had induced to gather there for trade." In this he was totally wrong, as we have seen, but it is not the only instance of La Salle's enmity. In a long letter written in August, 1682, he denies that Dulhut ever rescued Hennepin, or explored a foot of country which was not well known before; but throughout the animus is so evident that the letter carries but little weight.

In looking back over the lives of the two men it is tempting to speculate on what might have happened had they met and understood each other. It is doubtful whether they knew each other personally. The first definite trace we find of Dulhut in Canada is in 1674, when La Salle had just returned from France, where he had so successfully represented his claims that he received his letters of noblesse and the seigniory of Fort Frontenac, and at once set out to take command of this important point. Dulhut left Montreal for the West in 1678, and as his fortune led him towards the north, and that of La Salle towards the mouth of the Mississippi, it is quite probable they never saw each other. La Salle's contemptuous mention of him to the King is no evidence that he was not fully aware that Dulhut was an officer and a gentleman, for La Salle had an unhappy style when he came to treat of people whose interests clashed with his own. He claimed all the advantages of the undiscovered country on the border-land of which he had trod, and complained bitterly of the young officer who, as daring as himself, pursued his discoveries and advantages regardless of the claims which La Salle considered as personal and inviolate.

Had their lines fallen together, the tragic failure of La Salle's life might have been prevented; for Dulhut, who possessed every personal quality which distinguished La Salle, added to these the invaluable gift of an almost instinctive recognition of the best course of action in difficult positions, and that wonderful intuition which we express by the word tact. His judgment of men was superior to that of La Salle, who was singularly unfortunate in his selection of followers, and invariably so in the expression of his feelings. With the information which we now possess it is impossible to assert Dulhut's title as the first explorer of the Northwest. We know that Hennepin is unreliable in many instances, and that he claims the credit of having led Dulhut up beyond the head-waters of the Mississippi to the village of the Issati; but, on the other hand, the Recollet father Le Clercq says that "Sieur du Lhut, a man of talent and experience, opened a way to the missionaries and the gospel in many different nations, turning toward the north of that lake [Superior]. . . . He advanced as far as the lake of the Issati, called Lake Buade, from the family name of M. de Frontenac." However, we do not need to urge any such point in establishing Dulhut's claims to our regard as a type of the man of his day.

His services as a leader of the Indians were frequently recognized, and were more than once called into play in times of

danger. With La Durantaye and Nicolas Perrot, the *coureur des bois*, he raised the Sauteurs and Outaouais for M. de la Barre, and marched to meet him at the head of five hundred fighting-men. But the expedition proved a farce, and only resulted in the humiliating peace of "La Famine," by which the Iroquois would not even bind themselves to respect the allies of the French. La Barre was replaced by Denonville, who at once made efforts to meet the Indian difficulty. In November, 1685, he wrote to Dulhut for information, requesting him to come down and confer personally, but he was so far up in the wilds that he could not expect to see him before the following July.

In the mean time Father Enjalran had been in Montreal and seen the Governor, who again wrote to Dulhut in June, saying that his presence was more necessary in the West among the Outaouais, and appointed Nicolas Perrot to succeed him at Michilimackinac. Dulhut was to proceed to Detroit, and there build a fort, for which he was to have a garrison of fifty men. He was to leave the fort in command of a lieutenant with twenty men, return to Michilimackinac, receive thirty men from M. de la Durantaye, and return to Detroit with permission to trade on his private account. Father Enjalran was to communicate instructions concerning the Illinois, and Dulhut was to be particular in his conduct towards the Iroquois so long as they did not openly interfere. The Governor evidently confided fully in Dulhut's discretion, and speaks in flattering terms of his brother La Tourette, whom he qualifies as "an intelligent lad," and recommends Dulhut to keep him beside him.

So Dulhut built his post in obedience to his orders, but had to garrison and victual it at his own expense, as government supplies were slow in forth-coming. Denonville, although greatly superior to M. de la Barre both by birth and military education, was equally unable to adapt himself to his position, and he had an opponent in the English Governor Dongan, whose grasp and ambition were far beyond his own. Dongan saw the great trade of the North slowly drifting down its natural channel to the French colonies, and conceived a juncture possible between the English provinces in the South and Hudson Bay; this, of course, was only feasible by way of Lake Huron. Denonville recognized the only possibility for Dongan's attempt, and so created Dulhut's post at Detroit. Dongan had already sent out fifty men on the chance of pushing through, but on hearing of Dulhut's establishment sent on a re-enforcement of one hundred and fifty more, and continued his efforts strenuously, all of which Dulhut successfully held in check during the two years that his post existed. In the mean time his uncle, M. Jacques Patron, had not forgotten his personal interest, and had ventured westward to convince himself of the value of the securities he held against his advances. But Dulhut was too busy conciliating and attracting the Indians about his post for the forth-coming expedition to have any more satisfactory evidence of his progress to show his uncle than his stockades. So the merchant travelled northward, saw the post of Michilimackinac, and doubtless that of Kamanistiquia, into the strengthening of which his much-loved money had gone, with but slight prospect of any immediate return. He forthwith returned to Montreal, and at once instituted a suit against his nephew for the recovery of over eleven thousand livres, advances made, and early in the following year obtained judgment; but as Dulhut's friend, the Sieur Dupré, represented that his principal was on a long voyage in the service of the King, the execution of the judgment was suspended until the next autumn.

Again the Indians were to be raised, but not only did Tonti fail in his attempt among the Illinois, but it was only by the greatest efforts that La Durantaye, Dulhut, and the Jesuit missionaries prevented the Outaouais and Hurons from joining the Iroquois.

Finally they succeeded in raising over four hundred braves, with whom, and one hundred and sixty Frenchmen, they set forth to meet the troops. On the way a considerable band of English traders, under the command of Major Gregory, was intercepted, their goods were confiscated, and distributed between the captors, while the prisoners were brought in triumph to Niagara. Here they joined the expedition, which was divided into two columns, one in command of the Governor, with Dulhut and his Indians in advance, and the other in command of M. de Callière, the Governor of Montreal, with La Durantaye and Tonti in the van.

The expedition was admirably planned, but during their march they found only burned and deserted villages, destroyed crops, and but little opposition to their progress other than that presented by the incessant heat, mosquitoes, and weariness of their route.

There was but little fighting, without heavy loss on either side, the principal sufferer among the French being Father Enjalran, who had accompanied the Western Indians as much to secure their faithfulness as in his quality of missionary, and who, jealous of his reputation for courage as a "black robe," was in the thick of the skirmish, where he received a painful wound. The few crops left were destroyed, a prisoner picked up here and there, and a fort built near Niagara, which was garrisoned, and left in command of M. de Troyes. All this was trivial enough, but there was a shameful piece of treachery perpetrated in the kidnapping of a large number of friendly Iroquois, of whom the survivors, some sixty warriors, were sent to France to serve as galley-slaves. Denonville had acted under what he conceived to be his orders in this matter, but it is hardly possible that the King intended his directions to include any but the prisoners taken in open war.

At last all was finished, and every one anxious to return to the colony, and none more so than a young Bernais gentleman who had important claims to lay before the minister at home. This was Armand Louis de Lorndarec, Baron de la Hontain et Herlèche, a captain in the troops of the marine, who had come out to Canada as a lad of sixteen in 1683, and had seen a good deal of Indian life on his hunting expeditions. Now the Baron kept a journal in the form of letters, and of all the memoirs touching on Canada it is in his alone that we find anything of the personality of the writer, and catch traces of the lighter, laughing, half-mocking style which has made French memoirs so vivid and truthful in presenting the life of the day. His journal has given dire offence, especially in one particular, namely, "*les filles du roy*," to later and graver chroniclers, but on this delicate point his statements are fully borne out by the Chevalier de Baugy. There has also been an unjust desire to underrate the value of his work, on account of his marvellous journey up *la Rivière Longue*, which might have been the route to China, had it existed; but this may have been due to the fancy of some *coureur des bois*, as already suggested.

La Hontain had received his *congé* to return to France, but the Marquis de Denonville was anxious to send a detachment of regulars to the West, commanded by an officer who was familiar with the Indians and knew their language, and so chose the young Baron for this purpose. Swallowing his disappointment as best he might, he set to work to carry out his orders. He was thoroughly pleased with his stalwart soldiers, his new commodious canoes, and, most of all, with his travelling companions—Gresollon Dulhut, "a gentleman of Lyons, who has many good parts, and has rendered important services to the King and the country," and Dulhut's cousin, Henri de Tonti, "the Man with the Iron Hand."

They set out on their western course, and the Baron pushed on ahead, eager to see the marvels of Niagara. When he reached the head of upward navigation he espied a canoe descending, manned by Indians, with a white man seated high in the stern in command. The canoe ran swiftly into shore under his guiding paddle, and, sure of a welcome from his fellow-countrymen, the young voyageur sprang to land, and announced himself as Gresollon de la Tourette, Dulhut's younger brother. He had left his post, Fort La Tourette, which he had built on the shore of Lake Nipigon, to join the advancing forces and strike a blow for the freedom of the Western tribes, but could only mingle his regrets with his companions' at the result. After a rest with his brother, he descended to Montreal to report the state of the Northern and Western Indians to the Governor.

The Baron pushed on to Niagara, was so much impressed with the wonders of the cataract that he estimated its height at seven or eight hundred feet, and its breadth at about a mile and a half, and described its marvels above and below. When they arrived at Detroit they found Dulhut's *coureurs des bois*, who were left in charge of the post, delighted at the prospect of relief from the monotony of garrison life, and the moment they were replaced by the soldiers they took their way by land and water to renew their wanderings with their scarcely less savage allies.

Dulhut and Tonti remained for a few days with the new commandant, and

when they resumed their journey presented him with a great roll of Brazilian tobacco, assuring him it was worth all his goods put together for the purpose of barter; and La Hontain expansively says, "I will be under obligation to him my life long, but I greatly fear he will not be paid better for it by the Treasurer of the Marine than for a thousand other expenditures which he has made for the King."

Dulhut's services during the expedition were fully recognized by the Governor, who reported him in his despatches as deserving marked reward; but mere mention was without avail for a man who did not command influence at court, and both La Barre's and Denonville's recommendations were without result. We now lose sight of our adventurer for nearly two years, until La Hontain meets him at Michilimackinac.

In the mean time things had been going badly in the colony; all that had been gained with the Iroquois under the firm and fearless rule of Frontenac had been lost during the seven years of feeble or ill-directed efforts of La Barre and Denonville. The expedition of 1687, begun with so much display and high promise, had been as fruitless as his predecessor's attempt, and Denonville was in the painful position of a brave man who realizes he is incompetent to face the difficulties of a position for which he is unfitted by training and inclination.

But there had been more than mere mismanagement and failure with the Iroquois. The treacherous capture of the Iroquois braves at Niagara was a wrong which could hardly escape some attempt at retribution, and the retribution did not come without warning. Louis Ataviata, a friendly Indian, informed Denonville, then at Montreal with his wife, that preparations were being made for an attack on the colony; but the only result was a conference with the Jesuits, who, Catalogne bitterly says, "appeared to be the only ones in his confidence," and they persuaded him to give no credence to the report.

Then the blow fell. On the night of the 4th of August, 1689, during a terrific storm of rain and hail, a band of fourteen hundred Iroquois crossed the lake and surprised the sleeping inhabitants of the settlement at Lachine, murdered men, women, and children with every diabolical horror that can be conceived, burned and tortured ninety hapless captives, killed the cattle, and sacked or destroyed every building in the place.

When the breathless messenger rushed into Montreal at daybreak that August morning, and the cannon thundered out its note of alarm, it awakened into terror a population disorganized and disheartened by the reverses of the half-hearted efforts during the past years and the incapacity of their leader. The gates were closed and barricaded, and although Gédeon de Catalogne, the engineer, at once called for volunteers, both he and his twenty men were forbidden to leave the town for the rescue of men and women who were even then undergoing torture and outrage which sicken one to think of.

M. de Subercase, then in garrison at Verdun, acted without waiting for orders, and set forth at the head of a troop of eager volunteers composed of soldiers and civilians; but M. de Vaudreuil was forthwith despatched by the Governor with the most positive orders to prevent an encounter with the enemy; and, despite his indignant protests, Subercase was forced to return, although an officer and a few soldiers sent in advance brought back three prisoners, and the news that the Iroquois were lying drunk in the woods after their victory.

There was a little skirmishing near Fort Rolland; the surgeon was captured, but rescued again; Le Moyne de Longueuil had his arm shattered by a musket-ball; the fort was abandoned, and slowly and despondently the little command returned to the demoralized town.

During the next two months the elated enemy hovered around Montreal, while there were scores of men within her walls held in shameful inactivity by those who should have taken the lead. Day after day fugitives straggled in with fresh tales of horror and devastation, and night after night the inhabitants waited for the attack on the town, when the news came that Frontenac was returning as Governor, and with him Hector de Callière—that gouty, choleric, and impetuous gentleman so like his master.

With the magic of their names hope revived, and something of the old spirit breathed again. Denonville had left for Quebec, and from the far West came Gresollon Dulhut with his companion Daillebout de Manthet and a following of *coureurs des bois.*

They had faced Indians too often to be deterred by any odds, however great; besides the distress of the immediate country, they knew that their comrades were on their way down the Ottawa from the Northwest, and their lives and dearly earned peltries were in imminent danger from the Iroquois, who lay in force at the entrance of the Ottawa River into the Lake of Two Mountains.

Something must be done at once; so, with thirty picked men, to whom every trick and ruse of the savage was a familiar experience, Dulhut and Daillebousť de Manthet left for the upper end of the island. From here they crossed the lake and headed for the outlet of the Ottawa. When within sight the men were ordered to lie down, with the exception of two or three, who paddled slowly onward.

As expected, they were soon discovered by the lurking Iroquois, who, seeing the heavily laden boats making for the river mouth, put forth in four canoes, with seven or eight braves in each, to intercept the supposed *voyageurs* with their loads of provisions and goods.

The French at once turned and pretended to fly; and on the Indians pushed, assured of an easy victory. They rapidly overtook the retreating canoes; and when within pistol-shot there was a sharp quick call from Dulhut, and the flying canoes wheeled round, crowded with Frenchmen, to face the astonished savages, who were so disconcerted that their volley, even at such close quarters, was perfectly harmless. Not a shot was fired on the part of the French. Each man, paddle in hand, was straining every nerve and muscle; each canoe was in pursuit of one of the enemy, jumping half its length under the fierce strokes; and, once alongside, an old trick of the *coureur des bois* was brought into play—three of the enemy's canoes were overturned, and the Indians hurled shrieking into the lake. With a yell of triumph, up went every paddle, and then down they crashed, splitting brain-pan and brain, until the waters were crimson with the blood of the drowning savages. Then, the first madness of the slaughter having passed, the few Iroquois who survived were dragged into the canoes and thrown at the victors' feet, while cheer after cheer rang out and echoed back from the surrounding hills, although one of the enemy's canoes had escaped in safety.

Back they came in noisy triumph, stopping to rest and tell their joyful news at the fort at Boisbrillant, then down the river past the blackened ruins of what had been Lachine, down the wild rapids that could not carry them too swiftly to the welcome which awaited them.

All the inhabitants were gathered on the beach before *la Porte du Marché.* There were officers and soldiers of the garrison in their uniforms of white and blue, swarthy woodsmen in all the extravagance of holiday attire, citizens rivalling them in colors, priests in black, and friendly Indians in almost a state of nature; men, women, and children, all excited, cheering and shouting to welcome in the three canoes filled with exultant Frenchmen, with three Indians bound and sullen at their feet.

White men and savage allies alike demanded that the captives should be burned alive as a reprisal for the horrors of Lachine, and the general sentence was carried out, as Catalogne records.

Montreal had changed in many respects since Dulhut had left and renounced his citizenship. It was now walled in, and his old home stood next to Porte St. François, at the eastern end of St. Paul Street. The old fort at Pointe à Callière had disappeared, the parish church was erected in the new Place d'Armes, a new seminary had been built, and many other houses surpassing his in size and pretension stood within and without the walls. His old friend Bizard was married, and occupied the next house to his uncle Patron's, at the corner of St. Paul and St. Vincent streets; he was town major, and had grown fat and quarrelsome.

In 1691 Jacques Patron finished his fur-trading and lawsuits forever, and when his will was read Dulhut was left out and the estate bequeathed to his brother, La Tourette. Dulhut remained in Montreal, and purchased a lot of ground facing on St. Charles Street (which to-day forms the eastern side of Jacques Cartier Square), behind his uncle's garden. No recognition of his services had ever reached him; his old enemy the gout was increasing in its attacks, and probably forced him into inactivity.

In the summer of 1695 he joined Frontenac's expedition against the Iroquois, and accompanied it westward as far as Fort Frontenac, to the command of which



"THE FLYING CANOES WHEELED ROUND."

he was appointed, and evidently remained there; for during the winter of 1696–7 we know that all were reported well at the fort with the exception of Dulhut, who was again suffering from gout.

In February, 1697, his long-delayed promotion came, and he was appointed to the captaincy of the regiment made vacant by the death of the unfortunate Chevalier de Crisaffy, and in 1700 we find him in charge of Fort Rolland, at Lachine. But his days of exploration and adventure were over; an active life was impossible for a man so crippled and exposed to constant suffering; when he gave up command at Fort Frontenac he went westward again to Detroit, where he was succeeded by De Tonti in 1707, and from this onward we lose sight of him. Where he wandered, what he did, the manner of his death, and where the worn body was laid in the rest which death alone could bring, are to us unknown.

The mystery of the Great West, which he did so much to penetrate, guards the secret of the death and resting-place of this gallant *gendarme de la garde du Roy.*

The last mention of Daniel de Gresollon, Sieur du L'hut, is in a letter from M. de Vaudreuil to the Minister, dated 1710, wherein he refers to his death as having taken place during the previous winter; and his comment thereon might serve as an epitaph for this typical adventurer—"He was a very honest man."



ARABIAN POLO PONIES.

RIDERS OF EGYPT.

BY COLONEL T. A. DODGE, U. S. A.

WHEN we cross the Libyan Desert we come to a more marked type of the so-called Arabian than we find in either Morocco, Algeria, or Tunis. The first thing which strikes you in Egypt is the high-carried tail. The close-hugged tail which to such a degree disfigures the otherwise admirable mount on the west of the Libyan Desert is here replaced by the fine upright haunch and high-set tail which we have so long admired in art. The whole bearing of the animal is altered by this one feature. One would scarcely credit the change. It is not the artificial tail of commerce, produced at such a cost in pain and sacrifice in looks for the delectation of our ultra-fashionables; it is the same fine tail you see bred for in Kentucky. The reason why the tail of the Spanish horse is carried so close is that he is of Moorish origin. It is impossible to determine the exact line of demarcation in race or breeding which separates the close-carried from the high-set



ENGLISH OFFICER AT CAIRO ON ARABIAN HORSE.

tail, or to give the *raison d'être* of either, but the Libyan Desert is the geographical line of separation. It suffices to call the horses on the west of the desert Barbs, those on the east Arabians. The Godolphin Arabian, one of the progenitors of the English thoroughbred, was really a Barb, and had this low croup and tail.

A low-carried tail is sometimes climatic. I have been told by horse-breeders on our Western plains that if for two or three generations the horses have been compelled to turn their backs to the winter blizzards and hug their tails from cold, the best of natural tails will droop. As a rule, a severe climate produces a low tail, a hot climate a high one. But this does not meet the case of the Barb.

The horse came into Egypt with the Hyksos or shepherd kings less than 1700 years B.C. Previous to that time asses were the only specimens of the genus *equus*. No horse figures on the early monuments of Egypt. The modern horse of Egypt is a more recent importation—also from the shepherd kings of to-day, the pastoral princes of the desert. This animal has a very uniform type. You see them of all sizes, from the polo pony to the heavy carriage-horse, but the type remains. If mixed, the strong Arabian blood predominates in the look of the offspring. In other countries horses vary both in size and kind. You have everything from a Shelty to a Percheron, each distinct in type as well as size. In Egypt the type is constant. The head is small, the face intelligent and kind, but not generally as fine and bony as one anticipates. The perfect head is as rare as the perfect horse. The neck is rather short and full in front, with good crest and fairly fine throttle; by no means as clean as the thoroughbred's, but more prettily cut. The crest is full, the withers low, but shoulder sloping, the barrel round and well coupled to a nearly perfect haunch. Looked at from front or rear, the horse has not as much breadth as we like, but one sees far fewer weedy-looking horses than west of the desert. The legs and feet are as good as can be. Even the old broken-down hacks have no windgalls. Nor does one often see a lame horse. In-



SAÏS HOLDING OFFICER'S HORSE.

finite stress is laid on good legs. As the Arabian legs are uniformly good, whenever a horse shows blemishes or strains in them he is considered unsafe to buy. With us a horse with a few windpuffs is by no means to be condemned. They rarely interfere, but overreach when taught to trot, as they now are by the English, or for the Anglomaniacs by the Arabs. The foot is neither too much like the mule's nor too flat. It is round, rather high, and with naturally a good frog. That horror of our climate, scratches, is not often seen in the dry air of Egypt, but the practice of hobbling often scores the fetlocks permanently. The shoe of the Arab horse in Egypt is the plate with a small hole in the middle—a bungling apology for a shoe. In Cairo the European shoe is gaining in use; among the Arabs the old plate still prevails, but it is less bad than among the Syrian Bedouins. The cut on page 627 shows a very fair type of the average Arabian bought by the English officers or residents in Cairo. The officer's seat is excellent, but a hole more of leather would improve it.

The Arabian is unquestionably good as a goer; but in a country where there is neither fence, hedge, ditch, nor other division of the fields, one can scarcely expect a horse to jump. There is, however, a jump recorded to have been taken by one Ragh-Ap (or Amîn Bey) at the time of the massacre of the Mamelukes, which in these days of prize-jumping is certainly worth a notice, whether credited or not. In order to escape from the massacre, this man headed his Arabian for the edge of the cliff, where now stands the Citadel of Cairo. The noble animal never paused, but, conscious of his master's peril, took the leap, a most prodigious one, and landed—the fact is well authenticated by the footprints in the stone shown by pious and horse-loving Moslems to-day—eighty feet below and *something over a quarter of a mile distant*. What, after that, becomes of our paltry seven feet three of horse-show timber?

The Egyptian Arabian is fed on barley and beans, clover hay, which is sweet and abundant in the Nile region, or green clover for the early two or three months

of the year. The first growth is cut down and fed green: it is our "spring medicine," our Ayer's Sarsaparilla: the second is allowed to grow up for hay.

The average of the Arabian saddle-beasts is unquestionably high. The variety of type which we see in the well-bred saddle-horse at home cannot be found; but that the Arabian is serviceable and satisfactory as a mount is not to be questioned. His good-nature is uniform, and he can stay. The saddle-beast held by a saïs, or outrunner, is the type of a lighter kind of horse not up to quite so much weight. But while, in the streets of Cairo or on the Geziret drive, one sees plenty of neat-turned saddle-beasts, it is rare that one is attracted by a stunner. I have seen vastly more splendid saddle-beasts in Lexington than in Cairo. I have owned several horses who could, in gait, style, and all saddle qualities, outshine anything I have seen in the East. Relative endurance is hard to determine. Each type has enough. One never sees the long fine thoroughbred type in Egypt. It is more of a chunk, with perfect legs and feet and all-round good points. The type of Longfellow, Tenbroeck, Saunterer, Fisherman, is never found among the Arabs.

Stallions alone are in use, though the Bedouins prize their mares. One wonders what becomes of the mares. In Algeria and Tunis you see the mares working in the fields; in Egypt one does not see them at all. As geldings are unknown, it is not convenient to mix the sexes; and though I am told that the Libyan Arab prefers the horse, it is much more probable that the mares are kept and the stallions mostly sent to the cities for sale, as is the case in Syria. If a man wants to raise horses, he must keep his mares; and all nomad Arabs breed.

The saddle is much less marked here than west of the Libyan Desert. It has but a slight pommel and cantle, and is by no means so uncouth. Many of them are less individual than the saddles on our plains.



CAIRO SADDLE-ASS—GOOD BREED.



TWO-CAMEL PALANQUIN, EGYPT.

The Arab, for his own use, trains his horse to rack or pace, canter, and gallop. He abhors the trot, which to him is the mark of the slavery of wheels. If a horse shows an inclination to trot, he hobbles him with a rope from his fore to his hind fetlock on either side, to force him to pace. But the Arab does not know the fast rack, or single-foot. The only people I am acquainted with who have developed the so-called "artificial" paces of the horse in a scientific way are our Southerners, though the Cretans have the gait beyond any other Orientals. In Kentucky a horse will often running-walk, rack, and trot perfectly, and with a crisp performance of each gait. The Arabian has but a pace or slow rack—never more than one of these gaits. When taught to trot, his other gaits are lost. I examined a number of horses for sale in Cairo, averaging £30 to £50 each in value, which would be equal to $400 to $600 here. I was looked on as a *bona fide* purchaser. The horses were successively led out, mounted, and, to my surprise, shown me *on the trot*. When I asked for a canter or a rack, they stared at me as a *rara avis*. Here was a white man who did not want a trotter for the saddle! Allah be praised! But I also found that the training of each beast to trot had utterly ruined his other gaits. He was mixed up, and it would be a ticklish thing to bring him back to his fine saddle paces. All that I saw and tried were what you might call a poor lot of a good type. For the saddle each was spoiled, except to sell to an Englishman or to some imitator of his style. And of these Cairo to-day is full. The Arab or Turkish swells who are thrown in with the English have taken to their ways. The native official will ride his horse on an overreaching trot which makes one's teeth grit, when, if left to his natural gaits, the horse would move as smoothly as a meadow brook.

It is common to use the word "artificial" in referring to the Southern gaits. I employ it because it is generally understood. A new word ought to be coined. It is absurd to talk of "artificial" gaits when nine-tenths of all animals belonging to the horse tribe in the world have them, and that without training. It is more natural for a horse to rack than to trot. I am referring, of course, solely to saddle-beasts. When one puts a load

after a horse, the trot is, no doubt, a better gait. But if you want the neat, crisp, quick action which alone makes the highest saddle qualities, you call for a style of going to which the rack is naturally adapted.

I maintain that the rack—to apply this word generically to all Southern gaits—is a natural one. Every donkey in the East, and in all European countries where he is used, racks as a matter of course; so does every horse that is ridden in the Orient. No one will deny that the walk is the first of the natural gaits. Now, if you take a young horse who does not come of strict trotting ancestry, and has not been broken to harness, and after training him to a light, elastic, fast walk, will push him on to a sharper gait, he will not fall into a jog-trot; he will amble or rack. Again, even if your horse is on a jog-trot, if you will use whip or spur to unsettle him, and at the same time not allow him head enough to gallop, he will fall into an amble or rack. Even a horse trotting in harness, if frightened, or struck with the whip, or jerked up with the reins, will fall into a rack. Why, then, is the rack artificial? It will not do to call it so. If the English made as good saddle-beasts as they make hunters or racers, we might subscribe to their opinion, and allow the rack to be artificial. But the truth is that all over the world riders who excel in pure saddle-work not specially diverted to some one object as hunting is to jumping obstacles, but with whom the mere riding for business or pleasure is the object, and who aim at the greatest ease, handiness, and ability in their horses, employ the amble or rack as the principal gait, the canter next. Unquestionably, *quoad* the saddle-horse, the rack must be called natural, the trot the artificial gait. If I die before I have converted the world to this my opinion, let it be written on my tombstone—"but that is another story."

Let us again for a moment leave the proud horse of the desert, the favorite of the sheik, the pampered but noble companion of the Arab, and turn to his patient cousin, the ass. O for the pen of a ready writer, to compose a eulogium on this humble martyr! What panegyric shall do him justice? There is nothing of his breed, there is no animal in the service of man, that so nearly personifies the cardinal virtues. The more I see of the ass the more sincere is my respect for him. I would fain erect an altar to him and burn incense at his shrine. He may not bear his master company to an equal sky, but surely he deserves a heaven of his own. Why, when he does such uncomplaining, never-ending work, impious man should not hold him at his true value, it is hard to conceive. His toil is remunerated with the meanest food; his truly



BICHARI CAMEL-RIDERS, UPPER EGYPT.



TIRED DONKEY-BOY, CAIRO.

heroic efforts are rewarded by a constant shower of blows, by a constant call for greater effort. In Egypt a camel-load of green clover—a quarter-ton—sells for about a dollar of our money; a donkey-load for forty cents; and the camel weighs five or six times as much as the donkey. In other words, the marvellous camel bears but one-third his own weight, the donkey four-fifths of his. If you overload the camel, he will growl his protest; he will refuse to rise. Who ever heard of the ass refusing the heaviest of burdens, even twice that of the camel? To whom shall we award the palm? Unreasoning master, it is thine own turgid soul that is burdened with the vices thou imputest to thy humble, diligent, uncomplaining servant!

Every one remembers the curious protesting cry of the ass-driver in Italy. Its tone—Aah!—is a constant reproach—"do, for heaven's sake, go faster, you poky, lazy beast!" when the brave little fellow is struggling on with a load under which no other animal God ever made could possibly stagger. That for ages untold the ass has been thus under the ban is oddly shown in the tomb of Ti in ancient Memphis. In one of the queer but curiously natural processions of the servants of Ti, which are cut on the walls of his funeral-chamber, is a man with uplifted stick driving a donkey. The hieroglyphs make him say, no doubt with the same protesting tone: "Men love those who go swiftly, but they beat the lazy. *If* thou couldst but see thine own conduct!" The tone of the modern Egyptian is, however, not so protesting as that of the Italian, though he has the same cry, Aah! to hurry on his beast. One now and then hears our cluck in lieu of the Aah!

It is truly a marvel how this tiny creature can perform such labor. It is well known that a man can outlast, outwork, and outcarry a horse. But the ass can do more than man, the most enduring of living creatures. He is able to carry his own weight and work all day. What man can stagger an hour under from 150 to 200 pounds?

They have some queer habits with the donkey in Egypt. One who trespasses on a neighbor's land—in innocent search of his natural food, poor fellow!—is dubbed a thief, and has a piece of his ear snipped out for each offence. Being hobbled when "at liberty," by tying the fore legs together, the donkey cannot go far, and, luckily for him, is not often proved guilty. The "thief" would else soon have no ears to clip. The ass colts have ribbons tied around their legs above the knees and hocks, and I have seen them with ears bored at the tips and tied together, as if to cultivate a habit of carrying them erect. An ass colt is one of the prettiest of creatures.

Place aux dames! While on the subject of the patient ass, we may glance at one of his constant patrons, perhaps the most peculiar rider that exists—the Egyptian woman. No such curious seat can be found elsewhere. The donkey saddle of the East has no cantle whatsoever, but in Egypt a pommel high, round, and full. The seat is so short that unless you use

very long stirrups only a part of your riding surface rests on the saddle; the balance hangs over the rear of the tree, where the cantle should properly be. It is a most uncomfortable seat for a big man, who must overhang a good deal. For a small man it will do. The Egyptian lady uses the man's saddle, but she does not ride with her legs hanging down; this would not suit her ideas of modesty, though her Syrian cousin does not agree with her in this, but rides exactly like a man. Our Egyptian rider shortens her stirrups until the leathers are but a couple of inches long, mounts from a block, sits on the saddle as far forward as she can, throws her feet to the rear, so that they are right under her thighs, and rides solely by balance. Her knees are on either side of the padded pommel, and she might well get some kind of a hold on it; but she attempts nothing but a balance seat, and her knees wabble in and out as she progresses along the street in charge of her black attendant. She is a sight to behold, and unquestionably the oddest Amazon there is. She cannot be said to have any seat at all; but as the ass never shies or acts otherwise than should a well-behaved little fellow to whose care is confided so precious a burden, and as his gait—a rack or amble—is ease itself, the lady's seat on her saddle is secure enough. Under the saddle is an indefinite array of blankets which raise her far above his back.

I desire to suggest to such of our lady friends as wish to startle the community and to grasp such additional public attention as their natural charms do not attract, that, in lieu of riding *à la militaire*, they adopt the Egyptian lady's seat. That such a rider would be the cynosure of neighboring eyes cannot for a moment be doubted.

Her Egyptian ladyship's little mount is often clipped in fancy patterns all over his body. Around the hind legs, just above the hocks, are bands of zigzags alternating with straight lines; on the buttocks are various neat devices of the same kind produced by the scissors. Around the neck hangs a chain of brass or gilt coins, or blue and yellow beads, and the bit has a row of jangling rings—all of which make merry music to the fair one's progress. This seems appropriate enough. But when you see a selfish Moslem comfortably bestriding his ass, while his pretty, young, only half-veiled wife trudges in the mud behind him, with much ado keeping up with the donkey's rapid gait, one wonders which is the brute of the twain who go in front. The four-footed one would never be so ungenerous.

The Arab donkey-boys are not often cruel to their little charges. There has been a considerable change for the better in Egypt since the English have been in the land. One sees no saddle-galls, and in any event the instinct of cruelty is less marked in Africa than in southern Europe. In Cairo, one day, I saw an Arab brushed off his donkey by a passing camel. He fell into deep mud. An Italian or a Spaniard would have got up and instantly taken to beating the donkey, though it was in no wise the little fellow's fault. But the Arab merely pulled himself together, expended a voluble objurgation on the owner of the camel, mounted his ass, and went on with a laugh. The donkey-boys have one habit, however, which is thoroughly bad. Whenever the donkey is not at work his head is tied back to the saddle, and is kept there hours at a time. The result is that the poor little fellow bores upon the tight rein, and suffers acutely from the unchanging pressure on the mouth. If he can get near a wall or a tree, he will lean his poor nose hard against it as a relief to the cruel pain. It is said that the practice is necessary to keep him and the others about him from going on a stampede, especially near the water, but the thing is overdone. All donkeys have hard mouths as a consequence. You can ride him on a loose rein, but if he were determined to go, you could not pull him up with a windlass.

The loads the little ass carries are often as peculiar as they are heavy. I have seen him carrying a bulky load of cane which trailed along the ground on either side and behind him. The butts protruded beyond his head, so that only from the front could you see the motive power of the curious mass. From the side naught was to be seen but an occasional ear thrust out from the moving bulk. The rest of the donkey was lost. While musing one day near the Damascus Gate at Jerusalem on the mutability of human, the degradation of Semitic affairs, a donkey suddenly appeared to me, coming from the slaughtering-ground just above the brook

Kedron, laden with fresh sheep hides, wool side out. The little beast had but his head protruding from the quivering, bloody mass; you could just catch sight of his pattering feet. In the dusk he was actually a startling creature, and all but gave me a tumble from the wall on which I sat. Even Cuvier could scarce have classified, and might properly have fled from him as a truly supernatural being; though, indeed, Cuvier is credited with readily classifying the devil his pupils had dressed up and sent into his garden one night to scare him. "Who are you?" quoth Cuvier. "I'm the devil, and I've come to eat you!" howled the devil, with the proper stage caper. Looking him over from head to foot, "Horns, tail, hoofs—graminivorous; you can't do it!" replied the savant, turning on his heel. Unlike Cuvier, it became a perceptible case of demoralization on my part before I classified my strange intruder. My musing had prevented my noticing the unmistakable sound of his gait.

"Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment and walk by the way," sang Deborah of old; and to-day the white ass bred by the sheiks of the desert is a noble animal and highly prized. Such a one is shown in the illustration. The rider might well sit in judgment, though to walk by the way is not often the habit of the dignified Arab of our times. He will let his wife walk; he himself prefers the comfort of a horse or ass; and the latter is not infrequently chosen as the better mount. The white ass of high quality commands, as asses go, a long price; and for comfort on a journey is almost unequalled; for speed, unexcelled. On rough ground he is more surefooted than any horse, and a very goat for climbing. The specimen illustrated shows signs of knees roughened by kneeling down in stony places, and the marks of hobbling on his fore fetlocks.

Perhaps as wonderful as the donkey, almost, is the donkey-boy. He always accompanies his fare, and however fast the donkey goes the boy is always up. In fact, he tries to hurry the donkey all he can, the sooner to get his *backsheesh*. He trots along, carries a bunch of clover for the donkey, the bundles of his rider, and sundry other things, and seems to care naught for distance or speed. He has no particular style of going, but he gets there. He often breathes hard, but seems to mind it not a whit. The furthest on a stretch I ever rode a donkey at a round gait was to the pyramids from Cairo, eight good miles. This distance in an hour and a quarter seemed child's play to the lad, who had wind enough to keep after his donkey in both senses; and on the way home was yet more lively. I have often wondered whether they live long or not. You see them unnumbered years old; but were these old men ever real donkey-*boys?*

Another great footman is the sais, or outrunner. This man is often the finest type of a running animal. In his gay and costly dress he precedes his master's carriage, ostensibly to make room through the crowd, really for show; and on the road will run at a seven or eight mile an hour gait as long as the horses. The Arabs are a light, lithe, strong, and nimble race, as well as handsome beyond cavil. They have many fine physical qualities. The same climate which produced the Arabian horse has produced the Arabian runner.

The saddles in Egypt have no special type, though all partake of the general Oriental features. You see everything from a donkey's to an English saddle on the horses. One common type has the sitting-place round like the outside of a huge water-pipe. From the front projects an upright two-inch-square perpendicular piece to serve as a pommel; the high and slanting cantle is scooped out much after the fashion of a giant oyster shell. The flaps are long and square, and the stirrups hang inside them. In the country well up the Nile the tree is simple, made much like that of the old-type Indian, but with a pommel and cantle less prominent than a McClellan. The two bearing-pieces are whittled out crudely, and shrunk in place by covering the whole with rawhide, leaving the saddle open down the back, like a very illy made, unfinished Whitman tree. Under it goes a folded blanket; over it no end of rugs, all in picturesque disarray. The stirrup-leathers are hung well forward, and the girth is used so loose that it is often fastened only by a packthread. I have seen not a single well-girthed horse in Egypt ridden by a native. To us who believe in keeping a saddle in place, and then sticking to the saddle, this seems odd, but the natives do not seem to heed the matter, and their saddles

do not slip, even in violent turns and twists. The bit is, of course, a gag, and the trappings are as gaudy as they are apt to be dirty and rotten.

The lack of the graceful burnoose makes the Egyptian Arab a less attractive horseman than those of Algeria and Tunis. But I have seen some very neat-turned horses in Upper Egypt. I remember in particular a fine four-year-old I saw ridden by an Arab at Belianeh. I was prosaically plodding along on my donkey towards the temple of Seti, at Abydos, when I ran across this man. A friendly nod, an approving glance at his handsome iron-gray, and a couple of cigarettes quickly induced him to exhibit his horse at his best. He was almost the only Arabian I have seen whose head was properly in hand, who was well gathered, and who did not constantly throw up his nose. The colt could piaffer, gallop in place, traverse, and pirouette very handily, and possessed the highest grace. His owner had a light hand and fine seat, and seemed very fond and proud of his mount. I talked with him in signs sufficiently for him to see that I understood what he was doing, and he seemed equally surprised and glad to find a Frank who did so. But his performance was only individual cleverness; there was apparently no teachable method in it. Some things were manifestly done the wrong way.

We must not leave Egypt without a glance at one of the camel-riders. The stories about the performances of camels are conflicting. I can vouch for some of the crack performances of horses; I can only quote what I hear about camels. There is as much difference between a running and a porter camel as between a cart-horse and a thoroughbred. To ride a porter camel is a task requiring as much stomach as to fish for cod in a ground-swell. To ride a runner is, when you learn the trick, not disagreeable. They have a way of putting a sort of overhead rein on the runner which shortens his gait down into a comparatively easy amble. As to speed or endurance, I cannot testify from personal experience. The specimens illustrated are from Upper Egypt, and you can as plainly see the running animal in them as in the greyhound or the track-horse.

EDITOR'S STUDY

I.

LAST spring M. Zola made the address at the annual banquet of the students of Paris. The address was an attack on the theory of his predecessors, and a defence of his working theory of Naturalism; but the defence was rather a reminiscence than a call to charge. Naturally a man would review his completed work soberly, especially if his energy seemed to lie in the past with it; but pervading this address is a note of weariness, not to say defeat. Not of merited defeat, let us hasten to say, for the flag is held up as stoutly as ever, but there begins to be a suspicion that it is the flag of a lost cause. The aspect of sadness is not lessened if in the mind of the soldier the lost cause was right. M. Zola has only lived in the world a half-century, and he should be in the prime of vigor for the contest. But the tone of the great apostle of Naturalism is that of a man whose future, to use the expression of an American humorist, is behind him. Not only is the world—now beginning to look up and forward to the life of the spirit—going wrong again, but the effort to set it right may have been carried to excess, if it has not been altogether futile. This passage is clearly reminiscent, and not forward-looking: "The persevering efforts of positive philosophy and of analytical and experimental sciences came to a head in our life work. We swore only by science, which encircled us on all sides—we lived, moved, and had our being in it—and now I am at liberty to confess that I personally was a sectarian when I strove in season and out of season to transport the cast-iron methods of that science into the flowery domain of art; but who among mortals does not in the heat of the combat go beyond the bounds of utility; who is contented to triumph without compromising his vic-

tory?" Perhaps it was a great service to the world for M. Zola to demonstrate anew that nothing is more fatal to art than sectarianism. His office, he says, has been that of a "witness," one obliged "to notice everything," "to say everything." Certainly he has been a witness to that.

But sectarianism is a mild word for that pessimistic view of life which, under the guise of scientific investigation, has endeavored to make hopelessness the gospel of these closing years of the century. We are not questioning M. Zola's sincerity, nor criticising his conception of the necessity of bringing back art, in literature or in painting, from Romanticism to the fruitful contemplation and companionship of nature. For his achievement, so far as it has had this result, for his share in the revolt from academic conventionality and mistiness of view, he will have the honor that he highly deserves. But to come back to nature is not to come back to *La Terre*, and stay there. Even animal life can be joyous to contemplate, but it is not when it becomes bestiality. None know better than the French that the clean pig which roams the forests and eats the mast is of better flavor than the pig that wallows in the sties of civilization. O Nature, how many wrongs have been done in thy name! And Science also! must that bear the burden of the attempt to carry the agricultural Blue-Book and the diseases disclosed in the police reports into the "flowery domain of art"?

Perhaps it would be unfair to say that to the necessity of a protest against Romanticism or Idealism M. Zola confesses that he has sacrificed himself. But between his reminiscent lines one feels the accent of failure. How could it be otherwise? He and all those who have been walking his way have been walking towards *ennui* and the disgust of life. This is a sorry destination for sincerity. The creative impulse is a joyous impulse; with all its travail of spirit and its burden of deliverance it brings the highest consolations. No doubt that M. Zola set out upon his path with pleasure. How is it that at the age of fifty only, even if he feels that his life work is essentially done in his message delivered, he is weary and no longer has delight in it? It is not the weariness of toil of which we speak, but the weariness of life. A man's joyousness in art, as in life, depends upon the direction in which he is going. If it be upward, the journey may be wearying, experience may even give it a tinge of melancholy, but as he rises towards the light —it may be the sunset light—the prospect widens, the air is purer, and there is over all the landscape a divine radiance. If his direction is downward, the prospect narrows, light fails, and delight in the creative impulse, in the jubilant company of Nature herself, deserts him. Better the doctrine of human perfectibility than this. Better to live with angels whom we do not see than to live with the feminine failures whom we do see. Even if M. Zola's work is finished, if it has been in the right direction, he should look upon it with satisfaction, although he feels in the air a temporary, perhaps periodic, reaction from it, even though he "hears that Positivism is in its last agony, that Naturalism is dead." But his confession of being a "sectarian" means more than complicity in a lost cause. The truth is that M. Zola and all his disciples—is there an exception?—not all of whom have passed his stage of middle life, are weary. A melancholy sadness attends their contemplation of the fatality, the nothingness of life. They are tired of the direction in which they are going. Conscientiously they may be seeking truth, "to see everything, to say everything," for the sake of truth. Does their weariness come from the pursuit of a fruitless philosophy? Has M. Zola seen the end, that the blossoms of his spring were the blossoms of the Judas-tree? Is his weariness at fifty the lassitude of pessimism?

II.

There used to be in the literature produced by women a distinct quality of femininity. It is not so common as it once was, although names of living writers might be given whose work has it. But not to excite the animosity of any who would dislike to be accused of it we may safely go to a remote past for an example, and we certainly shall not give offence by recalling the Letters of Madame de Sévigné. This delightful quality, which everybody recognizes, has a charm quite distinct from any grace of style as it is usually defined. It is as indefinable as the charm of a beautiful woman. The most that we can say of it is that it is a note of femininity. No man, whatever his *esprit*,

or his delicacy, or his lightness of touch, has ever had it, not even the most effeminate among men writers. It is a most desirable and valuable quality, and the one quality that women can and men cannot contribute to literature. In these days most women consider it a compliment if their anonymous writings are taken to be the productions of men. And men—they are still so ungallant—would be annoyed if the careless judgment be passed upon their work, "Sounds as if it were written by a woman." It is understandable why women wish to be thought to write like men, on the theory that literature, like other art, is sexless, and that there is only one standard of excellence. But it is not understandable why women, enfranchised and come as an equal into the kingdom of letters, should wish to drop a quality so fascinating and so full of potency and charm as that we are speaking of. Practically in her competition with men she has dropped it. We encounter it less and less. And it is a grave question whether the re-enforcement of literature by an increasing number of women who write so that their productions cannot be distinguished from those of men is a compensation for the loss of this lovely quality of femininity. Is it necessary that women in gaining knowledge and skill should sacrifice this most exquisite expression of woman as woman, that is, the expression of a charm which is one of the few notes of reminiscence of our unfallen state? It is not effeminacy; in the common meaning it is not lack of virility; but it is the counterpart of that quality which is etymologically strictly derived from the word *vir*. It is for women to say whether literature is to lose this quality.

III.

Recent events have confronted our republican institutions with a serious disadvantage in social intercourse with other governments. The dilemma would have been more serious if the persons wearing crowns had accepted their invitations to the Columbian Fair. What would the government have done with them, even supposing they had been of the variety that favor Sunday closing? Can a king and queen consistently put up at a hotel, even if the hotel is on the European plan? Can they consistently and officially sleep in anything between a palace and a tent? There is something warlike, and therefore regal, about a tent or a canvas pavilion, but we have put the tent to vulgar uses, and to lodge Queen Victoria under the canvas of the Greatest Show on Earth would scarcely comport with her dignity. And we have no palaces. Our great sister republic, France, fortunately has some palaces left over from former governmental experiments, and it could fitly lodge a king or queen, if either should condescend to be the guest of a republic. We have some hotels that are described as palatial, and that have more comforts and conveniences, and perhaps more gorgeous upholstery, than any palace. But none of these would answer the purpose, because they are not exclusive—there are other people in them; or even if they were emptied for the occasion, they would have the reminiscence of vulgar use. What would a king do if he were to find a collar-button or a paper collar belonging to a commercial traveller in his bureau drawer? The only way that a king can prevent himself being vulgarized, when he travels where there are no palaces, is to go incognito; and we could not have submitted to incognito visits to our fair, for if we have any one virtue it is that we want the real thing. When royalty in any form or degree goes to England, or to Germany, or to Russia, it is lodged in a palace, of course; even in Egypt a whole palace is set apart to himself or herself—the harem being for the time packed off to somewhere else—when a person with the least tinge of royal blood appears. If we are going to entertain royalty, we must either have some palaces—even if they are built of *staff*—or royalty itself must lay aside its pretensions.

We had a very narrow thing of it with the Infanta of Spain, and we cannot tell what might have happened if she had not trumped up a kind of connection with our Columbus, who had been here before. We have only one White House, and that is occupied the most of the year, and is too small to take in boarders, or even transient guests who want much room. The Infanta could not be invited to stay there. The best that could be done was to ask her to dine there, and then let her go back to her lodging, just as if she had been incognita or any common person. But she was not incognita, and then the serious question arose, how could the

President of the United States go to see a person who was not in a house of equal dignity with the White House? If she had been incognita it would have been still worse, for of course the President of sixty-four millions of people cannot officially associate with a person who is skulking under an anonymous name. It may be said that there are plenty of private houses in this country that are as good as palaces, where royalty might be entertained, and that entertainment of this sort would be carrying out the republican idea. No doubt there are persons who would gladly turn themselves out of house and home for this purpose, and would willingly send the king off to Newport while they retired to Lenox. But this would not do at all. It is of the very essence of a king that he cannot sleep in anything but a palace or a tent, and that he cannot accept hospitality from anything but a sovereign power. And we, as a sovereign power, have not the requisites for that sort of hospitality; we are not in it. We have no place to lodge even a king modified, or limited. It is clearly a very embarrassing position for a republic inclined to enter the sphere of royal etiquette and pretension. We shall have to cease inviting the royal anointed, or build palaces for them. If the Emperor of Austria had come over to the fair, we should have been obliged to keep him in a private car, and the President would have had to return his call at the railway station. It seems ridiculous, but there would have been no other way to maintain his kingly dignity. A private car is our best expression of royalty. But this is a makeshift. If social intercourse is to go on between governments, and democracy gains ground, as it seems to be doing, kings and queens will be obliged to modify their pretensions, and perhaps do business on the English method, under the title of "King and Queen, Limited."

IV

Is it possible to have a great art or a great literature without a sympathetic public? The efforts of the organized Society of Sculptors in New York will be watched with a great deal of interest. It is a necessary step in the right direction. It will not only stimulate the artists, but it creates a centre and standard of criticism, encouraging to genius and repressive of mediocrity. Nothing is more needed in the sporadic and independent art ambition of this country than such criticism, which may be expected also slowly to correct the public taste. It cannot be denied that correct appreciation of art in this country is at very loose ends. Judgments are unhesitatingly given in every community, but what are the judgments good for? The public says unhesitatingly that it knows what it wants in sculptures. Any committee of citizens knows that. How long will it take the New York society to make the public want what it ought to want? For, after all, art has a commercial basis. The artist must live, and the temptation is always to try to please the public. Is the appreciative public that has money yet large enough to sustain high art? It has always been said that the Greek public could judge the works of Pheidias, and it may be that the public, and not wealthy patrons, paid for them. It is less likely that the Venetian public appreciated Titian, who was sustained by noble largesses. No one claims this for the American public, nor perhaps for any modern public now.

Another interesting experiment is that of the Columbian Fair. The things exhibited are of comparatively little consequence. That is a matter largely of industrial rivalry, and we cannot expect in that the artistic quickening that was produced all over the country by the Philadelphia exhibition of 1876, when the American people for the first time were brought face to face with the civilized progress of the world. It was especially stimulated by the Oriental contact. That effect in degree will not be repeated. This exhibition is of another sort, the most daring in conception, and perhaps destined to be the most fruitful ever made. The artists of the country, under the lead of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted and kindred men of genius, have created something new in the world. No person, however dull, can look upon this creation and be exactly what he was before he saw it. It will in some measure enlarge as well as quicken his perception of beauty. It will be passing strange if this combination of refined and stately architecture and of landscape-gardening on a scale hitherto existing only in the unconsoled dreams of artists, this gracious marriage of art with utility, in proportion, ornament, and color, does not

profoundly affect the expression of the national life in this direction. It does not seem possible that this great lesson can be thrown away upon our growing towns and cities—this lesson of individual good taste in building, and especially of the effect of grouping, of the *ensemble*, which we have almost wholly neglected. In this respect we can scarcely expect a great art without an appreciative public, and it is just here that we look for the educating influence of this exhibition.

V.

We are making experiments in all directions. For eight years one has been going on in the State Normal School at Worcester, Massachusetts, and the recently published results of it demand attention and excite curiosity. This is a study of children—a psychological study, instead of the physiological one formerly conducted in schools, with the birch and the ruler. Considering the length of time we have had children with us, it is astonishing how little we know about them. This is partly because we have never applied the inductive method to them, the habit of scientific observation being recent in all branches of knowledge. There has been a theory that all children are naturally liars, and another theory that all are naturally truth-tellers, neither of which is confirmed by observation. We have got so far in our observations already as to find that children cannot be treated in a lump, any more than criminals can be, and that especially for pedagogic purpose they must be studied individually. In short, the teacher must understand the material he is to operate on, and this sort of understanding is a recent idea. Whether we shall ever have a trustworthy and working psychology of childhood may be doubted, even after the most extensive records of observations, but a wide induction will certainly improve our methods of teaching. There is no doubt that the Normal pupils at Worcester are much better fitted for their work with children by reason of their systematic study of them. The system at Worcester is simply that of observation and faithful records. There are no lines of special inquiry laid down, nor any theories to be supported or disproved by facts. The object is to observe the real nature of child activity, and this can only be successful when the child is freely acting out his nature, and is unconscious that he is observed. He is very quick to see when he is being "drawn out," and to attempt to fit his replies to the inquiries, and thus the inquiry arrests the exhibition of the phenomena we are in search of. The only testimony that is of value is of the doings of the child when he does not know he is observed, and his sayings when they are spontaneous and unprompted.

The great interest of this study as a means of training teachers in the habits of exact observation, which will best fit them for dealing with the minds of children, aside from its character as a contribution to a science of psychology, warrants its widest publicity. Mr. E. Harlow Russel, principal of the Worcester school, in his exposition of the method, says that the records already number over 19,000, and they are increasing at the rate of 3000 a year; Mr. H. W. Brown, teacher, publishes a selection, classified, of 375 records from 500 which he has read. The observations were mostly made by young women from seventeen to twenty-one years of age, and they are of children from the age of one year and two months to the age of twelve years. These records are as amusing as they are curious, and, taken all together, they reveal the thoughts and limitations of childhood in an almost startling way. They are, however, only observations in a small field, and of children under certain local influences, and offer no safe guide for wide generalization. Observation of children of other nations and of children differently reared would give, no doubt, different records. Especially is this to be said of the thoughts and reasonings about God, Christ, and heaven. These are mainly reflex indications of adult clouded and illogical religious ideas. With these ideas the merciless logic of children often plays havoc. It is difficult to judge also how far their misconceptions are their own. The thought occurs in reading these records that adults may see themselves more clearly in the children than in any other mirror. For example, clergymen addicted to making prayers full of information might reflect on the reason of the refusal of the boy to say his prayers at night: "Why, they're old. God has heard them so many times that they are old to Him too. Why, He knows them as well as I do myself." Perhaps there is a suggestion for artists, in regard to illustration,

in the remembered preference of a little girl: "As a rule, I preferred story-books which were not illustrated. This was because the illustrations were not so beautiful as the pictures which came into my mind while listening to or reading a story. I used to turn the pages over quickly, or, if there was print above and below the picture, I used to hold my hand over the picture, so that it could not blot out the one in my mind." Lessing agreed with this little girl about the futility of this attempt of one art to copy another.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 10th of July.—The Russian Extradition Treaty with the United States was promulgated by President Cleveland on June 2d. Official notice was given on the 3d that the Italian legation at Washington would be raised to an embassy.

Among the Presidential appointments were—Charles W. Dayton, Postmaster, of New York; Holmes Conrad, of Virginia, Assistant Attorney-General; B. R. Bedle, of New Jersey, Consul to Sheffield, England.

Notice was received on the 7th of June that the Russian legation at Washington was to be raised to an embassy.

Governor McKinley was renominated as candidate for Governor of Ohio at a convention held on June 8th.

Chief-Justice Fuller issued on June 10th a stay of proceedings, and the World's Fair will be open on Sunday.

The French Court of Cassation, on the 15th of June, set aside the sentences passed upon the Panama defendants. MM. Eiffel and Fontane were set at liberty, but C. de Lesseps was retained to serve sentence of bribery. On the 23d the Panama Committee of Inquiry presented its report to the Chamber of Deputies. MM. Floquet and de Freycinet were exculpated, and the charge of the bribing of 104 Deputies was pronounced without foundation.

Walter Besant arrived in New York on the 18th of June as English representative to the Literary Congress at Chicago.

The bodies of the Prussians who fell at Stail in 1870 were delivered to German troops by French regiments, and were taken across the border and reburied June 18th.

Ambassador Bayard was received by the Queen at Windsor June 22d.

The Indian government issued an order suspending the free coinage of silver on June 26th.

The sixth annual session of the League of Republican Clubs was opened at Saratoga June 27th.

The *clôture* measure was decided on in the House of Commons June 28th. The Irish Home-rule Bill is to be taken up in four sections, and finally voted on about the end of July.

Paris student riots broke out during the night of July 3d, and continued for several days.

The new German Reichstag was opened in Berlin by the Emperor William II. in person July 5th. The result of the elections was increased strength for the army bill.

During the month cholera has raged in Mecca with considerable mortality, there being from 400 to 1000 deaths a day from the disease. There have been cases of cholera in some European cities, but no single case has yet reached American shores.

The floods of the Mississippi have caused considerable damage to property on the lower third of the river, but the danger has now passed until another year.

On May 29th Pope Leo XIII., in an address to a body of Ruthenian pilgrims, declared his most devout wish to be the return to the Latin Church of "those Churches of the Orient that are so dear to me." A representative of the Vatican was also appointed to the congress at Jerusalem of the Syrian, Greek, and Coptic Churches.

On June 30th President Cleveland issued a proclamation calling Congress to meet in extraordinary session on August 7th, to consider the financial situation.

On July 6th Prince George, only son of the Prince of Wales, married Princess Victoria Mary of Teck.

DISASTERS.

June 7th.—Ford's Theatre, Washington, collapsed while nearly 400 clerks were at work inside. Twenty-one killed and fifty injured.—Steamship *Servia* ran down and sank the American ship *A. McCallum*. All, except one of the crew, were saved.

June 20th.—Eight persons were killed and twenty-nine injured in a railroad accident at Parkville, Long Island.

June 22d.—Sixteen persons were killed by a tornado in eastern Kansas.

June 23d.—The British battle-ship *Victoria* was sunk in collision with the battle-ship *Camperdown* off Tripoli, Syria, and nearly 400 people perished, including the Admiral, Sir George Tryon.

July 4th.—One hundred miners killed by an explosion of fire-damp in a colliery at Thornhill, Yorkshire.

July 7th.—Great destruction of property and the loss of 100 lives were caused by a tornado in Iowa.

July 10th.—Sixteen men lost their lives while trying to subdue a fire in the tower of the cold-storage warehouse at the World's Fair.

OBITUARY.

June 7th.—In New York, Edwin Booth, aged sixty years.

June 8th.—In Corning, New York, Senator Charles E. Walker.

June 21st.—At Palo Alto, California, Senator Leland Stanford, at the age of sixty-nine years.

July 6th.—Guy de Maupassant, the French romancist, in his forty-fourth year.

July 7th.—At Newport, Rhode Island, Associate-Justice Blatchford, of the U. S. Supreme Court.



ANTE-POSTHUMOUS JEALOUSY.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"*Is*n't Emily Firkinson a darling, Reginald?"
"A—ahem—no doubt. I can't say much for her *singing*, you know!"
"Ah! but she's so good and true—a perfect angel! I've known her all my life! I want you to *promise* me something, Reginald!"
"Certainly, my love!"
"If I should die young, and you should ever marry again, promise, oh! promise me that it shall be Emily Firkinson!"

EDITOR'S DRAWER

HER SYMPATHETIC EDITOR. BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

THE editor sat in his sanctum (the name for all places where that particular species of animal sits, and which is so called because it is sacred to every soul who can scribble a line except the editor himself). The implements of his craft lay all about him—scissors, paste-pot, litter, waste-basket, and all. A pile of letters was before him, interspersed with MSS. in that intricacy of arrangement which only editors understand, and which to the ordinary mortal would be the superlative of disorder.

An associate sat at a side desk glancing over MSS., and placing them in piles for future examination, further consideration, or return, the second pile being the smallest, and the last much the largest. Odes to Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, to the Snow, the Frost, to Rain, Hail, and Sunshine, had been tossed on the return pile with perfect impartiality; papers on George Washington, on the Tree-frog, on the Punic Wars, the Tariff, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Noah's Ark, had experienced the same commendable exemption from prejudice. Finally the associate editor said, "Well, here is a letter that is pathetic." He read a few sentences, and passed the letter across to his chief. "Did you read it?"

"No. It's ten pages, and I have only one lifetime"—exclaimed the other.

"I knew it," said the associate, with a virtuous air, interrupting the further protest. "But it's a woman, and she says that she is pining for intellectual companionship, and that the acceptance of her poem will be like manna to the hungry soul. She is some poor young thing who is starving in the isolation of some far-off country town—"

"For the intellectual companionship of a young magazine editor," cut in the editor, in his turn, casting his eyes down the closely written and crossed pages to find the name. "Where the mischief is it? Here, find it if you can." He tossed the letter back to his associate. "I'll wager that she is a tall and vinegary dame who lets her husband eat sour bread and her children wear undarned stockings, whilst she writes poems on 'The Eternal Adolescence of the Infinite.' By-the-way, where is the poem?"

"I bet she is not; she is a young, fresh, enthusiastic girl with large blue eyes and a rose-leaf skin, and she teaches school and supports a widowed mother and two little sisters, and sends her younger brother to college, and he bullies her, and she writes poems of Lilacs and the Sunset," said her champion, raking over the pile of 'further consideration' papers. "What's the name?" he asked.

"'J. L. Speritt,' as well as I can make it out," said the senior.

"But where is the poem?" said his associate.

"Isn't this it?" asked the editor, looking into the waste-basket and picking up a good-sized MS. rolled together as tightly as paper can be rolled. The younger man took it.

"Yes, this does look like the same hand. It must have fallen into the basket."

"It is written on both sides, and does not appear to have any postage enclosed for its return. Perhaps that was the reason it was thrown there."

"Perhaps," said the associate. "You were evidently wedded to the sour-bread theory. You might at least have taken the trouble to read it, for the poor young thing will expect an answer anyhow. I wouldn't be as hard-hearted and unsympathetic as you for anything; and besides, I have no doubt the poem is at least up to the average."

"I do not deny that. Let's see. Read a little of it if you can. I'd sooner try Greek. What is it called?"

The champion began: "'Ode to—' What is this?"

"Sour Bread," suggested his friend.

"Not at all. 'To—to—'"

"The Lilac at Sunset."

"No. 'To—My Affinity.'"

"Infinity—the Adolescence of Infinity. I told you that was it."

"No; it's affinity."

"Well, that supports the sour-bread theory, anyhow. Go ahead."

The associate persevered:

"'Oh, thou who dwellest from me far,
Through all the lonely, languorous hours
Thou art to me a shining star
'Mid amaranthine bowers.'"

A shade passed over the reader's face as the editor cut his eye around at him, and he furtively felt to see how many stanzas there were.

"How many pages are there? What do you think we ought to pay for that?"

"Well, it is not very— But she's young," said the associate. He let the paper go, and it sprang together like a coiled wire.

"It strikes me as quite 'very,'" said the editor; "but you are the poet's friend, and you can do as you like."

"Well," said the younger, after a pause, "I am sincerely sorry for the poor soul, and I'll take it. We need not publish it."

"Unless we wish to commit literary suicide," said the editor. "All right; but it would be a great deal better to write frankly and tell her the thing's rot, and that she'd better darn her

children's stockings and see that the bread is sweet."

He went back to his work, and the associate editor returned to his, writing among his first letters one to the authoress of the "Ode to My Affinity." In it he enclosed a check, and said as little as he could about the poem, which he pitched into a drawer.

The incident was forgotten, until the next month, when, a few days after the appearance of the magazine, the mail brought a letter of nineteen pages from the authoress, expressing her disappointment that her Ode had not appeared, and asserting in vigorous language her opinion of its superiority to several poems which had been published. The last pages of the letter were devoted to insinuations as to the influence the authors of these poems had brought to bear, and its effect upon the editors. The associate editor read this letter first, and slipped it covertly out of the way, with a side look at his senior. He started to write a reply, stating that magazines were made up several months before their issue; but he thought better of it, and took no notice of the letter. During the next month and the next came other letters, each longer and more upbraiding than the former, the last openly declaring the writer's opinion that only malicious jealousy or a more dishonest motive could instigate such treatment, which she characterized as "outrageous" and "ungentlemanly."

The associate had just read this letter, and was scratching his head over it, when the editor, looking up, caught his woe-begone expression.

"What is it—a raking from the intellectual starver?" he asked, maliciously.

"Well, yes, that's just what it is," said the associate.

Just at that moment voices were heard in the outer office—the voice of the young lady clerk who had a desk there, and a strange and higher voice, which was doing most of the speaking.

"Well, I don't want to talk to any young woman; I did not come here to have any young creature impudent to me. I've got five children older than you. I want to see the editor, and I am going to." The next instant she bounced into the door, a sharp little arrow-faced woman, with a keen thin nose, thin lips, and small black beady eyes, above which was a fringe of dark hair plastered down as stiff as lacquered tin. She carried a black bag in one hand and a black fan in the other, which she brandished as if it were a weapon.

"Which is the editor? Or maybe you are both the *gen*tlemen!" (with a strong sarcastic emphasis on the first syllable). "Well, I have come to know what you have done with that poem I sent you months ago, and which you accepted, and have prevented from being published." She seated herself sharply, and threw out her fan with a whir like a lasso.

The associate editor, seeing her intention to take possession without an invitation, said, meekly, "Madam, will you take a seat?" She glared at him witheringly, conveying plainly her declaration that she did not need his permission to do so.

"Well, what have you done with my poem?" she asked, with cold severity, as Draco might have asked of some luckless victim who stood a self-confessed thief.

"Madam, that is the poetry editor," said the chief, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Ah!" She gave a sharp half-wheel towards the associate, and emitted her ejaculation with a long expiration, as one might who had, af-



"WHICH IS THE EDITOR?"

ter long pursuit, found the object of revenge. "Well, I'm glad to find the right person. And my name is not Speritt, nor Spirit, nor Brandy, nor anything like it, though I have no doubt you are quite familiar with that last name especially. My name is Spinks, Mrs. Spinks, and a very good respectable name it is, too, even if it is not as good as the one I gave up to take it, which was Rowlings, and one of the most aristocratic in the country—though no doubt you never heard of it, as you must be giving up all your time to reading the trashy, lovesick stuff you publish, which is enough to make any one sick who has a grain of the divine afflatus in her soul—being second-cousin once removed to Colonel Spangle, if you ever heard of him, as no doubt you are ready enough to claim you have, being on the Governor's staff for three years, till he took the fever and died, leaving one of the biggest fortunes in the State, and six children, and a widow, who gives herself as many airs as if she wa'n't old Sam Malony's daughter that kept the bar at Twenty-second Street. Well, I want to tell you that I know my rights, and I mean to have them. If Mr. Spinks had had a grain of manhood in him he'd have come down here and had that poem published in the very next number of the magazine after you suppressed it; but he hasn't. But I have, and I've consulted a lawyer, and he says it's a clear case, and I can get damages, and big damages at that, and I'm going to too, and he's one of the best lawyers in the country, and a great friend of mine. What have you done with it?"

She paused for breath in sheer exhaustion, but her eye on the associate editor was equal to a highwayman's pistol: "Your money or your life."

The associate editor was speechless; but the chief came to his rescue. He said, calmly:

"Madam, we shall not be able to publish your poem. It was accepted under a mistake, and we will return it to you."

Her countenance fell.

"What!" she began; but he was too quick for her. He saw his advantage.

"The poetry editor has it and will return it to you, and you can keep the money we sent you in payment for the time we have had possession of it."

She rose.

"Well, I am glad to get it back on any terms. I never wanted to publish it in your old magazine anyhow. I never read it, and I know no one else who does. I have no doubt you have already sold it to some other magazine for ten times the miserable sum you gave me for it; and if I were not too much of a lady ever to be able to quarrel, I should give you a piece of my mind about it; but I never could quarrel."

"No, madam; your forte is poetry," said the associate editor, mildly, handing her the MS. roll, which he had got from its pigeon-hole.

"Thank you, I don't want any compliments from you, sir," she said, as she seized the paper and, unrolling it, looked over it page by page to see if any of it had been abstracted. Then she turned to the editor: "Good-morning, sir. I know a gentleman when I see him; and" (turning her head, with nose in the air, towards the associate) "I know one who is not a gentleman, too, when I see him, and if it were not that he has acted so gentlemanly to me, I would have damages for this outrage if there were any justice in the law."

She sailed out with her fan clutched in her hand. The editor-in-chief, turning to his desk, began to murmur,

"Thou art to me a shining star
'Mid amaranthine bowers,"

when the associate said: "I give up. Make it Delmonico's, and name your time and friends."

PLENTY TO DO.

He had just returned from a more or less fashionable resort where he had left his wife and daughters. Meeting one of his friends on the street, he exchanged greetings, and casually observed that he had that morning got back from S——.

"How is it up there?" asked the friend.

"First-rate," was the reply.

"Much to do there?"

"Not for me; but my wife and daughters are kept pretty busy."

"What doing? Driving?"

"Oh no; dressing for meals."

WILLING TO DO HIS BEST.

It has been said that scribblers are not much given to enterprise, but certainly the penny-a-liner who figures in this story had a good business head. A correspondent of a certain New England newspaper having asked, through the correspondence column, "Where can I find a short sketch entitled The Paragram Family?" the enterprising youth immediately tried to answer through the same column to this effect:

"I cannot say where J. B. can find a short sketch entitled The Paragram Family, but upon receipt of ten dollars I will write a short sketch under that title whose excellence I will guarantee."

A DISCUSSION.

The bibliomaniac and the horseman were having an animated discussion.

"If you spent your money on horses and not on rare books, you would get more out-of-door life," said the horseman.

"True. But books don't have to be fed or exercised. Books don't have to be shod or curried. Books don't run away and smash me all to bits," retorted the bibliomaniac.

"So far, so good," said the horseman; "but



MODEST.

HE. "Ah, Miss Dawson, reading my little verses?"
SHE. "Yes."
HE. "I should awsk you what you thought of them if I were not so deuced bashful. Flattery breaks me all up, ye know."

no one ever borrows a horse, forgetting to return him."

"I never lend," said the bibliomaniac.

"Well, anyhow you'd be better if you went driving occasionally."

"I do drive," put in the bibliomaniac.

"What? Hired teams?" asked the other, scornfully.

"No," said the bibliomaniac, softly. "Bargains."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"WERE you ever shot in the war, Colonel?" asked the young woman of the warrior, after listening to some of his exceedingly blood-curdling reminiscences of the late unpleasantness.

"Once only. A bullet struck me right here," putting his hand directly over his heart.

"Dear me!" she cried. "Why didn't it kill you? That is where your heart is."

"True," returned the Colonel, "it is where my heart is now, but at the time I was shot, fortunately enough, my heart was in my mouth."

AN IMPOLITE CRITIC.

THE gallery god in the suburban towns is not an over-civil person, as was shown recently in the town of C——, when an undersized Romeo played to a Juliet with abnormally large hands.

When Romeo had delivered himself of the line,

"O that I were a glove upon that hand!"

a piping voice in the gallery, to the dismay of the mimic lovers and delight of the audience, cried shrilly out: "Ye wouldn't do. Ye wouldn't fit. Yer too small."

A POST-PRANDIAL FAILURE.

A FAMOUS after-dinner speaker had a curious experience one evening last spring. He had been invited to make one of a half-dozen speeches upon a certain occasion, but circumstances over which he had no control prevented his arrival at the board until the evening was wellnigh at its close. He was called upon to wind up the evening's festivities five minutes after his arrival, and then he got upon his feet and made the finest effort of his life. Much to his surprise, his best stories fell flat, and he was much disappointed thereat. On his way home he unbosomed himself to the toast-master in this wise:

"That was an awfully cold crowd to-night. They didn't take my stories well at all. Weren't they good stories?"

"Yes, they were," replied the toast-master; "but they had already been told by the previous speakers."

THE FACETIOUS YOUNG MAN TURNED DOWN.

HE was a very facetious young man, and he was showing a bright young woman, upon whom his affections were lavishing themselves, through a chair-factory that was the principal and most interesting industry of the town. The courteous attendant explained everything to them, when the facetious young man, desirous of showing how facetious he could be when he tried, pointing to a cane-bottomed chair, asked,

"And where do you get the holes?"

"Oh, we buy those from the Indians," replied the attendant; and he was much pleased, as the facetious young man was not, to hear the young woman giggle.

"Ah, indeed?" said the funny man, superciliously. "Of what Indians, pray?"

"Diggers," replied the attendant, meekly.

THREE GOOD STROKES.

AN eminent New York divine, in the course of an address at a fraternity dinner recently, told this story. Said he: "I met a Brooklyn friend of mine a few days ago, and as he appeared to be feeling in an unusually exuberant frame of mind, I asked him why. He replied that he was happy because he had done three good actions the day before. He had met a poor woman on the street. The woman held a sickly-looking child in her arms, and she was weeping. Inquiry showed that she was weeping because she was convinced that her child was dying, and unbaptized.

"'But,' said the Brooklyn man, 'why do you not have the child baptized?'

"'Because I have no money, and the fee for baptism is one dollar,' said the woman.

"Whereupon the good Samaritan handed the woman a ten-dollar bill, gave her his address so that she could bring back the change—which she did return—and went his way.

"'That is one good action,' said the Doctor. 'Now for the other two.'

"'Oh,' observed the Brooklyn man, 'they are all three in that one. First, I relieved the sorrows of a weeping woman; second, I assured the child of eternal salvation; and third—' Here he hesitated.

"'Yes?' said the Doctor. 'What was the third?'

"'Well,' said the Brooklyn man, 'the third was that I got rid of that vile counterfeit ten-dollar bill I had been carrying for more than a year.'"

MR. PETERS OF SCHOHARIE ON HIS DAUGHTER'S GRADUATION.

My darter's been through college, an' I s'pose it's done her good,
Though what's the use o' some things I have never understood.
She's learned to play the organ in a noisy sort of way,
An' tunes no man could whistle if he practised all the day.

She's learned to dress her pretty hair in fashions strange an' new;
Some's Greek, and some is Roman, but no old red-white-and-blue
Plain simple Yankee fashion, with two little finger-curls,
That seems to me so dressy in our next-door neighbor's girls.

She talks a lot about some thing called physiology,
Which tells her what effect plain meals will have on ma and me;
But as for makin' biscuits, or a fine old punkin pie,
She seems to think they ain't worth while, an' lets 'em all go by.

She knows about a branch she calls the calisthenic course,
That sets her prancin' round the room just like an old lame horse.
An' mother says she told her that if she should slip an' fall,
The folks would think 'twas purposely she'd gone an' done it all.

She practised tumblin' every day from rules from off a chart
Made up by some professor with a name like Delsy-art;
But when I ast her how to make a bed, an' how to sew,
She turned her nose away 'way up, an' said she didn't know.

In course this eddication does good work in many ways,
But on the whole I cannot say I truly think it pays.
It takes a sweet an' simple girl that's full o' life an' spice,
An' fills her up with notions vain, an' makes her cold as ice.

It makes her think the dear old home where she was born and bred
Upon the whole ain't nothin' more than just a common shed.
It makes her think her brothers fools; an' as for ma an' me,
When she's at home, why then *we* ain't, which I don't like to see.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



A COMPLIMENT.

MARIE. "How is it at the back, Jennie?"
MAID. "Beautiful, mum. Everybody will be so plazed when ye lave the room."

WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

"Great Scott! Gracious goodness and merciful smoke!" exclaimed Mr. Blotterwick, as he shook the snow from his hat and overcoat, and flung his turned-inside-out umbrella into the corner of the hall. "As a storm this is a howling success, but I shall not encore it."

"Doesn't it remind you of the time when you were a boy?" chirped Mrs. Blotterwick, as she came forward to relieve him of his impedimenta.

"Slightly," replied Mr. Blotterwick—"very slightly. When I was a boy, Louisa, we had really enjoyable snow-storms; not soppy and soggy, but nice hard dry snow that made a fellow feel good."

"I have often heard you speak of those times," said she, as she preceded him along the hall. "How happy you must have been!"

"I never will see such times again," he said, fervently. "Ah me! gone, alas, to come no more! You will excuse me, Louisa, if I become sentimental on the subject, but I can't help it."

"Of course not," said she, sympathizingly. "I am sure— What's the matter?"

"That's just what I was about to ask," he returned. "Why are you burning candles?"

"Something the matter with the gas," she explained, "so I bought two candles, tallow ones, just like they burned when you were a boy. And that suggested to me that perhaps you would like to eat your supper in the kitchen, just like you did when you were a boy."

Mr. Blotterwick looked rather hard at his wife, but she was humming a tune as she flitted around the range, so he drew up his chair and sat down.

"What's the menu?" he asked, facetiously.

"An old-time supper, dearest," she answered, fondly. "Aunt Becky was here this morning, and she gave me such a complete description of your boyhood life, of which you so often speak, that I was enabled to prepare this surprise. Henry, you are going to have one of your boyhood's meals once more."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Blotterwick, with a smile that betokened some apprehension.

"Yes, dear. Just think of it! Aunt Becky showed me how to make the saleratus biscuit, and you can't imagine how heavy they are; not at all like the muffins I make."

Mr. Blotterwick sawed one apart with his knife and buttered it profusely. "Seems like old times," he said, taking a small bite.

"The coffee," said she, pouring out a steaming cup, "is parched rye. Aunt Becky told me that you used to be just furious because you couldn't have but one cup; but you may have all you want now. Here's the molasses to sweeten it. Doesn't it recall your boyhood?"

"Yes, it does," said he, taking a sip and coughing violently. "It's—it's very hot."

"Pour it out in your saucer and blow it," she suggested, "just as you did when you were a boy. Oh, I had almost forgotten the bacon and onions!"

"Bacon!" said Mr. Blotterwick, explosively. "You know I don't like bacon."

"You did when you were a boy. Aunt Becky says you doted on it."

"Aunt Becky be ——! It isn't cooked enough," he said, eying the mess with great disfavor.

"Oh yes, it is; but it is the extra fat kind that your mother always cooked. Dip your biscuit in the fat, as you used to do."

"Who says I did?" demanded Mr. Blotterwick, with asperity.

"Have you forgotten that you did? You have told me a thousand times how you enjoyed those meals, and here you are not eating anything. I think it's a shame," Mrs. Blotterwick went on, wiping her eyes with her apron. "Here I have even taken up the carpet so that the bare floor would make it seem like your boyhood days. But perhaps," brightening up, "you would prefer a salt mackerel. I have one here, and I can boil it in a minute."

"Thank you. I don't care for mackerel."

"Then I'm sure I don't see what I can do," exclaimed the poor woman, piteously.

"Do!" exclaimed Mr. Blotterwick, wrathfully. "You can throw this truck into the street, madam, and broil me a steak."

"But you know, Henry"—

"And give me a decent cup of Java."

"—when you were a boy you used to"—

"And some baker's bread, madam—*baker's bread.* Do you hear?" he thundered.

"—like all these things. You have often told me—"

"Louisa," he said, fiercely, drawing forth his pocket-book, "take a hat, cloak, wrap, or grand-piano, and call it square. I never was a boy. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," she said, giving him a hug. "And now, if you will step into the dining-room, you'll find a meal that will not in the least remind you of the good old days when you were a boy and hadn't sense enough to know what was fit to eat." Sidney.

YOUTHFUL VERACITY.

If one can judge from the veracity of the small youths who add so much to the pleasures of this world, the future years are likely to develop more men of the stamp of Ananias than of George Washington.

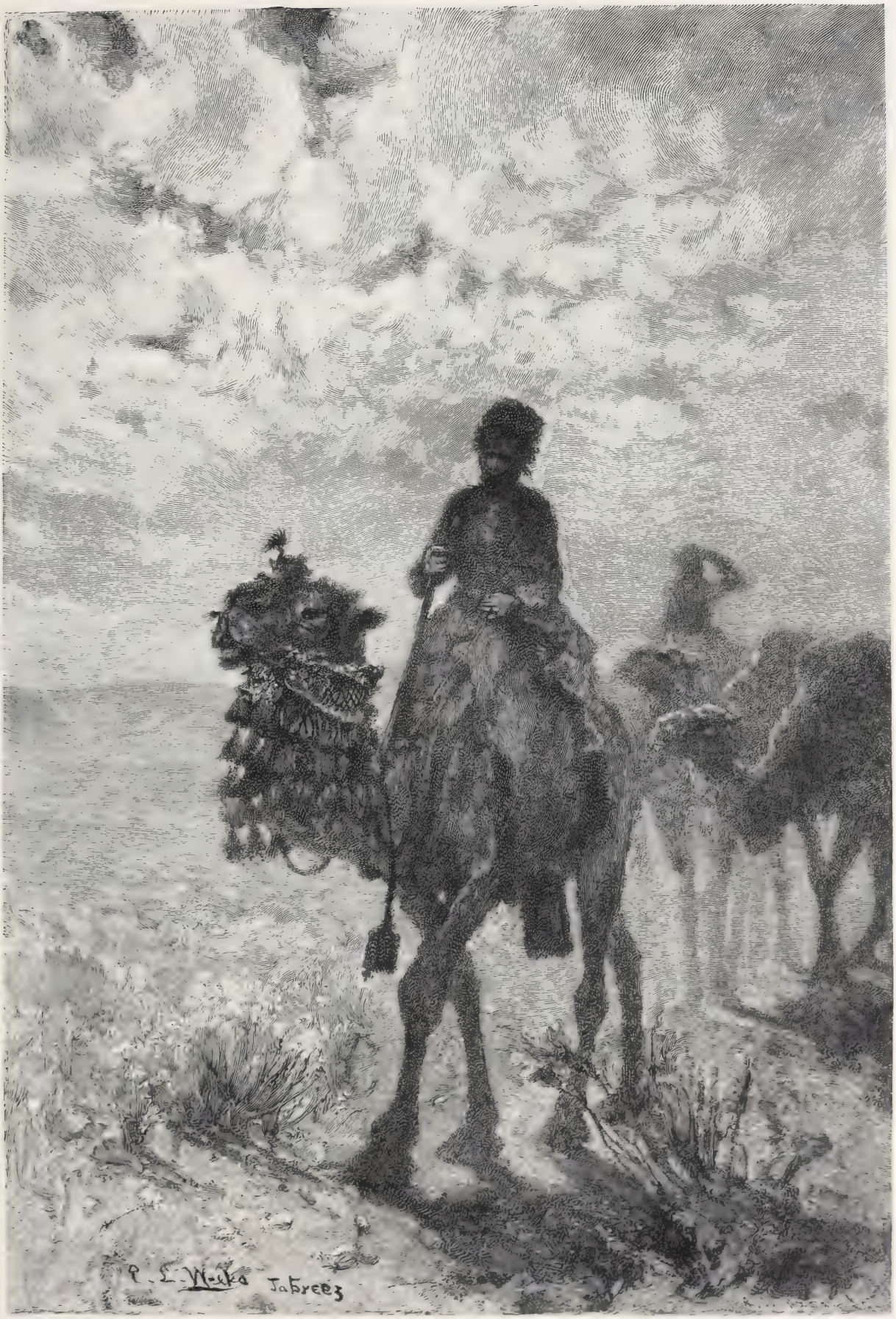
Two little fellows were recently telling their father of certain exercises in drawing they were having at school, one of them stating that he had that morning drawn a pig upon his slate.

"Standing or running?" asked the father.

"Standing," said the boy.

"Did you ever draw one running so fast that by the time your teacher got around to look at it he had run off the slate and jumped out of the window?" asked paterfamilias, who is a great quizzer.

"Oh, my, yes!" said the boy, confidently. "Lots o' times."



THE CAMEL CARAVAN BY MOONLIGHT.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXXXVII. OCTOBER, 1893. No. DXXI.

FROM THE BLACK SEA TO THE PERSIAN GULF BY CARAVAN.

BY WAY OF PREFACE.

THESE preliminary lines of explanation are only to show why this journey was undertaken at such an unfortunate moment, and that there was some underlying method in its apparent madness. When the route was first mapped out, it was our intention to follow the line of the Trans-Caspian Railway to Samarcand, and thence to Herat, and through Afghanistan to India. But the political situation and the civil war in Afghanistan rendering such a trip hazardous, we decided to take the trans-Persian direction, and to enter Persia near Meshed.

As Mr. Theodore Child's well-known work on Russia had made him favorably known in official circles, the Russian government had kindly offered us every facility in passing through its territory. With the permission from the War Department to visit Central Asia, came an urgent telegram from the American legation at St. Petersburg, advising us not to go on account of the cholera, which, after devastating Meshed, had left Persia and invaded the Russian provinces. We were then leaving for Constantinople by the *Camboge*, and finding that she would not proceed to Batoum by reason of quarantine, we were again forced to change our route. This time we elected to follow the old caravan road from Trebizond, on the Black Sea, to Tabreez, through the mountains of Kurdistan, that country of indefinite boundaries.

In short, there was no other route left open to us; we must either turn back, or, setting our faces forward, head straight for the Persian frontier, five hundred miles away, and we decided to go on.

Edwin Lord Weeks.

I.—FROM TREBIZOND TO TABREEZ.

Trebizond, July 22, 1892. — A blue bay, calm and peaceful, lies before us as we look out from under the awnings of the *Camboge*, and the city, a compact mass of white and yellow masonry, rises in terraces along the shore. An amphitheatre of barren hills encircles the bay. We are rowed to the custom-house; and Artemis, the Armenian dragoman, whom we had engaged at Constantinople, has been instructed to save us trouble at any expense. An ancient Turk, who has been detailed to burrow into our bags and boxes, mercifully ignores the fire-arms and cartridges, but pounces at once on Murray's hand-books for Bengal and the Punjaub, and Adams's Cable Codex, which he scrutinizes severely. The printed page in an unknown language is considered by the Ottoman official to be fraught with peril to the peace of all true believers. These suspicious volumes are detained for the examination of the censor, but were kindly returned to us on the following day, duly endorsed on their fly-leaves, to the effect that nothing detrimental to the religion of Mohammed had been found.

At last we are allowed to pass through the ponderous inner gate, and joyfully follow the porters carrying our baggage, who are struggling up the roughly paved street towards the little hotel. This hotel

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is kept by Greeks; and the vine-shaded stoop, reached by a steep flight of steps on each side, is not uninviting.

Trebizond is a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants. Persia begins here, practically if not politically, and the road from Trebizond, through Erzeroum, to Tabreez, or Tauris, the largest city in Persia, is undoubtedly the oldest caravan route in the world. All the merchandise from the north of Persia to western Europe and England passes over it, and the return traffic is equally important. The time of transit is rather uncertain. We were told in Tabreez that it often took three months from Persia to the Black Sea by camel caravans, which usually travel by night, and rest during the day. When they reach a grassy nook, or fertile hollow high among the hills, the beasts are unloaded and turned out to pasture, while the drivers light their camp-fires and brazen samovars under roughly extemporized shelters of rugs and hempen mats, erected among the square bales of merchandise packed at Tabreez or Teheran.

The main bazar of Trebizond, which is interesting on account of the variety of its products from the East and the far West, has one long artery partly roofed over, and some narrower parallel veins of commerce straggling up and down the hill; it is particularly rich in the embroidered bags and saddlery and the roughly picturesque mule trappings of Asia Minor and Kurdistan. Here, too, are weapons of every description, from the silver-hilted pistols and swords left by the Kurdish cavaliers, to the latest Martini and Winchester rifles. The genuine Smith and Wesson revolver is not rare, but more frequent still is the clever imitation made in Russian workshops.

In the centre of the town is a small parklike enclosure, much frequented by resident Persians as a tea-garden, and nothing stronger than effervescent lemonade is sold there. Near by are several great caravansaries with court-yards, where the "arabas" and other quaint vehicles from the interior are put up. A winding road bordered by pleasant gardens and cemeteries with venerable black cypresses leads to the hills high above the bay. Down this road come the Kurdish horsemen and the long camel trains led by flat-faced and ruddy Tatar drivers, their sunburnt cheeks shaded by shaggy peaked caps of camel's-hair or sheepskin. The leading camel, always a majestic brute, carries his head proudly aloft, decorated with a ponderous mass of colored tassels and jingling bells.

A favorite resort in the late afternoon is a little Persian tea-garden by the roadside, looking down on the harbor and the distant town. The view is like a vignette, framed by trellises with vine leaves and the drooping fronds of the weeping-willow. Pink rhododendrons and white-flowering shrubs are set in moss-covered pots and boxes. A rude projecting balcony, higher up, over the shrubbery, is frequented by Turks, whose turbaned heads cut like black silhouettes against the pale orange of the evening sky. Only tea is served here, and the waiters are two Persian boys, who bring it in small glass cups, together with burning coals in metal trays, for the kalyans and cigarettes of the loungers at the little round tables. A row of distant and slender cypresses of inky blackness is pencilled against the sky.

July 23d. — The strange little table d'hôte at the hotel is filled at the dinner hour by a company of Levantines and Greeks. All wear the fez. My neighbor, a burly sunburnt man, is relating in French a recent adventure among the mountains beyond Erzeroum. He was sleeping at night in a hut, when five armed Kurds entered through the window, bound him hand and foot, and carried off his money, clothing, and other belongings. Although this narrative is addressed to a young Greek at the end of the table, it is not lost on the two strangers who had planned this campaign at the Café Américain, and matured it definitely in the uproar of the Casino. It is needless to say that the Kurds were not taken into account. They look blankly at each other, and think of the rouleaux of napoleons, of sovereigns, and the precious packages of five-pound notes and roubles which they hope to carry safely through Kurdistan and over the Persian border. The victim of this midnight aggression proves to be an English subject in the employ of the Ottoman tobacco monopoly, which fact may have had something to do with his misfortune. When he finds that we have the same mother-tongue, he offers us much frank and sound advice, urging us particularly not to sleep in tents beyond Erzeroum.



IN THE TEA-GARDEN, TREBIZOND.

As he usually passed the night in village huts or in road-side "khans," he had invented an insect-proof sleeping-tent, constructed of white muslin, shaped like a long cube, at least three yards in length and two in height. When in use, this tent is suspended from the ceiling or walls by a cord at each corner, so that the bottom lies upon the floor. The entrance is a round hole at one end, with a long sleeve-like funnel, through which he who would sleep in peace wriggles in, letting the sleeve drop behind him. It is an admirable invention, and we order a pair of them.

With the advice and assistance of the consular dragoman, we lay in a stock of liquors and canned provisions for emergencies. Two means of conveyance are open to us from Trebizond to Erzeroum—either a train of pack-horses and mules, or an araba, which will carry all our baggage, and in which our dragoman and cook can sleep. We decide upon the latter, but we should have lost less time had we taken pack-horses.

An araba, it should be explained, is a great lumbering tented wagon, much lighter than it appears to be, and not unlike an American "prairie schooner." The best arabas are built in Russia. The cart has four wheels, but no springs; the sides slope inward from above, and the tail projects backward beyond the hooped tent which covers the forward part. The four horses are harnessed abreast to a single long pole. This vehicle seems at first sight to be rudely and clumsily constructed, but upon examination it will be found that the toughest wood and the best iron and steel only are employed. This cart will stand any amount of rough usage, and the threatening perils through which ours passed unscathed are almost beyond belief. It is not easy to give the faintest notion of the roads, if roads they can be called, over which our arabas labored with ever-increasing vicissitudes, and as we approached the soaring passes near

the boundary of Persia they rolled and thundered over the rocks, straining and pitching like ships in foul weather. Let the reader imagine a heavy army wagon, laden with baggage and men, dragged by four horses over the higher passes of the Alps—not over macadamized roads, such as the Simplon, but over mule tracks like the Grimsel Pass, and sometimes as high as the Dent-du-Midi—and then over sections of road partly destroyed by landslides and heavy rains, and down the slippery banks of rivers, or the beds of mountain torrents. Imagine these passes of six, seven, or nine thousand feet in height to occur not once or twice only, but day after day and week after week, through the wilderness of mountains south of Ararat and along the borders of Kurdistan. We once rode a hundred yards in the araba down the bed of a river, and the sensation was like that of being tossed in a blanket. It is hardly necessary to say, then, that our luggage suffered far more from the endless grating and grinding of each package against its neighbor than if it had been packed on horses. We had brought our saddles from Paris, and secured fairly good horses for ourselves. The staff consists of Artemis, the dragoman; Diamante, the cook, a native of Trebizond; the driver of the araba, a crusty and superstitious old Persian; and a younger man, part owner of the horses, with one or two supernumeraries.

As soon as our various chests, packages, and the tents are placed in the wagon the rear is filled up and fenced in with the musty old pack-saddles of the horses, to be used on their return journey. After all our later experiences of pack-saddles I can remember none that were as malodorous as this first instalment, and we could not but pity the dapper dragoman who was compelled by perverse fate to leave the flesh-pots of Pera and eat, drink, and sleep in this tainted atmosphere.

Everything is ready at last, passports are covered with numerous visas in Turkish and Persian, and our stock of provisions stowed in the cart. The driver cracks his whip, and the procession winds slowly up the hill in the noonday heat. There had been heavy rains a few days before, and the roads were reported to be in bad condition. Two hours from Trebizond we reach a stretch of deep mire. The men go on in front to reconnoitre, and conclude to drive ahead; the horses sink deeper as they advance, the mud reaches their girths, and the wagon wheels are buried to the hubs. Blows and kicks avail nothing, and the poor animals soon cease to struggle. Then the baggage is taken out and carried to a place of safety, and some laborers are found who dig out a passage with their shovels. A mule train coming in the opposite direction is even in a worse plight; one heavily laden donkey is only kept from sinking out of sight by his broad pack-saddle; an old worn-out horse, after hopelessly floundering close to the bank where the mud is deepest, resigns himself to his fate, tormented on one hand by showers of blows and kicks, and on the other by clouds of flies which settle on his face, the only visible portion. But all are rescued after heroic efforts, and a few hours further on this scene is partly repeated, but we extricate ourselves with less difficulty.

Djèvizlik, July 24th.—A small neat village, with a long main street lined by houses with widely projecting eaves, a café or two, and a small khan or rest-house. All day we follow the road, now dry and dusty, along the side of a deep valley, far above the stream, which we cross by a bridge at daybreak. We look down on highly cultivated slopes, sunny vineyards, and up to the forest-clad heights on either side. The clustered white houses of the villages, and the tin-roofed bell-towers of Armenian churches and convents sparkling in the sunlight, recall in a measure the Val d'Aosta and the Val Savaranche.

Taschkeupreu, July 25th.—Here we halt for the night, quite in the heart of this Turkish Switzerland. Mounting a rickety wooden staircase from the road, we unpack our belongings in the small but clean guest-room of the khan. From a raised platform built against the railing of the veranda we watch the arrival of the other four arabas, and the unloading of their freight of homeward-bound Persians as they draw up in the street below. These travellers settle themselves on the green turf, along the whitewashed wall of a low house adjoining the khan, and spread out all their paraphernalia of rugs and blankets, samovars and copper pots. Wreaths of mist which have been accumulating in the valley below now settle among the pine-clad slopes above

us, and a gray twilight envelops all. Fires flash out along the street; there is a sound of sizzling and frying, with the attendant odors. The horses are picturesquely grouped in circles around the hempen trays attached to the poles of the wagons, in which their barley is supplied. After the culinary functions are over, the drivers and some of the pilgrims organize a sort of country-dance. All stand in a row, one or two of them sing a monotonous chant, agitating their handkerchiefs, while the rest beat time with their feet. Several of the spectators seated along the stone wall which borders the road are roughly but good-naturedly dragged up and made to take part in the performance.



ACCIDENT JUST BEFORE REACHING BAIBOURT.

July 26th.—Our road still ascends through magnificent forests with towering beeches, poplars, and evergreens. Streams of water cross the road, and there is a dense and tangled growth in the deep ravines below. Sometimes we are blockaded by trains of little ox-carts carrying timber. The wooden trucks of these carts when in motion keep up a monotonous shrieking and groaning which can be heard a mile away. Squads of Turkish infantry occasionally pass, on their way to the interior. At a turn of the road the forest ceases, and we come at once upon a country of ochre-

tinted, glaring hills, sparsely dotted with stunted evergreen shrubs. We halt at mid-day on a high, bare ridge. A fresh breeze blows straight in our faces from the line of snow-streaked ridges a day's journey beyond us. Henceforward these snow-spotted heights are always in sight, but never by any chance do we reach them. The landscape is severe and monotonous, but there is variety within its monotony. We descend steep hill-sides shaded by scattered pines. The sun burns fiercely; at times a boisterous wind envelops us in clouds of dust; this is almost a relief, as it helps us to resist the ever-increasing drowsiness. There are places where the yellow cliffs behind us reflect an overpowering glare, and we ride through a stratum of heated air like the breath of a furnace. Yet the pocket-thermometer held on the saddle seldom shows more than 105° Fahr., save in these exceptional spots. The nights at this elevation are almost invariably fresh and cool.

Erqui, July 27th.—To-day an accident nearly led to the utter wrecking of the araba and its contents, and one of the horses is so badly injured that we shall have to replace him at the next town. We enter a series of deep and narrow ravines, with walls of no great height, but rocky and savage in character. The road, narrow and rudely built, passes in one place under an overhanging cliff on the left, and some fifteen feet below, on the other side, lies the channel of a torrent. There is not room for the four horses to pass abreast, and scarcely room for the breadth of the araba, but the men urge their beasts on with shouts and blows. The outermost horse falls over the ledge, and hangs suspended by the bit and one or two straps which have not parted, vainly struggling to find a foothold on the sliding soil. The road caves in and crumbles away under the feet of the second horse, and he, too, is dragged down. Then the men in the cart throw their weight on the inner side, which restores its balance, and cutting loose the fallen horse, manage to rescue the second. The poor brute which fell first is badly cut and bruised.

Baibourt, July 28th.—We enter this city in a whirlwind of yellow dust. A steep and tawny ridge of rock rises above it, bearing like a crest the irregular broken walls and flanking towers of an ancient citadel, presumably of Byzantine origin. Following in the wake of the Persian arabas, we reach the lofty entrance of a great caravansary. The carts are driven under the arch into a dark and foul-smelling stable. A steep and narrow stairway takes us to an upper guest-room of the khan. Here we find high clay platforms on three sides, divided by low railings into sleeping compartments, carpeted with straw matting, suggestively dingy; a clay fireplace occupies one end, but our cooking is done outside in the passage. Half-way down the dark and unswept stairs a door opens into the common guest-room and café combined. Our fellow-travellers have grouped themselves picturesquely on the wide platforms. The drivers and muleteers are mending their multicolored rags, and the great brass samovars are steaming over the fireplaces. The picture has the rich and bituminous tone of a Teniers, but the high peaked fur caps are more suggestive of Russia or Siberia than of Holland. As Baibourt is a garrison town, a Turkish gendarme soon makes his appearance, and hangs about while our baggage is being unpacked. When we go out to see the town he is our guide, and in one of the covered bazars, roofed with sticks, tattered patches of awning, cobwebs, and filthy straw mats, we come to a café with a ramshackle wooden gallery, which we reach by means of a tottering stairway. From this elevated station we look down on the market-place and the moving crowd through a haze of dust and flying straw, which partially veils the view of the yellow ridges above. Two more police officers of higher rank saunter in and partake of our coffee and cigarettes. They ask many questions of our dragoman, and looking at our hand-cameras, insinuate, but with perfect courtesy, that these forbidden weapons are not to be used here. This official warning comes too late, however, for the gallery and the two officers themselves already figure among our souvenirs of Baibourt. Here let me add that we never had reason to complain of rudeness on the part of these functionaries, but they gave us a deal of trouble, nevertheless. I was not prepossessed by our quarters for the night at the khan, and ordered my sleeping-tent to be hung up on the trembling wooden balcony which jutted over the stable door. Half the town assembled in the street below to look up at my prepara-



INTERIOR OF CAFÉ AT THE CARAVANSARY, BAIBOURT.

tions for retirement. My camp-bed was first taken inside and unfolded, and as the candle within made a huge transparency of the tent, the elaborate gymnastics shadowed upon the walls must have been vastly entertaining, judging from the deep murmurs and grunts of satisfaction. The night was far from peaceful, however. The noise and uproar of the bazar continued till a late hour. Two fleas had found an entrance somewhere, and Keating's powder had no terrors for them. The effluvium of the stable below rose through the cracks in the floor; an injured puppy lamented plaintively all through the night; and there were catcalls, and occasionally the ear-piercing howls of a pack of street dogs hunting down an intruder to the death. Rising above all, the long-drawn groans and shrill shrieks of distant ox-carts. When my candle was extinguished I could see that my neighbor, a shopkeeper opposite, was also a sufferer from insomnia; he had lit his lamp, and crooned to himself with the wailing cadences of his race. When the morning light appeared we felt that many more such nights would be sorely trying, and we inwardly resolved to keep to the tent and the open country in future, come what might. The debatable borderland of Kurdistan is still some days distant.

Ilidja, July 31*st.*—A straight and dusty road over a plain leads to this village, which is famous for its warm sulphur springs, with bathing establishments, frequented by the upper ten of Erzeroum. These springs ooze from the ground and spread out into marshy pools in the centre of the village. Erzeroum is visible high up on the flank of a range of mountains, a white speck near the patches of snow.

Erzeroum, August 1*st.*—The gateway of this fortified stronghold is protected

by a moat and drawbridge, and earthworks apparently of modern construction. There are sentries on the ramparts above. The first impression of the town is not seductive. Low stone huts, with their supply of winter fuel—cakes of dried dung—stacked in black pyramids about the doors, uneven paths where the dust lies deep, or rises in clouds to mingle with the pungent smoke of the morning fires. Far above, on our right as we enter, rises a desolate range of mountains, and the rare patches of snow descend nearly to the level of the town. On the left, to the eastward, rises a hill with a battery on its summit, which commands the approaches on all sides. As we draw near to the heart of the city we pass the place of slaughter, environed by gory mire, where the carcasses of slain animals are suspended on poles and scaffoldings. There are many well-stocked European shops with supplies of all kinds, and the bazars where old saddlery, weapons, and rugs are sold are uncommonly rich in bric-à-brac, which is not for us, however, with our long route to the Persian Gulf stretching before us. We are taken to a high four-storied building, with a billiard-room and café under Persian management at the top. The place is not repulsive outwardly, but it proves to be a noisome den within, and there is no other shelter available at present. We had a brief interview with the chief of the custom-house, who allowed us, under protest, to have our luggage unloaded at the hotel. He seems to have repented his leniency, however, and soon sends a subordinate after us, who insists upon prying into our boxes, but with a little diplomacy he is persuaded to refrain.

Upon arriving at any town, the first step is always to have our passports examined, and as the consul is absent, his dragoman undertakes to make the necessary arrangements. He at once finds something wrong in our dragoman's passport, which gives him permission to go as far as Van only, but not to cross the frontier into Persia. Now Van is not on our route, but far to the southward. This passport was made out at Constantinople under consular supervision, and the Consul-General had been most carefully informed as to our projected route. It seems that all Armenians are regarded with suspicion just now on account of a plot against the Turkish authority, recently discovered, in which many of their leading men were implicated. On the next morning the consular dragoman, in order to explain the state of affairs, visited the Vali, or military governor, who, being an orthodox Turk of the old school, was rather a difficult man to deal with. In the afternoon we were told that matters were going on well, and that the Vali had promised his signature.

August 2d.—In the course of our rambles about the town this morning we visited the palace of the governor, a large yellow-washed barrack without interest, and called upon the chief of police, a tall soldierly man, who received us with frank cordiality, and was lavishly hospitable to the extent of cigarettes and coffee.

Erzeroum was once a Persian capital, and there are still some remains of that epoch: a mosque with two slender minarets on either side of a narrow pointed arch; the entire structure, although ruinous, is rich with carved stone-work and brilliant tiles; and near it stands a basilica-like building rather Byzantine in character, as well as the remains of an old fortress and citadel. There is a large Persian quarter, where the people sit on little stools along the shady side of the street, with their glass cups of tea and bubbling kalyans.

This is the first day of the great annual festival of Hassan and Houssein, which is honored throughout all Mussulman Asia. A procession with banners, and flagellants smiting their bared breasts, passes the hotel. In the afternoon the consular dragoman appears with an air of hopeless dejection, and says that the Vali, at the last moment, had refused to endorse our dragoman's passport, and that our new friend the chief of police, who had discussed our projects with us in his lame but sympathetic French, had advised him not to sign that document. The prospect of getting away from Erzeroum now began to look desperate. It would be next to impossible to find another interpreter, or indeed any sort of a substitute. Our unhappy dragoman, who had been much depressed since his arrival, now showed unmistakable signs of bodily fear, and begged us tearfully not to desert him. Even should he succeed in crossing the frontier with us, he dared not return alone without his passport, and would be liable to arrest by any Turkish subaltern, with a prospect of im-

prisonment and the chain-gang. But one alternative seemed open to us, one last chance. We concluded to demand an interview of the Vali, through the authority of the consulate in the person of its dragoman, and should he grant us an audience, to make the most of our slight official position, and insist on our dragoman's passport in order that we might arrive at Teheran, where we were expected by the legation at a certain date. Our official go-between shook his head dubiously over this proposition, but promised to do his best, with the air of one who is about to stake his all on a forlorn hope. During the interval of suspense we visit the Persian consul to have our papers put in order for Persia, and to draw up a contract with the chavadars,* whom we expect to engage for the journey to Tabreez. A young Greek merchant, to whom we bring letters of introduction, receives us in a handsomely decorated tent behind his house. At the breakfast which follows the French consul is present, and a few other Europeans drop in. Nothing can exceed their kindly and sympathetic interest in our projects, but it is evident that they regard our plan of reaching Persia by this route as an almost hopeless wild-goose chase. A company of Persians who came with us from Trebizond in an araba intend going on to Tabreez with the same vehicle when we are ready to start. But our new friends are quite sure that the road will shrink to a mere goat-path beyond Erzeroum, and advise us to buy pack-horses or mules. Then some one suggests Kurds and brigands, and in the vivid reminiscences which follow we and our plans are almost forgotten. We both felt rather despondent when we took leave of our kind entertainers, but were more than ever anxious to get away from Erzeroum. It was impossible to work here, as the Vali had sent a message forbidding us to sketch or photograph on this side of the border. I could not leave the house for a moment without being followed by spies, but their occupation was no sinecure, as they were obliged to keep me in sight, which entailed endless marching and countermarching for no apparent object. The hotel where we had encamped was filthy beyond description, but the upper floor, monopolized by the Persian billiard-room and tea-counters, seemed clean by comparison. I had amused myself by making a sketch of the



CAMEL'S HEAD AND TRAPPINGS.

* The man who has charge of the horses, and is usually part owner of them, is called the "chavadar."

interior, and contemplated another from the balcony, which overlooked the low roofs of the town and the hill beyond with its battery. A friendly Persian who sat smoking in the doorway warned me that we were being watched from below.

August 3d.—His Excellency has condescended to receive us. We are conducted to a long room where he is seated, cross-legged, upon a divan at the opposite end. He wears a short gray beard, and is costumed in white drill, patent-leather boots, and a fez. On his right are several officers occupying a row of chairs against the wall. The trial of this important case takes up at least an hour. Our advocate, the dragoman of the consulate, seems to have the gift of persuasive eloquence, judging from the impassioned fervor of his opening speech, interrupted at intervals by the sharp cross-questioning of the Vali. At last we are told that our dragoman, Artemis, must present a request for a new passport in the form of a petition, which he (the Vali) would sign. As a condition, we must promise to make no sketches, photographs, or notes on this side of the boundary, and the zapti, or mounted gendarme, who is deputed to accompany us to the next *étape*, has orders to keep an eye on our movements, and to delegate his authority to the officer who relieves him. All these pompous restrictions amount to nothing, and once out of sight of the town we end by doing exactly as we please.

August 4th.—It was with no little sense of relief that we rode out from the gates of Erzeroum into the open country, but with a haunting fear that the Vali might suddenly repent of his generosity.

A few hours' ride takes us to the foot of a bold promontory of rock, capped by the ruins of another Byzantine fortress. The town, or rather large village, is built along the side. Our tent is pitched near the base, and on the edge of an emerald-green meadow, with many springs and pools of water. The Persian araba empties its contents near us. Our friends begin their devotions early the next morning, as it is the most important day of the Moharrem. Before sunrise they spread their prayer-carpets and scarlet coverlets on the dewy turf. The meadow is dotted with kneeling and standing groups. Their sombre kaftans and tall black caps of Astrakhan are sharply relieved against the distant ridges now lighted up with the first flush of sunrise. Other groups are busy over the samovars and camp-fires, from which the smoke ascends in spirals, and the animals are led to water, or grouped around the tented arabas. The Persians want to take a day's rest in honor of their holiday, but with the Erzeroum experience fresh in our minds we are anxious to push on, and, after a few hours' delay as a concession to our friends, we begin the day's march, and the other araba follows reluctantly in our wake.

Deli-Baba, August 10th.—The officer on duty who comes to the tent to inspect our papers is accompanied by a species of Cossack whom we had seen prowling about. He is clad in a long-skirted gray frock crossed by cartridge-belts, and a tall gray lamb's-wool cap, which, with his blond beard, gives him a decidedly Russian appearance. But he proves to be in the Turkish service. We are within a few hours of the Georgian frontier, and these fellows wear anything indiscriminately by way of uniform.

August 11th.—We are early in our saddles, as we have been advised to make all haste over the Taya Pass, and not to spend the night in the village half-way, near the summit. Five men were killed there a fortnight ago, our guard tells us, the same gray-skirted Georgian who came to the tent last night, and he has been promised an extra fee to spur on the drivers of the arabas. One soon learns to take these "tales of the border" with a liberal allowance of salt and a certain amount of fatalistic resignation, yet there is substantial if not reassuring evidence that they have some foundation of truth. The road ascends abruptly into a labyrinth of deep and sombre ravines, crossing again and again the same torrent, overshadowed by echoing walls of black rock. At noon we gallop into a high and treeless valley, and halt in a Kurdish village consisting of a few cave-dwellings built like dens in a rocky hill-side, each with its black pyramid of winter fuel at the entrance. As there is neither shade nor shelter we seat ourselves along a stone wall in the full glare of the sun. In spite of the elevation the heat is intense. The Kurds who surround us are handsome stalwart fellows, with their girdles well furnished with silver-mounted pistols and swords, and they show a friendly and professional interest in our



WATERING HORSES IN THE EUPHRATES, NOONDAY.



ENTERING THE TAYA PASS, EARLY MORNING.

heavy battery of Winchesters and Smith and Wesson small-arms. One scowling beetle-browed giant might figure as a stage captain of the "forty thieves." Beyond this village the ascent of the Taya Pass begins, which is approximately eight or nine thousand feet above the Black Sea. The higher slopes above us lose much of their grandeur as we approach them, and partake of the character of elevated Swiss pasture-lands, pierced here and there by sharp ridges of rock, but there are no patches of snow near us, and only a few are visible on the more distant summits. A thunder-storm which had been slowly gathering breaks over us as the wagons begin the ascent, and the dust which lay deep on the road becomes a gluey paste. The four horses of our araba struggle frantically under lash and kicks, but are unable to move the cart; one horse is entirely useless. The Persian araba, which has the better team, mounts slowly but surely upward. Ishmael, the driver, seeing our difficulty, halts a few hundred yards above us, and unhitching his best horse, leads him down and attaches him to our wagon, which is then dragged up to the level of his own. This manœuvre is repeated until we reach the summit of the pass, just before twilight. But the events of the day are not yet over. Although the rain has ceased, the road is in a worse condition than ever, and the descent, of unparalleled steepness, ends in a gully. Twilight is deepening, and our halting-place is far below us. At the bottom of the first hill the road has been washed away, and the ravine which cuts it in two has banks six feet in height. Down the first bank the horses plunge and slide, while the men hang on to the back of the araba, which is almost perpendicular.

The foremost araba capsized, but it has been righted again, and the baggage replaced. The extra horse is again attached to our cart, while all hands take hold of the wheels. Frenzied by the wild yells and the cracking of whips, the five horses leap and struggle up the opposite bank. Here the outer edge of the road has been undermined by the torrent and washed away. All the men in the Persian araba get out, and with armfuls of stones and bowlders fall to and piece out the road. Miracles of apparently reckless driving were performed, while we waited breathlessly, expecting the final catastrophe, which seemed inevitable. The prospect of being wrecked with all our baggage and valuables in the wildest part of the Kurdish hills was imminent enough to disturb the resigned fatalism of a Mussulman. There are moments when one may reiterate "Kismet" and "Imshallah," but these talismanic words no longer produce the desired tranquillity of mind. The dramatic interest of the situation quite equalled that of a cyclone at sea. As we descend we enjoy a brief interval of peace. We have leisure to look at the landscape, which seems far richer and more luxuriant than any we have seen since leaving the valleys near Trebizond. In the hollows of the hills there are marshy pools surrounded by tall reeds, thickets of tangled vines, and great clusters of flowering shrubs varied and brilliant in color. The difficulties of the road diminish, until at last we reach the stony channel of a mountain stream, which is as a macadamized road compared to the route above. Down this natural highway we drive to our destination, and in the gathering darkness come suddenly into a Kurdish village. A horse-fair is being held in the market-place, which is crowded with mountaineers. Our camping-ground is on the edge of a brawling stream beyond the village, in a sinister hollow surrounded by desolate bowlder-strewn heights. As Child suggested, it seemed a fitting background for robbery and assassination. Artemis, shaking with chills and fever, begs to be allowed to sleep in the chief's house in the village behind, so that he may be under cover. We are



IRRIGATION CANAL AND ARMENIAN GIRL—NOON NEAR THE PERSIAN FRONTIER.



MOUNT ARARAT.

thus left without guide or interpreter, but our energetic cook, Tatos,* with whom we could only communicate by signs and a sort of Volapük composed of fragments of Turkish, English, and French, is a host in himself, and soon settles us comfortably in our tent. He engages the chief of the village to watch at our tent door, and the Persian caravan encamps near by. Our minds are filled with the exciting events of the day, but, lulled by the monotonous noise of the water, we are just dropping off to sleep when a long low whistle like a curlew's call acts like a cold douche on our overstrained nerves. We listen intently. The call is answered after a short interval by a similar whistle from the rocky ridge which hems us in, and this is echoed again from another crag still further off. There is no cause for apprehension, however, as it proves to be only the signal of the chief to the watchers posted on the surrounding hills. But all through the night in our waking moments we are vaguely conscious of his warning whistle at regular intervals, followed by gradually attenuated responses. In this strange and forbidding landscape, heard above the noise of the torrent, it produced a singularly weird and uncanny impression.

Kizildize, August 12th—Mount Ararat.—Since daybreak we have been slowly mounting by long zigzags a pass which seems to rival in height the Taya Pass, which we left behind us a few days ago. Our map gives it 2350 metres only. Tatos had taken my horse, while I climbed by the short-cuts, leaving the caravan toiling slowly on far below. From the highest point another gorge opens below and beyond us, and all at once the mighty mass of Ararat rises straight from the plain, a dazzling snow-capped cone, uplifted by long purple slopes, flecked with the shadows of high-sailing summer clouds. By noon we are down in the long valley which follows the southwestern slope of the great peak. Here we look for a good halting-place with water, but can find no trace of a spring. The governor of some little province, with his servant, had joined us on the road. Both are armed, and the governor wears one of the high-peaked white hoods in vogue among travelling Ottoman officers as a protection against the glare. We were persuaded to invest in these appendages while at Erzeroum, and Artemis had ordered a hoop to be inserted in the front of each hood. His appearance was delightfully grotesque, with his short and dumpy figure surmounted by this huge and flapping edifice of white linen, not unlike a New England shaker bonnet.

* Tatos had been engaged at Erzeroum to replace his incapable predecessor.

We leave the caravan behind, and accompanied by the zapti and the governor, who is finely mounted on a pacing Arab, ride on in quest of water. The governor holds a hasty conference with the zapti, who dashes suddenly up a hill-side and peers about from the summit. Wheeling quickly, he tears down hill, and as he flies past, my horse bolts and follows him. Wild yells and calls are heard from the direction in which we last saw the caravan. The zapti slips a cartridge into his Martini, and we all gallop on in the direction of the cries, stimulated by the excitement of our horses and the exhilaration of the moment. The mystery is cleared up when we find the wagons hidden in a fold of the volcanic hills. The guard had seen a party of five armed horsemen observing us from a hill-top, and the governor considered the neighborhood unsafe. Both were anxious to press on to the last frontier station, where we were to pass the night. Meanwhile our men had found a spring, and were watering the horses. The yells which had so alarmed the guard were intended only to call us back. There is no shelter, and although the noonday sunshine is slightly veiled by haze, the heat is intense. We lie down in a hollow like a rifle-pit, and eat a hasty but voracious lunch. We are soon mounted again, and follow in a compact squad behind the wagons through a strange and ever-changing landscape, past tawny ledges of rock and clumps of low thorn-trees, crossing fords where broad sheets of white pebbles frame in the narrow water channels, reflecting the indigo-blue of the zenith. The long grand slopes of Ararat, leading up to its dazzling cone of snow, are always on our left, and the lesser summit, bare of snow, now comes into view. Here we have a little difference with the governor, who would like to strike across to Bayazid, and take our zapti with him. Before sundown we reach the station, a fortified camp with a large custom-house. Here we find a *cordon sanitaire*, and caravans from Persia or from the Russian dominions are subjected to a quarantine of five days. Great camel trains dot the plain on the right with their encampments. The custom-house enclosure is like a large caravansary, filled with a motley crowd of Kurds, Circassians, and Persians. Here our luggage is again overhauled, and the officials want to have it all unloaded, but they show themselves amenable to reason, and examine it in the araba. This function being over, we drive on to our camping-ground, a narrow sloping plain between two yellow and rocky hills. Here a new cause of annoyance interferes with our repose, and postpones the hour of "Nirvana." We had already advanced more money for the araba and horses than we had engaged to do by the contract, as the men swore that they had spent their last piastre in buying fodder for the animals. At this frontier station they were obliged to pay an export, or rather drawback, duty for the wagon and horses of several Turkish liras, or pounds, to the custom-house. This money would be refunded when they presented the receipt on the return trip. There was but one course open to us—to pay down the money to the officers and get the drivers' stamped receipt. Our passports were again vised, for the last time in the Sultan's dominions. Our camp is well guarded to-night. The Kurdish chief of the district, bearing on his black Astrakhan cap a gilded badge with the lion and the sun of the Persian Shah, assures us that "he is responsible for our safety." He is a tall, white-bearded, and soldierly old man, with the bear-



KURDISH SHEPHERD.

ing of a prophet or a Schamyl, and we sleep with a feeling of perfect security.

Oradjik, August 14th.—To-day we are well over the border. In spite of the warnings of our European friends, we have slept peacefully during the greater part of our journey in our tent, unmolested by brigands. Although most of the Europeans whom we had met thus far seemed to stand in awe of the Kurds, we left their country with the impression that they were not bad fellows.

There are but a few days more of the mountains, and then we shall begin to miss that element of uncertainty which added a little flavor to the monotony of the dusty road, and made us appreciate more keenly the value of life. Another source of joy for the moment is the fact that we no longer run the risk of being detained by Turkish officials. We are now approaching Khoi, the first Persian town of any size; but the road has not begun to improve, as we expected. Here it is a mere track, easy enough to follow where it lies along a breezy ridge of high pasture-land, but dangerous again when it plunges down into the depths of deep gullies beset with all manner of obstacles. A young Kurdish shepherd joins us on the road, and plays bucolic airs on a reed pipe. The prospect of gaining a half-kran* by posing as a model induces him to follow us to our halting-place at noon. Here our men conclude to purchase another horse, and the few half-maimed and spavined animals which the village can show are brought forth. After much heated discussion they select a horse, for which they pay about eight dollars (in our currency). Knowing that it is useless to apply to us for more money, they borrow the amount of Ishmael, the driver of the Persian cart. In the afternoon we begin another interminable descent, where the ample mule-track, which was quite sufficient for the arabas, shrinks to an uncertain goat-path. Amid towers of dust, and with much rattling and shaking, we descend to the first Persian village. Here the poplars begin; there are melon patches, and actual houses of mud, with windows and wooden lattices. The sky is overcast, and the wind, which shakes the tent walls, is raw and chilly, although it is the middle of August.

* Kran, the Persian coin representing the nominal value of a franc. It is worth much less in reality, owing to the amount of alloy.

August 15th.—Still another pass, with long winding defiles. The Persian "trooper" who replaces our Turkish escort is a lamentable, dejected creature, clad in rags, and mounted on a donkey. He rides sadly behind my companion, who, with his great height and bulk, girt about with arms, and his bronzed face, has the air of a brigand. Our protector, as he rides between the protected, looks like a malefactor in custody. At noon we are caught in a thunder-storm—a deluge in which, notwithstanding water-proofs, we are well drenched.

As we descend the pass the hot sun comes out, the clouds roll back, and disclose far below us a long and fertile valley. A blue lake gleams in the middle of the valley, and we have a premonition that we shall have to cross it. The road is heavy with mud, and our progress desperately slow. At last we come to a standstill on the heights above a swollen river. After some unsuccessful attempts to reach the other side, we wait a little until the water has begun to subside, and then venture into the stream, which just reaches the bottom of the wagon. The worst is still before us, and at the beginning of twilight we reach the flooded meadow we saw from the pass. It is traversed by ditches and streams, necessitating many detours in order to reach the village beyond. Here the ground is like a wet sponge; there is no dry spot whereon to pitch a tent, and we must perforce, wet and sodden as we are, pass the night in a mud hut. Artemis, chattering with fever, conducts us to the house which he considers the best in the village. The araba draws up in a sea of mud opposite a square hole in a mud wall, within which there is a fragrant lake of yellow mire. On the left a door leads into a stable, and in front, across the yard, is the room which we are to occupy. It is being swept, while our baggage is carried in, piece by piece. In order to reach the door we follow along a slippery bank, sloping on the right into the miry pond, and bordered on the other side by a row of deep pits. The room is low and dark, but with a fairly clean floor, which is strangely hot, for here the family bread is baked, and the hot air rises from the furnace below through a round hole in the floor. A door opens on one side into the family living-room and bedroom combined, which is dark and grewsome, but

well populated. On the left, a narrow opening leads into the sleeping quarters of the four-legged occupants of this Noah's ark. A buffalo pokes his long head into our room, and leaves but little space for us to circulate among our baggage. While we are still unpacking, the cattle come home from afield, and file through our bedroom, a long and weary but orderly procession, into the buffalo's apartment. There are sheep and goats, kids, a dejected horse, a cow and two calves, an ungainly buffalo calf and its mother. As Artemis is now in the throes of a chill, it strikes us both that the dry, hot air of this room would be more suitable for him than the stable effluvia, so he is dosed with quinine, and bundled into bed over the oven. The ridge of greasy mud, with an abyss on each side, along which we pick our uncertain way to the stable, recalls, in its dramatic possibilities, the passage of an ice cornice on the "Dent Blanche." In the stable there is certainly more space and air. A high platform of clay, with a fireplace, occupies one corner, and here the energetic Tatos installs his kitchen; our camp-beds, and the dinner table, covered with a clean white napkin, are placed as far as possible from the horses' heels; a very creditable dinner is then served, beginning with an omelette which would not disgrace the Café Américain. Regardless of the squealing and kicking of our fighting stallions, we sleep well, and so does Artemis, thanks to our self-sacrifice in giving him the oven. In the morning we are still damp and somewhat stiff from yesterday's wetting, but none the worse for it. As we pack our bags by candle-light, a subdued piping and clucking comes from a hole in the wall behind my valise; this is the hen-coop, and, excited by the artificial daylight of the candle, the inmates issue forth, picking their way daintily over our belongings, as they would have done over our heads had we slept there. Our hostess, with a pile of freshly baked flat loaves of bread, which proves to be the best we have yet had, now comes in, bearing her youngest on one shoulder. The baby's face is covered with suspicious-looking pimples; but we can do nothing by way of medical aid—the case is too far advanced—and we can only regret that vaccination is not compulsory in Persia.

August 16th, near Khoi.—We had been fondly hoping that our chariot would meet with no further trouble, but after slowly mounting a long series of terraces, another great mountain gateway opens below us; as we descend we look down on a richly cultivated plain, hemmed in by still grander mountain ridges, and in the centre of the plain are the gardens of Khoi. Down steep and rocky slopes the carts are driven to the river-bed below. Here, one of our friends from the other araba, a Persian gentleman of fine presence, who had been in a manner recognized as the chief of their company, takes leave of us, for his garden, filled with a dense growth of poplar and apricot trees, skirts the bed of the stream. Now the other araba, some distance ahead of us, breaks down, and the valiant Ishmael is in sore distress. One of his



A PERSIAN GUARD.

wheels, so often patched and tied up with strings, has given out at last. But our driver, who has been often assisted by Ishmael, promises to send back one of our wheels on a donkey when we reach the village. The other araba will then follow with our wheel to the camping-ground, and in the morning all hands will fall to and patch up the old one again. Once over this, the last of the passes before Tabreez, we have a fresh series of impediments to progress, and we learn that the passage of a Persian village is as rich in thrilling and dramatic episodes as the ascent of a pass, and quite as much to be dreaded. As it rarely happens that any wheeled vehicle invades this region, we seldom find a village with a navigable road traversing it. The road is usually wide enough at the entrance, so that it is easy to get in, but alas, how often we despair of getting out! The mud-holes and quagmires which diversify the road on the outskirts are always passable at this season, but once inside the village, the road forks and ramifies into a series of narrow lanes between mud-walled gardens. Down the centre of the widest lanes there is often a deep and narrow stream or ditch bordered by poplars or willows, and with steep clay banks. The space between the ditch and the crumbling walls of dried mud frequently narrows to a mere bridle-path. Then comes the *mauvais quart d'heure*, the moment of suspense and peril. The wheels on one side are high up on the bank, on the other stuck fast in the mire of the ditch. The men hang on to the upper side of the cart, while the driver showers curses and blows upon the horses, which are kicking and struggling, some on the bank and some below, while all the village turns out to be "in at the death." Veiled women with babies and dirty-faced children, turbaned moullahs, and old men of fierce and uncompromising aspect, with shaggy eyebrows and gray beards dyed flaming orange and scarlet with henna. More than once it seemed as if the end had come, but somehow, by hook or crook, we always pulled through, to drive on with bated breath until we reached the next obstacle. This often took the form of a narrow bridge with a hole in the middle, sometimes half concealed and made into a pitfall by sticks and straw laid over it. This is the Persian fashion of repairing roads.

August 17th.—As we have met no travellers or caravans coming from Tabreez, we know nothing of what has been going on in Persia. There are already rumors of cholera in some of the villages which we have passed through. Can it be that after leaving Meshed, where it began, and spreading northward through the Russian provinces to Batoum, it has again returned to Persia?

My horse shies as we pass a road-side fountain; two men are washing a naked corpse, which has a strangely bluish tint about the temples.

Khoi.—A large walled city, with moat and drawbridge, sloping walls and battlements of rose-tinted mud. We ride down a shady but dusty avenue crowded with citizens who are looking on at an Armenian religious procession, with priests and banners. We halt for lunch at a caravansary just outside the city gate, and climbing up to the broad wooden balcony just over the entrance, we find several of our Persian fellow-travellers, who are already installed. After a long resistance we have at length capitulated to the Persian watermelon, and begin to believe that there is no harm in him. In a country where the brackish water is impossible to drink, the filtered and sweetened juice in the heart of a melon seems to be nature's own substitute; but our dragoman, who had become sadly intemperate in the matter of melons and sliced cucumbers, now began to show the disastrous results of his indulgence. His face, which was round and ruddy at the outset, had become elongated and haggard, and his flabby cheeks hung in wrinkled folds. In vain we physicked him and dosed him with cholera mixture and quinine; we invariably caught him the next day after an indisposition surreptitiously devouring forbidden fruit. While we are eating on the balcony, during the space of an hour or two, thirteen bodies are deposited in the cemetery across the way. Plainly there must be something wrong about the sanitary condition of this place. For a short distance beyond Khoi we follow a well-made carriage road shaded by great trees, which ends suddenly at the bank of a river, and we then strike across the hills again.

Tasouidj, August 18th.—All day we ride across a desert plain between ranges of dark volcanic hills. The sun burns fiercely, and a hot wind blows straight in

our faces, bringing with it strange and nauseous whiffs of sulphur and heated iron. A far-off horizon of wind-swept water, of the deepest hue of ultramarine, now appears to the southward. As we ride on and on, hour after hour, crossing at times narrow and sunken ravines which descend from the hills on our left, necessitating long circuits in order to find convenient crossing-places, we approach the great salt lake of Urumiyah. Far-off ranges of mountains appear and grow nearer in the amber and rose-tinted afternoon sky; beyond the blue of the water, rocky islets and abrupt cliffs, with ragged serrated outlines, rise above the opposite shores. Range beyond range and islands of fantastic shape seem to melt and quiver in the haze of light, and beyond them the dark blue of the ruffled water is drawn sharply against the western sky. For two days we follow at a distance, and at an elevation far above its level, the winding contours of this inland sea, marvellous in the delicate and ethereal beauty of its coloring, strangely impressive in its sun-steeped desolation. At noonday, in the heat haze, its color seems to fade and die softly away into neutral, intangible tones of opal and pearl, to blaze again into life in a brief glory of rose and scarlet and violet at sunset.

As we left Diza-i-Khalil, the village where we had passed the night, I turned to enjoy a last glimpse of the lake, and it was my good fortune to gaze upon the most wonderfully impressive morning sky that I have ever beheld. The dark and featureless plain in the foreground lay under a cloud shadow. It was perfectly calm, and the distant line of water, environed by hills, reflected the mellow and amber tones of the western sky. Long delicate lines and bars of clouds edged with light were pencilled with but slight relief across the clear sky. There was no patch or spot of positive color, but suggestions of turquoise-blue and pale emerald-green and of warm rose seemed to merge one into the other, all enveloped in a golden haze. There were hints of scarlet on the hills beyond the water, where the sun shone through cloud rifts of violet and palest purple in the



A CHOLERA INCIDENT NEAR KHOI—SUNSET.

shadows, but the charm was in the tone, the "enveloppe," to use an atelier phrase.

August 20th, near Mâyun.—To-day we are to reach Tabreez, which lies somewhere between the dark olive-tinted line of its surrounding gardens, barely visible at times from some high point of the plateau. The last night of the journey, twenty-nine days from Trebizond, is passed near a small caravansary. There had been much loss of time on the road, and at twilight there was still no sign of the caravansary, although both drivers protested that it was but twenty minutes further on. One of our men, a filthy and untruthful old reprobate, who had intrigued at every village to raise the prices of provisions which we purchased, and whose brain was forever weaving plots to extract from us the balance of the contract-money before arriving at Tabreez, had been taken ill on the road. It was impossible to ascertain the nature of his malady. Some of the men believed it to be cholera, others the result of excessive indulgence in opium. Meanwhile there he lay, an unsightly writhing heap of rags on our baggage under the canvas of the cart. There was no other place to stow him, and his compatriots had refused to take him in at any of the villages along the road, so that we could only hope most devoutly that his disease was not contagious. As he seemed to be at the point of death, and darkness was rapidly coming on, we gave the order to halt by the road-side. The Persian araba kept on, deserting us for the first time, and in the morning we could see that they were right: the caravansary was just in sight. An irrigation channel of running water passed the tent. Its banks were steep and muddy, and the water, decidedly brackish in flavor, was neither clear nor inviting, but no other water was to be had; so we filtered enough to fill the samovar. Even filtered and boiled it was still nauseous, and we quenched our thirst with the cool juice of the melon. We had reason to repent of our intemperance before morning, and were feeling strangely ill at ease when we mounted our horses at sunrise. Tabreez was but two hours further on. We forded a river crossed by a bridge which was unsafe for the araba, and were soon among the outlying villages and gardens. From this point the custom-house is an hour further on, and when we halt in front of it the officials come out and insist that the araba shall be driven into the court-yard. This we are inclined to oppose, but Artemis, as usual, fails to show the necessary decision, and while we are still discussing the matter the driver whips up his horses and drives through the gate. Once inside, we are informed that it is Friday, that the headmen have gone to the mosque, and that we cannot have our baggage until the following day. We then decide to find the consul and appeal to his authority. The European quarter is a long way off, and when we reach it we find only mud walls, dusty hollows strewn with ruins, and streets full of holes and pitfalls. A few well-built gateways open here and there into gardens half hidden by brick walls, above which tower pale green poplars. This quarter seems even more lifeless and melancholy than the rest of the town. The consular residence is closed; so too are the houses of other Europeans to whom we have letters. We begin to regret our tent, and the prospect of finding shelter is not promising. The mid-day sun is getting hotter, and the dry wind raises clouds of dust.

With a feeling of relief we meet a European standing at the gate of his house; he is clad all in white, helmet and duck suit. He proves to be a young Austrian, and in a few words of French he explains the mystery of the situation. The cholera is raging; there have been many thousand deaths; and although it is rumored that the worst is over and that the numbers have begun to diminish, it is still impossible to obtain any reliable figures. The large European colony, with the exception of a few individuals, has left the city, and has taken refuge in the villages on the slopes of the Sahend Mountains. The great bazars, the most extensive and populous in all Persia, are almost empty, and the few European shops are closed. This, then, was the reason of the empty streets and the hurried funeral processions which we had encountered on the road. Although we had made this long detour to avoid the infected Russian provinces, we have ridden straight into a cholera trap. The life in the open country has been joyous enough, but in every town we have had some unpleasant experience; and this bids fair to cap the climax.



EARLY MORNING CAMP NEAR THE SHORE OF LAKE URUMIYAH.

OUR NATIONAL GAME-BIRD.

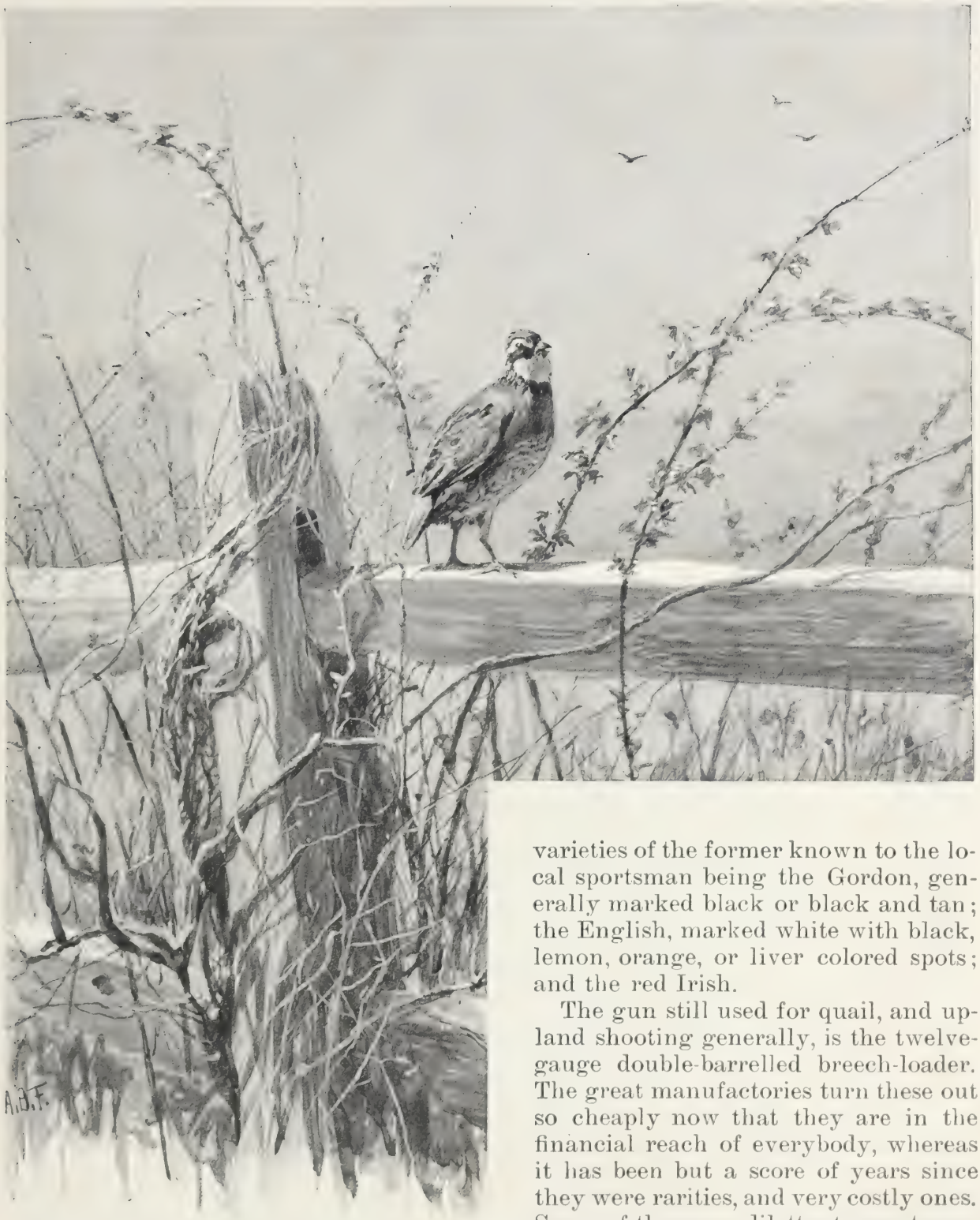
BY CHARLES D. LANIER.

WHEN one considers the invigorating exercise, the fitness of the season for it, the dexterous requirements of the shooting, the interesting habits of the birds, and, above all, the pleasure of companionship with the intelligent dogs, there can be no denying the fact that quail-hunting deserves its traditional position at the head of those American sports in which the gun plays a part. The wide area over which the quail—called partridge south of Mason and Dixon's line, and "bob-white" everywhere—may be found, comprising almost the whole of the United States, further entitles him to the more or less enviable distinction of our national game-bird—a position which he no doubt esteems a very bad eminence when the guns begin to crack in the fall.

The "bob-white" is an adjunct of civilization, though nowadays he is getting far too much of it for his comfort. The lonely mountain-sides and desert waste lands, the impenetrable swamps and sterile pine-covered regions, can give him no permanent refuge, because they contain no food for his fastidious tastes. But he finds them very pleasant to take temporary shelter in when he has been "flushed" in the stubble fields that border on the wilder growth.

The call "bob-white," or "bob, bob, white," which has given us our own pet name for the bird, is really only a summer mating note. From May to August it can be heard in the land, while the handsome jaunty cock bird walks on the fence near his nesting mate, or when, earlier, he seeks her favors. His ideal courting-time is the afternoon of beautiful days in May and June. Then the veriest tyro at whistling can, by imitating his note, bring the answering call nearer and nearer, until the feathered troubadour walks right up to the fictitious fair one. At this season, and until the approach of autumn, the birds, young or old, are quite tame, and will merely run along the ground or flutter off a few paces at the approach of a man. But in later August and September, when the brood of little whistlers, often as many as eighteen or twenty, is beginning to show strength of wing and a venturesome spirit, a complete change comes in their habits and attitude toward civilization. The call "bob-white" is heard no more, nor will the coveys of birds be seen on one's afternoon strolls through the fields. By some subtle instinct they are preparing themselves for perils by man and hawk and fox and wintry weather. Now let a footstep be heard or an approaching shadow be seen by these plump little denizens of the stubble: they run swiftly, before the eye of the intruder has caught sight of their dark forms, to the high grass or weeds, and then crouch down close together, motionless, and absolutely indistinguishable as far as human eyes are concerned. If one blunders into walking right among them now, or if a trained dog locates them by their scent and is made to rout them out—whir! whir! in every direction they fly like so many electrified buzz-saws, with so startling and sudden a noise and motion that the nerves of the uninitiate are entirely upset, and he is likely to follow the classic example of Mr. Winkle, if he succeeds in firing at all.

Though the quail is ubiquitous, and is everywhere highly prized from both sporting and epicurean points of view, he is at his best in both capacities throughout the Carolinas, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. There a man has his setters and pointers almost as inevitably as his kitchen. The boy grows up in proud dreams of the day when he shall be allowed to shoot over the dogs with the men, instead of holding the riding-horses for them; he practises diligently on tin cans thrown into the air, and, as eye and arm begin to acquire cunning, on the "bull bats" that circle around before dusk in the early fall. One's shooting qualities are officially gauged by the number of quail one can kill. A good shot will bag half the birds he shoots at, and a fair marksman will be content with two or three to every ten empty shells, counting after a full day's sport. Then there are those rare old shots, with lightning nerves and eyes, who, in open and thicket, taking snap-shots that would give the average man scarcely time to raise his gun, will bring down fifteen or even eighteen and nineteen birds with twenty cartridges. Along the river-bottoms and in the broad stubble fields of these States



"THE JAUNTY COCK BIRD WALKS ON THE FENCE."

the partridges are still so numerous that in favored localities it is no wonderful thing to find during the day twenty or twenty-five coveys of birds, averaging fifteen or more in a covey.

But in finding the birds almost all depends on the dogs. The curly-coated setters and shorter-haired, trim-built pointers are about evenly used, the favorite varieties of the former known to the local sportsman being the Gordon, generally marked black or black and tan; the English, marked white with black, lemon, orange, or liver colored spots; and the red Irish.

The gun still used for quail, and upland shooting generally, is the twelve-gauge double-barrelled breech-loader. The great manufactories turn these out so cheaply now that they are in the financial reach of everybody, whereas it has been but a score of years since they were rarities, and very costly ones. Some of the more dilettante sportsmen are beginning to use again the smaller gauges, generally of fine English make. Season before last the writer shot a Scott sixteen-bore hammerless with excellent results, and the lighter weight of gun possible with this small gauge is very grateful on a thirty-mile tramp across country. A five-pound gun can, too, be handled more quickly in snap-shots than a nine-pounder. Even in grouse-shooting, where the birds are strong and wild, the smaller gun shows no inferiority.

In many parts of the South the question of weight of gun does not count so much, because it is the custom to ride on horseback until promising "cover" (feeding-ground) appears, when one dismounts, or waits for the dogs to range through the field. If they show signs of game, or come to a stand, the men hasten to follow them; or, if no evidences of birds appear, ride away to a different hunting-ground.

The last satisfactory hunt in which the writer was engaged took place in western Virginia, in a county famous for a century for its fine shooting. There were two of us on horseback, with four setters; but only two of the latter were used on any one day, as few dogs, however sturdy, can stand continuous hunting in a rough country. The ride on our springy horses through a rolling country, and air as sharp and exhilarating as champagne, was charming in itself. The dogs followed at heel, making every now and then a quiet little detour into the fields as the scent of a rabbit or other *ferœ* allured them, always timing their little improvised hunt so as to join us ahead when they found nothing of importance behind the clew.

We had cantered scarcely a mile when a magnificent stretch of cover appeared in the shape of a field of not less than ninety acres, covered with a thick growth of last year's wheat stubble and frost-bitten ragweed, which is the feeding-ground *par excellence*. Having "hie'd" the dogs over the rail fence, we rode slowly along, watching their fine ranging. My white English setter Shot was the faster of the two, and fairly "ate up" ground at such a rapid though easy gallop that it seemed as if he must be careless, and be going too fast to avoid that cardinal sin of "flushing" birds if he came upon them. Rika, his laverock companion, was a speedy dog too, though far less so, and both were in stunning condition, with healthy moist noses, heads well up, eyes flashing with excitement, and tails wagging rhythmically in perpetual interest and anticipation.

It was a bitter cold morning, and as yet only half past seven; hence we decided the birds, if there, would be feeding on some slope exposed to the sun's rays, and not far from the woods that bordered the field. The dogs, being fresh, had practically covered the greater part of the ground in a quarter of an hour, and seeing us move off, began to work down the hill. We slowed up a bit again, as Rika had broken into a cautious trot, and was showing signs of especial preoccupation. Headstrong Shot did not notice her warning, and was hurtling along as usual, when suddenly he stopped as if lassoed, and having recovered from a somersault down the hill, came to a "dead stand," left fore foot up, body in a rigid line from nose to tail-tip, and eyes glaring and immovable as those of a gargoyle. Rika, who was working prudently and carefully toward the scent, caught sight of him on one of her short quarterings, and moving forward enough to make sure, "backed" him perfectly fifty yards away.

Over a fence rail our reins went in a jiffy, cartridges were slipped in the guns, and we moved quickly up behind the dogs, cautioning them to "*ta-a-ke* care!" and "*be-e* steady!" But the birds were lying close, and there was little need of our admonitions, as the dogs stood like rocks. Having admired the picture before us, one always dear to the sportsman's eye, and taken a view of the nearest thickets to decide whither the birds would fly, we walked ahead of the dogs to flush whatever it might be that they had found. With a glorious rush, rose nearly twenty strong-winged partridges. As usual, I shot too quick at my first bird, and had to use my second barrel to bring him down, while Taliaferro, who is a cooler head in open shooting, made his right and left in fine style. Rika, after virtuously "dropping to shot"—that is, lying down during the shooting, in order to be well out of the way and to avoid flushing scattered birds before the guns are reloaded—retrieved my bird cleanly, without nipping or "mouthing" it, while the incorrigible Shot, who has a disdain for conventional methods of any sort, "ran in" at the rise of the covey, and was fetching both of Taliaferro's birds in his mouth at once, five seconds after they fell. He brought them to me, by-the-way, as the rascal never in the course of his life consented to believe that any one except his master killed a bird he could capture.

We had carefully "marked down" the thick growth into which the body of the covey had flown, a quarter of a mile away. On our way to them there is another "stand," broken out of due season

"A DEAD STAND."



"CHASING."

by a rabbit's racing away, followed with great alacrity by Rika, who is deaf to our stern commands to come back. "Chasing," as running rabbits is technically called, is apt to flush birds as well as tire out the dogs most miserably, and they are carefully trained to withstand the temptation. Some setters like Rika never can, and come panting back time after time to take their switching for the misdemeanor. Scarcely had we reached the edge of the brier patch where most of the covey had been marked when both dogs stood again. Taliaferro walked in, and flushed five partridges, that quartered directly across me in such a way that he could not fire at them. I again hit and missed, while the noise frightened up a "singler," that came down to my companion's gun.

By the time we had reloaded, the dogs began to trail rapidly and excitedly to the right, showing that birds were running in front of them. This is always a great strain on a dog's patience and nerves. Shot finally lost control of himself, made a dash ahead, and flushed them too far away. I gave him an appropriate scolding, and having waited a few moments to let both dogs cool off from the excitement, we hunted back toward the horses. Hoping to find an outlying bird of the original flock, we kept Shot and Rika quartering on short trips about us by urging, "Close, now!" In a few moments Shot began to show a decided reluctance in obeying this order, and sniffed of the air so wistfully in one direction that I gave him his way. He galloped over the field with that unerring nose stretched forward, evidently in great enjoyment of something—slower, slower, then a trot; still slower, and a hundred yards away he stands stock-still on another point.

With surprise that any of the birds should have lit in the open field after being flushed and shot at, we hastened up to the motionless white statue, Rika coming again to a "back stand," and I walked in, bidding Taliaferro take the shot, as I had been given the last "singler"; so

that we were both of us unprepared for an entirely new covey of handsome birds that "jumped up" from under my very feet. Two dropped to one of my barrels, while Taliaferro again got in both shots. One of my birds, however, was "wing-tipped"—that is, fell with only the small joint of the wing broken—and the dogs had a gay time finding it, as the little fellows run through the grass like deer, and in such a case will often turn up, if one find them at all, many rods off from the spot where they fell.

This flock took shelter in a thick cover of small pine-trees; where they were hard to get at, but we managed to make out of them a half-hour's shooting and an addition of four to our bag. Then, not wishing to scatter and harass them too much, we had returned to our horses and begun to ride off, when Taliaferro told me to come quickly under the shelter of the trees along the road, while he made the dogs "down charge." We could see over in the field a pair of great birds, known in Virginia as "fall hawks," cruising rapidly along, a few feet from the top of the stubble, evidently in search of the same quarry as ourselves. These rapacious hunters do more toward killing out the game than even greedy man. Taliaferro began to whistle the call that the partridge makes in the autumn and winter when separated from the flock. One of the big hawks at once swerved in his flight, and making in the direction of the supposed victim, came within range of a cartridge containing No. 4 shot that I had quickly substituted for the smaller 8's. At fifty yards he was a sure thing for my left-hand "choked" barrel, and he was soon tied to my saddle-ring, when I had quieted my mare, who objected seriously to the firing from her back. His hawkship measured five feet from tip to tip, and, mounted in a fierce attitude, makes a pleasant reminder of a good day's sport.

We dog-trotted on to our main objective point, a succession of bottom-fields bordering the classic waters of Jones Run.



"A SNAP-SHOT."

Shot was already lying at full length in the icy stream when we came up, as he had gone off in search of water. It is the one thing that a hunting-dog must have when working, and he is often made very miserable and even utterly incapacitated by a few hours of action in an upland country where the streams are few and far between. On such occasions a dog will disappear suddenly and be mysteriously absent for a quarter of an hour, in the course of which he will find what he wants if there is a spring within two miles. Though the country may be absolutely new to him, some unexplained subtle instinct generally takes him in the right direction.

As we expected to find an abundance of birds here, we tethered the horses in easy positions, divided the ground between us, and worked along, a man and a dog on either side of the stream. In a few minutes Shot was "frozen" again in the bushes near the run, and I waited beside him until Taliaferro could cross over and join us. It turned out to be a lone old woodcock, which looked as big as a bushel, whistling viciously through the tops of the bushes, until stopped by a long shot from Taliaferro's left-hand barrel. As Shot retrieved it, we noticed that Rika was missing, and it took quite a search before we found her "standing" in the field on Taliaferro's side. It was a fine covey of quail, that flew nicely to the reeds and bushes along stream, so that one of us could walk on each side and work the dogs in the thicket between us. The fun now began to be fast and furious, interrupted every now and then by exasperating rabbit-chasing on the part of Miss Rika.

An hour after noon, when the birds have ceased to feed and have taken shelter in the swamps, we found that Taliaferro had thirteen partridges and two woodcock to my eleven partridges. We were a couple of miles away from the horses, and decided to have lunch before hunting back toward them.

If one has ever taken lunch sitting on the dried leaves beside a crystal spring in the middle of a fine day's hunt, with the dogs lying about in wait for the bits that are thrown to them, and with appetites that transcend in size even the sandwiches one's Virginia hostess has prepared, it is safe to say that thereafter tiffin under any other circumstances will seem a tame and insipid affair. It takes the alchemy of these exhilarating tramps, on which the ever-pending excitement always hides the fact of weariness until one has stopped, to transform huge slices of bread and ham and long draughts of unqualified water into ambrosia and nectar. For those who are weary and heavy-laden with quotations and law cases and sermon-writings, and their dread spectral accompaniments of dyspepsia, let the writer prescribe such a periodical return to barbarism, to the primitive state when man lived by the chase. If it does not broaden a man's philosophy and relegate to oblivion his consciousness of a digestion, there is no health in him.

After a short siesta, which Taliaferro's pipe made the most of, we hunted during the afternoon by a different route to the horses. The birds feed again in the afternoon, and by dusk we had added a dozen to our bag, including a "pheasant," as they call the ruffed grouse in Virginia. It was cold riding home, and we were glad enough to finally attain the fire and a typical Virginia supper of quail, corn-bread, biscuit, and honey.

At other times one may hunt over the same territory, however, with little or no success. The weather may be so wet that the birds have betaken themselves to the thick woods and "breaks," while the dogs can scarcely work in the dripping underbrush. Or it may be so dry that there is no scent, while the birds, instead of feeding in the fields, are clustered about some rill of water trickling through an impenetrable swamp.

The most dreary season of the year comes for bob-white in midwinter, when there may happen to be heavy snows. If a thick icy crust form, every covey in the region will sometimes be caught huddled up beneath it, and be frozen to death. At this time the flesh is dark and lean and bitter with feeding on laurel shrubs and evergreens. The birds become very tame again in their season of want, and will in very heavy weather visit the farm-houses and barn-yards in search of food. No true sportsman kills them in such condition; but the local darky, who rarely attempts to shoot them on the wing, is too apt to get out his old musket and deal slaughter among the defenceless little creatures. If he finds them in their favorite position, huddled up, heads together, in a small excavation they have made in



A POT-HUNTER.

the snow, a single well—or rather ill—considered shot from the old queen's arm will kill and maim dozens of them, leaving the remainder to scatter and be frozen to death.

In the sportsman's code there is no crime so heinous as shooting a quail before he has taken wing. You may claim that every bird your companion shoots has fallen to your gun, thereby making

yourself very unpleasant, and still be an honorable man, with the chance of living it down. You may even take the shot when a single bird has been flushed and has flown across another man's territory, and be reluctantly excused on the score of excitement and inadvertence. But the sporting reputation of the man who will stand within a yard of a covey containing fifteen or twenty, in comparatively open ground, and be unable to distinguish their dusky crouching forms. This is a most admirable example of the natural selection which has perfected and perpetuated the defence so necessary to keep the juicy plump breasts of the birds from the



A "SINGLER"—DOGS DROPPING TO SHOT.

fire an ounce of shot at a bird sitting on the ground, where a five-year-old could hit it, is irretrievably and deservedly blasted, and buried without benefit of clergy.

Not that the chance often offers itself for such disgrace. For there is nothing more remarkable about the quail than the almost incredible facility nature has bestowed upon it of becoming invisible, a facility that suggests magic, which is equal to a *Dornskappe*. So exactly do the cream and gray and brown of the bird's rich markings harmonize with the surrounding colors of its haunts that one may hungry carnivora lying in wait for them. A hunter could give numberless curious instances of this faculty which would simply seem incredible to those who have not an intimate acquaintance with bob-white.

The one man I ever saw who could see the coveys of birds that the dogs were pointing was a laconic, eagle-eyed, red-haired pot-hunter in the Pennsylvania mountains. After the manner of his cult, he hunted in any way that would take most meat to market, and always tried for a sitting shot with the first barrel, except when we were along to taboo the practice.

His dog was exceedingly "stanch"—that is, steady and patient in standing game—and old Royer would peer carefully ahead to finally catch sight of certain small black and white stripings that distinguish the necks and heads of the more brightly plumaged cock birds—thus do our vanities betray us. Then the wretch backed off to shooting distance, and sent in his murderous volley.

Owing to such vandalism as this, increasing each year as the city markets offer higher and higher inducements to the professional gunner, the call of the quail is becoming rarer in many districts where they abounded a few years back. There is some saving tendency in the game associations that are being formed through the country, especially in New York, Connecticut, and Long Island, for the enforcement of the laws. The people who have sufficient interest in the subject to take active part in the work reside, however, in places where the birds are already hopelessly thinned out. Moreover, they can do nothing with the pot-hunter, who hunts on Sunday in the depths of the woods, and who generally has more or less local sentiment in his favor.

It is a perfectly well-proved fact that when quail-shooting is conducted properly and in a sportsmanlike fashion it actually aids in the ultimate preservation of the birds. The hawks, foxes, and other deadly enemies of the latter are kept down by the hunters, who only shoot in the proper season, when killing a half-dozen birds out of a flock will not exterminate it. The bird is very prolific, and if half or three-quarters of each covey were lost by violent means in a season when the remainder had time to combine with other remnants of flocks for defence against the winter, the numbers would still increase out of all proportion to the food to support them. In some spots remote from the great markets the gentlemen of the region have shot constantly for half a century, while the birds are actually increasing.

The sportsman will, too, often come to bob-white's aid when the country is covered with forbidding coats of snow and sleet. The "using-grounds" of the coveys are generally known or suspected by the farmer who is fond of shooting, and on these wintry occasions he scatters "tailings"—a poor quality of wheat—where the starving quail can find them and have famous impromptu feasts. In the last hard winter the writer struck up an acquaintance through this means with two hard-put coveys on a bleak Maryland hill-side. They learned to know friendly footsteps, and grew so tame that they would come half-running, half-flying, to be fed like chickens, all the time giving the most comfortable little whistlings and delicate cluckings of delight at the windfall. It was really a hard matter to hunt that ground next autumn, though they were again invisible and as wild as deer, until another gunner began to cut into them, when I felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and with some pangs of conscience followed his example.

THE HANDSOME HUMES.*

A Novel.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PUGILIST'S DAUGHTER.

LIKE to the slow pulsating throb of the screw of a great steamer at sea, all through the long hours of the night certain words and phrases kept repeating themselves in his brain in a dull mechanical way—things not wholly unconnected either: the designations of the officers who presided over the ancient gymnasia—the names of the different contests and the conditions attached—lines and passages from his favorite Greek authors in laudation of physical prowess and feats of strength and skill, and the like: accompanied by visions, too—now of the godlike man, Euryalos son of King Mekisteus, about to enter the boxing-ring; again of Simaetha confiding to the Lady Moon the story of her tragic love—of her meeting with Delphis and Eudamippus on their return from "the glorious wrestler's toil"—"their breasts were brighter than thyself, Selene!" For ere he went to sleep this

* Begun in June number, 1883.



"'ONE PICKS UP ANYTHING WHEN ONE IS IN A HURRY,' SHE SAID, IMPATIENTLY."

young Fellow of All Souls' had been valiantly striving to convince himself that a profession and an exercise that his beloved folk of the great days held in high honor might very well be tolerated in these later times; and he was resolving that if this statement about Mr. Summers were true—and several surprising coincidences seemed to point to its truth—he would make no apology, he would take no shame to himself for the alliance he had formed. All this was very fine and heroic; it was at any rate some little thing he could do for Nan's sake; and he went to bed comforted.

But when he awoke to the cold light of the new day, matters began to assume a very different, and a very grave aspect. How, for example, was he to introduce an ex-pugilist to all those proud Hays and Humes and their families, or even to some college friend whom he might accidentally meet in town? He had never considered the necessity of introducing Mr. Summers to anybody. Nan's father had so persistently effaced himself and kept himself in the background—placing her forward as the only person to be considered—that Sidney had unconsciously fallen in with this arrangement, as he would have fallen in with any arrangement that secured to him Nan herself, with her musical undertones and her deep-wounding eyes. Nevertheless and undoubtedly marriage would bring him this father-in-law, whatever kind of man he was or might have been; and the odium with which the prize-ring is now regarded in England was not to be got over by appeals to the customs of the ancient Greeks. Then Lady Helen—and here his face flushed with vexation—would not Lady Helen smile her placid, inscrutable, patronizing smile when she heard that he had married a pugilist's daughter?

And again his mind revolted from this possibility: it was a false and preposterous accusation, and nothing more. Were prize-fighters in the habit of earning sums sufficient to enable them to retire to such a place as Crowhurst, and live there, if not in luxury, at least in easy contentment? It is true that quite recently, in England, America, and Australia, an attempt had been made to galvanize a moribund institution; and matches had been made for large stakes; but the winners of these fights, few in number, were quite well known, and Mr. Summers was not one of them. Had Nan's father—Sidney asked himself, in this rapid survey of a critical situation—the manners or the appearance of a pugilist? Was not the typical pugilist a low-browed, broken-nosed, crop-haired person, wearing sham diamond rings and wide-checked trousers, a frequenter of public-houses and mean gambling-hells, occasionally the buffoon and attendant of some microcephalous peer? And had not Dick Erridge distinctly stated that Mr. Summers had been a trainer of race-horses, which was in a rough-and-ready way a sufficiently respectable calling? Dick Erridge ought to know: he appeared to have been acquainted with Nan's father for years. Doubtless there were disquieting circumstances. There was the prompt and skilful manner in which Mr. Summers had bowled over the two navvies in the Oxford Road (a performance which had won Sidney's entire admiration); there was the proud look with which Nan had turned to her father when he, Sidney, chanced to be talking of the fashion in which the Greeks had glorified wrestling and boxing and all athletic games; and there was the curious fact that Mr. Summers seemed to have cut himself off from all his former companions, even refusing Nan's repeated prayer that he should bring some of them about the house, to cheer him up a bit. But would a professional pugilist—even granting that a strong, animal-like instinct of affection was no certain key to any one's nature—would a person accustomed to the battering of the prize-ring be likely to show that assiduous care in small trifles which made Mr. Summers's treatment of his daughter such a beautiful thing to look at?

Meanwhile, between mother and son not a single further word had been uttered on this momentous subject. Sidney, at first indignantly incredulous, controlled himself (indeed he could not be in any wise discourteous to the stately, silver-haired dame of whom he was so fond and proud), and would wait until he could procure a definite refutation of the charge that had been made; Mrs. Hume, more confident of her position, was content to abide the result of this disclosure. And of that result she had no doubt whatsoever. Youth might be absurdly romantic (though this son of hers had

scarcely ever seemed to have a look to throw a woman's way), but it was too impossible to imagine that the last of all these splendid Humes, the inheritor of all her remaining hopes, would think of bringing the daughter of a prize-fighter into the family.

Whate'er hath end: whate'er begins:
There'll aye be Hays while Teviot rins—

but Thomas the Rhymer could not have foreseen the contingency of this climax of disgrace. And no such thing would happen. It was all too inconceivable. Her tall and handsome boy had got into some unfortunate blunder, had perhaps been deceived; but now that his eyes were open there would be an end. The girl was pretty, no doubt—even a beautiful creature, if the truth were confessed; and she had good manners; and an attractive kind of simplicity and directness that won for her favor: it was easy to understand how any young fellow might have had his senses confused for the moment. Even the father, if it came to that, though he had hardly the bearing of a gentleman, was harmless enough—diffident—keeping himself out of the way—apparently conscious of his position and in a sort of fashion apologetic for it. All the same the idea of introducing the daughter of an ex-pugilist as the latest accession to the great family of the Hays and Humes was too preposterous to be entertained for a moment; and this brisk and confident lady, emboldened by the unvarying success of a lifetime, brushed such a possibility aside as not worth regarding, and only waited for Sidney to be definitely and finally convinced.

At breakfast the same embarrassing silence prevailed, on that one point; but Mrs. Hume affected to be very cheerful, and would give him the last news she had heard from the various members of the family—perhaps with some covert and skilful design of recalling him to a sense of the duties of his position. It was all a talk about Jeanie, and Philip, and Agatha, and the rest—arrangements for the autumn—house parties—grouse-moors—salmon-fishings—to say nothing of the festivities of the remaining weeks in town: a picture of a fine array of people healthily and busily employed in amusing themselves.

"But poor dear Helen," continued Mrs. Hume, compassionately—and she spoke of Lady Helen quite as if she belonged to this domestic set. "It is really too selfish and inconsiderate of her father to go and leave her to shift for herself. Men only—nothing but men—at that Perthshire lodge of his. Not that her tastes and inclinations lie that way at all. I know what she is dreaming of; she is dreaming of Corfu, and Santa Maura and Sappho's Leap, and Ithaca with the Odyssey as her guide, and Mycenae, and moonlight nights on the Acropolis. That is one thing about my dearest Helen; she has imagination, and sympathy; when you talk to her, there is response. And she has been quite frequently to the British Museum of late—to the gem-room, chiefly—"

When she mentioned the British Museum, it was not to the gem-room his mind instantly carried him; rather he bethought him of a certain panathenaic amphora decorated with figures of Greek boxers about to engage. But he said nothing. It was not a time for taunts or sarcasm. The situation was too grave.

Directly after breakfast he went along into the town; if this story about Mr. Summers were well known he would soon get at the bottom of it. And he had not gone far when he perceived Dick Erridge, who was standing with several companions in front of the Red Lion. Dick eyed the new-comer somewhat askance and coldly. It is true he had determined to act the part of a noble and generous rival; he would show more distinctly than ever that he was no "bounder"; nevertheless, the old Adam, lying deep, occasionally begrudges these high resolves. But Sidney went right up to him.

"Can you spare me a couple of minutes?" he said; and therewith Dick left his knot of acquaintances; and the two young men walked a few yards away, so that they could converse without risk of being overheard.

"Didn't you tell me," Sidney began, in his direct fashion, "that Mr. Summers had been a trainer, a well-known trainer of race-horses?"

Dick looked rather uneasy.

"Oh, well," he said, evasively, "he made his little pile on the turf, don't you know—and it's all in the same swim—everybody in America is called a Colonel—"

"What I want to know is this," Sidney broke in, impatiently. "Is it true, or is it not true, that Mr. Summers was

ever in the prize-ring—was he ever a professional pugilist?—"

The puffy short young man seemed a little frightened.

"Well, yes, he was—" he stammered.

"Then why the mischief didn't you honestly say so?" Sidney exclaimed, in a blaze of anger.

But at this Dick Erridge plucked up his spirits somewhat.

"Oh, it's all very easy," said he—"it's all very easy to talk. But when you're asked to say what a man has been, you can't begin and recite his biography right off the reel. Perhaps I forgot to tell you who were his godfathers and godmothers? It's quite true that Jim Summers—that Mr. Summers—was at one time in the ring; but it's a great many years ago; and as he had got funds enough, he started as a book-maker; and it's as a book-maker that he lived and flourished—flourished pretty well, I take it—until he retired from active business altogether, and came to set up house here at Crowhurst. Perhaps I should have told you; but some people have such prejudices; and then it was only a casual question, as I thought—I did not know that you were personally concerned—I did not anticipate the little communication that was made me yesterday, or I might have been more careful—"

Sidney guessed what the poor chap meant, and his anger softened.

"Then Mr. Summers was not a trainer, but a book-maker—is that so? Let's have the truth!" he exclaimed.

"I may have said trainer instead of book-maker," Dick confessed. "But, bless you, they're all in a system—bookies, trainers, jockeys, and gee-gees, to say nothing of the noble owners—they're all in a system; and sometimes you give a man the benefit of a courtesy title, in passing the time of day, don't you know. A book-maker?—I should think so! Did you never hear of 'honest Jim Summers'? Ah, but you're not in that line, of course - cloisters pale - "

He looked up, and perceived that his companion, plunged in a profound reverie, was hardly listening to him.

"There's nothing wrong, is there?" he asked, anxiously. "There's no harm done? There's not going to be any alteration?—"

Sidney was silent for a moment or two: these were strange contingencies he had now to face. Then he said slowly, and in a half-absent sort of way,

"No, I don't think there is anything wrong—no, I don't think so."

For when once he had yielded to the glamour of Nan's eyes—close by this very spot where he now stood—under the shadow of St. Mary's Church—then all that had happened subsequently could not very well have happened otherwise, no matter what information had been vouchsafed him. When once he had discovered that the world held for him but the one woman, and had further discovered, to his inexpressible astonishment and joy, that her heart was well-inclined towards him, then social grades and distinctions became small things. One look from under her lashes—one touch of her hand—was of more consequence to him than any pride of birth or station. This was not romance, he said to himself. This was common-sense. He had but the one life to live; and here was the crown and glory of it, that he had been so happy and so fortunate as to secure.

He was standing in this pensive mood, scarcely listening to his companion, when he chanced to raise his eyes, for there was a vehicle passing near. It was Lady Helen's mail-phaeton, herself driving. Instinctively he raised his hat, but just as he did so he became conscious that the recognition she had accorded him was of a singularly cold description. No welcoming smile—no friendly glance: only the stiffest and shortest and briefest of bows, and then her face was set straight before her again, as if she would ostentatiously proclaim that only the most casual acquaintanceship existed between her and the young man. What could it all mean? He had given her no cause of offence that he knew of. Then he suddenly recalled the fact of his having passed Mrs. Spink on the previous day, when Nan was driving him in her phaeton along the Fair Mile. Had that enigmatical person carried her report of the encounter to Monks-Hatton Hall, perhaps with some darkly added innuendo? Well, he could not help it: he had other things—surely of sufficient urgency—to think of. And so he turned to Dick Erridge, whom it was his duty now to release.

"You are going on the river, I suppose?" he suggested.

"No, thanks," said Dick, in rather a down-spirited way. "I've had enough of

Henley this journey. I sha'n't forget Henley in a hurry. I'm going to walk out to Crowhurst to do my P.P.C.; and then I'm off home. I know when I've had enough."

Sidney felt sorry for this poor lad, the story of whose disappointment had been hinted to him on the previous evening by Mr. Summers.

"I will walk out with you, if you like," he said.

"Oh, very well," Dick responded; and as they set forth together he continued his ingenuous talk, though not in such a gay mood as usual. "There's no quarrel between you and me—none: let that be understood. What I say is, it is for the lady to make her choice; and when the lady has made her choice, then it is for her friends — her friends who are her friends — to rally. That's what I say. There's no spite and dog-in-the-manger business about me; I'm not such a bounder as all that. I confess it's a little rough. Here's my grandfather gets it into his old noddle that my conversation is a cure for lumbago—my conversation!—a cure for lumbago! Is anybody's conversation a cure for lumbago? And then of a sudden you get this thing sprung on you; and it's just as if you'd come a crowner over a five-barred gate, and you felt as if your head was digging up turnips twenty feet deep. But I don't bear malice. You lugged me out of the Thames. And Jim Summers's daughter is Jim Summers's daughter; and when she wants a friend, I'm here—I'm on the spot, I am."

"I think she understands that anyway," said Sidney.

Then the other proceeded, with some air of apology:

"I don't say but that I should have told you that Mr. Summers had been a famous boxer once upon a time, and that he had made his money as a book-maker; but I could not guess you were likely to stand in this relationship to him; and people have prejudices. But mind you," said Dick, pluckily, "don't imagine there's anything that Jim Summers would hide, or that his daughter would hide. Don't imagine there's anything for him to be ashamed of. There's some of us would say it was all the other way about. As for me, in my humble way, I tell you I would rather go to a race-meeting in the company of Mr. Summers than with any man in England, bar none. And I am proud that he takes any notice of me; and allows me to call on him as a friend; and if I had begun to think of other things, I suppose that was all my bally cheek, and that I have been jolly well served out. But as I say, I'm not going to whimper. I know what's what. When you get one between the eyes, you'd better sit down quietly and wait for the sponge. And this is my last word: if Jim Summers's daughter wants a friend, and asks me—she'll have to ask me, mind, for I'm not going to thrust myself on her—if she wants a friend, and appeals to me, she won't find me running away very fast."

"I think she understands that," said Sidney: he was becoming more and more convinced that there was a good deal of genuine human nature about this young man, despite his sensitiveness about his costume.

They found Nan busy in her rose garden, her faithful and submissive attendant with her; and they received a most friendly welcome. Dick had to be the spokesman for the two visitors; for Sidney Hume was unusually silent; while Dick, as it turned out, was inclined to be lugubrious.

"England's no place for me," he was saying, despondently. "I'm no use to anybody. I may as well go away and see what's to be seen. I'm for a skip across the herring-pond, that's my idea—over to San Francisco, perhaps; and if I'm there before the 20th August, I may have a look at Tim Mulligan after the Tasmanian Devil has been playing about with him for half an hour—not so much blather and bluster *then*. Or I might get away down to the other side of the world—to Australia: they must be a clever lot of Johnnies to cling on to the ground with their feet, with their heads hanging in the air. What is there in London, now the Albatross Club has gone bust?—nothing left but the halls, and it's the same sickening old game—the familiar old wheezes—night after night. No, England's played out; or perhaps I am played out; anyhow I'm off."

"Nonsense, man!" said Mr. Summers, good-naturedly. "What's the use of talking like that! Come along in doors and I'll show you how I've altered the height of the pulleys." Whereupon Dick, with all the chirpiness for the moment gone out of him, was haled away; and Sidney and Nan were left alone together.

But it was no ordinary lovers' confabulation that followed now, though the time and place were propitious. She went quickly forward to him—she put her hand on his arm—she looked anxiously up into his face.

"Sidney," she said, "you are troubled about something: what is it?"

"It is nothing that need affect you, Nan," he made answer.

"But what affects you affects me; and I want to know," she insisted. "What is it?"

"Oh, well," he said, with grim irony—for he would make light of this matter, "it is a very common occurrence. When a man chooses a wife, his relatives invariably think he should have consulted them first; and they are quite hurt, quite pained and hurt, because he has not done so, because of his want of consideration; and of course they object, and disapprove, and may even become indignant—"

"I knew it—I guessed it at once," she said, with swift intuition. "It is your mother. I told you she would be my enemy—"

"She is not your enemy—how could she be your enemy?" he remonstrated. "She has seen you; she has talked with you: how could she have any objection to you of any kind whatsoever?"

"The objection is to my father, then?" the girl said, breathlessly. "Then she is more than my enemy!"

"Nan, Nan!" said he, with grave forbearance, "if there is to be trouble, that is not the way to face it. You cannot expect people who have never seen you to understand what you are, and what your circumstances are, and have been. And I have a lot of relatives; and I dare say they have intolerant prejudices like most other people; and I shouldn't wonder if they began calling me names. But I ask you, Nan: did you ever hear of the calling of names hurting any one?"

"It is more serious than that, Sidney," she said, scrutinizing his face with an almost piteous earnestness. "I read it in your look the moment you came along. And it is something quite recent—something that has happened since yesterday. Trouble?" she went on, rather sadly. "If there is to be trouble, it is not for myself I fear; it is for you. And my father warned me. He said your people were not our people—"

"Quite so," he interjected. "Perhaps so. But that need not prevent my becoming one of your people."

"He spoke to me once or twice," she continued, unheeding, "about breaking off the acquaintanceship. And I had resolved to do that—"

"And a very pretty way you took," he again interposed. "A very pretty way of breaking off an acquaintanceship. Do you remember how you did it? Do you remember the where and when? There was a gate somewhere near, wasn't there—up on the high ridge—between the tall hedges. Can you tell me what color of dress you wore?—because if you can't, I can tell *you*. And was it your straw hat or another, and what were the flowers? And when your hands were held tight, had your upturned eyes anything to say, or hadn't they? And the wind had been rather rude with your hair; the tangles had to be smoothed down a little—wasn't that so? Oh yes, a very pretty way of breaking off an acquaintanceship, an admirable way, an excellent way: suppose we try it now—if old John the gardener has discreetly disappeared?"

For that look of foreboding and concern had quite gone from his face. What did he care for all those Hays and Humes, for Thomas the Rhymer and Teviot-side and its tower, when Nan's speedwell eyes were regarding him, now doubting and timorous, again half inclined to gather courage, and when these stray waifs of golden-brown hair had such need of smoothing and petting? No doubt they had their fine lands and houses—those relatives of his—Ellerdale and the rest: here Nan was in her own kingdom—of roses and yellow pansies, of sweet-williams and honeysuckle, of monkshood and musk and columbine; and the white day was shining around them, and the air was soft and fragrant with changing scents; and the sweet desire of youth was drawing those two together with a force at once unsuspected, inscrutable, and imperious. "Cypris the terrible" was no longer terrible; now she was a gracious queen, smiling benignly—on two lovers lost in their land of enchantment.

All the rest of that day Sidney wandered away through the country lanes by himself, searching out certain problems; and when he returned to Lilac Lodge there was barely time for him to dress for dinner. As he and his mother sat down at table Mrs. Hume said, blithely enough:

"I wonder what has become of Helen: I quite understood she expected us to go along to the Hall this evening, to see the illuminations; but there has not been a single word or a line of a message."

He changed the subject without apology.

"Mater," he said, in his grave and simple way, "I have been making inquiries about what you told me last night. You were right—and I was wrong. It is not true that Mr. Summers was a trainer: I was misinformed about that. And it is true that he was connected with the prize-ring, for a time, many years ago; but as soon as he could he left it, and became a book-maker; and now he has retired from the betting-ring as well, and is—what you see him. These, as far as I can make out, are the facts."

She concealed her triumph.

"Of course I have nothing to say against the man," she said. "Of course not—a very worthy man, no doubt, in his own sphere. And I am sorry for any disappointment that the daughter may suffer—"

"But the daughter won't suffer any disappointment, as far as I can help it," he observed, calmly.

She stared at him with startled eyes.

"Sidney!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to say you can be so mad as to dream of keeping on those relations—now you know the truth?"

"I mean to say that the relations between myself and Anne Summers are precisely what they were," he made answer; "and I see no reason why they should change."

"But the prize-ring!" she cried. "The betting-ring!"

"What has she got to do with either?" he asked. "*She* never was in the prize-ring. *She* never was in the betting-ring—"

"But the low associations—the horrible associations—"

"What associations has she come in contact with?" he demanded, with somewhat more of warmth. "She has been brought up all her life in a vicar's family down in Somersetshire."

"So it comes to this, then," his mother said, with bitter emphasis, "that the youngest of the Humes of Ellerdale proposes to marry the daughter of a prize-fighter, an ex-champion, a common pugilist: that is the prospect, is it?"

In her overmastering indignation she could say no more. She rose from the table, crossed the floor, opened the door for herself, and swept from the room. He did not see her again that evening.

Chapter XVIII.

AT AN OPEN WINDOW.

Mrs. Hume was desperate, but not yet despairing; she was a woman of quick resource, intrepid, and confident, who had met and overcome many difficulties in her long career of success; and she was not likely to yield without a struggle now. And the very first thing she did, early the next morning, was to send for a cab to take her along to Monks-Hatton Hall.

Arrived there, she was shown into the drawing-room, and she went up to one of the windows, to look abroad over the river and its banks, where the work of dismantling had already begun; but she turned quickly enough when she heard the door open again; and here was her dearest Helen, advancing and smiling a welcome to her. Lady Helen was attired in an extremely pretty morning gown; but she herself was not looking very well; the London season had left traces of lassitude and fatigue on her refined and delicate features; besides, she had been taken unawares.

The two ladies kissed each other effusively.

"I won't apologize for calling at such an hour—"

"I should think not," said Lady Helen.

"—for the fact is I'm in trouble, Helen dear," Mrs. Hume went on, "and the one comforting thing, when you're in trouble, is to know the friend to whom you can turn for consolation and help. And that's why I have come to you, dearest Helen. You are the only one who can save me—who can save all of us: you are the only one who can make us all happy and content again; and you can do it so easily. I was saying to myself all the way along, 'How lucky to have dear Helen for an ally: everything will be put right now.'"

Lady Helen's surprise was clearly tempered by incredulity.

"My dear Mrs. Hume," said she, smiling, "it is impossible to associate any very serious trouble with you—you who

are so self-reliant, and so clever, and so capable of judging of affairs. How can you be in trouble?—and how is it possible that I could be of help to you of all people?"

"But you can, dear," Mrs. Hume proceeded, "and you only. I have come to you about Sidney—"

There was an almost imperceptible quiver of Lady Helen's eyelids; and from this instant the expression of her face was changed: she was no longer a smiling and affectionate confidante—she had become a watchful listener, reserved and cold, and cautious.

"You know, Helen, what has been the dearest wish of my heart for many a day back," Mrs. Hume continued—with a sort of pathetic appeal to that impassive face. "And everything was going on so well, as I thought—and everything will go well yet—oh, yes, indeed—I am hopeful enough—only there must be a little forethought and discretion. Young men are such strange creatures: such trifling things strike their fancy for the moment—the turn of a lip, a profile, anything. You know the bronze head in the Castellani collection: well, I've heard that long lad of mine just rave about the expression of the mouth; and of course if he came across that in a human being, it would interest him for the moment—for the moment—"

"Really, Mrs. Hume," said Lady Helen, with an alarming stiffness of manner, "I don't see how I am concerned—"

"But I only wished to show you, dear," continued Mrs. Hume, in no wise put out, "how these fancies may attract for the moment, and draw a young man away from the serious interests of life—but only for the moment. And that is how it stands with Sidney. That is my trouble; and I ask you for help. He has fallen in with two people—father and daughter—who are not at all in his own sphere—but Sidney was always very independent in that way: however, there is no doubt he has found some passing attraction in the girl—some attraction of the moment—and unless he is interfered with, goodness knows what may happen. Some absolute absurdity, no doubt. I suppose he would tell us that as regards marriage his incomparable Greeks recognized no difference of birth or station, so long as the two high contracting parties were Greek citizens. But we have got to prevent his marching on to any such fatuity; and it rests with you, Helen—"

"Indeed it does not," said Lady Helen, decisively. "Indeed it does not. I can have nothing to do with the matter."

"But I appeal to you as a friend—as a daughter—for it is as a daughter I have been regarding you for many a day back—I appeal to you," the anxious mother said, "not to balk all the hopes we have been forming for both you and him. We have all of us been looking on it as quite settled—and so it might be if you will only do as I ask you—"

"Mrs. Hume, I cannot comprehend you!" Lady Helen protested.

"Shall I be more explicit?"

"If you please!"

"Very well, then. Sidney has got into an entanglement with this girl, and for the moment will not listen to reason. But you can bring him back to reason, and restore him to us, if you like. And quite easily!"

"And how?" asked Lady Helen, with ominous coldness—but she was listening and watching intently.

"Surely," said Mrs. Hume, "surely after all the attention he paid you in London, after the constant association that was observed by every one—for of course I know nothing of any private understanding—surely you have the right to go to him and say that you consider him bound in honor to you. Then how can he refuse? And he is so bound: I have told him so! His honor is pledged: how can he draw back? Surely that is a simple solution of the difficulty!—and we shall all be so grateful to you, and I shall have my dear Helen as my daughter, for that has been the dream of my life ever since I saw you and him together."

The strangest smile appeared in Lady Helen's face—a smile of tranquil amusement.

"You have indeed brought a budget of surprises with you this morning, my dear Mrs. Hume," she said. "But this is the most astonishing of all. You arrange a very pretty little scheme with regard to your son and myself without in the least taking into account what my inclinations might be. Did it never occur to you that I might have quite other views? Did it never occur to you that you might be considering an absolute impossibility—something that never for a moment could

have entered Sidney's head or my own—not mine, at all events!"

Her audacity was almost bewildering.

"Helen, how can you say so!" Mrs. Hume exclaimed. "Never entered your head even as a possibility!—when you and I have talked over this project again and again—when you knew how I was looking forward to its being realized—"

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Hume," said Lady Helen, sweetly, "but you forget. You have mentioned such a thing to me once or twice, I know. But you do not seem to remember what I have invariably answered you on such occasions. Haven't I always assured you that you were looking forward to a chimera? Haven't I always told you that the only thing he could tolerate about me was my name, because of Helen of Troy? And then there's another point," she continued, with some spirit. "It isn't merely what Mr. Sidney may say or do. There must be some disposition on both sides. And I must tell you frankly, dear Mrs. Hume, that his wandering fancies are welcome to wander, so far as I am concerned—quite welcome, indeed. How you could have imagined anything else I cannot conceive for a moment. How you could have imagined that it mattered to me one pin's point what girl he had fallen in with—and how you could have thought that I should be willing to call him back—even if he were willing to come—it is all beyond my comprehension! Sidney and I were always very good friends, in a kind of a way; but as for anything else—"

"Helen," said Mrs. Hume, angrily, "what brooch is that you are wearing?"

Well, it was the little Roman charm that Sidney had given her; and she had had it very cunningly fixed up with delicate chain-work of platinum and gold. On being thus challenged, she flushed in confusion, hastily unpinned the brooch, and threw it aside.

"One picks up anything when one is in a hurry in the morning," she said, impatiently. "It was an accident."

"Helen, dear," said Mrs. Hume, in a more pacific fashion, "I am an older woman than you, and I have seen more of human nature. Perhaps, as regards Sidney and yourself, if the way were clearer, you would not be quite so callous and indifferent? Only, as I understand you, you won't help me to have the way made clearer?—"

"Not in the manner you suggest—certainly not!" Lady Helen answered distinctly. "Why the very idea is preposterous! My dear Mrs. Hume, you must allow me to retain a little self-respect!"

Mrs. Hume rose.

"Helen," she said, quietly, "if you knew how I look upon you, and if you knew all that I had been anticipating, you would know that I could never ask you to do anything inconsistent with your self-respect. I came to you in my trouble, and asked for your help, and it seems you cannot give it me. Very well, there may be some other means."

She prepared to take her departure, but Lady Helen did not ring the bell; she herself accompanied her friend into the hall, and opened the front door for her, while both of them lingered for a moment, perhaps reluctant to say the last word.

"At least I may let you know what happens?" Mrs. Hume said. "The subject is not forbidden?"

"Whatever concerns you will always have an interest for me, you know that," said Lady Helen; and then they kissed, and separated; and Mrs. Hume drove away. Finally Lady Helen went back to the drawing-room to recover the little Roman bell that she had thrown aside: it would not do to have the servants examining such things.

And now Mrs. Hume, as she drove off, appeared to be in more tragic case than ever. What would all those proud families of Hays and Humes have to say to her? They seemed to stand ranged as an accusing host, regarding her with indignant and upbraiding eyes. She had been—for her—curiously remiss and supine. Why had she not discovered this entanglement before? Why had she not brought matters to a definite climax when Sidney and Helen Yorke were both in London, and constantly together? And now that she had in some wild way to retrieve these blunders, she found herself painfully alone. Her handsome boy, who had always been so much her companion and ally—and always courteously obedient to her—was now in open revolt, drawn away by the wiles of another woman. As for Helen Yorke, Mrs. Hume understood pretty well the value of that young lady's audacious denials and asseverations; she guessed that if any signs

became visible of Sidney returning to his proper allegiance, dearest Helen would be discovered to be in a very different mood. But, alone as she was, she did not even yet despair. Helen's defection —which was clearly dictated by pure selfishness—was disappointing; but a baffled person is not necessarily beaten. Surely there were other means? For it seemed absolutely incredible to her that this ghastly thing should take place: surely there must be some intervention, coming from somewhither?

She had heedlessly told the driver of this open fly to take her back again to Lilac Lodge; but on the way they arrived at the little triangular enclosure of trees and bushes that marks the junction of the Medmenham and Oxford roads; and here, on a sudden impulse, she called to him to stop. The man pulled up, and turned round, awaiting orders. At the moment she had none to give. She was looking away along the Fair Mile, and considering. What if she were to drive out to Crowhurst there and then? What if, by an extraordinary stroke of luck, she were to find the girl absent, and the father left in possession? If she could only get at Mr. Summers by himself, she thought she could effectively deal with him. He was a submissive kind of man; he appeared to be solicitous about his daughter's happiness; if he were persuaded that this foolish scheme would only end in misery for everybody concerned, then he would refuse his consent —he would take her away—he would do something—and all this imbroglio would gradually resolve itself. No doubt the girl would have fits of crying and sobbing—for a time. People who cross the Bay of Biscay in bad weather sometimes wish they were dead; but when they have rounded Gib, and got into the smoother waters and milder airs of the Mediterranean, they soon revive; long before they have reached Malta they are up on deck again and as merry as crickets, with warm sunshine around them and blue seas and cloudless heavens; and by the time they are gliding in under the yellow walls of Fort St. Elmo, and climbing the steep thoroughfare, and wandering along the Strada Reale, they have not a care or perplexity in their heart, save perhaps a frantic desire to purchase lace handkerchiefs at thirty-six shillings a dozen instead of the regulation forty-two.

She hesitated no longer—she was ruthless, a mother defending her last remaining son.

"Do you know Crowhurst?" she said to the man on the box. "Away beyond the Traveller's Rest—up in the woods—"

"Yes'm."

"Drive there then, please."

And as they went placidly along the Fair Mile, her brain was busy. What arguments, what inducements and persuasions, could she best bring to bear on this girl's father? But he seemed a quiet, unassuming, biddable sort of man, who obviously knew his station: she did not anticipate much resistance on his part.

When they reached Crowhurst, she bade the driver of the cab wait for her in the roadway; she descended, opened the gate for herself, and walked up to the house. As she did so, she heard a sound of music—one of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, being played very softly and sympathetically: the window of the drawing-room was open to the garden. For a second she paused, in vexation; clearly the girl was at home; it was more likely the father who was absent. Nevertheless Mrs. Hume had not come all this way for nothing; she was a resolute person; she walked up to the door and rang the bell; and when the young maid-servant informed her that Mr. Summers was out, but that she could see Miss Anne, she accepted that invitation, and followed the maid into the modest little hall. There was a tapping at the drawing-room door; a "Come in!" and presently Mrs. Hume found herself face to face with her enemy, who had risen from the piano. Both forgot to shake hands; for half a second there seemed to be miles of silence and distrust between these two; and Nan's fingers, as she sought relief from her confusion and vague apprehension in the actual business of bringing forward a lounging-chair, distinctly trembled. Her heart was like lead.

"I am so glad to find you at home, Miss Summers," the tall, silver-haired lady said, in her blandest fashion—for she had no desire to overawe or frighten the pretty and timid young thing who now took a seat opposite her: that was not her way of setting to work at all. "I had hoped perhaps to see your father; but I dare say I can explain the object of my visit quite as well to you, perhaps

better. And I hope there will be nothing said that will cause you pain—I have no wish to do that—though to be sure, there are few situations in life that have not their vexations and disappointments—sometimes cruel enough at the moment—"

She, at all events—this stately dame with the fresh and bright complexion, the clear, shrewd eyes and confident air—seemed to have encountered that inevitable legion of sorrows without sustaining any very material damage.

"Sidney has told me," she went on, "of this idle day-dream of his. But you know what young men are—or rather you don't, for you have had no experience—whereas I have—plenty—I have had to study both them and their wild, impracticable whims and humors, that last for an hour or two, and are then happily forgotten. And Sidney cannot be expected to be wiser than the rest of them—he has seen little of the world—buried in his college occupations and his books; and this last idea of his—well, I suppose it is not more absurd than most of the projects of impetuous and flighty young men who don't know their own mind—"

"But, Mrs. Hume," Nan interposed, "why do you come to me? Why do you not say all this to himself?"

"Because he is so hot-headed, like the rest of them. Now you," continued this astute lady, in her pleasant manner, "you are reasonable. Any physiognomist could tell you that—you have a calm judgment, and intelligence. And you will understand how this fancy that my son has formed for you—very natural—oh, yes, I don't wonder at it in the least—but still it is a mere fancy, and it can lead to nothing—unless, indeed, it leads to the misery of every one concerned."

Nan sat mute and attentive, not uttering a word—though something in her heart seemed to say, "Sidney, why are you away from me!"

"Perhaps I do not set as much store as some do on pride of race, and social position," Mrs. Hume proceeded. "And I have heard of marriages between people in different ranks of life that turned out well enough—rare instances, no doubt. But in your case, dear Miss Summers—I hope you will pardon me if I speak plainly—there is an insuperable barrier, that you must yourself recognize; and that insuperable barrier is—your father's career. No—have patience! Do not be angry. I have not a word of blame. But the fact exists. And if I were to ask you now—in plain language—whether you would like to marry into a family that would look down on your father—"

"I would not do it—I would do no such thing!" Nan broke in.

"But that is the whole position," rejoined the elder woman, triumphantly. "That is the whole position! Of course I knew what you, as an affectionate daughter, would say. And that shows you the impossibility—"

"And why should they look down on my father?" said Nan, warmly. "Has he ever pretended to be other than he is? Has he ever concealed anything—or been found out? Has he ever done anything disgraceful, or to be ashamed of? And you must remember this, Mrs. Hume, that we never asked to be admitted into your family. It was your son who came here—"

"Quite so—quite so," said Mrs. Hume, eager to appease. And then she shook her head in a mournful and sympathetic way. "It is altogether a sad position of affairs; and I can see no way out of it, unless Sidney and you have the courage and the common-sense to do the right thing, and that is to break off an attachment that could only lead to misery and repentance. I am sorry, in a way. It might have been otherwise, but for this unhappy obstacle. But then, you see, how could that ever be got over? Your father, as you know, was connected with the prize-ring, was a professional betting-man. Well, English society is tolerant—very tolerant, as it had need to be in these days—but I am afraid a line would be drawn—"

"We will not ask any one to draw any line," said Nan, proudly.

"Mind you," continued Mrs. Hume, still cunningly anxious to propitiate, "not one of us has a word to say against you personally. Of course not—certainly not. And I will admit that in other circumstances I might have been most pleased to welcome you as a daughter-in-law. But you must perceive for yourself—here is your father—"

Nan had had about enough of this. All her despairing thoughts of her lover were for the moment swept out of her mind by her devotion and loyalty to one

whom she had known more closely, all through the years of her life.

"Yes, indeed," she said—and there was no cringing about her, or piteous pleading: if her figure was slight, it was as erect as that of the tall lady who now confronted her; and her mouth was fearless—if her lips were somewhat pale. "Yes, indeed, there is my father. And if that is the question you came to ask, Mrs. Hume, then this is my answer—that I mean to remain by him. I will not ask your family whether they look down on him or not: they shall not have the opportunity. That is all I have to say; and it is enough."

There may have been some phrases of justification or apology added to Mrs. Hume's saying good-by; but these at least were not overheard by a man who now rose from the iron garden-seat outside the open drawing-room window, and walked slowly away, with his head downcast. It was Nan's father. Coming back from his morning ramble and his pipe, he had noticed the cab at the gate, and wondered that a visitor should arrive so early. But he would not interrupt Nan. He kept outside. And then, as he chanced to go by the open window, he heard a voice that he did not seem at first to recognize. He drew nearer. There was some talk about himself—about himself and Nan; and as he had no scruples at all where Nan's welfare was concerned, he sat down on the garden-seat and listened. And when the visitor rose to go, he rose also, and departed. His sallow face had become of an ashen-gray.

He walked with slow and labored footsteps along the path—Nan's columbines and pinks and campanulas were all unheeded now—until he found himself in a small summer-house, and there he again sat down, breathing somewhat hard. His two hands—curiously enough he had withdrawn his arm from the sling, that now hung useless round his neck—were placed on the rude table in front of him, and they were clinched as in the grip of a vise; his eyes were staring before him. He remained so for not more than half a minute. He rose, with a heavy sigh, and went out into the whiter light. And then, glancing for a moment towards the house—as if he feared that Nan might make her appearance to claim him—he made his way into the orchard, opened a door in the brick wall, and passed into the larch plantation, whence he could, if he chose, gain the Henley road. But he had no thought of going in that direction. He only wished to be alone—with his agony.

Late that evening, when they had come in from their final stroll, they found that the lamps in the dining-room had just been lit; but they did not draw the curtains; for now and again there was a flash of summer lightning outside; and it was something to look at—the vivid gleam of pale orange across the deep blue-black of the window-panes. Nan, when she had attended to her father's wants, took her accustomed seat beside him, her head resting against his knee.

"Dodo," said she, with much affectation of cheerfulness, "you must tell me what it is you have been thinking about the whole of this day. I know there is something. Is it money? For I fear we are far too extravagant in this house; and we could so easily economize—"

"No, no, Nan," he answered, hastily. "You must not dream of that. I wish you would not worry half so much over those books: we could well afford a little more freedom. What was I thinking about?—oh, it is so difficult to say! And you," he added, timidly—as if inviting and yet dreading her confidence, "have you had nothing to think of all the day long?"

But this was a brave-hearted lass: she could keep her bitter griefs, her sad renunciations, to herself—for the dark watches of the night.

"Oh, nothing to speak of," she made answer, in rather a low voice.

Both were silent for a considerable time—he with his head sunk in his bosom, his eyes haunted and haggard, his face sombre. And then he said, slowly,

"I am going up to London to-morrow, Nan."

"Yes, Dodo?"

"For a day only—perhaps two days," he went on. "I—I want to see Dick Erridge—I have some business affairs to arrange. You must amuse yourself as best you can until I come back, you know. And keep light-hearted, Nan—keep a light heart: it's wonderful how troubles disappear, when you might least expect it. Yes, I must see Dick Erridge—I must get hold of Dick—Dick and I may have some matters to put straight."

She did not notice that his clinched

right hand, resting on the table, shook as if with the palsy. She herself had a sufficiency of things to think of—as she waited and watched for those sudden gleams across the blue-black panes.

Chapter XIX.

AN ALLY.

Dick Erridge's chambers in London were close by Piccadilly Circus—a convenient centre for theatres and music halls; they were plentifully decorated with photographs of actresses, famous and otherwise; and on this particular morning a cigarette-box, a liqueur-bottle, and two small glasses stood on the central table of the sitting-room. Dick himself was reading a sporting paper; but he quickly threw that aside when he heard a heavy footstep on the stairs without; he had received a telegram—and was expecting his hero and friend.

"Well, this is something like!" he exclaimed, joyfully, as Mr. Summers made his appearance on the landing. "This is a sight for sore eyes! And how long are you to be up?—two or three nights I hope—fact is, the complexion of this town wants altering—it's too pale—we'll give it a little tinge—"

His speech died away into silence. There was something unusual in this man's face as he came into the light.

"Dick," said Nan's father, sinking into a chair, "you spoke the other day of going to Australia. You're not going just at once, are you? You haven't made all your arrangements yet, have you? For I'm going with you—I'll go with you, Dick—and then, you see, when you're tired of the place and want to come home again, then that's all right—you'll leave me there. You see, I'm not coming back—I'm not coming back any more to England."

Erridge stared at him.

"Why, what's all this about?" he cried.

"Only that I'm in the way, Dick—I'm in the way—God help me, I'm in the way!"

He rose and went to the window; and Dick did not follow him. He remained there some time. When he returned and resumed his seat he looked tired and languid, and he seemed to breathe with difficulty.

"I want to make it easy for Nan," he said. "I want to make it all right for her. They'll have no objection to her if I'm out of the way; and if I lose myself in Australia, and cut off all communication, and never come back to England again, why, it's as good as if I were a dead man. Oh, I can quite understand their view—it's natural: I can quite understand. For one thing, the young people mightn't like my turning up at their house—they might have company come in, don't you see—and yet they would be too good-natured to show any annoyance; and then again I should be a constant source of offence to those relatives—there might be words bandied—and Nan, she is proud, you know—there would be continual trouble. But now, this way, there can't be any trouble. I simply clear out; and Nan, when she goes amongst these people, will soon make friends—for she is a happy kind of creature—she will soon make friends with all of them, will Nan. And you'll write and tell me about it, Dick; that will be the only communication I shall have with the old country; and it will have to be kept a secret in your hands alone, my lad, for it is just possible Nan might want to find out where I was—"

"Oh, but look here," Dick Erridge exclaimed, when he had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment, "you needn't suppose for an instant that Miss Anne would let you go! She wouldn't accept such a tremendous sacrifice—"

"Oh, yes, she will," the other said.

"And even supposing she were to consent—I don't believe it for a moment—but of course you are her father—you may order her—perhaps she may obey you. Very good. But what I want to say is this," continued Dick, with increasing warmth, "that even if she were willing to let such a thing happen, what about Hume, what about that fellow Hume? Is he going to allow it? Is he going to allow you to be sacrificed in such a way—banished from your own country—and banished from your own daughter, which is a heap worse, as I take it—is he going to allow all this merely to save the feelings of his relatives and connections? Because this is what I've got to say, and I'm not going to make any bones about it: if he allows you to be treated like that, then I call him a howling cad. I don't care what his fine friends and relatives are: if he is going to accept such a sacrifice at your hands, I call him nothing else than a

howling cad—that's what I call him, and I'll stick to it—I'm d——d if I don't stick to it."

"Well, Dick, you *can* talk the most infernal nonsense when you've a mind that way," Summers said, angrily. (But the young man did not heed. His breathless indignation may have left his cheeks a little paler even than usual: nevertheless, he had had his say.) "Here are you pronouncing judgment, and you've only heard of this proposal within five minutes. And I've had all yesterday and all last night—for you may suppose I did not sleep much last night—to plan it out and make it practicable. Supposing I tell you I have a scheme that will make it impossible for either of them to refuse!—and what's more, they will think I am going away to Australia quite happy and content. And perhaps," he added, more slowly, and his eyes had an absent look in them, "perhaps—in time—perhaps—I shall be quite happy and content—if I have made it all right for Nan."

"I know I'm an ass," said Dick, gloomily. "Still, I must speak out sometimes. And I'm a bad host, too," he proceeded, as he rose and fetched the two small glasses and the liqueur-bottle. "But you rather stumped me—took my breath away, in fact. Here, have a nip of kümmel, and light a cigarette, and we'll stroll along to Mentavisti's: it's just about lunch-time; and if we're going to Australia together, there will be plenty to talk over and arrange."

They walked along to the restaurant; and presently it became clear that Erridge, in his capacity of host, had been early abroad and made every preparation: a small side-table had been reserved for them; a quite sumptuous little banquet—an unnecessarily sumptuous little banquet—gradually made its appearance: the Chianti was excellent. Mr. Summers hardly looked at either food or drink.

"The steamers sail every other week, don't they?" he was saying. "There are offices down in Pall Mall—I've seen the models in the window. We might go in and look at the plans—"

"Are you in such a hurry as all that?" the younger man asked.

"Oh, no, no," he answered, anxiously. "Whatever will suit your convenience, Dick. Only—only, I was thinking—that the sooner every one knew that I had dropped out—no longer any bother to any one—the better that would be. Oh, no, I don't want to hurry you, my lad—I will wait your convenience—only, I should like to have the thing over. And perhaps you won't mind my being rather a glum companion for a bit—"

"Now listen to me," Dick broke in, impatiently. "I may be a fool, but I have the blessed privilege of knowing my own mind. And if this thing has to be, then it is for you to say how it is to be; and I am there. You do as you like; and I'm your most obedient: them's my sentiments—and here's your health—and a pleasant voyage to both of us. If there are people in this country who think you are not good enough for them, it's the other way about with me; and I tell you it will be a proud day for me when you and I go together to see the running for the Melbourne Cup. Oh, we'll have some fun! All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; and I'm about run out here—my brain overtaxed—trying to discover the fun of the music-hall wheezes. We'll have some fun, I tell you! And I'm not back in England yet. I think the Australian climate may very likely suit me—shouldn't wonder a bit. I say," he continued, regarding his guest rather significantly, "it won't be what you might call chilly, going down the Red Sea, will it? Quite mild, eh? No need for beaver-lined coats? Well, I don't care! I've been in a hotter corner, with three full hands out all at once, and my poor sevens and twos being bashed against the wall as if a Nasmyth hammer was chasing them. Graciousness, man, why don't you eat or drink something? If it is to be, it is to be; and you give me my marching orders—"

"Sure it won't be taking you away—?" said Summers, doubtfully; and yet there was in his eyes a kind of piteous hunger for this companionship, in view of what was before him.

"My dear fellow, I shall be delighted!" Dick cried, with fine bravado: in his present mood the Bay of Biscay had no terrors for him. "I'll sell my cobs, and lend the dog-cart to the guv'nor, for safe-keeping: then I'm with you—and we'll have just a daisy time of it—sixpenny Nap every night in the smoking-room all the voyage out. And I think we'll have some fun down there, on the other side of the world—yes, I rather think so!—the Caulfield Cup—the Champion Stakes—

we'll be able to talk big when we come back—"

"You forget, Dick," said Summers, in his grave, quiet way: "I'm not coming back."

Dick's face fell.

"It seems deuced hard luck," he said. "I wonder if there is any necessity for such an awful wrench—"

"Do you think I have not considered that?" the other asked. "Do you think I would leave my girl—never to see her again—if there was any other thing to be done? I heard enough yesterday. Mrs. Hume came out to Crowhurst. She told Nan that they—the rest of them—had no objection to Nan herself; she said she would like to welcome Nan as her daughter-in-law; but I was in the way. Well, I'm going out of the way: isn't that simple, my lad?"

"I wonder what Miss Anne will say to it all?" responded Dick; but as he would not again fall into a gloomy mood—when it was his duty to cheer up his guest and friend who appeared to be in sad straits—he proposed that they should now have coffee and a cigarette, and that Mr. Summers, who had eaten and drunk nothing, should make up for that by dining with him in the evening at the Café de Provence in Regent Street.

During the afternoon these two went about together—to the office of Mr. Summers's lawyer, where Dick sat patiently in an outer room, among the clerks—to the headquarters of certain steamship companies, where they inspected plans of cabins and inquired about dates of sailings—to a telegraph office, where Summers sent a friendly message down to Nan, while Erridge despatched a more businesslike communication to the Café de Provence; and so forth; and all the time the younger of the two men was beset by the most conflicting sensations—wonder and joy at the prospect of a visit to Australia in the company of Jim Summers, with some desperately uneasy feeling that this holiday trip was no holiday trip at all, rather that there lay behind it some tragic catastrophe. And then again he would say to himself: "Nonsense—the girl will not allow it! She cannot be so incredibly mean. He has done everything for her—lived for her—slaved for her—all these years; and of a sudden she throws him over so that she may marry into a swell family. And Hume: what will he think of a girl capable of doing such a thing? But perhaps those fastidious people are not so fastidious? Crowhurst will sell for a goodish bit; and Jim Summers's daughter will be provided for besides.

As they sat at dinner—here again Mr. Summers would hardly look at food: nor was the dark and hopeless expression of his face dispelled by all this brilliancy of lights—at dinner Dick was in a more charitable frame of mind.

"We forgot one thing, mon ami," said he, cheerfully, "at those steamship offices; we forgot to ask if they make a reduction on your taking a quantity. So much for two cabins with two berths each; but how much for three cabins with two berths each? For that's what we shall want if you insist on going a trip to Australia. Do you think Miss Anne will stay behind?—no fear! One cabin for you; one for me; and one for a young lady by the name of Miss Anne Summers. That's what it 'll come to!"

Nan's father looked up, half startled; but only for a second; his glance fell again, listlessly.

"I suppose you'd consider it awful cheek," Dick Erridge continued, "if I said I understood your daughter better than you did. Elephantine cheek, eh? Nevertheless, that is my conviction. And I know she will not hear of your leaving England—"

"Man alive!" Summers said, peevishly, "how often must I tell you! It will be all arranged and over before she has any chance of protesting—"

"Yes, and then?" said Dick, boldly. "Advertising in newspapers — inquiry agents—perhaps herself coming out to Australia! And of course she'll find you as easy as winking; and all this anxiety and trouble gone for nix! As I say, if you're on for a trip to Australia, I'm on too—and delighted; but don't let's go away with any bee of that kind buzzin' about in our bonnets."

His guest did not answer: perhaps it was too open and public a place for confidences; perhaps his thoughts were elsewhere.

As they were leaving the restaurant, Summers said suddenly,

"Dick, couldn't we go to a music hall now?"

Erridge looked surprised, but he answered at once:

"Oh, yes—oh, certainly. Rather too early for the best turns; but there'll be something going. Let me see, now. There's the sisters Clovelly—"

"I don't care what it is—that is of no consequence," Summers said.

"Then we'll stroll along to the Troc.—the Troc. or the Empire: we'll have a look at the bill."

Yet these two had scarcely the air of diners-out on their way to a music hall—the one plunged in dark reverie, the other doing his best to be communicative and inspiriting, but perhaps becoming a little disheartened. And what surprised Dick Erridge still further was that, when they reached the entrance to the music hall, his companion hung back.

"No," said he, in the strangest way. "No—I can't begin just yet—give me breathing-time—I must think about it. Let's go to your rooms, Dick, and have a quiet hour or two—"

"Right you are!" said Erridge, promptly. "The very thing! Who wants to sit in a music hall at this time of the evening, when the busy little milliners have hardly got home from their shops yet? We'll come out for some of the later turns at the halls if you like."

They returned to Erridge's rooms—to tobacco and lounging-chairs.

"I'm afraid I'm an awful nuisance to you, Dick," Summers said, rather moodily. "But I sha'n't be in your way for long—I sha'n't be in anybody's way—"

"Oh, come," Dick broke in, without ceremony, "I'm not going to have any talk like that. That is the result of your eating and drinking nothing. Do you think you can live on your pipe alone? Here, old man, here's some Scotch, that will set you up to rights—Scotch and a drop of seltzer—say when."

But Summers paid little heed to these friendly offices on the part of his host; nor did that sombre look lift from his face.

"It's a hard thing I've got before me now, Dick," said he, with his head bent down, "a hard thing, and that's the fact. But other people have gone through as much—and perhaps for less cause. You don't know what Nan has been to me through these long years—ever since I came back from Australia—and found the little thing looking at me—with her mother's eyes. And now that all the happiness of her life is at stake, I'm not going to hesitate about a trifle more or less. What is it to me? I'm getting to the end—might be whisked off at any moment—so the doctors say; whereas she has all her life before her—and I am her father, her only guardian—I am bound to do what I can for her. I don't say it will be easy. I wouldn't envy any other man in my place. But it's got to be done."

"What has got to be done?" demanded Erridge, forgetting to light his cigarette.

His companion was silent for a time: when he spoke, it was as if there were some weight on his chest, that made his breathing labored.

"It won't be easy, Dick," he went on. "God knows it won't be an easy thing for me. But then, you see, I've been telling her all along that Crowhurst was only an experiment. I have told her that if it did not answer we might try some other way. I wanted her to start clear—to form her own set of friends and acquaintances—to shape her own life as she thought best—leaving me and my crowd of the old days out. Well, see what has happened. Perhaps it was more or less accidental—his coming about: that can't be helped now. But I know that all her hopes look in one direction—the happiness of the whole of her life has to be decided now—and I tell you it isn't a little thing that's going to keep me back from doing what I can for my Nan."

He drew a long breath, which was more of the nature of a sigh.

"You see, there's where it is. Perhaps you're right, Dick, perhaps she wouldn't like my going away from England for good, if everything was to be as it is at present; and I will say as much for young Hume—for I like him—straightforward, free-handed, generous-hearted sort of a chap—and I think if he saw that Nan was cut up about it, he would refuse as well. Now I'm going to make it so that neither of them can refuse. I've thought it all out, my lad—I've threshed it out—and this is the only way. Crowhurst was an experiment, I told you. Very well: I've got to tell Nan that so far as I am concerned it has been a complete failure; that I am sick-tired of it; that I'm off to lead my old life again—but away out of England altogether—"

Dick jumped from his chair as if he had been shot.

"So that's it?" he cried. "But I won't have it! I will tell her! I will tell her you're only shamming—"

And this, too, roused Jim Summers.

"And you call yourself my friend!" he said, sternly. "I tell you my secret in confidence, and you would go and betray me! Sit down!—and listen." He paused for a second or two, and resumed in quite an altered tone: "Dick, man, Dick, don't make it harder for me—it will be hard enough! If I have to show Nan that I am dissatisfied with her, and with Crowhurst, and that I've only been pretending to be satisfied, it will be something if I can come to you, and talk to you, and tell you that I never was dissatisfied—never with Nan, surely! There was the music hall to-night," he continued—this usually grave and silent man grown quite pitifully garrulous in his despair and grief. "I meant to have told her I had spent a gay evening in town—with old pals and all the rest of it—and then—then I kind of begged to be let off this once: I'll have to begin soon enough. And it won't be easy, Dick—it won't be easy—to tell Nan that I have been disappointed with her—disappointed—with Nan!—"

His arm fell on the table, his head sank on his arm, and he burst into a fit of uncontrollable sobbing. Dick, overawed, did not dare to move for a moment or two; then he forced himself to rise and go round the table, and he put his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Come, come, old man, it isn't so bad as that," said he. "There must be some other way—"

Summers, as if ashamed of his breakdown, got up and walked to the window: the night world of London was all afire now, with blue-white and golden stars. When he returned to his chair he said, rather sadly:

"There's no other way, Dick. I've threshed it all out. They'll think I'm off to Australia quite happy and content—glad to get away from a kind of life that never suited me. And what does it matter to me for the short time that can remain?—whereas they have all their life before them—a long life and happiness. That is my forecast for Nan, Dick. She is naturally a happy creature. And when you come back to England, you'll write out to Australia, and tell me how they are getting on—what kind of house they have—and how Nan's looking—and all the news."

Dick did not speak for a little while: then he said:

"It's a devilish rough business you've put before you, old chap. A devilish rough business. I did not know there was a man in this country with nerve enough to tackle such a job—considering the extraordinary affection that has always existed between you two. A mighty rough business. Yes, and I rather think you've got me into a tight place. I'm not quite sure, don't you know, what should be my line. If I don't quite see the necessity of this tremendous martyrdom, what ought I to do? They might hold me responsible—because I did not tell them—"

"You're not going to break faith, Dick?" Summers exclaimed, indignantly. "When I have trusted you? No, no, you won't do that, Dick—give me your word—I know you'll stick to it—"

Erridge hesitated only for a moment.

"There's my hand on it," said he. "You know best. You know best what is necessary. But it's a terrible business. Somehow—somehow I can't help thinking—"

"I tell you it is the only way, Dick," his companion repeated, with a sort of despairing emphasis. "If you only understood the position of affairs. Why, do you know what Nan is resolved on now?—to break off her engagement! She does not know that I know; but I overheard. The chit of a girl!—trying to deceive me!—isn't it wonderful, Dick, the courage she has! Not a word of what she means to do; and when I said to her 'Aren't you troubled about something, Nan?' she said, 'Oh, nothing to speak of'—as if it was some bit of ribbon she had lost, or something gone wrong with her watch. But I knew—I knew. Mrs. Hume asked her if she was prepared to marry into a family that would look down on her father. I wish her answer had not been quite so decisive, you know, Dick—"

"Yes, but what did she say?"

"Oh, she was only too blunt-spoken—she declared she would not—"

"Of course! Well done! I could have guessed that!" cried the other.

"Yes, but you see, Dick," Mr. Summers went on, despondently enough, "that is only another intimation to me to clear out. She cannot be allowed to

break off her engagement. It isn't a light thing with her. I've watched her; I know her; I know how sensitive she is; she wouldn't say much—her heart might be breaking—there would be no word. But don't you see how my plan arranges for all this? I quit out—and there's an end of trouble. Those families will be pacified; Nan will have a young husband to take her part and defend her; and if she thinks of me at all—"

"If she thinks of you at all!" Dick interjected.

"If she thinks of me at all, she will say: 'Oh, well, Dodo is having a fine time of it out there in Australia. Plenty of horses and betting there: no chance of his being tired to death, as he was at Crowhurst.'"

"And are you going to tell her you were tired to death at Crowhurst?" asked Dick, regarding him curiously.

"I've hardly made up my mind yet," he answered, with some appearance of effort, "precisely what I'm going to say. It's rather difficult—as you may suppose. But the first plunge will be to-morrow afternoon, when I get down—and that's what I wish was over. The first plunge—and it will be easier after, I dare say; and then when you and I are well away from England, Dick, then you see there will be nothing for one to think of but the settled and happy state of affairs that has been left behind. That will be the reward. It will be rather rough, as you say, just before getting off—but afterwards—afterwards there will be makings-up." Then of a sudden he altered his tone. "Come, my good lad, you mustn't let me pester you in this fashion. I've ruined a whole day for you. Let's hear something about yourself. Are you satisfied with your rooms now that you've got them all fixed up?—they seem to me to be very smart."

But Dick was far too seriously occupied with what he had heard to think of turning to his own small surroundings. His thoughts were rather about Crowhurst, and about Nan Summers, and the pathetic sacrifice that was about to be made for her. And then accidentally something was mentioned about the vicarage, and Nan's father was easily led into talking of the girl's earlier years. It was an inexhaustible theme—her pretty ways—her letters—her delight in running races on Clifton Down—a hundred trifles that appeared to him of absorbing interest; and he had talked himself into quite a cheerful humor when he found that it was past midnight and that he must get to his hotel. Dick went down stairs with his guest, and a hansom was called.

"Very well," said he, "I will come up and breakfast with you at nine; and then we can talk over those cabins and our outfit for the voyage—if all that you say has got to be done."

"And you will stand by me, Dick?" Summers said, earnestly, as the doors of the hansom were being shut.

"You trust me, old chap," was the answer. "You're just the one man in this country I'd stand by, through thick and thin."

But Dick, as he thoughtfully ascended the dark stairs again, said to himself:

"Poor old boy! He has a firm nerve—a nerve as splendid as his splendid physique. But how is he going to make that first plunge to-morrow—with Nan looking at him?"

Chapter XX.

FIRST PLUNGE AND LAST.

Perhaps Sidney Hume had borrowed courage and comfort from his beloved Greeks; perhaps, to suit his present needs and circumstances, he had boldly constructed for himself all sorts of subversive social theories; at all events, as he now strode away out to Crowhurst there was no kind of doubt or hesitation in his manner. And it was a morning to inspire confidence and hope—a morning filled with beautiful things and gracious sounds: the stirring and rustling elms showed arrowy gleams of blue through their topmost branches; here and there the sunlight burned on some strip of golden charlock or on the softened red of poppies among the upland wheat; there was a distant, half-muffled tinkling of sheep-bells; nearer at hand were the voices of children scrambling after wild roses and calling to each other through the hedge. He made sure that on such a day Nan would be out in the garden—the perfect tints of her complexion rendered still more transparent by the surrounding luminous air.

But when he arrived at Crowhurst, and opened the white gate and passed in, she was nowhere visible amid that wide pro-

fusion of blooms and colors. He went along to the house, and rang the bell. The little maidservant who appeared looked frightened.

"Mr. Summers has gone up to town, sir," she said.

"Oh, then I will see Miss Anne," he responded, promptly.

Jane faltered for a moment: she sympathized with young lovers—and had no mind for the delivery of cruel messages.

"Miss Anne," she said, with deprecating eyes—"Miss Anne—would rather be excused, sir—"

He stared at her in amazement.

"Why, what is the matter? She is not ill?"

"No, sir."

"She is not in her own room?"

"N—no, sir."

"Oh, but then I must see her," he said. "Go and tell her I must see her. I cannot take any such message except from herself."

The girl hesitated, having no further instructions; while he, without more ado, stepped into the nearest room, the door of which was open. The next instant he found there was some figure betwixt him and the light: it was Nan—up by the window—and she was regarding him with the strangest apprehension. Nay, she seemed to shrink away from him, to retreat from his quick advance and eager outstretched hands; and when he would have caught her to him, the more surely to question her eyes, she did not yield to his embrace, she withdrew herself rather, and remained standing before him in the greatest confusion, her looks downcast, her fingers tremulous.

"Nan," said he, utterly stupefied, "what is all this?"

And then she forced herself to answer. "Sidney," said she, in a low, constrained voice, "why did you—not take my message? For—for that will be the best thing now—the best thing for every one if you stay away—if you never come here again—"

For a second he was too astounded to speak.

"Then you do not love me!" he exclaimed, in accents of bitter reproach. "That is what you have got to say—that is the real message you could not very well leave for me at the door! I understand. It is clear enough. You have changed rather quickly, it is true—"

"Sidney, Sidney," she cried, "do not talk to me like that! If we have to say good-by, let it not be that way."

She managed to raise her eyes to his, and they were full of a piteous longing and appeal; the magnetism of his presence seemed to draw her towards him; the next moment, through some inexplicable impulse, these two had come together, his arms were tightly round her, and he was impetuously kissing her forehead, her eyelids, her lips.

"I love you, Nan. Do you love me?" he was murmuring to her. "For these are the only things that concern us. Everything else is trivial and of no account. My dearest and best, do you love me? Tell me!"

"You know, Sidney," she made answer, and now her face was hidden in his bosom, and her trembling fingers clung to him. "You know. Why need I tell you? And whatever happens you will never forget what I have confessed to you—promise me that! No, you cannot forget! But it has been all a mistake from the beginning; I can see it; my eyes have been opened. And if we have to part now—well—well—you must promise me, Sidney, that you will never doubt but that I loved you—loved you truly—"

She burst into a fit of crying; and of course he tried to comfort her; but all his soothing and endearing phrases were lost in blank bewilderment. At last he said to her, with gentle firmness:

"Nan, sit down, and tell me distinctly what all this means. What has happened? I know that whatever it is, it is immaterial; what concerns us is firmly enough established; and perhaps I may not ask you again, though it sounds so sweet to hear you say it. Now tell me what all this is about."

It was rather a disconnected story she had to tell, of Mrs. Hume's visit, her representations and her challenge, and of her own resolve to remain with her father. Nor was it altogether a tearful tale. If her lips were tremulous they were also proud as she gave him to understand that where her father would be scorned could be no place for her father's daughter. Meanwhile Sidney's face had become overclouded.

"I don't want to quarrel with the Mater," said he. "And you don't want me to quarrel with her, Nan, I am sure. But she is a woman who has been accustomed

to have her own way; and she is resolute—and perhaps not over-scrupulous when she is determined to gain her ends; and clearly enough she came out to frighten you with this bogie simply because she has made up her mind I must marry—somebody else. It is a mere bogie, all the same. Why should you, or I, or your father, pay the least heed to what my relatives may be pleased to think of him? We do not ask their opinion. We need not go near them—"

"Ah, but if you were to cut yourself off from your family on my account—" she was beginning to say, sadly enough, when he interrupted her.

"One moment, Nan. Do you imagine I have not taken all these things into consideration? And as for one's family, the duty one is supposed to owe one's family is a very common superstition, but it is a superstition none the less. You may owe duty and gratitude to your father and mother for looking after you when you were young; but in what way are you beholden to a whole lot of kinsfolk who never cared twopence about you? If you choose a friend, you are bound to stick to him—that is right enough; but you never had any choice of your relatives; they were established for you—and that for the most part before you were born. And so, my dearest, my darling Nan, when you and I marry, we will begin and choose our own circle of friends; and those who are well inclined towards us, we shall welcome; and those who are ill inclined, they can stay away. Simple, isn't it? Surely between us you and I can muster up sufficient courage and independence for that! We don't invite anybody's opinion of you, or of your father, or of our domestic arrangements. When we want advice, we may ask for it, but not till then. And so you see, Nan, you must not be scared by any bogie."

"When I listen to you, Sidney," she said, with grateful eyes, "everything seems so hopeful; you are so brave; you put aside things—"

"The things that do not concern us, yes," he said; and he reached over and took her hand, that lay in her lap, and held it firmly. "For I have told you what is material to us two; and your eyes—your beautiful eyes—have answered me that you understood, that I could trust you. And you won't be scared by any more bogies? And you won't send me another such message out to the front door?—"

Her face became slightly suffused.

"I don't precisely know when my father is coming down from town," she said, "but—but I will write—and tell you."

It was a delicate intimation to him that she would rather not have him call again until her father had returned to Crowhurst; and perhaps also it suggested that his present visit had lasted long enough. At all events he rose and took his leave—it was a protracted leave-taking, to be sure, for amid all these tender protestations and ineffable love-glances there were still lingering doubts and apprehensions that he had to strive to banish away from that wistful young face—and presently he had left the house and was making for the Oxford road and the Fair Mile. And if he startled the silence of the lanes and woods by repeating aloud certain of Nan's phrases—"down from town," and the like—trying to recall the strange fascination of the lengthened diphthong? But his voice was not so musical as Nan's.

Mr. Summers arrived unexpectedly in the afternoon, driving out from Henley in an open fly. At the sound of wheels, Nan flew to the door.

"Dodo," she cried, "why did you not let me know you were coming—and I should have driven in to the station to meet you?"

"How could I tell? How could I tell when I should get away?" he said, impatiently, as he turned to settle with the cabman.

"And the sling—you have got rid of it at last!" she said, with joyful and approving eyes. "I am so glad! You are like yourself again!"

"Did you think I was going to wear it forever?" he asked, in a peevish kind of way: he did not tell her that for some time back he had worn the unnecessary sling merely as an excuse for lingering about the house and garden, so that she and her lover might go away driving by themselves.

Well, Nan was not used to being spoken to in this dissatisfied, fretful fashion; but she concluded that her father had been tired or worried in town; so she took him by the arm and led him into the dining-room, and placed an easy-chair for him.

"You shall have a cup of tea in two minutes, Dodo," she said.

"I don't want any wish-wash: get me some brandy and soda," he answered her, shortly.

Nor even yet did she show any surprise.

"Oh, yes, yes," she said, and with a blithe air she went away to the sideboard and the cellaret.

Her father's eyes followed her in a curiously furtive way. He seemed to be afraid of her—or of something. And when she turned, he quickly averted his look.

"Yes, you seem a little tired, Dodo," she said, as she brought the things to the table. "But I hope you had a pleasant time in London? Of course you saw Mr. Erridge? And what about his new rooms?"

"Oh, yes, we had a sufficiently pleasant time: something doing there," he said, in a morose kind of way. "Dick's rooms are in the middle of everything—theatres, music halls; there's some sort of life there—something going on. The fact is, Nan," he proceeded—but singularly enough his eyes were now fixed on the carpet—he never once raised them—and the tumbler she had placed beside him remained untouched. "I must get up a little oftener to London. There's no use fossilizing one's self for ever and ever in the country. The country is all very well for some people; but there's others who like a little bit of town thrown in—for the sake of change. And I've been wondering whether Dick couldn't get me a bedroom on that same floor, so that I could run up to it from time to time."

She looked somewhat concerned; but still she said,

"Yes, that would be more convenient for you than going to a hotel, wouldn't it, Dodo?"

"I've been thinking I would put a few things together," he continued—still avoiding her anxious gaze. "A few things in a portmanteau—and I could take the portmanteau up to-morrow, and leave it in Dick's chambers, until he and I could have a look round. A single room would do; but like his own, in the middle of things—where there's some life and stir and amusement going on. I think that will be the best way—and the sooner the better."

He rose, and went out, shutting the door behind him; and she did not attempt to follow. When he got into the garden, he walked along the pathway as if haunted by something; and when he reached the summer-house, and sat down there, he looked back in a watchful and furtive fashion—and with anguish in his eyes.

"My God, I cannot do it!" he murmured to himself, in a kind of despair. "It is too much—too much to ask of mortal man."

He did not see her again before dinner; he was busy packing his portmanteau. At dinner she seemed chilled in manner, and vaguely apprehensive; and yet she strove to be a cheerful companion as well as she could.

"Where did you dine last night, Dodo?" she asked, pleasantly.

"At the Café de Provence," he answered her.

"I hope they gave you a very nice dinner," she said.

"Oh, I should think so!" he said, with a fine affectation of jollity. "Something like! All kinds of unexpected things—things that tempt you to eat. Oh, yes, very capital it was: bright lights—fine company—plenty of life and go—an excellent dinner: you may trust Dick to find his way about!"

She was silent for a space: then she said, rather piteously—and her fingers, that appeared to have no use for knife or fork, were shaking a little:

"Dodo—I wish—you would sometimes tell me—what things you would like best for dinner. I know I don't do very well—and—and I would like to do better—if you would only tell me—I will try to do better—and not send you away to London—"

In spite of herself tears sprang to her lashes; she quickly left her seat, and crossed the room—her head downcast, her cheeks streaming; and then the door was shut behind her. Nor did he go after her, and pet and pacify her, and bring her back with soothing words and caresses. He remained with his hands clinched on the arms of his chair. There was a kind of hollow and haggard look in his eyes.

Next morning Dick, who had received a telegram, was in his rooms awaiting his friend.

"Dick, my lad," Summers said, as he took the nearest seat handy, and sunk rather wearily into it, "this is about killing me. I don't think I can go on with it. It just rives my heart-strings And to see Nan crying—to see Nan crying—why, her latest fancy is that I want to

come to London because the dinners at Crowhurst are not good enough! Dinners! There's many a dinner I've gone without only to get a far-off glimpse of Nan when she was at the vicarage—"

"Look here, old man," said Erridge, "I'm going to ask you a question—straight from the shoulder. Is all this that you are doing necessary—or absolute foolishness? Mind you, I'm not drawing back; I'm not funking; if you are off for Australia, I'm with you. But why? Why? If that fellow has an ounce of pluck in him, he'll marry Miss Anne, and tell his fine relatives and friends to go first-class express to the devil. That's what a man would do; perhaps it isn't what a fellow brought up amongst parsons and colleges would do. Why shouldn't he and Nan—Miss Anne, I mean—and you make up a small household together—"

"Dick, man, why do you talk like that?" Mr. Summers interposed, angrily. "Can't I get you to understand? Can't I drive it into your head? A fine thing for a young fellow like that to separate himself from his family, and all because of a love-affair—very fine for a time; but if anything unfortunate happened—look at Nan's responsibility—he would know, and she would know, that she was responsible for cutting him adrift from his own people. Whereas, if she is taken into the family, and made safe and secure by all of them? And that's how it will be, Dick—that's how it will be," he continued, eagerly. "I've made the first plunge, in a kind of a way; and there isn't much more; soon I shall be out of the road altogether, and Nan will be safe and happy—for she can make friends, the clever creature that she is—yes, yes, she will win them all over to her—and they'll be as proud of her—oh, you will see! And you must let me know, Dick—I shall count upon hearing from you—and you will tell me little things about her—never mind how little, never mind how insignificant, you know: what kind of bonnet she was wearing when you saw her—the color of her gloves—anything—the smallest trifles—so that I can figure out Nan for myself—"

"Oh, very well," said Dick, unconcernedly, "if it is to be, it is. And I've been hurrying things along. Ran down to Tilbury to look over the ship: a ripper, I can tell you!—the saloon as swell as the Troc. or the Empire—golden gods and goddesses, as large as life, perched up in the air—" He paused for a second. "I say, I hope they're pretty securely fixed. If there was a bit of a sea on, and if one of those golden goddesses were to come flying out of the clouds and hit you on the head, she'd just about bounce you into kingdom come." Then he took up a piece of paper. "See here: I've been counting out what dress shirts and chokers I shall want—rather a tall order, ain't it! What a nuisance it is there's no washing done on board! And how I'm going to stow away all those shirts—"

"But you're not going to dress for dinner every evening?" his companion asked.

"What else?" responded Dick, with wide eyes. "What else? I don't want to be taken for a bagman out on a spree. There'll be dances and concerts: you can't ask a girl for a dance—you can't escort a lady up to the piano—if you've a cut-away coat on. Might as well wear a billy-cock. Why, man, I'm taking three dress suits with me: do you think I'd trust a Kangaroo tailor? Besides, there's sure to be some officers' wives on board; and they know a thing or two; they have got eyes; and at least I'm going to pay them the compliment of grooming myself well."

"Did you say I could join the Plymouth express at Reading?" Mr. Summers inquired, in almost a listless fashion.

"As far as I can make out from Bradshaw," his friend answered. "But I will get to know for certain."

"I'm not going down to Crowhurst again, Dick," the other said, "until the day before we leave. I can't bear it. You don't know what it is to me to see Nan with tears in her eyes—it's no use—I can't stand it—I'd own up the whole thing—and ruin all her chances of happiness through a moment's weakness. And it's terrible to find Nan looking frightened—frightened of me, Dick!—Nan, frightened of me! But it will soon be over now," he added, rising, as if to thrust off some weight that was choking him, "it will soon be all over—and the way left clear for everybody. Well, what are your plans meantime?"

"At present," said Dick, also rising, "I'm going to take you down with me to Cornhill, to see about the things you'll want for the voyage. I've been making in-

quiries—and I can tell you we shall want all the little tricks and dodges. If what I hear is true, the Red Sea just now will be a very good imitation of Tophet with the cold tap shut off."

So these two went out into the roaring world of London: here at least, for one of them, was a mechanical duty, that could be easily faced—nay, that could be faced with some sense of relief.

Late one night Mr. Summers was alone in the dining-room at Crowhurst, and he was writing a letter. Or rather he was about to write it; for although there were the materials on the table, and although he had sat himself down once or twice, he could not bring himself to begin. He would get up again, with a heavy sigh; and would pace to and fro, his open palms pressed on his chest, as if there were some deep-seated pain there. But at length he resolutely attacked that sheet of paper.

"Dear Nan," he wrote, in his stiff and labored hand—carefully dotting every *i* and crossing every *t* as he went along, though his fingers shook not a little. "The truth must out at last. I'm sick-tired of Crowhurst. There's no use pretending any longer. I've had enough—"

The pen dropped from his hand; he rose, and began pacing up and down the room again.

"God help me," he groaned to himself, "will Nan believe that! But she must believe it—she must believe it!"

He went back, and took up his pen.

"There is no blame to any one. But I told you all along that Crowhurst was only an experiment; and now that it has been tried, it is a complete failure—as far as I am concerned. It isn't the kind of life that suits me, however much I may have been making believe. And so I'm off. And I'm off for good, too, never to return to England. It's the only way. You've been brought up different, you see, Nan; and I wanted you to make your own set of friends; and that's all right; I'm leaving you quite free—and I am sure you will be happy. Only you must not bother about me. I'm off to the other side of the world, where there's something going on that I'm better familiar with than the life we've been living here; and I'm not coming back—nothing would tempt me to come back. So it's no good your writing, or advertising, or anything of that kind. You go your own road; you'll find plenty of friends of your own way of upbringing; and I'm going mine—there will be some of my old pals out there, I dare say. And I don't wish to be inquired about; I forbid it; and as your father I have the right to forbid it. You'd better go at once to Mr. Morris; you will find that I have left him full instructions; he will look after you, until you get married, and then you can tell him whether you want to remain at Crowhurst, or to sell the place. I've had to take a lump sum with me—not very much, but I think it will last my time—and I wouldn't have done that only I want no means of communication left open. I'm off for good and all; and your best plan is to forget that I ever existed—"

For a moment or two the labored writing ceased; and he sank back in his chair. Then he forced himself to continue:

"—and you will be happy with your young husband. And you must remember that his relatives will then be your relatives; and you must make yourself agreeable to them; and you must show a little gratitude to those who are kind to you, and they are sure to be so. I think that is all. I should like to have said good-by; but it would have been painful; and you might have tried to interfere and put me off—whereas my plans are *fixed, and I rely upon you to respect them.* So I will say good-by on paper, Nan; and I wish you, my dear lass, every joy and happiness through a long life—indeed, indeed I do.

YOUR LOVING FATHER."

He started: there was some slight creak. What if Nan herself were to appear—at the open door—challenging him, defying him to go until he had confessed the truth? But he listened intently, and there was nothing further: it had been merely one of those nameless sounds that haunt the stillness of a house at night. He folded the sheet of paper, and put it in an envelope, and addressed it; and then, with a long and lingering look round—for there were many memories attaching to this room, and he was leaving it forever—he took up the letter, and extinguished the lamp, and passed into the hall. Here a candle was burning; he carried that with him as he stealthily ascended the stairs.

And yet he need not have been so cautious in his movements, for Nan was ac-

customed to hear his footsteps about the house, and around the house too, at late hours, in his capacity of "bull-dog." Nevertheless, it was as a thief that he stole by her room and entered his own; and noiselessly and with extremest care did he pull out a drawer, to take therefrom an oblong wooden box, which apparently he was about to place in a hand-bag that stood on the dressing-table. But first he opened and glanced into the box, to see that his treasures were safe. They were simple things. Two packets of letters, each one of them carefully marked "From Nan," with the date attached; some envelopes containing scraps of autumn foliage; photographs of Nan at different stages of her school-girl life; and similar keepsakes and souvenirs. Trifling things: but it was a lover's casket that he put into that small hand-bag.

And then he was ready to come away; and as stealthily he left the room, and stepped along the narrow landing. But he could not pass Nan's door. He could not pass Nan's door without pausing to bid her some kind of mute, despairing farewell. And he held his breath tightly, so that she should hear no sound of the sobbing that shook his powerful frame. His eyes were piteous; and the hot tears coursing down his cheeks told of his agony of suffering; but Nan was all unaware. For her, sweet sleep and happy dreams; for him, the lone night—and wide seas—and distant ways. "Nan," he could have cried to her, "is the letter too cruel? But it had to be, my lass, it had to be!"

He stole down stairs. He put the candle on the hall table, and went forward to open the front door. But when he returned, to blow out the light, he found accidentally lying there a lace scarf that Nan sometimes threw round her head and neck when he and she went for an evening stroll. And perhaps some recollection of these placid evening rambles overcame him; with both hands he caught up this bit of finery, and pressed it to his lips, and passionately kissed it again and again; and now Nan might well have heard the violence of his sobbing, but that she was far away in the vague realms of sleep. Then, with uncertain footsteps, he went out into the white moonlit world; he passed along the path; at the gate he stopped for one long last look—murmuring under his breath "Good-by, Nan—good-by, my brave lass—and God bless you!" When he turned away he knew that the first plunge and the last had been taken: it was all over now.

Some five hundred yards distant—down towards the Oxford road—and by the side of a dark beech wood, a wagonette was waiting, the lamps, which were almost unnecessary on such a night, bringing out the horses' necks and heads into bold relief.

"Here I am, Dick," Mr. Summers said, and he got up beside his friend.

They drove away in absolute silence. For though Dick Erridge was a fool, he was not fool enough to try to say anything to this man, who had as it were come through the valley of the shadow of death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH, WHO ART THOU?

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

THUS questioned they who watched the Ægean Sea
Stretch up white arms to drag the diver down,
And they who waked to find Thermopylæ
Scarlet and white with glory overblown.

Tears dropped, even then, in that far early world—
Dropped on the soft face of the fresh-turned earth;
And curses gathered by despair were hurled
By mortal sorrow in her primal birth.

But the young runner grasped his wreath and died;
Antinous loved and plunged him in the deep;
The goal attained—world's glory and world's pride—
Life held no more, they said, and sank to sleep.

Death, thou wert laurel and crown in that young dawn;
  Happy the heroes in thy dusky fields
With double flute and forms in ghostly lawn
  Dancing, or bearing calm their shadowy shields.

Ages rolled on, a mighty Teacher came;
  The words He spake were spirit and were life;
The hearts of men kindled and were aflame;
  Sudden He vanished, leaving them at strife.

Yet He had said: "The things that now I know
  The world knows not, hereafter this shall be;
Proof of my love and faith, behold I go
  Fearless away, whither men cannot see."

Then in the dark they questioned yet again
  After His light went out: "Behold the pit!
Thither the Master went through blood and pain
  Into the silence. Let us worship it!"

But always through the darkness came one ray;
  The Master's birth-star glimmered in the east,
And they who watched they also learned to pray
  For clearer vision and for light increased.

Again the ages pass, and still we find
  On woodland pathways lovers two by two,
Held by the ties which mortal creatures bind
  To last forever, ever seeming new.

Yet autumns must return, and leave beside
  The dying embers one who sits alone,
Crying: "O where? What planet calls thy tide
  While I remain to know the summer done?"

There, listening, faithful, lo! the answer comes.
  Hear, O ye laborers, while the harvests wait!
And listen in the heart of happy homes,
  And ye who stand denied, without love's gate.

"I am with you still," the voice cries; "time is short
  And life is endless, and the spirit mounts!
The little good I strove for and what wrought
  Was but a child's task that the man recounts.

"You question what is death? Behold the tide
  That bore me swiftly from you hither brought
All but the frail frame in the earth's green side,
  And quickens in the flow the living thought.

"Thought wakes in the new dawn, and soothes the heart
  With larger labor and diviner care.
Fear not! the waters bear us not apart;
  The boat is ever ready at the stair.

"I would tell thee more—" Then a deep stillness fell
  Abroad upon the earth; voice there was none.
Alas! the voice of love can no more tell!
  But Death will show that love and he are one.

A FRENCH TOWN IN SUMMER.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

THE day we made the railway journey from Rocamadour station to Toulouse the heat hung in a soft haze over all the country of the Garonne—over the broad corn fields, the stretches of parched, burnt meadow-land, the dust-covered foliage that reminded me familiarly of Pennsylvania in mid-August; over the fig-trees and cypresses, the toiling oxen, with fringed canvas masks protecting their broad faces from sun and flies, the little white red-roofed villages, each clustered about an old church that were as entirely foreign. In our carriage and at the stations the long limp dusters, wilted collars, and unbuttoned waistcoats of demoralized travellers might have suggested a Cape May or an Atlantic City excursion train, but for the far more characteristic blouses and white caps of the peasants, the slouchy red and blue uniforms of the little French soldiers, the black cassocks and broad-brimmed hats of the French curés, who forever travel as if they were drummers for the Church.

A fair was being held in a town on the line, and the crowd was great. No sooner was our third-class compartment emptied than it was as quickly filled to suffocation. And on all sides we heard either a *patois* which we could not understand, or the modern French of Languedoc, every final consonant, every unaccented *e*, sounded, *g*'s thrown in whenever possible, as if it had been, instead, the French of England.

It was still hot when we got to Toulouse in the late afternoon—hot in the station, where all the world seemed suddenly to have descended to change cars; hot in the baggage-room, which has the distinction of being the worst-managed in France; hot in the big flat town. Awnings were up over the shops, and shopkeepers were cooling off at the thresholds; at the cab stands carriages seemed left in charge of blue umbrellas, so completely had drivers disappeared beneath their broad shelter; from the *cafés*, which had moved out of doors, the smell of five-o'clock absinthe rose on the air;



"CARRIAGES SEEMED LEFT IN CHARGE OF BLUE UMBRELLAS."



OUR DINING-ROOM.

at the restaurants, established for summer quarters on the sidewalks, waiters were laying the cloth for dinner. The heat had not put the town, as is our American fashion, into mourning with closed blinds and deserted streets. On the contrary, it looked so gay with its endless array of little tables and tubs of oleanders that it seemed to have turned itself into one large summer garden, and to be making a festival of the dog-days.

Our stage, for it carried other passengers, rattled in and out of hotel courtyards, each a great shady garden. At the third, in a corner of the wide Place du Capitole, we stopped. Even in the confusion of getting out, seeing to our baggage, and engaging our room from the politest of landlords and his wife, who always appear at French provincial hotels, where the dreadful clerk is virtually unknown, we had a delightful impression of flowers in full bloom, of water falling in an unseen fountain, of statues half hidden in orange-trees and oleanders, of vines creeping up walls and around doorways, and, at the far end, of long windows, a small white-covered table in each, opening out upon all this freshness. The dinner, when, later on, we sat at one of the tables, went far to keep us in holiday humor. Many as were the French hotels to which we had been that summer, it was only a few nights before, in Limoges, that we had learned what a French *table d'hôte* might do in the way of quantity. I shall never forget the endless courses that followed one after another—soup, fish, beef, mutton, veal, duck, chicken, tomatoes, beans, each served separately; two puddings, fruit, nuts, cake. It was a meal Gargantua himself might have sat down to. But in Toulouse quality alone was considered. It was a comparatively simple little dinner of five courses, but each was worthy of the Lapérouse in Paris, and that is saying a great deal; the peaches and grapes were the finest I have seen in France, the cloth was spotless, the wine in the white decanter gave a touch of color to the table, while our waiter, with clean-shaven face and faultless memory, might have done honor to a Parisian restaurant. It is only when you are served by a perfect creature of this kind that you realize what an accomplishment good waiting is.

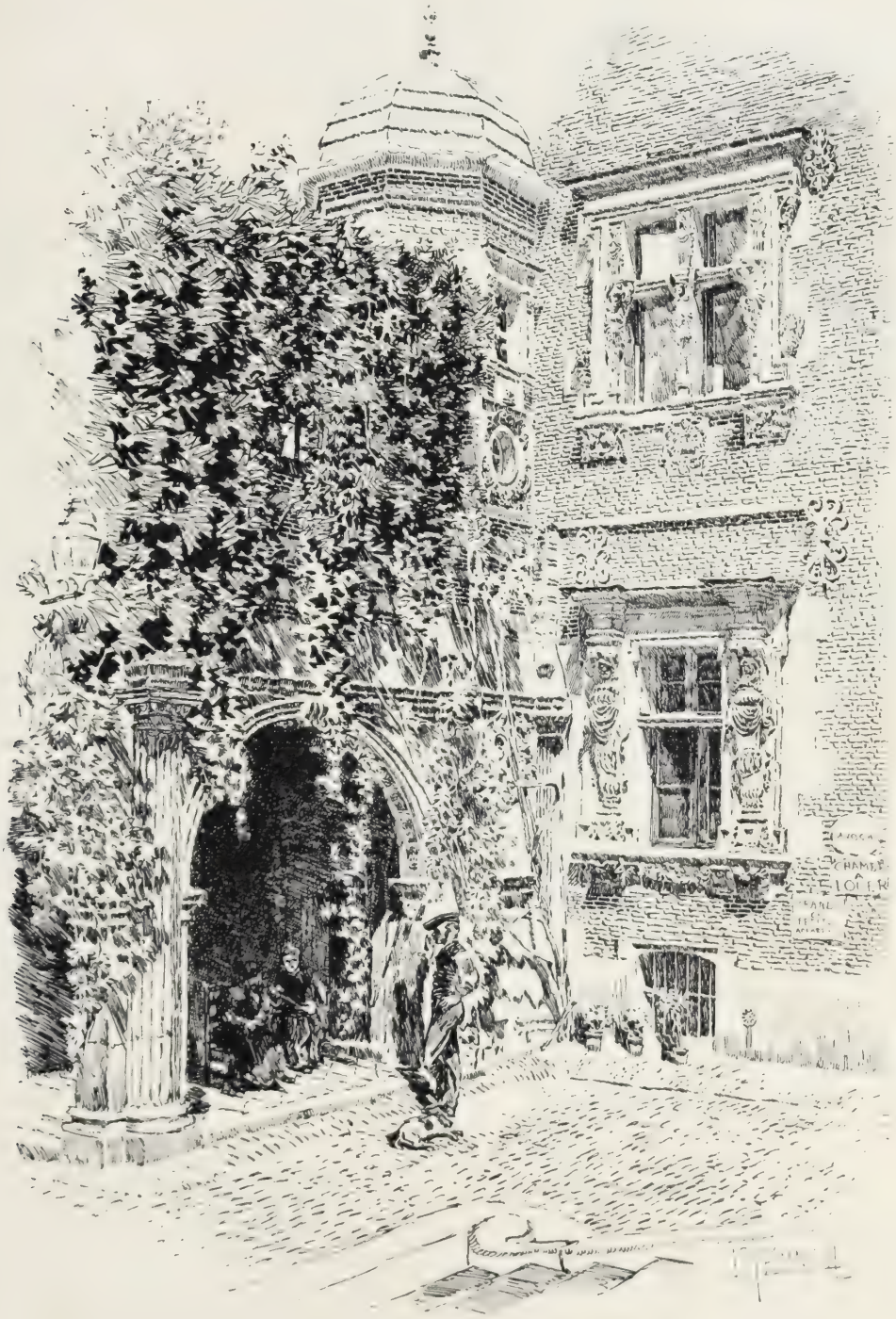
It was no wonder that so many great men from all quarters of France and Europe crowded the hotel. On the list of guests hanging in the hall we read the names of Alexander Dumas *fils*, Ferdinand de Lesseps, the Duc d'Aumale and the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Bruce, *membre de parlement anglais*, and such a large number of Russian and Austrian, Spanish and Italian, excellencies and princes and barons that we wished we had become for the time



"C'EST LA CHANS-S-O-ON DES PEU-PLE-ES."

the Duke and Duchess of something, just to keep ourselves in countenance. It is true that after a while we began to think all these great titles must be the accumulation of centuries, for they never changed day after day, and we even wondered if the great people themselves had ever staid in the house. Our modest name was completely transformed in the recording, while a friend who spent one night with us figured for weeks afterwards as M. Charles Édouard, as if he were the Stuart Pretender come to life again.

The Place du Capitole, when we strolled into it after dinner, was a blaze of light from the gilded *cafés* which lined it on three sides, and cast into shadow the long low façade of the Capitol, rising on the fourth. There is not a French provincial town, hardly a village, that has not its chief square encircled by *cafés*, in which we might have seen, as here, the elegant commercial travellers, sweltering



ROOMS TO LET.



THE MARKET-PLACE.

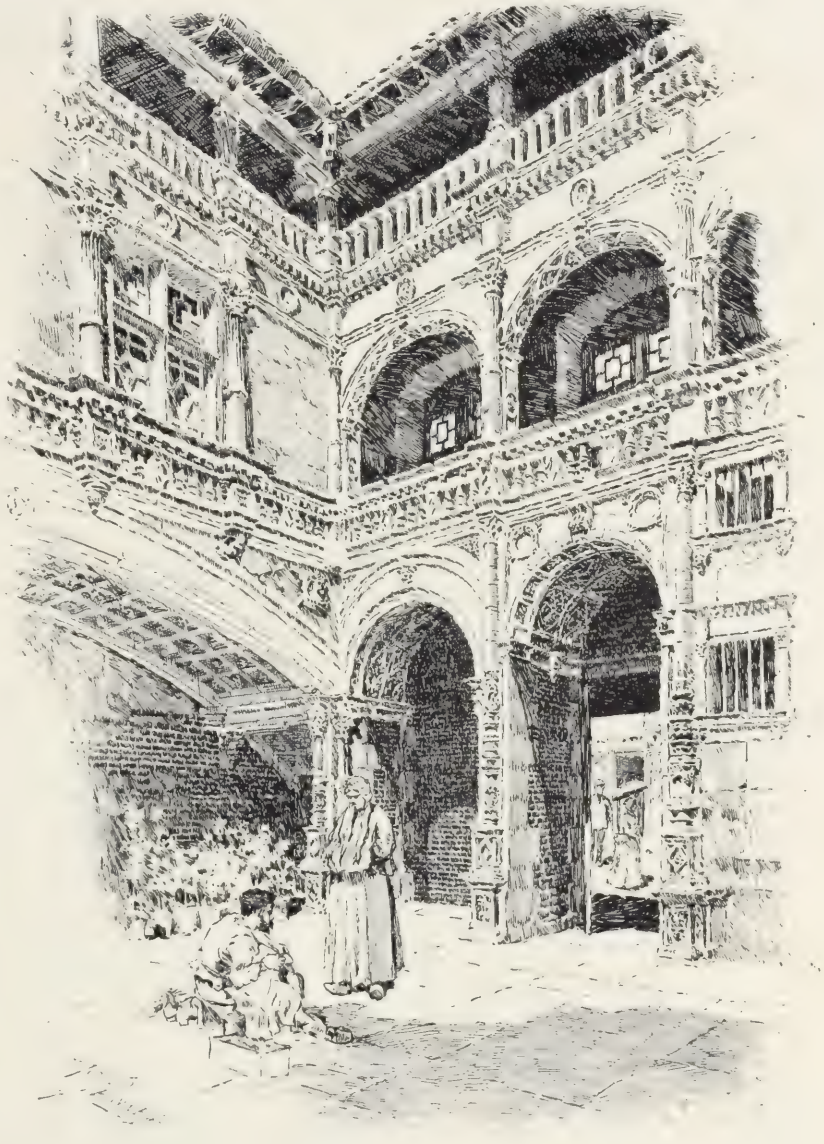
in top-hats and frock-coats and drinking tea by way of showing their superiority and Anglomania; the real provincials, fat and frankly warm, their alpaca coats thrown back, revealing a vast expanse of white shirt and the absence of any waistcoat, their straw hats on the table; officers, braided, booted, and spurred; and occasional workmen in blouses, celebrating some special event over a good glass of cognac. But in Toulouse, I can scarcely explain why, the *cafés* seemed more brilliant and glittering, the tables to overflow more irrepressibly into the street (indeed, in the Place it was only the street-car track that kept them at all within bounds), the shuffling of cards and the rattling of dominoes to be more ceaseless. No one staid inside except a few old men in their favorite corner, and Madame, in a very fine gown, doling out sugar and change at the counter. Even the waiters were on the street. As soon as we sat down at a table one was at our side with a stool for my feet—a little attention reserved for women—and to ask for orders. And then he brought our cups, with a cry of "*Versez!*" (pour out!), and a second, with the coffee-pot, came and filled them, and the first returned with the evening and illustrated papers; for the lights were bright on the pavement, and it was easy to read. We had ordered each only a glass of coffee—for in a good provincial *café* they give you your coffee in a goblet—but we were free, if we wanted, to spend the evening at our table. The proprietor of the *café* we had chosen was wandering about, talking to almost every one quite as if he were a host entertaining his invited guests. There was music, too, at this entertainment—music which could not drown the incessant cries of "*Versez! deux bocks! cinq sur dix!*" (Pour out! two beers! five out of ten!) One wandering musician after another came and sang and played.



THE STREET OF CAFÉS.

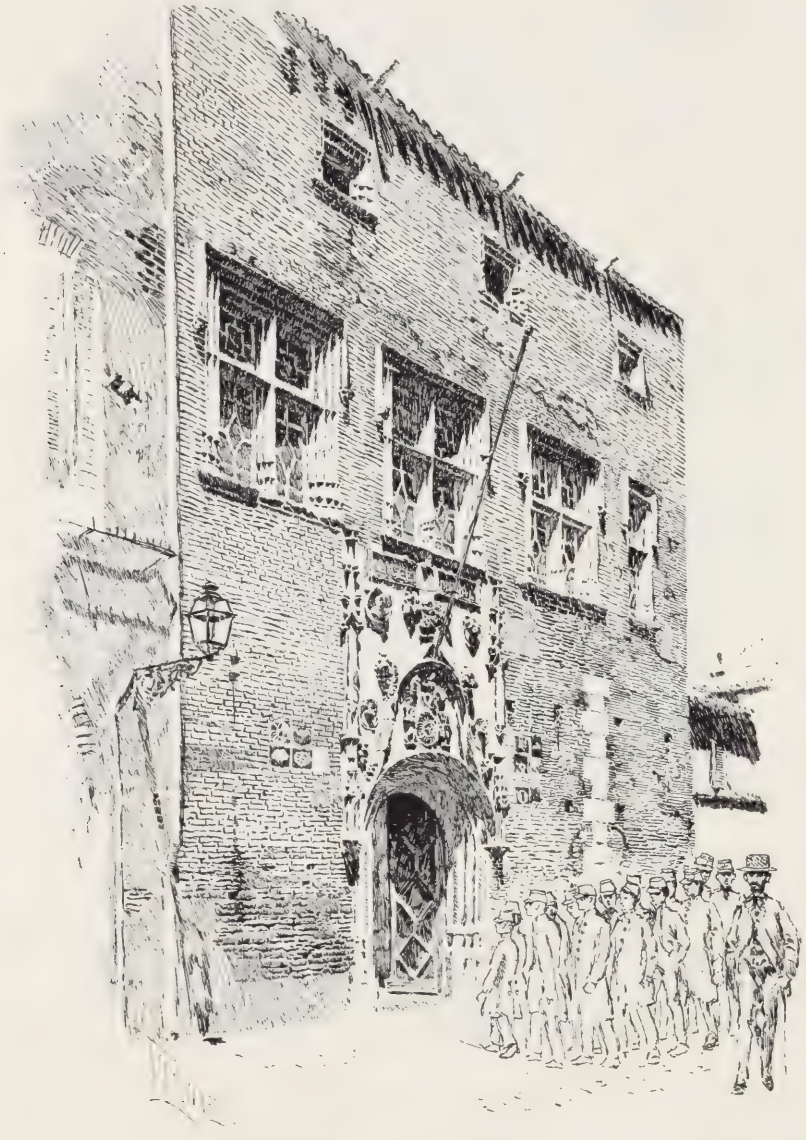
and some sang well, while workmen and peasants, and women with babies done up like mummies, and children and dogs gathered on the street-car track, until, after blowing a warning on his horn, the street-car driver slowly and good-naturedly urged his horses forward, and scattered them to left and right. And all along the boulevards (for Toulouse, like many another French town, is a little Paris in miniature, and so must have its boulevards), all along the wide quay above the Garonne, in every square, there was the same array of brilliantly illuminated *cafés*, the same crowded tables in the street, the same bustle of busy waiters, the same wandering musicians. What need have people here for the "home" of the North, when the house is so close, and the night in the open air under the stars so sweet?

When we looked from our window very early the next morning the brilliant summer sun was shining upon a sea of faded green umbrellas, with here and there one of vivid red or blue, which covered the centre of the Place, where the night before had been but a few old women selling candy and cake. Beyond, the white houses glistened in the intense light, while further away and above the roofs rose the great façade of the church of St. Sernin's bull, and the chimney-stack tower of the church of St. Sernin himself, all in sharp outline against a cloudless sky. Beneath the umbrellas, which out-rivalled in size and number those more famous of Verona, were piles of yellow peaches and purple egg-plants, scarlet tomatoes and golden melons, and all the bright-colored fruits and vegetables of the South. Around them, in all four sides, was a border of booths, where everything, from hats and cravats to glass and china, from needles and tape to medals and pictures, could be bought. One might have thought a big country fair had been transported by chance into the city. It was really only the daily market, but in Toulouse marketing suggested less a daily necessity than a pleasant pastime. Soldiers, priests, officers, ladies in the latest Parisian fashions, sauntered in and out among the umbrellas, giving the narrow alleyways quite the air of a fashionable morning promenade, all talking and laughing with the eagerness of people who dearly love to make a noise. On the marble benches in front of the Capitol, rose-colored in the sunlight, men and boys in blouses, with *bérets* (the Tam o' Shanter of the South) stuck picturesquely on the back of their heads, were playing cards. Others sat gossiping on the edge



THE CONCIERGE.

of the pavement, their feet in the gutter. Under the high arcades opposite and in all the near streets were many more saunterers, who apparently had nothing to do and plenty of leisure to do it in. Only the street cars, that came from we never knew where and went we never knew whither, seemed to have some definite purpose in life, though they were never in any particular hurry to accomplish it.



THE LYCÉE.

The umbrellas were just beginning to close, one by one, by the eleven-o'clock breakfast hour; they had all disappeared when we went to the *café* afterward. Two or three men and women—no question of the equality of the sexes here—were sweeping the Place and carting away the refuse of the market. Many people were drinking coffee under the awnings stretched out across the pavement, and the waiters were watering the streets with huge watering-pots. All the town was taking its mid-day rest, while the sun was high in the heavens, and it almost blinded one to look across the Place. There would have been little use to try and shop at that hour. Under the arcades shopkeepers locked their doors while they breakfasted, and customers might knock in vain. And where the key had not been turned, no one was behind the counter, and once or twice when I foolishly ventured in about noon, and monsieur and madame came from another room, wiping their mouths, I felt as if all I could do was to beg their pardon, buy the first thing they offered, and hurry away as fast as possible. By two o'clock the shopkeepers had returned to their shops, the strollers to the arcades; the streets were awake again. The market in the Place was over, all that was left of it being the donkey-carts peddling fruits and greens through the streets. But nothing else had changed since the morning. As gayly and noisily as ever the work or pleasure of Toulouse went on through the hot afternoon, until five o'clock brought the absinthe-drinkers back to the *cafés*.

To us one of the great charms of the town was the contrast between the Parisian pretensions of its streets and squares and the free and easy life of the South to which they were the background. It is because Toulouse is so large and city-like, as becomes the capital of Languedoc, that in it one is more struck than in many another town with the pleasant out-door existence which it shares with all France when the sun shines in the summer-time. However, it is only in the main streets and squares and boulevards that Toulouse has been completely Hauss-



"THE OLD LUMBERING YELLOW DILIGENCE."

mannized. There are still a few picturesque old quarters; still a few lovely old sixteenth-century palaces with wonderful court-yards and turrets and gateways and delicate Renaissance carving—much of it the work of Bachelier—about their doors and windows; still a few fine old Romanesque and Gothic churches. And their beauty is not destroyed though many have been left standing only because they have been converted to new uses by the modern Toulousain. In one of the loveliest palaces—the Hôtel d'Assézat—you can get cheap but very respectable lodgings in rooms where Francis I. may once have slept; another has become the Lycée; in a third alcohol is distilled. One of the busiest places we came across in our wanderings was an old church, now an iron-foundry, where the workshops lean up against the pointed arches of the roofless nave, and workmen came in and out through the great west door, where weeds and grass grow tall on the broken wall, and from the arcaded tower smoke pours forth black and thick. For plenty of hard work is really done in this Southern town, which, on the surface, is exclusively devoted to pleasure. Even in the newer streets you never know what picturesqueness the unpromising fronts may conceal. We used to dive into almost every court-yard. In one we would find the old lumbering yellow diligence, which still races with the horse-cars and runs cheap trips in opposition to the railway; in another, quaint wooden balconies around every story of the high building, a winding wooden stairway connecting them; in still another, the old walls of a convent, Gothic tracery about the windows, a turret in one corner. And the flowering oleanders, the orange and fig trees, the Virginia-creeper, which now overruns all the town, gave the beauty of blossoms and foliage to the newest court.

If all our days in Toulouse were alike in their gayety, to this gayety there was more than enough variety. Dinner alone offered endless resources. Sometimes we left the hotel and its cool court for a restaurant in street or square. The French way of dining out-of-doors is a charming fashion. I thought it would be embarrassing the first evening we tried it, when, at a restaurant in the Place du Capitole, we sat at a table drawn to the very edge of the pavement. Every one who passed looked to see what we were eating, but there was so much sympathy and so little curiosity in their staring that it helped rather than hindered our enjoyment. It was less pleasant, perhaps, when a beggar came by and forced his infirmity upon us, but the beggars of Toulouse looked so jolly and prosperous that we did not mind them half as much as a pathetic little man who, in a long linen duster and



THE FLOWER MARKET.

white top hat, used to come and sing as we lingered over our wine and fruit. He was partly paralyzed, a miserable little diseased specimen of humanity, and when he sang shockingly indecent ballads with a wink of one eye, a shrug of the one sound shoulder, and an *opéra-bouffe* wave of the one sound hand, it went to our very hearts. But I think it likely that we wasted our pity. Once or twice afterwards we saw him comfortably established in a remote *café*, drinking the absinthe or the cognac for which doubtless we had helped to pay.



DINING OUT OF DOORS

He was not the last of our visitors at dinner. There was the boy with *La Dépêche*, in which we daily watched the progress of the cholera toward the French frontier; and the girl with flowers, and the boy with matches, and the woman with shoe-laces, and the man with stationery—why, we could have done all our shopping as we sat there; and the artist who gave recitations and thought himself a second Coquelin; and the ballad merchant, whom at other hours we found singing his own songs at street corners, and pointing to their illustrations on a huge sheet where the murdered—for they were very murderous ballads—lay or hung as gory as the martyrs in an old Italian fresco.

One evening in the week the military band played in the city gardens; for if the French have to pay for their army, they get what pleasure out of it they can, and the band does not remain idle, or amuse the select few for nothing, the many for a good price, as in England. It gives free concerts in the town where it may be stationed. On this evening we deserted the square for the garden, where the ladies and gallants of Toulouse, with more character in their speech than in their faces, wandered round and round between the artificial lake and the bright flower-beds and grass-plots, decorated with the work of two of the greatest sculptors in France, Mercié and Falguière. Both are Toulousains, and Toulouse honors its distinguished citizens; when they are dead, it places their portraits in the Hall of the Illustrious at the Capitol; when they are alive, it becomes their patron, and buys whatever they may have to sell. There are casts of other statues by Mercié and Falguière in the Museum, and the latter's copy in colored terra-cotta of Fra Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin" has a conspicuous place over Bachelier's lovely portal to the Church of the Dalbade.



A MILITARY CONCERT IN THE GARDENS.

One evening in the month the same band marched with torches through the town, stopping in all the principal squares and streets to play. This they call a *Retraite*. The Place du Capitole was thronged that night. There was no chance for the wandering singers,

who at once sat down and drank their coffee like ordinary men. The crowd followed the music from the Place, through narrow and wide streets, waiting with it at every halt. An amusement of this kind is so easily provided, it does so much to reconcile people to work, that I cannot understand why every municipality has not imitated the French in this respect. "We are all socialistic nowadays," English politicians are saying with pride, but in France, where less is said, how much more is really done by state or city to make life endurable for the workers!

On Sundays there was a slight change in our programme. For then the market in our square had a rival. The wide bare Place of the Church of St. Sernin, usually a desert at other times, was the scene of the weekly rag fair. All around the great brick building, beautiful of old, but now a monument to the incapacity of the modern restorer, booths were set up, or else the merchant's stock in trade was laid out on the bare dusty ground. I have never seen such a motley collection. There were piles of rags that looked as if they might contain enough cholera germs to devastate all Europe, old dresses, old shoes, old hats, old sheets, old towels, old bits of old cloth and cotton; there were books—we never came across any of special value—and music and musical instruments; there were chairs and tables and beds and pieces of rusty iron and brass; there were new *bérets* and peasants' caps, and the slippers with gaudy flowers on the toes which are so much worn in the country about here; and there were even antiquities, amongst which occasionally was something worth picking up. One man was eager to force upon us a lantern which, he said, was Henri II.; and another had a lovely old copper water-cooler, with a portrait of some ancient Toulousain dignitary beaten upon it; and this we captured without any pressing, much to the satisfaction of an interested crowd who had come out to be amused. For it was a curious feature of the rag market, as of the other in the Place du Capitole, that those who attended it seemed to have gathered there less for business than pleasure. Now and then a bargain was made, when a peasant stepped in front of the new caps and tried on one after another, and examined the effect in a broken bit of looking-glass lent him by the old woman in charge. But, as a rule, the people simply looked at everything as they wandered about, before going into the church to hear a mass in the friendly, familiar way in which Southern Catholics take their religion. The briskest trade of the morning was really on the church porch, where women sold rolls and cake and beggars demanded an alms. And while the market flourished outside St. Sernin, inside mass after mass was said in the chapels, with the hideous frescoes on the walls, and there was a never-ceasing stream of people down the nave and aisles, by the piers, where all the stone jointing is care-



THE WEEKLY BRIC-À-BRAC MARKET.



AT THE MUSEUM.

fully and neatly painted. But fortunately not the worst detail can destroy the solemnity and impressiveness of this fine old Romanesque interior as a whole.

On Sunday afternoon the Museum was open, and admission free. Here Toulousain gayety is slightly more subdued. Visitors walk decorously through the galleries, where there are a few pictures of note—chiefly those bought by the state at the Salon of recent years; a few of historical interest, as, for example, one showing Napoleon assisting at a great *fête* on the Garonne—and where there is a marvellous collection of Romanesque sculptures, sad witnesses of the beauty gone forever from St. Sernin and many another ancient church of Languedoc. This museum of old was a Franciscan monastery. If in France the state has taken many buildings from the clergy, it has been most often to hand them over to the people. All through the provinces you find churches or convents turned into galleries, and the Frenchman now comes to look at pictures and statues where he once came to pray. The old architecture gives additional interest to provincial collections, which usually contain something worth seeing. I know of no museum, however, so lovely in itself as the one at Toulouse, with its beautiful cloisters.

Once we saw how Toulousains keep a genuine holiday. Indeed, if you stay a little while in any French town you are sure to be there for one of its many feasts, some provided by the Church, some by the municipality. In Toulouse it was a religious festival, Assumption day, which falls on the 15th of August. Active preparations began the morning before, when, in our square, the market overflowed from its usual limits, and under the arcades peasants sat selling huge nosegays of red gladioles and crimson and golden dahlias done up in white paper. All day, wherever we went, we met men and women and children laden with these flower offerings, on their way to favorite church or shrine. Over at the Cathedral, the most picturesque church in the world, because it is built apparently without any plan, tapestries which a museum would rank among its priceless



THE WASHING-PLACE.



GATHERING SAND IN THE RIVER.

treasures were being hung on the sombre walls of the massive square aisleless nave, and even on the west front, to either side of the great door, where, during the feast-days of many long generations, the hot Southern sun streaming on them has dimmed but not destroyed their lovely color. In the evening the caps of the women waiting at the confessionals here and there showed white in the deep shadows of the interior.

When we went back to the Cathedral the next morning the nave was filled with white-veiled charity children and white-capped nuns. One priest was saying mass in a chapel in a corner where you would least have expected to see it, another at the high altar in the choir; the floor in front of the Virgin's shrine was strewn with gladioles and dahlias; gorgeous beadles, in purple and gold and cocked hats, stalked proudly from chapel to chapel. And up and down the nave and the choir aisles, as at the daily market in the Place du Capitole or the rag fair under the shadow of St. Sernin, there was a continual coming and going, a clatter and chatter of people who were there seemingly for no other reason than to amuse themselves. Women wandered in with their market baskets, and sat down a minute while they cooled off; others counted their money; a few nodded peacefully in a shadowy nook. They all crossed themselves and went down on their knees for a minute, but that was a mere detail. Outside, at both doors and up a covered passage, beggars sat or stood in all cheerfulness, exhibiting their wounds and deformities and babies.

The men began the day, as usual, with "a little glass," but they lingered over it with unusual deliberation, so that by the time it was finished they were ready for the before-breakfast absinthe.

In the afternoon, in the pleasant pagan way of the Midi, profane games and sports were given in honor of the religious festival. They were held in the



A LITTLE CHAT IN THE CATHEDRAL.



"TAPESTRIES WERE HUNG ON EITHER SIDE OF THE GREAT DOOR."

low-lying field which borders the Garonne on the St. Cyprien side of the town, and which in flood time is always under water. Part of the high terraced road above was included in the enclosure, and it was there, a little to the left and beyond the bridge, that the ticket office and gate of admission had been placed. It was a broiling midsummer afternoon, and we started out at half past two, an hour which, according to American superstition, should be spent in the house in semi-darkness. As we crossed the bridge we could see, far off on the horizon, the cool line of the snow-capped Pyrenees. But in Toulouse there was no relief to the afternoon glare and brilliant sunshine. On the white road in front of the enclosure, on either side of which syrups and cakes were offered for refreshment, the sycamores were throwing intense blue shadows. The Garonne below glittered in the blinding light, and across the river the towers of the town rose, red and burning, against the bright blue sky. It made one hot only to look at the *gendarmes* and the soldiers on foot and the hussars on horseback, in their stifling uniform.

A charitable reason had been found for the feast. Admission was charged, that the proceeds might be devoted to the sufferers from a dreadful mining accident in another part of France, and there were to be absolutely no deadheads on the ground. Many people were content to sit just outside under the sycamores, drinking syrup and watching the arrivals, but we wanted to see the games.

Just in front of us at the ticket office were three gentlemen in full evening dress, enormous red, white, and blue badges on their arms, and silk hats. They were directors of the sports; and for every official occasion, morning or afternoon, where a man would put on a frock-coat at home, in France he wears his dress suit. I do not know how, in their stiff shirts and hot hats, they had the spirit to laugh as they bought their tickets. But that they, too—they who wore the badge of the direction—should have to pay, *vraimang!* that was *drôle* indeed! And the ticket-seller and all the near soldiers and *gendarmes* laughed with them in that democratic sociability which the French best understand.



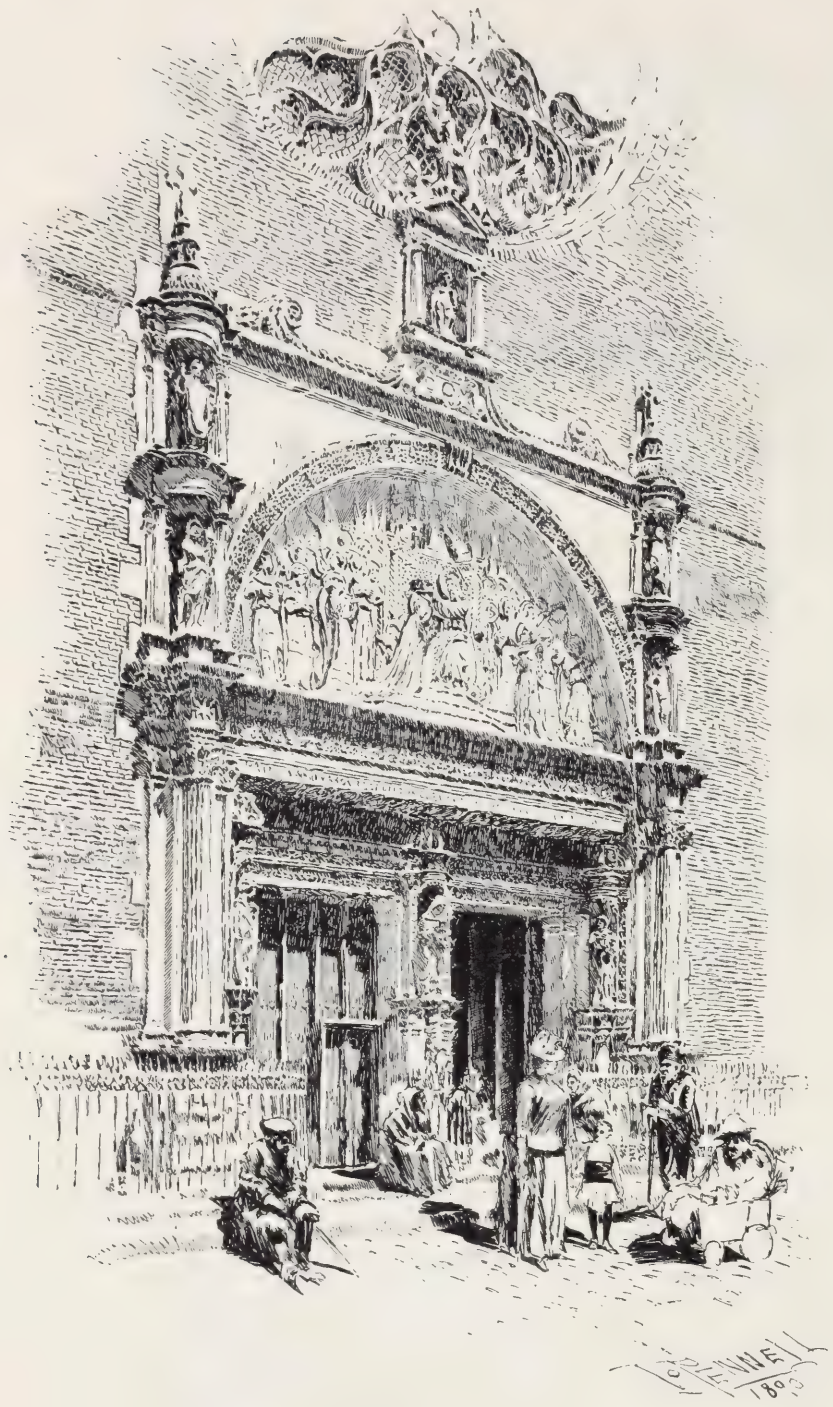
A REST ON THE WAY HOME FROM MARKET.



THE CATHEDRAL.

It was still early. We stationed ourselves on the parapet of the terraced road above the field, near the broad stone stairway leading down to it. And now the people began to arrive. There was but a small sprinkling of blouses or the handkerchief turbans of this part of the country. The crowd was what I suppose the Toulousains would have called "select." The women came in silks and laces; the men who were not among the directors, in frock-coats, which here seemed to take the place of cool flannels and gay blazers, which give more color to an out-door festival even under the grayer skies of England. In the field, tents had been pitched for *cafés*, a few men and women were busy stringing up lanterns for the night's illumination, two bands were in attendance, and a square had been railed off in the centre for the performance and for reserved seats.

In this square a group of ragged boys and the directors presently met, and the sport began. There were sack-races; and nothing could have been more deliciously



BEGGARS AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

funny than to see a gorgeous creature in full evening dress, his silk hat on the back of his head, rushing to pick up a boy arrayed in coarse brown bagging, if it had not been for the still funnier sights that followed. For after the sack-races the boys disappeared under an old cart at one end of the enclosure, and when they came out again they had nothing on but swimming-tights. And there, brown as Murillo's beggar-boys, they stood with the directors, all gesticulating, talking, tapping each other on the arm, supremely unconscious of the absurdity of the contrast. The scanty costume was for a tournament, in which each competitor, armed with a long pole, mounted on a hand-cart pulled by one man and pushed by another, tilted at a wooden vessel filled with water that was strung on a rope stretched between two poles. I don't know what the rules of this jousting were, but the result was a shower-bath, greater or less, for each contestant whose lance turned the vessel over and poured its contents on his head. But none of them seemed to mind it very much. Dripping, they started on a wild dance around the square in the hot sun, and as soon as they were dry they made their toilet again under the wagon. After this a pig with greased tail was let loose, and one of the dress suits started in wild pursuit across the field, when, squealing, it escaped too soon: that was indeed something to remember. And then there were climbing-matches up the poles, and a kind of blind-man's-buff, with a jar strung on the rope between them. All this time, at intervals, races were being rowed on the Garonne. And next there was a balloon ascension. And next, to the sound of bugles, men and boys of one of the gymnastic societies which exist all over France, in white flannels and red sashes about their waists, marched from the road down the broad stairs, four by four, into the square. And a very pretty spectacle it was when the corps went through a long and elaborate gymnastic drill.

But it was still gayer after dinner. Down by the river all the lanterns were lighted, making long lines and circles of red and golden fire in the darkness. On

the road, just within the enclosure, one band was playing, two others were in the field below, one at either end, while men and women on the green danced a dance that was half decorous waltz, half wild cancan. From the quay on the opposite side of the river the more economical crowd enjoyed the "grand illumination" without paying for it, and men with chairs did a good business when, at ten o'clock, the fireworks began. The dancers were still dancing, the rockets still whizzing, and our fellow-countryman — the Incomparable Wilson — announced to do some high and lofty tumbling on a trapeze, had not yet appeared, when we turned back to the hotel. We thought we had left all the world by the river-side, but in the Place the coffee-drinkers and wandering musicians were in full force; while in the hotel court-yard, Madame, the head chamber-maid (her hair frizzed well down into her eyes), one of the waiters, and a few of our many barons and excellencies were sitting amiably together in the starlight.

We had fallen so pleasantly into the way of doing in Toulouse what the Toulousains do—which is more or less what all France does—going to the morning market, spending our evenings in the *cafés* or the gardens, strolling through the Museum on Sundays, that, after staring for days at advertisements of a cheap Saturday to Monday trip to the Pyrenees, with which streets and squares were placarded, we felt this was an excursion which we must make. It was plainly as much a part of the town's summer life as the games on the river-bank or the concerts in the Place. And after we had taken the journey into the heart of the mountains, it seemed to us that not the least attraction of Toulouse was the ease with which its citizens can go to a real castle in Spain to stay over Sunday, just as the New-Yorker or the Philadelphian runs down to Coney Island or Atlantic City.

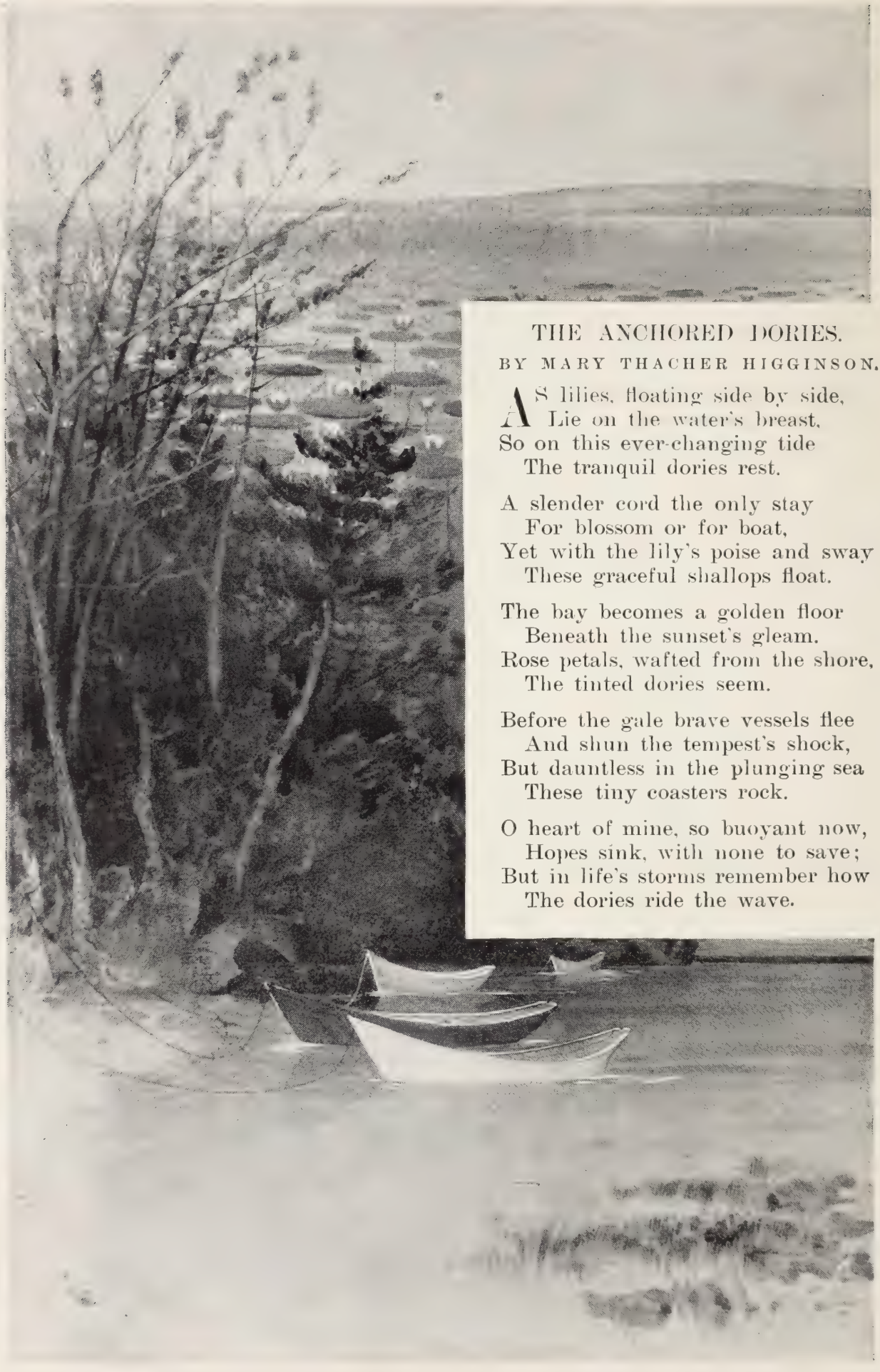
SECRETS.

BY NINA FRANCES LAYARD.

I AM the Sun.
Out of the ocean's silver bed
I lift the crest of a golden head,
And my yellow locks are spread and curled
Over the shoulders of the world:
  Yet there are who sigh and think
  That I only rise to sink!
Shall I tell you a secret? Setting here,
I rise to another hemisphere.

I am a wave.
Out of the ocean's level plain
I lift and swell to the shore again,
And my lucent waters lace and fly
Over the bounds of the beaches high:
  Yet there are who weep to know
  That the ebb attends the flow!
Shall I tell you a secret? With the tide,
I ebb to flow on the other side.

I am a man.
Out of the night of a hidden past
I awake to the light of the world at last,
And my eager spirit yearns to climb
Up to the height of a joy sublime:
  Yet there are who doubting cry
  That I only live to die!
Shall I tell you a secret? God is Love.
I shall die to live in the land above.



THE ANCHORED DORIES.

BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON.

AS lilies, floating side by side,
Lie on the water's breast,
So on this ever-changing tide
The tranquil dories rest.

A slender cord the only stay
For blossom or for boat,
Yet with the lily's poise and sway
These graceful shallops float.

The bay becomes a golden floor
Beneath the sunset's gleam.
Rose petals, wafted from the shore,
The tinted dories seem.

Before the gale brave vessels flee
And shun the tempest's shock,
But dauntless in the plunging sea
These tiny coasters rock.

O heart of mine, so buoyant now,
Hopes sink, with none to save;
But in life's storms remember how
The dories ride the wave.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

I.

THERE are some who find it difficult to think that Jesus ever had a real and true childhood. They cannot see how one who appeared before the world with such Divine authority and fulfilled his mission so sublimely could ever have been

"A simple child
That lightly draws its breath."

But the evangelist Luke, who must surely have thought as reverently and devoutly of Christ's supremacy as any man could think, does not seem to have felt this difficulty; for he says, "And the child grew, and waxed strong, becoming full of wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him."

This is a very brief record to cover such an important period of life as that which lies between infancy and the twelfth year; and yet, brief as it is, how clearly it illuminates the vital truth! Growth is the key-word of the passage. Growth is the wonder and the glory of all childhood. Growth was the beautiful secret of the childhood of Jesus.

It cannot be explained in him any more than in other children. It must have been more wonderful in him than in other children by so much as the final perfection of his wisdom and power rises above all human standards. But it was no less real. He thought as a child, while he learned his letters and began to read in the Holy Scriptures of his people, standing beside his mother's knee. He felt as a child, while he wandered and played with his cousin, the little St. John, in the blossomy fields of Galilee. He spake as a child, while he walked with Mary and Joseph, or sat in the carpenter shop, helping a little and hindering a little with the work, but bringing into the daily life of the laboring man that innocent and uplifting charm which comes from companionship with a gentle boy.

There does not appear to have been anything sudden or startling in the development of his personality. It went forward gradually and imperceptibly. The evangelist suggests this by the solitary incident which he relates of Christ's early years.

When his parents had taken him at the age of twelve, according to the Jewish custom, to his first Passover in Jerusalem, and had lost him in the crowd, and sought him in vain, and found him at last in one of the little groups which used to gather in the Temple courts around the teachers of the law, none were so much amazed at his presence there as Mary and Joseph. His answer to their gentle reproaches, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" suddenly disclosed to them the change which had taken place in their child so secretly that they knew it not. He did not arrive at it magically, by a leap from infancy to maturity. He grew up to it through long and beautiful years of slow increase, through the wonder and awe of new thoughts dawning with every morning, and new affections deepening with every evening, and a soul enlarging as the silent influence of grace filled it more and more.

II.

The legends gathered in the apocryphal books are tedious and tawdry inventions; they give us no real help in filling out the outline of Christ's childhood; but the interpretations of art are rich and full of meaning. No part of the gospel history has been more abundantly and beautifully illustrated in art than this single verse of St. Luke, which tells us in a word how quietly the life of Jesus unfolded in the home at Nazareth.

For this sacred instinct of art there is abundant historical justification. I do not suppose that the painters thought of seeking for it; but if they had, they would have found good ground for believing that the child Jesus, living in a devout Hebrew household in the little town of Nazareth, must have enjoyed the four great blessings of childhood:

A pure and peaceful home, ruled by love and piety.

A fresh and simple life, in close contact with nature.

A joyous fellowship with other children.

A patient and reverent education.

The Jewish people have always been distinguished for their loving care of child life, and for the strength of their

family feeling. We have an unconscious evidence of this in the eight distinct names used in the Hebrew language to mark the different periods of a child's growth. All the traditions of the race were in favor of the sanctities of the home, and their Holy Scriptures hedged it about and hallowed it by the authority of Jehovah himself. Whether the house of Joseph and Mary was but a humble cottage, or a dwelling of comparative comfort (and we can argue nothing on this point from the fact that Joseph was a carpenter, for every Jewish man, rich or poor, learned a trade), we may be sure that Jesus was nurtured in that atmosphere of mutual affection and intimate joy which is the true air of home.

Moreover, it was a happy circumstance that this home was in Galilee. For although that northern province was despised by the inhabitants of Jerusalem, as being rude in speech and rustic in manners, life there was far more free and natural than it was in Judea, where the yoke of ceremonialism pressed heavily upon the people, and their spirit seemed to reflect something of the sombreness of the landscape. Galilee was fair and smiling. The vine and the olive flourished there; the rabbis said "it was easier to rear a forest of olive-trees in Galilee than one child in Judea." There was something of the same difference, I suppose, in the country and the people between Galilee and Judea that there is in Italy between Tuscany and Umbria. And certainly childhood must have been happier and more untrammelled in the merrier land, where the face of nature, if less grand and awe-inspiring, wore a brighter and more benignant aspect, and where life was less closely bound by rules and restrictions. The little town of Nazareth lies in a high valley. "Fifteen gently rounded hills," says a modern traveller, "seem as if they met to form an enclosure for this peaceful basin. They rise round it like the edge of a shell to guard it from intrusion. It is a rich and beautiful field, abounding in gay flowers, in fig-trees, small gardens, hedges of the prickly-pear, and the dense rich grass affords an abundant pasture." The well of water which tradition points out as the scene of the angel's visit to the Virgin Mary still flows in the open green space at the end of the town, and the women, fairer than the other daughters of Palestine, come thither to draw, and the children in their bright robes play around it. There can be little doubt that the child Jesus found innocent joys beside that fountain and in those verdant pastures. The intimacy with the world out-of-doors shown in his later teaching, his love for birds and flowers, his close observation of natural objects, the fondness with which he turned for rest to the lonely hill-sides and the waters of the lake, all speak of one of those deep and sincere friendships with nature which can only be begun in their lasting perfection by a child.

The simplicity of the Galilean life must have been favorable also to those pleasures of human intercourse that are tasted most perfectly by children free from care. It is not likely that the parents of Jesus were rich enough to impose on him the burden of a luxurious and artificial life, which often makes childhood so unhappy. Once at least, after he was a man, he spoke in a way which showed his familiarity with the childish games of the market-place. The warmth and devotion of his friendships reveal a heart that did not grow reserved in early solitude. A natural companion of his boyish pleasures would be his cousin, the child of Zacharias and Elizabeth, who afterwards became John the Baptist. The painters have made no error when they have so often depicted the child Jesus and the young St. John playing together with lambs or birds beside flowing streams.

But we may be sure that the education of the child was not neglected, for on this point the Jewish law was strict. Religion was the chief factor in education, and doubtless it was begun by the mother, who would explain to her son the meaning of the many pious rites and customs which were observed in the household, like the lighting of the Sabbath lamp, and the touching, by every one who passed in or out of the house, of the parchment on the door-post with the Divine Name written on it. The fascinating stories of the Old Testament would be the charms by which she would hold him listening in her arms. She would teach him passages of Scripture to recite from memory. From the same sacred pages he would learn his letters. When he was five or six years old he would be sent to school, to sit on the floor with the other boys around the teacher and receive instruction, the Scriptures remaining his only text-book until he was ten



"LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE."
From Raphael's painting in the Louvre.

years old. Whether there was a school in Nazareth at the time of Christ we do not know, for the introduction of universal and compulsory education throughout the land did not occur until a later period. But, however that may have been, it is certain that the devotion of such parents as Mary and Joseph would not neglect the duties of instruction; and we may confidently say of Jesus, as St. Paul said of his disciple Timothy, that "from a child he knew the Holy Scriptures."

Let us see, then, how these four golden threads of home life, and intercourse with nature, and happy companionship, and holy instruction, have been woven by the artists into their thought of the childhood of Christ.

The works of art which depict the subject are almost innumerable. We cannot include here those pictures of the Madonna and Child in which Jesus is still a little babe clinging to his mother or nursing at her breast; nor the altar-pieces in which

they are enthroned between attendant saints, although one of these, "La Sistina," contains the most glorious image of the Christ-Child that the world has ever seen. But all those representations of the Madonna and Child in which Jesus is older, and especially those in which there is some significant action between him and his mother, belong to this class. Here I should place, for example, the much-admired "round Madonna" of Botticelli, in the Uffizi at Florence, where Mary is writing the words of her hymn in a book which angels hold before her, while the Child looks up in her face and lays his hand upon hers, as if to draw it to himself. In the same class belong the Madonnas of Dürer and many other painters, in which the mother is giving the Child a pear or an apple to play with, and the Madonna Colonna, in the Berlin Museum, where Mary is reading and the Child distracts her attention by pulling at the bosom of her dress.

The introduction of the young St. John into the picture brings in a new element of life. Sometimes the two children are playing together, alone or surrounded by angels. This is the theme which has been so prettily treated by some of the painters of the seventeenth century—Murillo, Vandyck, Rubens, Guido Reni. But the most famous pictures of the two children represent them with the Virgin Mary. In this class we find five of Raphael's most exquisite Madonnas: the Madonna of the Green Fields, in the Belvedere at Vienna; the Madonna of the Goldfinch in the Uffizi, and the Madonna of the Chair in the Pitti, at Florence; the Madonna of the Diadem, and the Madonna called "La Belle Jardinière," in the Louvre at Paris.

The last of these pictures, which illustrates Raphael's second or Florentine manner, is said to have received its name from the tradition that the painter employed a flower-girl as his model for the Virgin. But whether or not it has any real connection with the memory of "a gardener's daughter," it suggests the thought that the childhood of Jesus was like a quiet garden, in which the fairest flower that ever bloomed on earth was tended by a daughter of the Most High.

The Holy Family, in which Mary and Joseph with the Child form the invariable elements of the group, and other figures (St. John the Baptist; St. Anna, the mother of the Virgin; St. Elizabeth, her cousin; and sometimes Zebedee and Mary Salome, the parents of the Apostle John) are added, according to the choice of the painter or his patrons, is one of the most frequent subjects in Christian art. It has been painted in many different keys of feeling, from the dreamy mysticism of Perugino to the joyous naturalism of Andrea del Sarto and Guido Romano, in whose pictures of the bathing of Jesus one can almost hear the water splash and the children laugh.

In most of the pictures of the Holy Family we find a symbolical motive introduced. When Jesus and the young St. John are playing with a lamb, the allusion is to St. John's later testimony, "Behold the Lamb of God," and these words are often written upon a scroll around the cross-handled staff which he carries. When one of the children is bringing a bird to the other it typifies the human soul led by St. John to Christ. The bath in which St. John pours the water upon Jesus is a symbol of the Baptism. When the Holy Family are seated under a vine and grapes are offered to the Child it is a prophecy of the saying, "I am the vine." The pomegranate which the Child sometimes presents to his mother is the emblem of hope, and the other fruits with which he plays are typical of the fruits of the spirit, which are love, joy, peace. But frequently the symbolical purpose of the picture is quite lost and forgotten in the delight which the painter has found in representing an actual scene from the domestic life of Jesus.

A beautiful illustration of this is Pinturicchio's circular panel in the Academy of Fine Arts at Siena. The picture is about three feet in diameter, full of elaborate detail, careful drawing, and rich color; it is a gem of the Umbrian school of art just touched with a faint suggestion of that more realistic spirit which distinguished Pinturicchio from his partner Perugino. The Virgin, fair-haired and gracious, is seated at the left, with an open book upon her knee, and her right hand lifted, beckoning. Joseph, a man of thoughtful, rugged face, sits beside her, holding a roll of bread and one of those little flat wine-casks which one sees so often in Italy. These are intended to remind us that he was what the old-fashioned New England housewives



JESUS AND THE YOUNG ST. JOHN.

Detail from Pinturicchio's "Holy Family" in the Accademia at Siena.

call "a good provider," which is high praise for a husband. But the interest of the picture centres in the two charming children. St. John, in his tunic of camel's hair, carries a small water-pitcher in his hand. Jesus, a golden-haired boy of about four years, is dressed in a robe of pure white, embroidered on the bosom with a square of deep blue, like the high-priest's breastplate, and carries a crimson book clasped in his left hand. The right is thrust through the arm of St. John, with a joyous and natural gesture of companionship, and we can almost hear the Child say, "Come, let us run to the spring." The fountain sparkles from a rock near by, and of course it is the emblem of the water of life. And yet I think

the real charm of the picture lies in the merriment of the two children running so light-heartedly away from the Virgin's knee across the flower-besprinkled grass, as if their expedition were a fine adventure.

Another very significant conception of the Holy Family is that in which the education of the Child is the central thought. In these pictures the Virgin Mary is usually the teacher. Joseph watches them in an attitude of deep reverence, or else he is busy with his carpenter-work in the background.

But have we indeed remembered all the influences which entered into the childhood of Christ when we have spoken of parental love and natural pleasures and youthful playmates and earnest studies? I think not. For surely there is something higher and holier than all these which comes into the child life silently and invisibly, consecrating it, and making it breathe of heaven. It is of this that Wordsworth speaks when he says to a child,

"Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not."

Murillo's famous "Holy Family" in the National Gallery at London realizes this thought. The picture is in his latest manner, tender, vaporous, full of diffused radiance, like the dream of a picture, or the picture of a dream. It was painted when Murillo was an old man, and had gone down to Cadiz to die; but the glory of immortal youth rests upon it. The Child Jesus stands upon a slight eminence. Mary and Joseph kneel on each side of him, not worshipping, but with looks of reverential love. The Child looks upward with a happy face, and the light flows around him in a soft flood. He is praying without words. He is seeing the invisible.

III.

The Finding of Christ in the Temple is the culmination of his childhood. If our reading of the gospel story thus far has been true, we must interpret this incident in harmony with it. We feel therefore that art was astray in its earlier reading of "Christ among the Doctors." All the artists, from the time when they first began to treat the subject, which was certainly as early as the date of the mosaics in Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, placed Jesus in an elevated position, and represented him as instructing the rabbis.

The little picture by Duccio di Buoninsegna, a part of the famous altar-piece in the cathedral at Siena, illustrates the spirit in which this subject was treated by the old masters. Duccio was one of the great men of the thirteenth century who awakened art in Italy after its long Byzantine sleep. He is worthy of a place near Giotto in the history of painting, for though his works shared the limitations of his age, and his ignorance of anatomy and perspective hampered his powers of expression, his thought was deep and his feeling sincere, and he was the founder of the important Sienese school, whose joyous and secluded course culminated in the poetic fertility of Sodoma. This panel represents the Christ-Child as seated in solemn dignity on a raised platform under the frescoed arches of the Temple. Below him are six doctors of the law, two of whom are pulling at their gray beards in perplexity; Joseph and Mary have just entered at the left, and are stretching out their hands in wonder, and calling to the Child. It is all very reverent and unaffected and true to the painter's idea, but this idea is hardly true to the gospel narrative. For St. Luke makes us feel that Jesus appeared in the Temple not as a teacher, but as a learner, one who was preparing for his life work by coming into close contact with the religious life of the people whom he was to deliver from the yoke of the law and lead into the true rest of souls.

But questions from a child are often messages from God. And questions from such a child as Jesus must have been like illuminations piercing through the dry and flimsy web of rabbinic subtleties. It was at this that the listeners were astonished, not with the hostile surprise which would be excited by the sight of a boy of twelve teaching his elders, but with a pleasant wonder at the simplicity, the directness, the searching intelligence of his inquiries, and the discretion of his replies.

This conception of "Christ among the Doctors" has been expressed in modern art by two most admirable pictures, significant in the deepest sense of the intense interest which the best minds of this century have taken in the real life of Christ. One of them is Mr. Holman Hunt's brilliant painting of "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." The other is the picture by Professor Heinrich Hofmann at Dresden.



THE HOLY FAMILY.
From Murillo's painting in the National Gallery, London.

IV.

There is surely a vital truth for our own lives to be gathered from this interpretation of the childhood of Jesus. It gives us a deeper sense of the sacredness and the power of the home.

The perfect manhood of him whom all Christendom adores as the Son of God was matured and moulded in the tender shelter of the home. It was there that he felt the influences of truth and grace. To that source we may trace some of the noblest qualities of his human character. And yet, if there is anything which Christendom appears to be in danger of losing, it is the possibility of such a home as that in which Jesus grew to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.



CHRIST AMONG THE DOCTORS.
From a small panel by Duccio di Buoninsegna at Siena.

Is it not true?

"The world is too much with us, late and soon;
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

The false and cruel conditions of industrial competition, and the morbid overgrowth of great cities, where human lives are crowded together to the point of physical and moral suffocation, have raised an enormous barrier between great masses of mankind and the home which their natural instincts desire and seek. The favored classes, on the other hand, are too much alienated by false standards of happiness, by the mania of publicity, by the insane rivalries of wealth, to keep their reverence for the pure and lowly ideals of domestic life. A new aristocracy is formed which lives in mammoth hotels, and a new democracy which exists in gigantic tenements. Public amusements increase in splendor and frequency, but private joys grow rare and difficult, and even the capacity for them seems to be withering, at least in the two extremes of human society where the home wears a vanishing aspect.

And yet—so runs my simple and grateful creed—this appearance is only transient and superficial. Deep in the heart of humanity lies the domestic passion, which will survive the mistakes of a civilization not yet fully enlightened, and prove the truth of the saying, "Before the fall, Paradise was man's home; since the fall, home has been his Paradise."

A PIRATE IN PETTICOATS.

BY FRANCIS DANA.

MR. HUNTINGTON CRESSWELL, B.A., equipped with his name and degree and a certain sum of money, a limited wardrobe, and a lofty and romantic turn of mind, set out alone in the spring of life rejoicing.

The mind despised the dollars and cents till they were nearly all gone. Then it remembered them with late affection, and urged upon Cresswell the need of acquiring more.

The manufacture of imaginative literature had always seemed to him a respectable trade, being, as he presumed, quite independent, highly lucrative, and able both to inspire and reward ambition.

After due reflection, he decided to become, without further delay, a novelist. He accordingly bought him pens, ink, and paper, and for two years or more novelized lustily.

"*I* never see such a funny feller as him at 60 Gibraltar Place," said the postman. "Most folks *likes* mail packages, but this man *he* looks fit to eat ye if ye take him one. I give him a passel this noon, an' he nigh throwed it at me!"

The fact was that Huntington Cresswell, finding that he could no longer afford the luxury of building his little craft and launching them on the great literary ocean only to be driven ashore again by adverse winds, and never to make port elsewhere, had made one great effort, the result of which was undeniably better than any of his former ventures, and had vowed that unless successful it should be his last. He had manned it with a crew of characters who, by his working so long among them and thinking constantly of them, had become the companions of his loneliness, and were like dear friends to him. He had positively fallen in love with one of the fair passengers—not the heroine, for she was far above his highest aspirations (or any other man's). He had freighted it with a cargo of the very best and sweetest fruits of his fancy, the richest treasures of his memory. So, when the gray-coated messenger who carries so much joy and woe lightly about town in his leather bag brought back this package—or, to be still nautical, packet—Cresswell's disappointment was bitter. He felt at last that his best was not good enough. He could not try again.

"Much beefe," says Burton, "engendereth melancholy." Perhaps it doth. Yet a *lack* of "beefe" has been known to produce a like effect.

So with Cresswell. It became clear to him that he must presently either find means of procuring that tristful substance or some other viand, or must incur the expense of a funeral for which he could not pay. His name, instead of appearing in splendor on well-bound volumes and the pages of complimentary reviews, must adorn the pay-roll of some institution where men who have never learned to labor may be taught, and may earn a living at the same time.

The army—the penitentiary. The first of these alternatives recommends itself highly to a man of Cresswell's temperament. There are the drums, trumpets, arms, and uniform; the chances of promotion and glory—of a military title. If nothing else had thriven with Cresswell during his career as a novelist, imagination had. The more he thought of becoming a colonel, the better the idea pleased him, till at last it took possession of his heart.

He tucked away his dear novel in the seclusion of a remote drawer in an old commode in the corner of his closet (he could not quite bear to destroy it), then assumed what he considered a martial front and bearing, marched, twirling such mustache as he possessed, down to the recruiting-office, and became for a time the property of Uncle Sam.

"Poor fellows!" said the Colonel's wife (*not* Mrs. Cresswell, however), "I wish I could do something for them!"

Poor fellows they were without doubt, the private soldiers on that desolate prairie post. There was nothing to take a man out of himself, nothing to care about. The same duties, stories, games, day after day, night after night.

No active service. No news.

Sometimes, indeed, the climate arose in its might and made things lively awhile—gave a cyclone in summer or a blizzard in winter—but never in a desirable way.

There *might* be Indians at any time, but there never were, and nobody was particularly eager that there should be.

It did not matter much. Small choice between being bored to death by years of inert barrack life and being bored to death by Sioux rifle-bullets. Either experience is said to produce a distinct preference for the other when it is too late to change.

"Poor fellows!" said the lady again. "I'll send 'em some of the old books."

So that evening a box of books came to the barracks. For many a month the soldiers had not had such a treat.

They read *ravenously*, and for the first evening since they had come to that post greasy cards and yellow dice had a rest.

One man was laboriously reading aloud to a knot of a dozen others, when suddenly he stumbled on a word new to his limited experience and fell mentally prone.

"Hi! Whar's the Unabridged?" he shouted. "Bring him over here. I need him."

A tall trooper, hearing himself called (for a correct knowledge of the English tongue had earned him the name of "the Unabridged Dictionary"), strode over to the group.

"What is it, Cowan?" he asked.

The troublesome medium of thought was pointed out.

"How d'ye call that word, an' wha'd's it mean?"

The knot of listeners looked up.

The Unabridged, instead of answering, was staring hard at the page, his face pale, lips open, and eyes wild with excitement and wonder.

"For the love of Heaven, Cowan," said he, "give me that book!"

He snatched the book from his comrade's hand, and walked out, swearing terribly, a thing he had never been heard to do before.

Not long after the post lost its Dictionary, for Private Cresswell procured his discharge as soon as he could, and was off for the East.

No one knew why he left the service or what ailed him.

Nor did the matter seem fully explained when Private Cowan suggested that "hav'n' a word like that 'n' in the book sprung on him all to wunst had drove him silly," and surmised that he had gone to Harvard College to learn the correct pronunciation and significance.

With his pocket full of saved pay, and his heart of wrath, Cresswell, private no more, was speeding away eastward.

In the book Cowan had shown him he had suddenly recognized his own pet novel—the one on which he had staked and lost his last hope of success twelve years before. The title of that excellent work had been *Dukes and Duchesses;* it was now called *Ducks and Drakes!*

On the back and title-page of that excellent work, and in the extracts from complimentary reviews, shone the name of—*not* "Huntington Cresswell," but "*Ptolemy Baxter.*"

Whoever Ptolemy Baxter might be, Cresswell did not pour forth his soul in benedictions upon his name.

He hated him with a hatred for which a Corsican noble of the old school would have given half his patrimony.

All the bitterness of his early disappointment and failure, all the sharpness of the twelve years of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, weary marches and cruel warfare, seemed to come back to him and concentrate themselves in that one hate.

In the light of its fierce inner glow fancy fashioned an image of Ptolemy Baxter that was hideous almost beyond human capability.

Cresswell had but one wish in life now, namely, to catch Ptolemy Baxter.

Having brooded himself into a state of mind verging on madness, he alighted in the city that had been the scene of his former labors, and where also his book had been published. When he had changed his regimentals for the civic garb, he sought the publisher to learn Mr. Baxter's address.

"The author of *Ducks and Drakes?*"

"Yes. I wish to see him on most important business, and if you will be so kind—"

The publisher twinkled at Cresswell over and then through his spectacles, and chuckled as one who has a little joke all to himself.

"You have never met the gentleman?" he asked.

"Never, sir."

"Ptolemy Baxter's address is 60 Gibraltar Place, in this city."

"My own old lodging!" said Cresswell.

"Really? Indeed! A coincidence!" said the publisher. He was trying to think where he could have seen this man before.

When Cresswell rang at 60 Gibraltar Place the door was opened by a very pretty maid in a calico wrapper. Her hair was tied up in a handkerchief, and she bore a duster in her right hand.

Cresswell gave his name, and asked for Mr. Ptolemy Baxter.

She laughed, and looked at him a few seconds; then said, "Certainly; come in, please." She showed him into a little room, poorly furnished, but pretty and neat nevertheless. "Be seated, sir. Mr. Baxter will see you in a very few minutes," said she, and went out.

Cresswell, as he waited, felt himself trembling all over with excitement and the angry sense of injury. He hoped he should be able to keep from assaulting the man at sight, but did not see his way clear to such self-denial. In a minute a pleasant voice broke in upon his reverie.

"You are Mr. Cresswell, I believe, and wish to see Ptolemy Baxter?"

There stood in the doorway the girl who had let him in, minus the calico wrapper, the duster, and the handkerchief.

A light, alert little figure, with dark brown hair brushed back in a wave from a fair broad forehead; deep brown eyes, with a light of welcome; clean-cut brows, just arched with surprise and curiosity; a pretty, sensitive mouth, about whose corners amusement lingered in a dimple or two.

"I—er—if—if—" said Cresswell, much taken aback at a vision so out of keeping with his state of mind.

"*I* am that illustrious personage," said the girl, with a soft, merry little laugh. "Your wish, sir, is granted."

Cresswell could not transfer his hatred for that hideous malefactor Baxter to this extremely taking maiden.

A man who has lived for years without the society of women, and has learned to miss the sight of them, holds them in awe and reverence. To him a pretty and gentle girl comes like a gracious messenger from a better world than the one he knows.

What with admiration, respect, a sudden sense of his own roughness, and a total inability to collect his thoughts, it will be no exaggeration to say that Cresswell was "rattled." He heartily wished himself back among the hostile Sioux, where, though perhaps less welcome, he would have been more at home and known what to do next. He stood sheepish and shy, opened his mouth, shut it again, and his bronzed visage turned coppery with a real boy's blush.

The Pirate regarded him with some amusement. "You came on business, I think you said, Mr. Cresswell? Pray don't stand."

Poor unhappy Cresswell! He could not open the subject concerning which he had come. Neither could he think of any means of escape or any excuse for his call. He sat down and stared wildly, till the girl began to grow uneasy; and still he sat and stared.

The performance of impossibilities, when necessary, in the face of danger, is one of the things Uncle Sam expects of his little nephews in blue. It may have been Cresswell's army training that enabled him to grasp an idea that came gleaming through the chaos of his thoughts. He would compliment this young lady on her novel, and see how she took it.

"I had no idea," said he, "that the book I am so fond of was written by a lady. I enjoyed it so I yielded to the temptation of looking up the author. And now may I thank you in person for many an hour of pleasure your book has given me?"

"It was very kind of you to come," said the girl, looking down and twisting the fringe on the arm of the chair. "I am glad if the—publication—has given any one pleasure."

"She has a conscience!" he thought. "I'll take another shot," and continued, gushingly, "What a *noble* piece of work it is! and what delight you must have had in writing it!"

She bit her lip, and said, coldly, "I fear I deserve no credit for 'noble work.' What *I* have done has been simply and solely for money and from necessity."

"I fear I have taken too great a liberty in calling on you, Miss—er—Baxter," said he. "Forgive me if I have. I acted on impulse, and came wishing to express my real gratitude to a writer whose words and thoughts have cheered a lonely fellow in a bad place, brightened many

a day in his life, and done him more good than I can tell you." He said all this as if he felt it.

The girl's eyes grew moist, and there was a pathetic droop of the corners of the mouth. A good woman likes nothing better than to know she has done good to one who needs it, and she longed to deserve some of this gratitude. She was a girl of sweet and womanly nature, however guilty of piracy, and could not bear to receive praise that was not hers by right.

She was silent a moment, then said: "Mr. Cresswell, we are in a false position that it is my duty to myself to explain. You have been thanking the wrong person. *I* didn't write *Ducks and Drakes*. I'm sure I don't know who *did*. Somebody stupid enough to call it *Dukes and Duchesses*. I found the manuscript in an old drawer upstairs. It must have been there ever so long. The tenants who were here before us knew nothing about it. The writing looked like a young school-girl's. There was no name on it. It was evidently abandoned, and we—we needed money very much at the time; so I made a clean copy and took it to a publisher. I know now that I ought to have told him how I found it. If the real authoress ever turns up, she can have the glory and the rights. But I mean to keep the *nom de plume*—I need it, because I'm writing a book of my own. There! I could not bear your praises, Mr. Cresswell; I had to own up, and it's done me good. Yes, mother; coming right up!" she called out, cheerily, as a shrill voice was heard in peevish lamentation, and some one pounded on the floor above. "You'll excuse me, Mr. Cresswell. My mother's an invalid, and needs my constant care. *So* glad you came; hope you'll find out whom to thank for writing that book. Good-by!"

And the Pirate was gone.

Dazed and bewildered, Cresswell went his way. When at last he found utterance he relieved his feelings (to the great astonishment of the passers-by) with the highly alliterative exclamation, "Ducks, Drakes, Dukes, and Duchesses be——!" to which he added, inconsequently, "I wonder what her name is?"

The publisher sat in his easy-chair and received the Pirate.

"Did your caller reach you, the other day, Miss Glenn? Tuesday, I think," he asked.

"My—caller?"

"Yes; a tall brown man of ferocious aspect, who came to ask for Mr. Baxter's address, which I gave him."

"Oh! you mean that singular Mr. Cresswell?"

"Ah—um!" said the publisher, staring vacantly into the past—"Cresswell; yes, to be sure. I remember now. Do you know, I've been wondering who he was ever since he came here that day."

"Who is he? Much of anybody?"

"He's a fellow that was always bringing would-be novels here years ago. Such *trash* as they were, too! Then, to my great relief, he disappeared. By-the-way, he told me that he used to live at 60 Gibraltar Place himself. Novelists of different kinds seem to grow in profusion on those fertile premises. I suppose he wanted to claim fellowship with you, Miss Glenn, as a former resident and a brother in pen and ink; perhaps asked you to revise his manuscripts and tell him the secret of your success?"

At this point the publisher saw upon the Pirate's face an expression which caused him to say, hurriedly: "I beg pardon, Miss Glenn; I thought you did not know Mr. Cresswell. Perhaps he is a friend of yours?"

"Yes," said she, very earnestly. "He *is*—one of the best friends I have in the world!"

She saw the whole thing now. Cresswell had left that manuscript, had come to claim his rights, and hearing her story, had gone away without letting her know.

Being an impulsive maiden, she was on the point of telling the publisher then and there, and giving Cresswell due honor both for his authorship and his forbearance.

But being also discreet, she thought it over first, and decided to accept his kindness in the spirit in which it was meant, use her reputation for all it was worth, and *then*, if her own book proved a success, *advertise* both, and perhaps a third, by a disclosure of the facts.

Verily, Miss Nelly Glenn, it is well for a maiden to be able to combine her business faculty and her conscience!

It was a cause of some disturbance to Miss Glenn that she had no means of let-

ting Cresswell know how thoroughly grateful she was. She thought of him a great deal. His strong face and soldierly bearing seemed constantly to be sending up cards to her memory and finding it at home.

Several years passed by, and she neither saw him nor heard of him.

She wondered what he thought of her for stealing his work, and concluded with a sigh that he must despise her. Then remembering something about his manner, she thought that perhaps he did not. It might have been a relief to her feelings to have known that Cresswell never thought of *Ducks and Drakes* except to hope that "his novelist," as he called her, would make a success of its successor, and that he might have a chance to offer his congratulations or sympathy, and know her better.

He had been greatly attracted to her, and no wonder.

For, in the first place, people generally were. Then, she had the advantage of a clear field, for she was the first *lady* with whom he had spoken for many years, nor did his subsequent occupations give him time to fall a prey to any others. Besides, he felt that she belonged to him—at least in her Baxterian capacity. Her crime of piracy, which he had come two thousand miles to be revenged for, now seemed to him an excellent joke, and he chuckled to think how closely he had kept the secret from her.

Looking for employment, Cresswell had fallen in with a syndicate whose object was to irrigate and develop a certain tract of country with which, as it happened, an Indian campaign had made him thoroughly familiar. His knowledge and experience were invaluable to them, and with energy put him in the way of making a fortune. Having earned a vacation, he found himself taking a second journey eastward, and his object was the same as before, to catch that Pirate.

Miss Nelly Glenn had written a novel of her own, which made everybody say that Ptolemy Baxter had improved immensely. She made a good thing of it, and was able to take her mother (much against the will of that despotic invalid, who said she was too old to be dragged into the wilderness) to a comfortable little out-of-town house, with its own veranda and grassy yard, gnarled apple-trees, hollyhocks, lilacs, a clothes-line, and other pleasing ruralities.

One drowsy afternoon she fell asleep in her hammock under the trees. She was awakened by the noise of a saw, and went to the wood-pile to see who the sawyer could be.

"How do you do, Miss Glenn?"

"Why, Mr. Cresswell!"

"I came to call, and thought I'd make myself useful till you woke up," said he.

Then both were overcome with shyness, and stood admiring each other immensely, but saying nothing. Cresswell felt nervously in his waistcoat pockets, giving the impression that he had mislaid his tongue and hoped it might be there. At last he found it in his mouth.

"I—I—I—er—took the liberty of coming, Miss Glenn, to tell you—ah—a piece of news that I thought would interest you. I've found out all about the man who wrote *Ducks and Drakes*. I—I met him. He laughed, laughed immoderately, when I told him it had been published. It would have done you good to hear him laugh. He said he only hoped it wasn't by any chance published in his name, because he had particular reasons for not wishing to be known as its author. He said he was awfully glad somebody had done it—that it was a real favor to him—and that he hoped they hadn't incurred any expense by it. Shortly after I met him he died intestate, leaving no relatives whatever."

Cresswell, who had thoughtfully committed this stupendous article of mendacity to memory beforehand, now delivered it, for the ease of the Pirate's soul, with the air of a boy "speaking his piece."

"Did you find it *very* painful, Mr. Cresswell?" asked the lady, coolly.

"I—it—*what*, Miss Glenn?"

"Dying intestate," said she, eying him with severe gravity. "Do you suppose I don't know that you wrote that book?"

"Now what makes you think such a thing as that, Miss Glenn?"

"I *know* it. When you told me of the demise of the writer, I instantly recognized in your narrative that charming style of fiction that characterizes the novel in question."

"But, Miss Glenn—"

"Now, Mr. Cresswell, I am glad of the chance to tell you that the use of your

manuscript saved my mother and me from the greatest misery at the time, and the start it gave me has made me able to support her comfortably. I mean to acknowledge your authorship publicly soon, and to turn over to you as fast as I can the profits up to date—which have not been *very* large—of that book."

"Don't!" said Cresswell. "It would *ruin* me. Imagine being held up to the public, at my age, as a promising young author! I should lose my position. The syndicate would discharge me. I can't allow such a thing."

"You *must*," said she. "It will make a sensation in literary circles—a sensation which I need as an advertisement for my next book. Besides, it is my duty."

"Oh! How long will it be before your next book comes out?"

"Four or five months, perhaps."

He brightened perceptibly. "Well, Miss Glenn, please, if you do it, at least let me know beforehand, and remember I do *not* consent to it."

"I shall do it, Mr. Cresswell, and will let you know first."

For the ensuing month the substantial shade of the intestate author of *Ducks and Drakes* haunted the Pirate as few pirates have ever been haunted before. Miss Glenn liked him the better the more she saw of him. Even Mrs. Glenn (who on principle never was wont to approve of any one of either sex) so far forgot herself as to admit in an unguarded moment that he seemed a worthy young man in his way.

He went West again, and many letters came to Miss Glenn couched in the well-known style of Ptolemy Baxter's first novel.

One evening Cresswell appeared suddenly in the East and found Miss Glenn alone on her veranda. His manner, she thought, was very queer. He had a businesslike air she had never seen about him before.

Briskly he came up the steps, coolly said "Good-evening," dryly stated that for once the affairs of the syndicate had left him free for a few days to attend to a little matter of his own. "Now," said he, "I am willing to make you a proposition by which the difficulty concerning *Ducks and Drakes* may be settled satisfactorily—to *me* at least."

"How about *me?*" asked the girl, nettled at his tone.

"I am not so sure about the way in which *you* will regard my suggestion, Miss Glenn. I wish I were. Your third novel is nearly ready, is it not?"

"Yes—my *second*, that is."

"Is it a good one?"

"I really believe it's the best I can ever do."

"Publish it in my name; *that 'll* square us."

Her eyes opened wide. "You are not —in earnest, Mr. Cresswell?"

"Certainly I am."

Poor Nelly! Her new novel was the pride of her heart. What an absurd thing to ask! and what a *cruel* thing! But, after all, it was the very same sacrifice she had forced upon him. She knew that *Ducks and Drakes* had once been to this man just what this book was to her. She felt that she could not well refuse him anything, for he had practically given her all she had. And now he was taking advantage of her position to revenge himself. It seemed pitifully mean. She suddenly realized that what hurt her most of all was her disappointment in the man.

But she would not refuse. "Certainly," said she at last, "if you really wish it."

"Nelly," said he, suddenly ascending from business to rapture, "I'm the proudest man that ever breathed!"

He took her hand.

She drew back, utterly surprised and angry. "What do you—have you lost your wits, sir?"

"Why, I thought you said you'd publish your next book in my name?" said he, meekly.

"Well, what then?" (It is a fearful thing to see how much indignant majesty may be contained in a slender five feet one and a half.)

"Well, it wasn't so much *that* I was rejoicing at as the preliminary step which it calls for. Don't you see that in order to take my name—"

"Oh!" said Nelly. And having taken ample time to consider the matter, she decided to let him continue to rejoice.

"I've realized the dream of my youth, and got my name down as author of a novel," said he one day, showing a book to a friend.

"But," said the friend (a practical man), "it has 'Mrs.' before it."

"That's the very best of it," said Cresswell.

"MANIFEST DESTINY."

BY CARL SCHURZ.

WHENEVER there is a project on foot to annex foreign territory to this republic the cry of "manifest destiny" is raised to produce the impression that all opposition to such a project is a struggle against fate. Forty years ago this cry had a peculiar significance. The slave-holders saw in the rapid growth of the free States a menace to the existence of slavery. In order to strengthen themselves in Congress they needed more slave States, and looked therefore to the acquisition of foreign territory on which slavery existed—in the first place, the island of Cuba. Thus to the pro-slavery man "manifest destiny" meant an increase of the number of slave States by annexation. There was still another force behind the demand for territorial expansion. It consisted in the youthful optimism at that time still inspiring the minds of many Americans with the idea that this republic, being charged with the mission of bearing the banner of freedom over the whole civilized world, could transform any country, inhabited by any kind of population, into something like itself simply by extending over it the magic charm of its political institutions. Such sentiments had been strengthened by the revolutionary movements of 1848 in Europe, which invited a comparison between American and European conditions, and stimulated in the American a feeling of assured superiority, as well as of generous sympathy with other less-favored nations. There was, indeed, no lack of sober-minded men in the United States who, although by no means devoid of high ambition for their country nor of warm sympathy with others, did not lose sight of the limits of human possibility. But they could not prevent a large number of their more enthusiastic and less discriminating fellow-citizens from cherishing the dream of a pan-American republic to be realized in a lifetime. It was, however, the Southern "manifest-destiny" movement, with a strong organized interest behind it and well-defined purposes in view, that exercised the greater influence upon the politics of the country. But as these purposes became more apparent, and the slavery question was by the Kansas-Nebraska bill thrust upon the country as the dominant political issue of the period, the merely sentimental conception of "manifest destiny" gradually vanished, and many of those who had entertained it turned squarely against the acquisition of foreign soil for the benefit of slavery.

The civil war weakened the demand for territorial expansion in two ways. With the abolition of slavery the powerful interest which had stood behind the annexation policy disappeared forever. And as to the sentimental movement, the great crisis which brought the Union so near to destruction rudely staggered the jubilant Fourth-of-July optimism of former days and reminded the American people of the inherent inadequateness of mere political institutions to the solution of all problems of human society. The troubles and perplexities left behind by the civil war sobered the minds of the most sanguine. A healthy scepticism took the place of youthful over-confidence. It stimulated earnest inquiry into existing conditions, and brought forth a strong feeling among our people that we should rather make sure of what we had, and improve it, than throw our energies into fanciful foreign ventures.

Only very few of the public men of the time still delighted in "manifest-destiny" dreams. The most prominent among them was Seward, who in 1868 predicted that "in thirty years the city of Mexico would be the capital of the United States," and whose brain was constantly busy with schemes of annexation. But public opinion received his projects with marked coldness. The purchase of Alaska found very scant favor with the people, and it would have failed but for Sumner's efforts and the popular impression that Russia had in some way done us a service in critical times, and that it would be ungracious to repel an arrangement agreeable to this friendly power. Moreover, Alaska being a part of the American continent in a high northern latitude, its acquisition appeared less objectionable than that of non-continental territory, especially in the tropics. Seward's treaty with Denmark for the purchase of St. Thomas died of inanition in the Senate, where everything of the kind was received with instinctive apprehension. When President Grant sought to effect

the annexation of Santo Domingo, neither the gorgeous pictures drawn of the advantages to be gained, nor General Grant's personal prestige, nor the determined efforts of his powerful administration, could prevail against the adverse current of public opinion, or save the treaty from defeat in the Senate.

The recent attempt made by President Harrison to precipitate the Hawaiian Islands into our Union has again stirred up the public interest in the matter of territorial expansion, and called forth the cry of "manifest destiny" once more. This attempt would no doubt already have been buried under popular disapproval had not Republican politicians and newspaper writers seen fit, for the purpose of making party capital, to defend President Harrison's action, and to discredit the cautious course of President Cleveland with deceptive appeals to American pride. To draw a matter of importance so far-reaching into the ordinary game of party politics is an act of recklessness much to be deprecated. While in all probability it will have no serious practical effect at the present time, it may result in spreading among well-meaning people misleading impressions about matters of the highest consequence to the future of the republic.

The new "manifest-destiny" precept means, in point of principle, not merely the incorporation in the United States of territory contiguous to our borders, but rather the acquisition of such territory, far and near, as may be useful in enlarging our commercial advantages, and in securing to our navy facilities desirable for the operations of a great naval power. Aside from the partisan declaimers whose interest in the matter is only that of political effect, this policy finds favor with several not numerically strong but very demonstrative classes of people—Americans who have business ventures in foreign lands, or who wish to embark in such; citizens of an ardent national ambition who think that the conservative traditions of our foreign policy are out of date, and that it is time for the United States to take an active part and to assert their power in the international politics of the world, and to this end to avail themselves of every chance for territorial aggrandizement; and lastly, what may be called the navy interest—officers of the navy and others taking especial pride in the development of our naval force, many of whom advocate a large increase of our war-fleet to support a vigorous foreign policy, and a vigorous foreign policy to give congenial occupation and to secure further increase to our war-fleet. These forces we find bent upon exciting the ambition of the American people whenever a chance for the acquisition of foreign territory heaves in sight.

As to the first of these classes, it is certainly not to be denied that among the American adventurers in foreign parts there are many respectable characters, whose interests are entitled to consideration, and may be, under certain circumstances, entitled also to active protection by our government. But when they ask, under whatever pretext, that for the advancement or protection of their interests the countries in which they are engaged in private business should be incorporated in this republic, the apparent patriotism of their demand should be received with due distrust. If it were once understood that a combination of Americans engaged in business abroad could at any time start a serious annexation movement in the United States, there would be no end of wild attempts to drive the American people into the most reckless enterprises.

The patriotic ardor of those who would urge this republic into the course of indiscriminate territorial aggrandizement to make it the greatest of the great powers of the world deserves more serious consideration. To see his country powerful and respected among the nations of the earth, and to secure to it all those advantages to which its character and position entitle it, is the natural desire of every American. In this sentiment we are all agreed. There may, however, be grave differences of opinion as to how this end can be most surely, most completely, and most worthily attained. This is not a mere matter of patriotic sentiment, but a problem of statesmanship. No conscientious citizen will think a moment of incorporating a single square mile of foreign soil in this Union without most earnestly considering how it will be likely to affect our social and political condition at home as well as our relations with the world abroad.

According to the spirit of our constitutional system, foreign territory should be acquired only with a view to its admission, at no very distant day, into this Union as one or more States on an equal

footing with the other States. The population inhabiting such territory, and admitted into the Union with it, would have to be endowed with certain rights and powers, and the United States would have to undertake certain obligations with regard to them. The people of the new States would not only govern themselves as to their home concerns, but also take part in the government of the whole country through the Senators and Representatives sent by them to Congress, as well as through the votes cast in the elections of our Presidents and in adopting or rejecting constitutional amendments. More than this: as the party managers would study and humor their likes and dislikes in order to obtain their votes, the new-comers would soon exercise a considerable influence upon the conduct of our political parties. The United States, on the other hand, would be bound to guarantee to them a republican form of government, to protect them against invasion, and, upon proper application, against domestic violence. In other words, this republic would admit them as equal members to its national household, to its family circle, and take upon itself all the responsibilities for them which this admission involves. To do this safely it would have to act with keen discrimination.

If the people of Canada should some day express a desire to be incorporated in this Union, there would, as to the character of the country and of the people, be no reasonable doubt of the fitness, or even the desirability, of the association. Their country has those attributes of soil and climate which are most apt to stimulate and keep steadily at work all the energies of human nature. The people are substantially of the same stock as ours, and akin to us in their traditions, their notions of law and morals, their interests and habits of life. They are accustomed to the peaceable and orderly practices of self-government. They would mingle and become one with our people without difficulty. The new States brought by them into the Union would soon be hardly distinguishable from the old in any point of importance. Their accession would make our national household larger, but it would not seriously change its character. It might take place—and, in fact, it should take place only in that way—as a result of a feeling common to both sides that the two countries and peoples naturally belong together in their sympathies as well as their interests. Nor would the union of the two countries excite among us any ambition of further aggrandizement in the same direction, for the acquisition of the Canadian Dominion would give to the United States the whole of the northern part of the continent.

Very unlike would be the situation produced by the acquisition of territory to the south of us. In the first place, it would spring from motives of a different kind—not the feeling of naturally belonging together, but the desire on our part to gain certain commercial advantages; to get possession of the resources of other countries, and by exploiting them to increase our wealth; to occupy certain strategical positions which in case of war might be of importance, and so on. It is evident that if we once are fairly started in the annexation policy for such purposes, the appetite will grow with the eating. There will always be more commercial advantages to be gained, the riches of more countries to be made our own, more strategical positions to be occupied to protect those already in our hands. Not only a taste for more, but interest, the logic of the situation, would push us on and on.

The consequences which inevitably would follow the acquisition of Cuba, which is especially alluring to the annexationist, may serve as an example. Cuba, so they tell us, possesses rich natural resources worth having. It is in the hands of a European power that may, under certain circumstances, become hostile to us. It is only a few miles from the coast of Florida. It "threatens" that coast. It "commands" also the Gulf of Mexico, with the mouths of the Mississippi and the Caribbean Sea. Its population is discontented; it wishes to cut loose from Spain and join us. If we do not take Cuba "some other power will take it." That power may be hostile. Let us take it ourselves. What then? Santo Domingo is only a few miles distant from Cuba; also a country of rich resources; other powers several times tried to get it; if in the hands of a hostile power it would "threaten" Cuba, it also "commands" the Caribbean Sea; the Dominican Republic, occupying the larger part of the island, offered to join us once, and will wish to do so again; to acquire the Haitian Republic we shall

have to fight; it will cost men and money, but we can easily beat the negroes. We must have Santo Domingo. Puerto Rico will come as a matter of course with Cuba. The British possessions of Jamaica will still be there to "threaten" and "command" everything else. It will be difficult to get it and the other little islands from the clutch of the British lion. Thus all the more necessary will it be to have possession of the mainland bordering and "commanding" the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea on the western side. We must have all the "keys" to the seas and to the land, or at least as many as we can possibly get, one to protect another. In fact, when once well launched on this course, we shall hardly find a stopping-place north of the Gulf of Darien; and we shall have an abundance of reasons, one as good as another, for not stopping even there.

Let us admit, for argument's sake, that there is something dazzling in the conception of a great republic embracing the whole continent and the adjacent islands, and that the tropical part of it would open many tempting fields for American enterprise; let us suppose—a violent supposition, to be sure—that we could get all these countries without any trouble or cost. But will it not be well to look beyond? If we receive those countries as States of this Union, as we eventually shall have to do in case we annex them, we shall also have to admit the people inhabiting them as our fellow-citizens on a footing of equality. As our fellow-citizens they will not only govern themselves in their own States as best they can—the United States undertaking to guarantee them a republican form of government, and to protect them against invasion and domestic violence—but they will, through their Senators and Representatives in Congress, and through their votes in Presidential elections, and through their influence upon our political parties, help in governing the whole republic, in governing us. And what kind of people are those we take in as equal members of our national household, our family circle?

It is a matter of universal experience that democratic institutions have never on a large scale prospered in tropical latitudes. The so-called republics existing under the tropical sun constantly vibrate between anarchy and despotism. When we observe there a protracted period of order and quiet, we find almost always something like martial law at the bottom of it. President Porfirio Diaz has succeeded in establishing in the republic of Mexico a tolerably stable government; but he has bodies of soldiers constantly marching through the country and shooting down disturbers without ceremony. The rule he exercises there with so firm a hand may, all things considered, be a blessing to his country, but it hardly corresponds to our principles of constitutional government. We would regard it as little, if at all, short of a military dictatorship. Under a government less vigorous in the employment of drastic measures the Mexican Republic, even now frequently discomforted by little insurrectionary outbreaks, would certainly have relapsed into the old revolutionary disorder; and it is the chronic character of this revolutionary disorder, the tendency to effect changes by force instead of the peaceable and patient process of discussion, that is characteristic of the tropics. It cannot be said that the people of the American tropics have lacked opportunity for the progressive development of democratic institutions. Ever since they threw off the Spanish yoke they have been their own masters. They have long been as free and unhampered as the people of the United States to rule their home affairs and to shape their own destinies. Why have they not succeeded, as we have, in developing the rich resources of their own countries and in building up stable democratic governments? The cause is obvious to every unprejudiced observer.

Democratic government cannot long endure without the maintenance of peace and order through the ready acquiescence of the minority in the verdict of public opinion as expressed in the manner provided by law—the minority, if it continues to consider that verdict wrong, reserving to itself only the right of seeking to change it by another appeal to public opinion through the means of peaceable discussion. This presupposes a state of society in which peace and order are felt by the masses of the people to be needed for their every-day occupations, their regular activities—in other words, a state of society in which everybody, or nearly everybody, being steadily at work for his own sustenance or benefit, feels himself interested in the main-

tenance of peace and order to insure to himself and those dependent upon him the fruit of his labor. Such a state of society is not found where, on the one hand, nature is so bountiful as to render steady work unnecessary, and where, on the other hand, the climatic conditions are such as to render steady work especially burdensome and distasteful. This is the case in the tropics.

I do not mean to say that under the tropical sun there may not be found localities with climatic conditions comparatively pleasing. There are such in the mountain regions of India, on the plateaus of Mexico, and on many islands. But they are exceptions; and when the annexation of great countries is considered, the exceptions cannot be taken without the rule.

I do not say that in the tropics there are not some persons who perform comparatively hard and steady work. But it is a well-known fact that the great mass of the people in those regions, in a state of freedom, labor just enough to satisfy their immediate wants; and these are very limited in a climate of perpetual summer, where most of the time food is easily obtainable, and where extremely little is needed in point of clothing and shelter. As in addition to this the high temperature discourages every strenuous and steady exertion, it is but natural that wherever in such climate labor is left to itself it should run into shiftlessness, and that efforts to stimulate or organize labor for production on a large scale should have a tendency to develop into some sort of coercion.

Neither do I say that in tropical countries there are not persons who understand the true theory of democratic government, or who are in favor of it. But democratic government cannot long be sustained by mere sentiment or political philosophy. It must live in the ways of thinking and the habits of the people who have to carry it on. And experience shows that the tropics will indeed breed individual men who know how to govern others, but not great masses of men who know how to govern themselves.

We are frequently told that this is not a mere matter of climate, but of race, and that if those countries were under the control of Anglo-Saxons the result would be different. There are tropical countries under the control of Anglo-Saxons. But what do we see? History teaches us that the Anglo-Saxon takes and holds possession of foreign countries in two ways—as a conqueror, and as a colonizer. In his character as a conqueror he founds governments to rule the conquered. In his character as a colonizer he founds democracies to govern themselves. The governments to rule the conquered he founds in the tropics. The democracies to govern themselves he founds in the temperate zone. It matters little that a conquest in the tropics was begun by a mercantile settlement, as in India, or that settlement in the temperate zone was enlarged by conquest, as in Canada; the result was government over the conquered in the one case, and the establishment of a democracy in the other. Nor is there a single instance of the growth of a strong Anglo-Saxon democracy in tropical latitudes. The nearest approach to it, with a large distance between, is found in some clusters of commercial establishments in tropical towns, and some feeble communities of planters who have their work done by people of another race. The vast empire of India, in which there is hardly more than one European to 3500 natives, is governed by Great Britain through what might be called administrative and military garrisons, who, so far as they are composed of Englishmen, have to be renewed from time to time from the mother-country; for, as Professor Seeley says in his book on *The Expansion of England*, "Nature has made the colonization of India by Englishmen impossible by giving her a climate in which, as a rule, English children cannot grow up." The effect of the climate of the American tropics may not be equally destructive, especially on some of the smaller islands and in high altitudes, but in general it is such as will exert its characteristic influence. Nowhere in the tropics do we find Anglo-Saxon settlements spreading over large stretches of country and developing into towns, counties, and great self-governing commonwealths as they have done in North America and Australia. Indeed, in Australia the difference between the settlements in Queensland and those in the southern part of that continent furnishes a striking object-lesson.

The reason is that the tropical climate is not congenial to men of Germanic blood. They may seek the tropics as

adventurers, succeed in making their fortunes, and then depart again. But when they go there to establish permanent homes for themselves and their posterity, the succeeding generations, if not the first settlers, will always prove a deterioration of the race in physical as well as in mental and moral vigor. The American tropics form no exception to this rule. If the United States acquired them, they would, no doubt, be overrun by American adventurers trying to get rich quickly, and then to enjoy their wealth somewhere else. There would be branch establishments of American business houses in the towns, with a more or less frequently changing *personnel*. There would be short-lived attempts by speculators to draw American farmers into agricultural settlements, to end as all such enterprises have ended, but little beyond this. Only Europeans belonging to the so-called Latin races have ever in large masses become domesticated in tropical America. They adapt themselves more easily to the influences and requirements of a hot climate, and commingle readily with the natives. Thus was produced that Spanish-Indian mixture which, with a strong African ingredient in some regions, forms so large a part of the population of the American tropics. It is evidently far more apt to flourish there than people of the Germanic stock, and will under climatic influences so congenial to it remain the prevailing element and the assimilating force. American influence might succeed in modifying somewhat the character of a few commercial towns, but not of the country and its population at large.

Imagine now fifteen or twenty, or even more, States inhabited by a people so utterly different from ours in origin, in customs and habits, in traditions, language, morals, impulses, ways of thinking—in almost everything that constitutes social and political life—and these people remaining under the climatic influences which in a great measure have made them what they are, and render an essential change of their character impossible—imagine a large number of such States to form part of this Union, and through dozens of Senators and scores of Representatives in Congress, and millions of votes in our Presidential elections, to participate in making our laws, in filling the executive places of our government, and in impressing themselves upon the spirit of our political life. The mere statement of the case is sufficient to show that the incorporation of the American tropics in our national system would essentially transform the constituency of our government, and be fraught with incalculable dangers to the vitality of our democratic institutions. Many of our fellow-citizens are greatly disturbed by the immigration into this country of a few hundred thousand Italians, Slavs, and Hungarians. But if these few hundred thousand cause apprehension as to the future of the republic, although under the inspiriting influence of active American life in our bracing climate the descendants of the most ignorant of them in the second or third generation are likely to be Americanized to the point of being hardly distinguishable from other Americans in the same social sphere, what should we fear from the admission to full political fellowship of many millions of the inhabitants of the tropics whom under the influence of their climatic condition the process of true Americanization can never reach? It was a happy intuition which suggested to Mr. Seward that the policy of annexation would transfer the capital of the United States to the city of Mexico, for after the annexation of the American tropics there would certainly be an abundance of Mexican politics in that capital.

The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands would be liable to objections of a similar nature. Their population, according to the census of 1890, consists of 34,436 natives, 6186 half-castes, 7495 born in Hawaii of foreign parents, 15,301 Chinese, 12,360 Japanese, 8602 Portuguese, 1928 Americans, 1344 British, 1034 Germans, 227 Norwegians, 70 French, 588 Polynesians, and 419 other foreigners. If there ever was a population unfit to constitute a State of the American Union, it is this. But it is the characteristic population of the islands in that region—a number of semicivilized natives crowded upon by a lot of adventurers flocked together from all parts of the globe to seek their fortunes, some to stay, many to leave again after having accomplished their purpose, among them Chinese and Japanese making up nearly one-fourth of the aggregate. The climate and the products of the soil are those of the tropics, the system of labor corresponding. If attached to the United States, Hawaii would always re-

tain a colonial character. It would be bound to this republic not by a community of interest or national sentiment, but simply by the protection against foreign aggression given to it and by certain commercial advantages. No candid American would ever think of making a State of this Union out of such a group of islands with such a population as it has and is likely to have. It would always be to this republic a mere dependency, an outlying domain, to be governed as such. The constitutional question involved in an acquisition of this nature has recently been so conclusively discussed by an eminent jurist, Judge Cooley, that not another word need be said about it.

But there is a practical feature of the case which deserves the gravest consideration. The Hawaiian Islands are distant two thousand miles from our nearest seaport. Their annexation is advocated partly on commercial grounds, partly for the reason that the islands would furnish very desirable locations for naval depots, coaling-stations, and similar conveniences, and that Hawaii is the "key" to something vast and important in that region. Thus we find in favor of the scheme a combination of the interest of commercial adventure with the ambition to make this republic a great naval power which is to play an active and commanding part in the international politics of the world. Leaving aside the question whether the occupation of this "key" would not require for its protection the acquisition of further "keys," admitting for argument's sake all that is claimed for this project, might we not still ask ourselves whether the possession of such an outlying domain two thousand miles away would really be an element of strength to us as against other powers?

In our present condition we have over all the great nations of the world one advantage of incalculable value. We are the only one that is not in any of its parts threatened by powerful neighbors; the only one not under any necessity of keeping up a large armament either on land or water for the security of its possessions; the only one that can turn all the energies of its population to productive employment; the only one that has an entirely free hand. This is a blessing for which the American people can never be too thankful. It should not be lightly jeoparded.

This advantage, I say, we have *in our present condition.* We occupy a compact part of the American Continent, bounded by great oceans on the east and west, and on the north and south by neighbors neither hostile in spirit nor by themselves formidable in strength. We have a population approaching seventy millions and steadily growing, industrious, law-abiding, and patriotic; not a military, but, when occasion calls for it, a warlike, people, ever ready to furnish to the service of the country an almost unlimited supply of vigorous, brave, and remarkably intelligent soldiers. Our national wealth is great, and increases rapidly. Our material resources may, compared with those of other nations, be called inexhaustible. Our territory is large, but our means of interior communication are such as to minimize the inconveniences of distance. In case of war a hostile naval power might, indeed, sweep what maritime commerce we have from the seas—a compliment we could return with a comparatively small number of cruisers—and it might blockade some of our seaports and molest some of our coasts, without, however, seriously impairing our strength or doing more than excite the war spirit among our people to greater heat. But no European enemy could invade our soil without bringing from a great distance a strong land force; and no force that could possibly be brought from such a distance, were it ever so well prepared, could hope to strike a crippling blow by a sudden dash, and thus to force us to a peace, or to effect a lodgement within our boundaries without the certainty of being soon overwhelmed by an easy concentration of immensely superior numbers. Nor could a European enemy hope to raise a sufficient land force by alliances on this continent, for neither north nor south of us can armies be mustered strong enough seriously to threaten us. In other words, in our compact continental stronghold we are substantially unassailable. We present no vulnerable point of importance. There is nothing that an enemy can take away from us and hope to hold. We can carry on a defensive warfare indefinitely without danger to ourselves, and meanwhile, with our enormous resources in men and means, prepare for offensive operations.

The prospect of such a war will be to any European nation, or any league of

European nations, extremely discouraging, especially as not one of them has the same free hand that we have. Every one of them is within the reach of dangerous rivals, whom a favorable opportunity might tempt to proceed to hostilities, and such an opportunity would certainly be presented by a long and exhausting war with the United States. And this very circumstance would afford to this republic in such a case the possibility of alliances which would enable it to pass from its defensive warfare to a most vigorous offensive one.

Seeing the impossibility, under existing conditions, of striking against us a quick blow that would have any decisive consequences, and seeing also that a war carried on upon our own ground would, owing to our unlimited staying power, be practically a war without end, and present chances of combinations most dangerous to them — recognizing these obvious facts, all those powers will be naturally disposed to go to the extreme of honorable concession in order to avoid hostilities with the United States. In fact, we can hardly get into a war unless it be of our own seeking. And this inestimable advantage of commanding among the nations of the world the greatest degree of consideration and deference without any necessity on our part of keeping up burdensome military and naval establishments we enjoy now and shall continue to enjoy so long as we are so situated that in case of war we can defend all our possessions without leaving our own continental ground, on which we can fight with every condition in our favor.

This advantage will be very essentially impaired if we present to a possible enemy a vulnerable point of attack which we have to defend, but cannot defend without going out of our impregnable stronghold, away from the seat of our power, to fight on ground on which the enemy may appear in superior strength, and have the conditions in *his* favor. Such a vulnerable point will be presented by the Hawaiian Islands if we annex them, as well as by any outlying possession of importance. It will not be denied that in case of war with a strong naval power the defence of Hawaii would require very strong military and naval establishments there, and a fighting fleet as large and efficient as that of the enemy; and in case of a war with a combination of great naval powers, it might require a fleet much larger than that of any of them. Attempts of the enemy to gain an important advantage by a sudden stroke, which would be entirely harmless if made on our continental stronghold, might have an excellent chance of success if made on our distant insular possession, and then the whole war could be made to turn upon that point, where the enemy might concentrate his forces as easily as we, or even more easily, and be our superior on the decisive field of operations. It is evident that thus the immense advantage we now enjoy of a substantially unassailable defensive position would be lost. We would no longer possess the inestimable privilege of being stronger and more secure than any other nation without a large and costly armament. Hawaii, or whatever other outlying domain, would be our Achilles' heel. Other nations would observe it, and regard us no longer as invulnerable. If we acquire Hawaii, we acquire not an addition to our strength, but a dangerous element of weakness.

It is said that we need a large navy in any case for the protection of our commerce, and that if we have it for this purpose it may at the same time serve for the protection of outlying national domains without much extra expense. The premise is false. We need no large navy for the protection of our commerce. Since the extinction of the Barbary pirates and of the Western buccaneers, the sea is the safest public highway in the world, except, perhaps, in the Chinese waters. Our commerce is not threatened by anybody or anything, unless it be the competition of other nations and the errors of our own commercial policy; and against these influences war-ships avail nothing. Nor do we need any war-ships to obtain favorable commercial arrangements with other nations. Our position of power under existing circumstances is such that no foreign nation will, at the risk of a quarrel with us, deny our commerce any accommodation we can reasonably lay claim to. Nor would our situation as a neutral in case of a war between foreign nations be like that we occupied during the French-English wars at the beginning of this century. Then we were a feeble neutral whom every belligerent thought he could kick and cuff with impunity. Now the United States would be the most formidable neutral ever seen, whom every bel-

ligerent would be most careful not to offend. When our maritime commerce was most flourishing we had no navy worth speaking of to protect it, and nobody thought that one was needed. The pretence that we need one now for that purpose reminds one of the Texas colonel, who thinks he must arm himself with a revolver when walking on Broadway because he might be insulted by a salesman.

Nor are we under any necessity to prepare for war by building a large navy. For the reasons given, every nation will avoid war with us, and we should not seek it with any one. Moreover, no sensible government, unless driven by the necessities of its situation, will undertake extensive naval construction while the modern war fleet is still in the experimental stage. No living authority can with assurance predict how the great modern battle-ships will prove themselves in actual combat. We know for a certainty only how they sink one another at manœuvring drills. Why should we waste millions and risk human lives in experiments entirely useless to us while the race between armor and ordnance is still going on, and nobody can tell whether after the first great naval engagement the unwieldy steel-plated monsters will not be discarded, as the mailed soldier has been dispensed with in consequence of the progressive perfection of the fire-arm? With entire safety we may content ourselves with a moderate number of swift cruisers, capable of doing high police duty, and with some floating batteries and a good supply of torpedo-boats, and other contrivances for coast defence sufficient for the first necessity, if indeed any trouble should happen.

In another respect a large navy might prove to the American people a most undesirable luxury. It would be a dangerous plaything. Its possession might excite an impatient desire to use it, and lead us into strong temptations to precipitate a conflict of arms in case of any difference with a foreign government, which otherwise might easily be settled by amicable adjustment. The little new navy we have has already perceptibly stimulated such a spirit among some of our navy officers and civilian navy enthusiasts, who are spoiling for an opportunity to try the new guns. We remember their attitude during the late Chilian difficulty, when it was absolutely certain to any candid mind that our little sister republic would, after a little bluster, ultimately make every apology demanded. And there is no project of territorial acquisition or of "vigorous foreign policy" ever so extravagant that does not find hot advocates in navy circles. Every new war-ship we build will be apt further to encourage this tendency; and nothing will be wanting but the growth of the belief among navy officers that they can make themselves heroes of a new era by using their opportunities for carrying on some vigorous foreign policy on their own motion to render the navy the more dangerous to the peace and dignity of this republic the more ships we have. No great power can do so much among the nations of the world for the cause of international peace by the moral force of its example as the United States. The United States will better fulfil their mission and more exalt their position in the family of nations by indoctrinating their navy officers in the teachings of Washington's farewell address than by flaunting in the face of the world the destructive power of rams and artillery.

Nothing could be more foolish than the notion we hear frequently expressed that so big a country should have a big navy. Instead of taking pride in the possession of a big navy, the American people ought to be proud of not needing one. This is their distinguishing privilege, and it is their true glory.

The advocates of the annexation policy advance some arguments which require but a passing notice. They say that unless we take a certain country offered to us —Hawaii, for instance—some other power will take it, and that, having refused ourselves, we cannot object. This is absurd. Having shown ourselves unselfish, we shall have all the greater moral authority in objecting to an arrangement which would be obnoxious to our interests.

We are told that unless we take charge of a certain country it will be ill-governed and get into internal trouble. This is certainly no inducement. This republic cannot take charge of all countries that are badly governed. On the contrary, a country apt to get into internal trouble would be no desirable addition to our national household.

We are told that the people of a certain country wish to join us, and it would be wrong to repel them. But the question whether a stranger is to be admitted as a

member of our family it is our right and our duty to decide according to our own view of the family interest.

We are told that we need coaling stations in different parts of the world for our navy, also if it be a small one, and that the rich resources of the countries within our reach should be open to American capital and enterprise. There is little doubt that we can secure by amicable negotiation sites for coaling stations which will serve us as well as if we possessed the countries in which they are situated. In the same manner we can obtain from and within them all sorts of commercial advantages. We can own plantations and business houses in the Hawaiian Islands. In the American tropics we can build and control railroads; we can purchase mines, and have them worked for our benefit; we can keep up commercial establishments in their towns—in fact, we are now doing many of these things—and all this without taking those countries into our national household on an equal footing with the States of our Union, without exposing our political institutions to the deteriorating influence of their participation in our government, without assuming any responsibilities for them which would oblige us to forego the inestimable privilege of being secure in our possessions without large and burdensome armaments. Surely the advantages we might gain by incorporating the countries themselves in the Union appear utterly valueless compared with the price this republic would have to pay for them.

The fate of the American people is in their own wisdom and will. If they devote their energies to the development of what they possess within their present limits, and look for territorial expansion only to the north, where some day a kindred people may freely elect to cast their lot with this republic, their "manifest destiny" will be the preservation of the exceptional and invaluable advantages they now enjoy, and the growth on a congenial soil of a vigorous nationality in freedom, prosperity, and power. If they yield to the allurements of the tropics and embark in a career of indiscriminate aggrandizement, their "manifest destiny" points with equal certainty to a total abandonment of their conservative traditions of policy, to a rapid deterioration in the character of the people and their political institutions, and to a future of turbulence, demoralization, and final decay.

LISPENARD'S MEADOWS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.



N a little hill far out in the northwestern suburb of the city of New York stood a century and a half ago the farmhouse of Leonard Lispenard. The farm to which this house related was a portion of the estate that was known to successive generations as the Duke's Farm, the King's Farm, the Queen's Farm, and finally—when it became the property of the Corporation of Trinity—as the Church Farm. Lispenard's holding, of which he was the lessee from Trinity, was styled specifically the Dominie's Bouerie or the Dominie's Hook, and was a considerable property lying between the North River and a bit of swamp where now is West Broadway. The southern line of the bouerie was close upon that of the present Reade Street; and thence it extended to the southern edge of the wide valley through which discharged lazily into the Hudson the stream from the Collect or Fresh Water Pond.

Where that stream then was, now is Canal Street. Of the swamp that once made the whole valley a dangerous quagmire, there does not remain a trace—save, possibly, in some of the cellars thereabouts; nor would any chance wayfarer along Canal Street be likely to identify this region with the meadows which came by luck and love into the possession of Leonard Lispenard.

The Council granted Anthony Rutgers (whose daughter Leonard Lispenard afterward married) the fee of the swamp—being a parcel of seventy acres—on condition that he should pay for it "a moderate quit-rent," and that he should "clear it and drain it within a year." At his death the meadows passed into the hands of his daughter and her husband, and thenceforth were known as Lispenard's Meadows.



CANAL STREET AND ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

II.

There were no brick walls in that vicinity in Lispenard's time. The upper end of Broadway, from about the Park onward, was a draggled bit of lane which came to a sudden ending (about where White Street now is) against a set of bars. Up this lane in the early mornings, and down it again in the late afternoons, went daily sleek and comfortable cows—going forth and back between their aristocratic stables in the court quarter of the city, over on Pearl and Nassau and Wall streets, and the meadows where (with the rating of bovine parlor boarders) they feasted in luxury upon Lispenard's rich grass.

After all, it is not so very long ago that the cows thus made their processional and recessional journeyings to open pastures which now are many miles away from even the smallest scrap of natural green. Several of the old gentlemen with whom of late I have talked about the days when all the world was young—that is to say, when they were young themselves—remember well those open meadows and those pampered cows; and one even has told me that, by no more of a charm than closing his eyes and thinking about old times, he can hear again plainly the melancholy donging of the cow-bells—a dull, sad, droning sound—as the cows come slowly homeward down Broadway in the sunset glow of those vanished summer days.

It is only a lifetime ago, therefore, that Lispenard's Meadows were a conspicuous feature of what now is a far-down part of the town. Nowadays a New York boy cannot obtain a pleasure of that sort save by first taking a railway journey; but one of my blithe old gentlemen recalls with joy how time and again he put on his skates at the Stone Bridge—that is to say, where now is the intersection of Broadway and Canal Street—and skated away over the flooded meadows, and around the base of Richmond Hill, and up the Minetta Creek (across the marsh that later was transformed into Washington Square), and so, close upon the line of what in the fulness of time was to be the Fifth Avenue, clear to the north of the Fourteenth Street of the present day.



Richmond Hill—when my old gentleman thus came skating around it in winters more than seventy years gone by—really was a hill: the southwestern outjut of the low range called the Zandtberg (that is to say, sand hills), which swung away in a long curve from near the present Clinton Place and Broadway to where Varick and Van Dam streets now cross. The Minetta Water expanded into a large pond at the base of the hill, and—to quote the elegant language of an earlier day—

"from the crest of this small eminence was an enticing prospect: on the south, the woods and dells and winding road from the lands of Lispenard, through the valley where was Borrowson's Tavern; and on the north and west the plains of Greenwich Village made up a rich prospect to gaze on."



PUMP ON GREENWICH STREET BELOW CANAL: STILL IN USE.

Yielding to the enticements of the prospect, Abraham Mortier, Esq., Commissary to His Majesty's forces, purchased Richmond Hill about the year 1760, and built there for himself a dwelling which was held in the taste of the period to be vastly fine. According to the description that has come down to us, Mr. Commissary Mortier's house was "a wooden building of massive architecture, with a lofty portico supported by Ionic columns, the front walls decorated with pilasters of the same order, and its whole appearance distinguished by a Palladian character of rich though sober ornament."

During Mortier's reign on Richmond Hill that agreeable country-seat gained a reputation for liberal hospitality that it long maintained. Its most distinguished guest of that period was Sir Jeffrey, afterward Lord, Amherst, who made the house his headquarters when he had ended those successful campaigns which broke the power of France in America, and which—it is well for New-Yorkers to remember—saved a good half of the State of New York from being now a part of Canada.

Later, Mr. Vice-President John Adams occupied Richmond Hill—keeping up the



PARK AT THE FOOT OF CANAL STREET.

establishment on a scale not quite so liberal as that of the Commissary, perhaps, but with a fitting state and dignity. A glimpse of the interior of this household is given by Gulian C. Verplanck, writing in *The Talisman* for 1829, in his description of a Vice-Presidential dinner party. "There, in the centre of the table," writes Mr. Verplanck, "sat Vice-President Adams in full dress, with his bag and *solitaire*, his hair frizzled out each side of his face as you see it in Stuart's older pictures of him. On his right sat Baron Steuben, our royalist republican disciplinarian general. On his left was Mr. Jefferson, who had just returned from France, conspicuous in his red waistcoat and breeches, the fashion of Versailles. Opposite sat Mrs. Adams, with her cheerful, intelligent face. She was placed between the Count du Moustiers, the French embassador, in his red-heeled shoes and ear-rings, and the grave, polite, and formally bowing Mr. Van Birkel, the learned and able envoy of Holland. There too was Chancellor Livingston, then still in the prime of his life, so deaf as to make conversation with him difficult, yet so overflowing with wit, eloquence, and information that while listening to him the difficulty was forgotten. The rest were members of Congress, and of our Legislature, some of them no inconsiderable men."

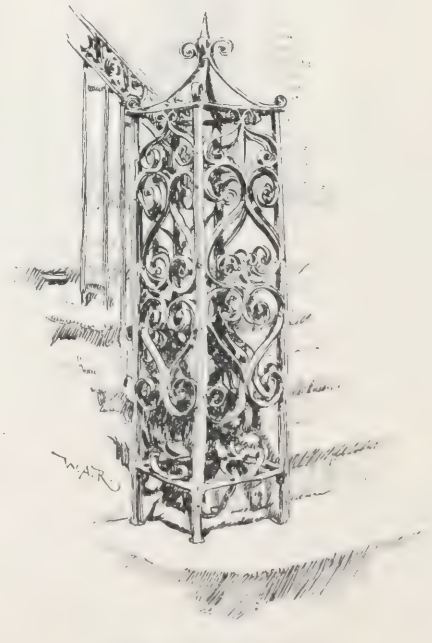


THE LOCKSMITH'S SIGN.

The successor to Vice-President Adams in the tenancy of this estate, and the tenant with whom its name always is most closely associated, was Aaron Burr: to whom was executed a sixty-nine years' lease of the property on May 1, 1797; and who here, before and during his term as Vice-President, lived in the handsome fashion becoming to so accomplished a man of the world. It was from this house that he went forth, that July morning in the year 1804, to fight his duel with Hamilton over on the other side of the Hudson beneath the Weehawken Heights.

"The last considerable man to live at Richmond Hill," again to quote Mr. Verplanck, "was Counsellor Benzon; a man who had travelled in every part of the world, knew everything, and talked all languages." And Mr. Verplanck testifies that this gentleman maintained the hospitable traditions of the house by adding: "I recollect dining there in company with thirteen gentlemen, none of whom I ever saw before, but all pleasant fellows, all men of education and of some note—the Counsellor a Norwegian, I the only American, the rest of every different nation in Europe, and no two of the same, and all of us talking bad French together."

Not many years after this cosmopolitan dinner party, the cutting and slashing Commissioners by whom the existing City Plan was begotten doomed Richmond Hill, and all the rest of the Zandtberg range, to be levelled—to the end that the low lands thereabouts might be filled in. By ingenious methods, the old house was lowered gradually as the land was cut away from under it until it reached at last the present street level, and found itself on the north side of Charlton Street a little east of Varick—which streets, being opened, destroyed what remained to it of surrounding grounds. For a while it languished as a road tavern; and then, I fancy thankfully, disappeared entirely



OLD NEWEL-POST.

that in its place the row of smug little brick houses on Charlton Street might be reared. The garden which lay around this ancient residence was on the hill-top,



EMIGRANT HOUSE, NEAR THE DOCKS.

a hundred feet or so above the present level of the land; but there still remains, in the very open block between Charlton and King and Varick and Macdougal streets, a surviving fragment of the garden which lay westward of the house in its degenerate tavern days.

III.

Close upon the southern borders of Lispenard's Meadows were Vauxhall and Ranelagh gardens; two vastly agreeable places of genteel amusement to which resorted the gay gentlefolk of New York's frolic past. These gardens were in humble imitation of their famous prototypes in London, and provided entertainment of a like sort: music, a hall for dancing, lamp-lit groves in which to wander between the dances, and "tables spread with various delicacies"—all for the benefit of a "company gayly drest, looking satisfied," as Goldsmith phrased it when describing the older gardens in his *Citizen of the World.*

The New York Vauxhall was known originally as the Bowling Green Gardens, and as such—being shown on Lyne's map—certainly was in existence as far back as the year 1729. It received its more pretentious name about the middle of the last century, and continued to be a place of fashionable resort during the ensuing forty years. With the revival of the city's prosperity which came when the Revolutionary war was well ended, the land occupied by the gardens became too valuable to be used for such merely deco-



CAST NEWEL ON GREENWICH STREET.

rative purposes. Gradually the pleasure-grounds were diminished in size by encroaching buildings, and at last only the old Vauxhall House remained.

Ranelagh — in which pleasure-resort, presumably, Leonard Lispenard and his wife had a moneyed interest—had a handsomer beginning and a better end. It was the transformed homestead of Colonel Rutgers, Lispenard's father-in-law, and it remained respectable throughout the whole of its career.

About the year 1765 Brannan's Gardens were established over on the north side of the meadows, near the present crossing of Hudson and Spring streets. But this establishment, in the main, was a day-time resort, and made its account out of thirsty wayfarers—whereof there were many in that part of the island and in those cordial days. Close in front of it ran the Greenwich Road, the river-side drive along which went a gallant parade of fashionable New York in the bright summer and autumn weather, and which in winter was all ajingle with the bells of sleighs. The world went in a simpler and heartier way then, and the road-side taverns had a place in the social economy that was very far from low. I have quoted in another paper the appreciative comments of the Reverend Mr. Burnaby (an English traveller who surveyed this city about one hundred and forty years ago) upon the kissing-bridge—an institution which evidently struck him favorably—and his careful explanation of the conditions which made kissing-bridges possible also explains how such outlying resorts as Brannan's Garden were supported. "The amusements," writes his Reverence, "are balls and sleighing parties in the winter, and in the summer going in parties upon the water and fishing, or making excursions into the country. There are several houses pleasantly situated up the East River, near New York, where it is common to have turtle feasts. These happen once or twice a week. Thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies meet and dine together, drink tea in the afternoon, fish and amuse themselves till evening, and then return home in Italian chaises (the fashionable carriage in this and most parts of America, Virginia excepted, where they chiefly make use of coaches, and those commonly drawn by six horses), a gentleman and lady in each chaise."

Such a party as this, coming back about sunset from Turtle Bay, would be pretty certain to prolong the drive by switching off from the Post Road (now Broadway) at Love Lane (now Twenty-first Street), and so across to the Fitzroy Road (close on the line of the present Eighth Avenue) and down to Greenwich Village, and thence down the Greenwich Road toward home. And such a party also, even though it had stopped for a sup at the tavern which I am confident stood at the corner of Love Lane and the Southampton Road, and for another sup at "The Old Grapevine" in Greenwich, would find in these suppings only another reason for stopping at Brannan's for just one sup more.

And how brave a sight it must have been—the halt for refreshments being ended—when the long line of carriages got under way again and went dashing along the causeway over Lispenard's green meadows, while the silvered harness of the horses and the brilliant varnish of the Italian chaises gleamed and

sparkled in the rays of nearly level sunshine from the sun that was setting there a hundred years and more ago!

IV.

For so long a while did the cowbars across Broadway, a little north of Warren Street, check absolutely the advance of the city on the western side of the island that within the present century the ghosts of those turtle-feasters, in the ghosts of their Italian chaises, might have driven across Lispenard's Meadows without perceiving any change at all. Actually, the levelling undertaken at the instance of the Commissioners was completed less than sixty years ago; and a still shorter time has passed since solid blocks of houses were erected on the land which these radical reformers despoiled of its natural beauty and then proudly described as "reclaimed."



AN OVAL WINDOW.

The secretary and engineer to these devastating Commissioners, old Mr. John Randel—who kept up a show of youthfulness to the last by signing his name always John Randel Jr.—has left on record a characteristically precise description of the region between the canal and Greenwich Village as it was just before the levelling process began; that is to say, as it was a trifle over eighty years ago.

"In going from the city to our office [in Greenwich] in 1808 and 1809," he writes, under date of April 6, 1864, "I generally crossed a ditch cut through Lispenard's salt-meadow (now a culvert under Canal Street) on a plank laid across it for a crossing-place about midway between a stone bridge on Broadway with a narrow embankment at each end connecting it with the upland, and an excavation then being made at, and said to be for, the foundation of the present St. John's Church on Varick Street. From this crossing-place I followed a well-beaten path leading from the city to the then village of Greenwich, passing



AN OLD-TIME KNOCKER.

over open and partly fenced lots and fields, not at that time under cultivation, and remote from any dwelling - house now remembered by me except Colonel Aaron Burr's former country-seat, on elevated ground, called Richmond Hill, which was about 100 or 150 yards west of this path, and was then occupied as a place of refreshment for gentlemen taking a drive from the city. Its site is now in Charlton Street, between Varick and McDougal streets. I continued along this main path to a branch path diverging from it to the east, south of Minetta Water (now Minetta Street), which branch path I followed to Herring Street [now Bleecker Street], passing on my way there, from about 200 to 250 yards west, the country residence of Colonel Richard Varick, on elevated ground east of Minetta Water, called 'Tusculum,' the site of which is now on Varick Place, on Sullivan Street between Bleecker and Houston streets. On Broadway, north of Lispenard's salt-meadows, now Canal Street, to Sailor's Snug Harbor—a handsome brick building called by that name erected on elevated ground near the bend in Broadway near the present Tenth Street, and formerly the residence of Captain Randall—and from the Bowery Road westward to Minetta Water, there were only a few scattered buildings, except country residences, which were built back from Broadway with court-yards and lawns of trees and shrubs in front of them." All of which is quite in keeping with the statement of one of my old gentlemen that he remembers looking south from the stoop of his father's house on Leroy Street, in Greenwich, across a broad expanse of open country to the distant city; and east, also across open country, to the gallows which stood within the present limits of Washington Square.

V.

It is a fact illustrative of the high-pressure way in which this city of New York is run that the Canal Street region, whereof the youthfulness is proved by the foregoing testimony, already is old. In a fashion that would make a European city dizzy, it has dashed through all the phases which mark the progress from youth to age; and already, in no more than a man's lifetime, has passed on into decay.

Eighty years ago it was suburban and obscure. Twenty years later, Hudson Square having been laid out and St. John's Church built, it began to be fashionable. In another twenty years—the square being then surrounded by the wide-fronted houses of which many stately wrecks remain—it was one of the most gravely respectable parts of the town: and for more than a decade it remained at this aristocratical high-water mark. Then began its slow decline—which ended in a sudden and irrevocable plunge, in the year 1869, when the Hudson River Railroad Company crushed the region utterly, so far as its fitness to be an abiding-place of polite society was concerned, by clapping down four acres of freight station over the whole of the luckless park. Only one man of position staid by the wreck, and even may be said to have gone down with it. This was John Ericsson, the builder of the *Monitor*, who continued in his house for many years on St. John's Park, holding up in that frowsy and bustling region its traditional respectability, until he died there only a little while ago.

To-day, the dwellers upon St. John's Park are mainly foreigners: a few Germans, but more Italians—as even a blind man, possessing a travelled and intelligent nose, would know by the aggressive presence of several distinctively Neapolitan smells. The stately houses, swarming with this unwashed humanity, are sunk in such squalor that upon them rests ever an air of melancholy devoid of hope. They are tragedies in mellow-toned brick and carved wood-work that once was very beautiful.

By an odd twist of destiny it is mainly to the aristocratic houses on the square that an evil fate has come. The less-pretentious structures thereabouts have sunk only to the level of lodging or boarding houses; and many of them even—as is manifested by their superior air of self-respecting neatness — still are private dwellings.

HORACE CHASE.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Chapter XXII.

A WOMAN on a beautiful horse was riding through the splendid painted forest. The air was still; every now and then a red leaf floated softly from its branch to the ground; the footfalls of the horse were muffled, for the path was covered with these leaves. It was a ride of joy; the woman was filled with a rapturous happiness; her pulses were beating with a strength which they had not known for months; even in the moonlight the red of her cheeks and lips could be seen. She rode as though she delighted in the motion; she sang to herself, but hardly as though she knew what her song was. The path which she was following wound to and fro; at intervals, when it came out on a flank of the mountain, there was a glimpse of the river below—the French Broad silvered by the moon. The night was nearly over; dawn was at hand.

An hour before, this solitary rider, this Ruth Chase, had left her bed and dressed herself, using the moonlight as her candle; with soft quick steps she had stolen down the stairs to the kitchen, and taking a key which was hanging from a nail by the fireplace, she had let herself out. The big watch-dog, Turk, had come to meet her, wagging his tail. She went to the stable, unlocked the door, and leaving it open for the sake of the light, she saddled Kentucky Belle. Then she led the gentle creature down the garden to a gate at its end which opened upon the back street. Closing this gate behind her so that Turk should not follow, she mounted and rode away.

The village was absolutely silent; each moonlit street seemed more empty and still than the last. When the outskirts were left behind, she turned her horse towards this high bridle-path, whose general course was the same as that of a road along the river below, the road which led to the Warm Springs, passing on its way the farm of David Crumb.

As she did these things, one after the other, Ruth Chase neither thought nor reasoned. Her action was instinctive.

After seeing Walter Willoughby—it had been but a glimpse of him from a distance—she had passed the following night and the next day in a state of dumb suspense. On the morning of that waiting day she had come accidentally upon the countryman to whom Walter had been speaking when she caught her brief glimpse of him. She was driving; Dolly was with her. "Please hold the horse, Dolly; I will be back in an instant," she said. And crossing the street, she spoke to the man. "The gentleman on the bay horse who was talking to you yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, in front of the post-office—where is he staying? Do you know?"

"Down to Crumb's; leastways that new house they've built on the mountain 'bove there. He 'lowed I might bring him down some peaches! But *peaches* is out long ago," replied the man, whose wagon was heaped with apples.

"Were his apples good? Did you buy any?" Dolly inquired, when Ruth returned.

"Yes," answered Ruth. She had bought nothing. But she would have replied in the same way, dreamily, a thousand times. She finished her drive; she went through the evening; she listened to Dolly's remarks in connection with their plans for the next day; then she went to bed and fell instantly asleep. Her sleep was so profound that Dolly, who stole softly to the door at midnight to see if all was well, went back to her room greatly cheered. For this was the best sleep that Ruth had had for months. The elder sister, relieved and comforted, soon sank into slumber herself.

Ruth's peaceful rest came simply from her freedom, from the end of the long struggle which had been consuming her strength and her life. The sudden vision of the man she loved, his actual presence before her, had broken down her last barrier; it had given way silently, as a dam against which deep water has long pressed yields sometimes without a sound when the flood rises but an inch higher. She slept because she was going to him, and she knew that she was going.

She had been aware that she could not see Walter again with any security. It was this which had made her take refuge

* Began in January number, 1893.

in her mother's old home in the mountains, far away from him, and from all chance of meeting him. She could not trust herself. But she could flee; and she had fled. This, however, was the limit of her force; her will had not the power to sustain her, to keep her from lassitude and despair, and thus she had drooped and faded, drooped and faded more and more, until to her sister had come that terrible fear that the end would really be death. When Walter appeared, she was powerless to resist longer; she went to him as the needle turns to the pole. Her love led her like a despot. And it was overwhelmingly sweet to her to give way, to be thus led. Her action was utterly uncalculating; the loss of her home was as nothing to her, the loss of her good repute nothing: her husband, her sister, her friends, the whole world—all were alike forgotten. And if any man had met her that night, riding on through the moonlight, or in the early morning as the sun came up, he would have remembered the vision to the last day of his life—a vision of perfect happiness.

The bridle-path, winding along the flanks of the mountain, was longer than the straighter road below. It was eight o'clock before it brought her in sight of Crumb's. "I must leave Kentucky Belle in good hands," she thought. A sheep track led down to the farm. The mare followed it cautiously, and brought her to Portia's door. "Will you take care of my horse for an hour or two?" she asked, smiling, as Portia came out. "Is your husband at home?"

"He's at home. But he ain't workin' to-day," Mrs. Crumb replied; "he's ailin' a little. But I'll see to yer mare."

Ruth dismounted; patting Kentucky Belle, she put her cheek for a moment against the beautiful creature's head; "Good-by," she whispered. Then she watched Portia lead her away. When the woman returned, Ruth told her that she was going for a walk.

"Take a snack of sump'n' nerrer to eat?" Portia suggested.

But Ruth shook her head; she was already off. She went down the river road as though she intended to take her walk in that direction. But as soon as the bend concealed her from Portia's view she turned into the forest. The only foot path to the terrace, "Ruth's Terrace," where Nicholas Willoughby had built his cottage, was the one that led up from Crumb's. Ruth's idea was that she should soon reach this track. But, somehow, she missed it; she had, without perceiving it, gone farther towards the west than she intended; finally she gave up the search, and turning, went straight up the mountain. For the plateau was at the top of the first elevation; behind it the mountain made a trend backward, and then shot up again for a thousand feet or more.

The slope was covered with the fallen leaves, a carpet of red and gold. She climbed lightly, joyously, pulling herself up the steepest places by the trunks of the smaller trees. Her color brightened. Taking some of the leaves, she twisted their stalks round the buttons of her habit so as to make a red and gold trimming.

When she reached the summit she knew where she was, for she could now see the cliffs on the other side of the river. They told her that she had gone too far to the left; and turning, this time in the right direction, she made her way through the forest along the plateau, keeping close to its verge as a guide. As she drew near the house she reminded herself that she wished to see Walter first, Walter himself, and not the servants. She had paid several visits to the Lodge; she knew the place well. A good carriage road led to it through a ravine which opened three miles below Crumb's: Nicholas Willoughby had constructed this ascent. But he had not built any fences or walls, and she could therefore come close to the house without being seen by keeping among the trees. At one side there was a thicket, which almost touched the end of the veranda. Ruth stole into this thicket, and noiselessly made her way towards the cottage. When she reached the nearest point which she could attain unseen, she paused; her idea was to wait here until Walter should come out.

For he would be sure to come before long; the veranda was always the sitting-room; it commanded that wide view of the mountains far and near, and the rushing river below, which had caused Nicholas Willoughby, at the cost of much money and trouble, to perch his cottage just here. The friends to whom he had lent the Lodge had left it in September, as Ruth knew. A man and his wife were always in charge. But when they were

alone the front of the house was kept closed, with the doors and windows closely barred. To-day the windows were all open, a rising breeze swayed the curtains to and fro. There were numerous signs of Walter's presence; on the veranda were several easy-chairs and a lounge, besides a table with books and papers. And wasn't that the hat he had worn when she saw him talking to the countryman near the post-office? Yes, it was the same. "What time can it be?" she thought. She had not her watch with her—the costly diamond-decked toy which Chase had given her; she had left it with her rings on the toilet table at L'Hommedieu. Her wedding-ring was there also. But this was not from any plan about it; she always took off her rings at night. Her only thought had been that she would carry nothing with her save the clothes she wore.

After fifteen minutes of waiting her heart gave a leap—she heard Walter's voice within the house. "That is a woman answering. He is talking to the housekeeper," she said to herself.

But presently there seemed to be three voices. "They must have another servant," she thought. Then, before she had time to recognize that the intonations were not those of the mountain women, who were the only resource as servants in this remote spot, Walter Willoughby himself came into view, pushing aside the curtains of one of the long windows that opened on the veranda.

But before Ruth could detach herself from the leaves that surrounded her, he had drawn back again to make room for some one else, and a lady came out. He followed this lady, he took his seat familiarly upon the lounge where she had placed herself. It was Marion Barclay, the handsome inanimate girl who, with her father and mother, had spent some weeks at St. Augustine during the preceding winter.

Marion was no longer inanimate. The fault of her finely chiselled face had been its coldness; but there was no coldness now, as Walter Willoughby took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

At this moment Mrs. Barclay came out. "Well, Darby and Joan," she said, smiling, as she established herself in the most comfortable chair.

Mrs. Barclay had favored Walter's suit from the first. It was her husband who had opposed it. Christopher Barclay had, in fact, opposed it so strongly that at St. Augustine he had dismissed young Willoughby with a very decided negative. It was while held at bay by this curt refusal that young Willoughby had entertained himself for a time by a fresh study of Mrs. Horace Chase.

This, however, had been but a brief diversion; he had never had the least intention of giving up Marion; he had renewed his suit at Newport as soon as the summer opened. This time he had been more successful, and finally he had succeeded in winning Christopher Barclay to the belief that he would know how to manage his daughter's fortune, as, from the first, he had won Mrs. Barclay to the conviction that he would know how to manage her daughter's heart. Marion herself meanwhile had never had the slightest doubt as to either the one or the other. The engagement was still very new. As Mr. Barclay had investments at Chattanooga to look after, the little party of four had taken these beautiful October days for an excursion to Tennessee, and further south. Mrs. Barclay was aware that one of the elder Willoughbys had built a cottage not far from the Great Smoky Mountains, and as the paradisiacal weather continued, with the forests all aglow and the sky a mixture of blue and gold, she suggested that they should go over from Chattanooga and take a look at it. Walter therefore arranged it. From the Warm Springs he himself had ridden on in advance in order to have the house opened—this was the moment when he had made his brief visit to Asheville for the purpose of ordering supplies. The Barclays were to come no further eastward than the Lodge; they were to return to Warm Springs, and thence back to Chattanooga. Even if he had known that Ruth Chase was at L'Hommedieu, Walter would not have been deterred from pleasing Mrs. Barclay by any thought of her vicinity. But, as it happened, he supposed that she was in New York, a recent letter from Nicholas Willoughby having mentioned that Chase himself was there, and that he was going abroad with his wife, sailing by the next Wednesday's Cunarder for Liverpool.

"Darby and Joan?" Walter had repeated, in answer to Mrs. Barclay's remark. "That is exactly what I am after, mother. Come, let us settle the

matter now on the spot—the *bona fide* Darby-and-Joan-ness. When shall it begin?"

"'Mother,'" commented Mrs. Barclay, laughing. "You have not lost much in your life through *timidity*, Walter. I venture to say that."

"Nothing whatever," Walter replied, promptly. "Shall we arrange it for next month? I have always said I should select November for my wedding. To see how my wife bears bad weather."

"No, no. Not quite so soon as that," answered Mrs. Barclay. "But early in the year perhaps," she went on, consentingly, as she looked at her daughter's happy blushing face.

Ruth heard every word. Through the crevices in the foliage she could see them distinctly.

She had immediately recognized the Barclays. Anthony Etheridge's speech about Walter's being in their train came back to her, and other mentions of their name as well. But this was mechanical merely; what held her, what transfixed her, was Walter's own countenance. Marion Barclay, Mrs. Barclay, all the rumors that Etheridge could collect, these would have been nothing to her if it had not been for that—for Walter's face.

And Walter was, in truth, very happy. Marion was everything that he wished his wife to be; she was accomplished, stately, and statuesque; to those she liked she could be charming; her features had the distinction which he had always been determined that his wife should possess. He was not marrying her for her fortune, though he was very glad they had that also. He was much in love with her, and it was this which Ruth had perceived —perceived beyond a doubt.

For fifteen minutes she stood there motionless, her eyes resting upon him. Then feeling a deathlike chill coming, she had just sense enough, just life enough left to move backward noiselessly through the soft smooth leaves until she had reached the open forest beyond. As a whole life passes before the eyes of a drowning man, in the same way she saw as in a vision her long mistake, and her one idea was to get to some spot where he could not see her, where he would never find her, before she sank down. She glanced over her shoulder. Yes, the thicket concealed her in that direction. Then she looked towards the verge; her hurrying steps took her thither. Sitting down on the edge, she let herself slip over, holding on by a little sapling. It broke and gave way. And then the figure in the dark riding-habit, which was still adorned gayly with the bright leaves, disappeared.

Chapter XXIII.

Dolly Franklin woke at dawn. A moment later she stole to Ruth's door and listened. There was no sound within, and, hoping that the tranquil slumber still continued, the elder sister turned the door-handle and looked in.

The window curtains were drawn widely aside, as Ruth had arranged them several hours before, in order to let in the moonlight; the clear dawn showed that the bed was tenantless, the room empty. Dolly entered quickly, closing the door behind her. But there was no letter bearing her name fastened to the pincushion or placed conspicuously on the mantel-piece. The rings, watch, and purse lying on the toilet table next attracted her attention; she placed them in a drawer and locked it, putting the key in her pocket. Then, with her heart throbbing, she looked to see what clothes had been taken. "The riding-habit and hat, and the riding-boots. She has gone to the Lodge. She has found out in some way that he is staying there. Probably she is on Kentucky Belle."

Dolly knew that Walter was at the Lodge; she had caused inquiries to be made as soon as possible after Miss Billy's report that she had seen him. Her negro messenger had returned with the tidings that Mr. Willoughby had spent but half an hour in town; he was staying for a few days at his uncle's cottage on the mountain above Crumb's, and had ridden up merely to order some supplies.

After making sure that there were no other betrayals in Ruth's deserted room, Dolly returned to her own apartment and rang for her English maid, Diana Pollikett. Diana was not yet up. As soon as possible she came hurrying in; she was afraid that Miss Franklin was ill. "Please call Félicité," said Dolly. Then when the two returned together, the sallow French woman muffled in a pink shawl, Dolly said: "I think that Mrs. Chase has gone off for an early ride. I dare say that she thought it would be amusing to take me by surprise." And

she laughed. (But that there was anger underneath her laugh was very evident.) "Félicité, go down and see if I am not right," she went on. "I think you will find that her horse is gone."

Her acting was so perfect—her feigned mirth, with the deep annoyance visible beneath it—that the two maids were secretly much entertained; Mrs. Chase's escapade and her sharp-eyed sister's discomfiture were in three minutes known to everybody in the house. "Your mademoiselle, she tr'ry to keep my young madame a *leetle* too tight," commented Félicité in confidence to Miss Pollikett.

Dolly, having set her story going, went through the form of eating her breakfast. Then, as soon as she could, without seeming to be in too great haste, she drove off in her own phaeton, playing to the end her part of enraged suppressed vexation.

She was on her way to the Lodge. It was a long drive, and the road was rough; the gait of her old pony was never more than slow. But she had not dared to take a faster horse, lest the unusual act should excite surprise. And no one must go with her; she must search for her sister alone. "Oh, Prosper, *do* go on!" she kept saying, pleadingly, to the pony. But with all her effort it was two o'clock before she reached Crumb's, Prosper's jog-trot being hardly faster than a walk.

As the farm-house at last came into sight, she brushed away her tears of despair and summoned a smile. "My sister is here, or she has been here, hasn't she?" she said, confidently, to Mrs. Crumb, who, at the sound of the wheels, had come to the door.

"Yes, she's been yere. She's gone for a walk," Portia answered. "She left her mare; but she wouldn't stop to eat anything, though she must have quit town mortial early."

"Oh, she had breakfast before she started," lied Dolly, carelessly. "And I have brought lunch with me; we are to eat it together. But I am very late in getting here, my fat old pony is so slow. Which way has she gone?"

"Straight down the road," replied Portia. "An' when you find her, I reckon you'd both better be thinkin' of gettin' todes home befo' long. For the fine weather's about broke; there's a change comin'."

"Down the road—yes," thought Dolly. "But as soon as she was out of sight she went straight up the mountain, I know. Oh, if I could only do it too! It is so much shorter." But as she feared her weak ankle might fail, all she could do was to drive up by the new road, the road which Nicholas Willoughby had built through the ravine below. She went on, therefore; there were still three miles to cover before this new road turned off.

It was the only well-made carriage track in the county. First it followed the ravine, crossing and recrossing the brook at its bottom; then, leaving the gorge behind, it wound up the remainder of the ascent in long zigzags like those of the Alpine passes. The breeze, which had stirred the curtains of the Lodge when Ruth was standing in the thicket, had now grown into a wind, and clouds were gathering. But Dolly noticed nothing. Reaching the new road at last, she began the ascent.

When about a third of the way up, she thought she heard the sound of wheels coming down. The zigzag next above hers was fringed with trees, so that she could see nothing, but presently she distinguished the trot of two horses. Was it Ruth with Walter Willoughby? Were they already taking flight? Fiercely Dolly turned her phaeton straight across the road to block the way. "She shall never pass me. I will drag her from him!" The bend of her zigzag was at some distance; she waited, motionless, listening to the wheels as they came nearer and nearer. Then round the curve swept a pair of sorrel horses and a light carriage. The top of the carriage was down, and she could see that it held four persons; on the back seat was a portly man with gray hair, and with him a comfortable-looking elderly lady, a red cushion behind her shoulders; in front was a tall fair-haired girl, and by her side—Walter Willoughby.

In the first glance Dolly had recognized Walter's companions; and the radiant face of Marion Barclay, so changed, so happy, told her all. She drew her pony straight, and turning out a little so as to make room, she passed them with a bow, and even with a smile.

Walter seemed much astonished to see her there. But he had time to do no more than return her salutation, for he was driving at a sharp pace, and the descent was steep. He looked back; but her pony was going steadily up the ascent,

and presently turning the bend, her phaeton disappeared.

"This road leads only to the Lodge; I cannot imagine why Miss Franklin is going there now," he said, "or what she is doing here in any case, so far from L'Hommedieu, and alone."

"L'Hommedieu? What is that? Oh yes, I remember; Anthony Etheridge told me that the Franklins had a place with that name (Huguenot, isn't it?) in the North Carolina mountains, somewhere," remarked Mrs. Barclay. "What has become, by-the-way, of the pretty sister who married your uncle's partner, Horace Chase? The Chases did not open their Newport house this summer; are they abroad?"

"No. But they are going soon," Walter answered. "My last letter from my uncle mentioned that Chase was in New York, and that he had taken passage for himself and his wife in the Cunard steamer of next Wednesday."

"Dear me! those clouds certainly look *very* threatening," commented Mrs. Barclay, forgetting the Chases, as a treeless space in front gave her for a moment a wider view of the sky. "I do hope that we shall reach Warm Springs before the rain fairly comes down."

It was this change in the weather which had altered their plans. Nicholas Willoughby's mountain perch, though an ideal spot when the sky was blue, would be dreary enough in a long autumn storm; the Barclays and their prospective son-in-law were therefore hastening back to the lowlands.

Dolly reached the summit, and as the road brought her nearer and nearer to the Lodge, she was assailed by sinister forebodings. The first enormous relief which had filled her heart as she read the story told by the carriage was now darkened by dread of another sort. If Ruth too had seen Marion, if Ruth too had comprehended all—where was she? From the untroubled countenances of the descending party, Dolly was certain that they, at least, had had no glimpse of Ruth; no, not even Walter. Dolly believed that men were capable of every brutality. But Walter's expression, when he returned her bow, had not been that of assumed unconsciousness, or assumed anything; there was no mistaking it—he was happy and contented; he looked as though he were enjoying the rapid motion and his own skilful driving, but very decidedly also as though all the rest of his attention was given to the girl by his side.

"Oh, it's all a mistake. And now only let me find her, and get her home, and no one shall *ever* know!" Dolly said to herself with inexpressible relief. But then had followed fear: *could* she find her?

When the chimneys of the Lodge came into sight she drove her pony into the woods and tied him to a tree. Then she approached the house cautiously, going through the forest, and searching the carpet of fallen leaves, trying to discover the imprint of footsteps. "If she came here (and I *know* she did), is there any place from which, herself concealed, she could have had a glimpse of Marion? That thicket, perhaps; it stretches almost to the veranda." And hurrying to this copse, Dolly examined its outer edge closely, inch by inch. She found two places where there was a track; evidently some one had entered at one of the points, and penetrated to a certain distance; then had come out in a straight line, backward. Dolly entered the thicket herself and followed this path. It brought her to a point whence she had a clear view of the veranda. All signs of occupation were already gone; the chairs and tables had been carried in, the windows had been closed and barred. "If she stood here and saw them, and then if she moved backward and got herself out," thought Dolly, "where did she go next?" She herself moved backward, meanwhile, following the track, and when freed from the thicket, she knelt down and looked along the surface of the ground, her eyes on a level with it; she had seen the negroes find small articles in that way—a button, or even a pin. After changing her place two or three times, she thought she discerned a faint indication of footsteps, and she followed this possible trail, keeping at some distance from it at one side, so that it should not be effaced, and every now and then stooping to get another view of it, horizontally. For the signs were so slight that it was difficult to see them—nothing but a few leaves pressed down a little more than the others here and there. The trail led her to the edge of the plateau. And here at last was something more definite—flattened herbage, and a small sapling bent over the verge and broken, as though some one had borne a weight upon it. "She

let herself slip over the edge," thought Dolly. "She is down there in the woods somewhere. Oh, how shall I find her!"

The October afternoon would be drawing to its close before long, and this evening there would be no twilight, for black clouds had now covered the sky. The wind was beginning to sway the boughs of the trees above. In spite of her lameness, Dolly let herself down over the edge. There was no time to lose; she must find her sister before dark.

The slope below was steep; she tried to check her sliding descent with her left foot, which was the stronger; but she did not succeed in stopping herself until her clothes had been torn, and her body a good deal bruised. When at last her slide was arrested, she began to search the ground for a second trail. But if there had been one, the leaves obscured it; not only were they coming down in showers from above, but the wind every now and then scooped up armfuls of those already fallen, and whirled them round and round in eddying spirals. Keeping the peeled sapling above her as her guide, Dolly began to descend slowly, going first to the right for several yards, then to the left, and pausing at the end of each zigzag to examine the forest beyond. With her crippled ankle, her progress was slow. She lost sight, after a while, of the sapling; but as she had what is called the sense of locality, she was still able to keep pretty near the imaginary line which she was trying to follow. For her theory was that Ruth had gone straight down; that once out of sight from the house, she had let herself go. Light though she was on her feet, she must have ended by falling, and if there was a second ledge below? "But I won't think of that!" Dolly said to herself, desperately.

She was now so far below the house that she knew she could not be heard; she therefore began to call: "Ruth! Ruth!" But there was no reply. "I will count, and every time I reach a hundred I will call. Oh, why, just this one day, should it grow dark so early, after weeks of the clearest twilight!" She limped on as long as she could see, calling at regular intervals. Then drops began to fall. And finally darkness descended, and the rain came down in torrents. She crouched beside a large tree, using its trunk as a protection as much as she could. Her hat and jacket were soon wet through, but she did not think of herself, she thought only of Ruth—Ruth, who had been fading for months—Ruth, out in this storm. "But I'll find her and take her back. And no one shall ever know!" thought the elder sister, determinedly.

After what seemed a long time, the rain grew less dense; then it ceased, and a little moonlight came wanly out between the flying clouds. The instant she could see her way, Dolly resumed her search. The ground was now wet, and her skirts were soon stained as she moved haltingly back and forth, holding on by the trees. "Ruth! Ruth!" At the end of half an hour she came to a hollow lined with bushes. She hesitated; but her determination to make her search thorough, over every inch of the ground, caused her to let herself down into it, holding on as well as she could by the bushes.

And there, at the bottom, was the body of her sister.

"O God, *don't* let her be dead!" she cried, aloud. Drying the palm of her hand, she unbuttoned the soaked riding-habit and felt for the heart. At first there seemed to be no beating. Then she thought she perceived a faint throb. But she could not be sure; perhaps it was only her intense wish transferred to the place. The clouds had again covered the moon; she had found the body by touching it, not by seeing it. Ruth's hat was gone, her hair and her cold face were soaked. "If I could only *see* her! Poor little girl!" said Dolly, sobbing aloud.

Presently it began to rain again with great violence; and then Dolly, in a rage, seated herself on the soaked ground at the bottom of the hollow, took her sister's lifeless form in her arms, and held it close. "She is *not* dead. For she isn't heavy; she is light. If she had been dead, I *couldn't* have lifted her." She dried Ruth's face. She began to chafe her temples. After half an hour she thought she perceived more warmth, and her cramped arm redoubled its effort. The rain was coming down in sheets, but she did not mind it now, for she felt a breath, a sigh. "Ruth, do you know me? It is Dolly; no one but Dolly."

Ruth's eyes opened, though Dolly could not see them. Then she said,

"Dolly, he loves some one else." That was all; she did not speak again.

The storm kept on, and they sat there together, motionless. Ruth's clothes were so wet that they were like lead. At length the black cloud from which that especial deluge had come moved away, and fitful moonlight shone out again. Now came the anxious moment: would Ruth be able to walk?

At first it seemed as if she could not even rise, her whole body was so stiff. She was also extremely weak: she had eaten nothing since the night before, and the new life which had inspired her was utterly gone. But Dolly, somehow, made herself firm as iron; standing, she lifted her sister to her feet, and held her upright until, little by little, she regained life enough to take one or two steps. Then slowly they climbed from the hollow. With many pauses they went down the mountain: from this point, fortunately, its slope was not quite so steep. How she did it Dolly never knew. But the moment came at last when she saw a lighted window, and made her way towards it. And the final moment also came when she arrived at a door. Her arm was still supporting her pale young sister, who leaned against her. Ruth had not spoken; she had moved automatically; her senses were half torpid.

The lighted window was that of Portia Crumb. Portia had not gone to bed, but she was not sitting up on their account; she supposed that they had found shelter at one of several small houses that were scattered along the river road in the direction which they had taken. She was sitting up in order to minister to her "Dave." David Crumb's fits of drunkenness generally lasted through two days. When he came to himself, his first demand was for coffee, and his wife, who never could resist sympathizing a little with the relief which her surly husband had been able to obtain for a time from the grief which ached incessantly in her own poor heart—his wife always remained within call to give him whatever he needed. And, oddly enough, these vigils had become almost precious to Portia. For occasionally at these moments David of his own accord would talk of his lost boys—the only times he ever mentioned them, or permitted his wife to do it. And now and then he allowed her to read her Bible to him for a short time, and even to sing a hymn perhaps, to which he contributed in snatches a growling repentant bass.

Portia's coffee-pot stood on the hot coals of her kitchen fireplace; she had been occupying the time in spinning, and in chanting softly to herself, as the rain poured down outside:

"Je-ru-sa-*lem*, my happy *home*,
Name ever dear tu *me*,
When *shell* my laberrs hev an end?
Thy joys when *shell* I see?—
Thy-y joys when shell-*el* I see?"

Then, hearing some one at the outer door, she had come to open it.

"Good Lors! Miss Dolly! Here!—lemme help you! Bring her right into the kitchen, an' put her down on the mat clost to the fire till I get her wet close off!"

Chapter XXIV.

Horace Chase, having by hard work arranged his far-stretching affairs so that he could leave them, reached L'Hommedieu late in the evening of the day of Ruth's flight. He had not telegraphed that he was coming; his plan was to take his wife by surprise, and have her well on her way to New York and the Liverpool steamer almost before she knew it. She had always been fond of the unexpected; this fondness would perhaps serve him now. When he reached the rambling old house, to which his money had given a new freshness, there was no one to meet him but Dolly's Diana. Diana, in her moderate unexcited way, began to tell him what had happened. But she was soon re-enforced by Félicité, whose ideas (regarding the same events) were far more decorated and theoretic.

"Miss Franklin had a lunch prepared, and took it with her," Diana went on. "I myself cut six beef sandwiches. And I added—"

"Eet ended in a peekneek," interrupted Félicité, waving her hand as if to suggest the forest. "The leaf was so red, and the time so beautiful all the day, monsieur. No clouds, and the sky of a blue. Then suddenlee the rain ees come. No doubt they have entered in a house to wait till morning."

"Which road did my wife take?" inquired Chase, his tone anxious.

"Ah, monsieur, no one *see* herr, she go so early. Eet was herr joke; to escape a leetle from herr sistare, if eet is permit to say; pardon."

"Which way, then, did Miss Franklin go?" continued Chase, impatiently.

Both women pointed towards the left. "She went *down* the street; *that* way."

"Down the street? That's no good; the street goes anywhere! What I want to know is which road she took after leaving town?"

But naturally neither Félicité nor Miss Pollikett could answer this question: they had not followed the phaeton.

Chase rang the bell and sent for one of the stablemen. "Let Pompey and Zip go and ask at all the last houses where the three roads that can be reached from the end of this street turn off, whether any one noticed Miss Franklin drive past this morning. They all know her pony and trap. Tell Pompey to step lively, and if the people have gone to bed, he must knock 'em up."

The two negroes returned in less than twenty minutes; they had found the trace without trouble. Miss Franklin had taken the river road towards Warm Springs.

"Saddle my horse," said Chase; "and you, Jeff, as soon as I have started put the pair in the light carriage and drive down to Crumb's. Have the lamps in good order and burning brightly, and see that the curtains are buttoned down so as to keep the inside dry. Felicity, put in shawls and whatever's necessary; the ladies are no doubt under cover somewhere; but they may have got wet before reaching it. Perhaps one of you had better go along," he added, looking at the two women reflectively, as if deciding which one would be best.

"Yes, sir; I can be ready in a moment," said Diana, going out.

"Ah! for *two* there is not enough place," murmured Félicité, much relieved.

Chase ate a few mouthfuls of something while his horse was being saddled; then, less than half an hour after his arrival, he was off again. It was very dark, but he did not slacken his speed for that, nor for the rough stony ascents and descents, nor for the places where the swollen river had overflowed the track. The distance which Dolly's slow old pony had taken five hours to traverse, this hard rider covered in less than half the time. At one o'clock he reached Crumb's. It was the first house in that direction after the village and its outskirts had been left behind. Along the mile or two beyond it, further towards the west, were three smaller houses, and at one of the four he hoped to find his wife. As he drew near, he saw that Crumb's showed two lighted windows. "They're here," he said to himself, with a long breath of relief. As he rode up to the porch, Portia, who had heard his horse's footsteps, looked out.

"They're here?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Portia, "they be."

"And all right?"

"I reckon so, by this time. Mis' Chase, she was pretty well beat when she first come; but she's asleep now, an' restin' well. And Miss Dolly, she's asleep too."

Chase dismounted. "Can my horse be put up? Just call some one, will you?"

"Well, Isrul Porter, who works here, has gone home," answered Mrs. Crumb. "After Mis' Chase and Miss Dolly got yere, I woke Isrul up an' sent him arter their pony what they'd lef' in the woods more'n two miles off, an' he 'lowed, Isrul did, that he'd take him home with him for the night when he found him, bekase the Porters's house is nearer than our'n to the place where he was left. An' Dave, he ain't workin' ter-day; he's ailin' a little. But *I* kin see to yer hoss."

"Show a light and I'll do it myself," Chase answered, amused at the idea of his leaving such work to a woman.

Portia returned to the kitchen, and came back with a burning brand of pitch-pine, which gave out a bright flare. Carrying this as a torch, she led the way to the stable, Chase following with the horse. "Your mare, she's in yere erready," said the farmer's wife, pointing to Kentucky Belle.

Then as they went back to the house by the light of the flaring brand, she asked whether she should go up and wake Ruth.

"Yes; I'll go along; which room is it? Hold on, though; are you sure my wife's asleep?"

"When I went up the minute before you come she was, an' Miss Dolly too."

"Well, then, I guess I won't disturb 'em just yet," said Chase, and he went with Portia to her kitchen, where she brought forward her rocking-chair for his use. "What time did they get here?" he inquired.

Portia, seating herself on a three-legged stool, told what she knew. As she was finishing her story there came a roar from the dark end of the long room, the end

where the loom stood. "It's only Dave wakin' up," she explained, and she hastened towards her husband. But as she did so, he yelled "coffee!" in enraged tones, and, hurrying back, she knelt down and blew up the fire. "I'm comin', Dave; it's all ready," she called. Then as she continued to work the bellows, she went on in a low voice to Chase. "He'll stay awake now fer an hour or two, an' he'll be talkin' an' talkin' on, p'r'aps. Mebbe you'd ruther set in the best room for a whilst? There's a fire, an' the stairs mount right up from there to the room where yer wife's asleep, an' her sister, so you kin go up whenever you like. Relse you might lay down yourself an' get some sleep without disturbin' 'em at all till mawnin'. There's a good bed in the best room; none better."

"Coffee!" roared the farmer a second time, and Portia quickly took the cup, which stood waiting with sugar and cream already in it, and lifting her pot from the coals, poured out the odorous beverage, the strong coffee of Rio. Though she had an intense desire to be left alone with "Dave," now that his precious waking-time had come, her inborn sense of hospitality would never have permitted her to suggest that her guest should leave her, if she had not believed with all her heart that her best room was a bower of beauty. She even had the feeling that she ought to urge it a little, lest he should be unwilling to "use it common." Chase, perceiving that she wished him to go, went softly out, and entering the bower, closed the door behind him. The fire was low. He put on some pitch-pine splinters, and added sticks of wood; for, in spite of his water-proof coat (which was now hanging before the fireplace in the kitchen), his clothes were damp. He lifted the logs carefully, so as not to waken the sleepers above; then he sat down and stretched out his legs to the blaze. In spite of Portia's assertion that his wife was "all right," he was very uneasy; he could scarcely keep himself from stealing up to get a look at her. But sleeplessness had been for so long one of her troubles that he knew it was far wiser to let her rest as long as she could. One thought pleased him; it had pleased him since the moment he heard it: her stealing off for a ride at dawn simply to tease Dolly. That certainly looked as if she must be much stronger than she had been when he left her. It was an escapade worthy of the days when she had been the frolicking Ruth Franklin. On the other hand loomed up the results of this freak of hers, namely, her having been out so long in the storm. Portia's expression, "pretty well beat when she first come," that was not encouraging. Thus he weighed the possibilities, sitting there with his chair tilted back, his eyes fixed on the reviving flame. He knew that he could not sleep until he had seen her. Portia's "best bed," therefore, did not tempt him. In addition, he wished to wait for the carriage, in order to contrive some sort of shelter for it, and to assist in putting up the horses, since there was no one else to do it. After a while, with his hands clasped behind his head, he moved his chair a little and looked vaguely round the room. Everything was the same as when he had paid his former visit there during the excursion which he had made over the Great Smoky Mountains with the Franklins and poor Jared. The red patch-work quilt was spread smoothly over the bed; the accordion was on the mantel-piece, flanked by the vase whose design was a pudgy hand holding a cornucopia; on the wall was the long row of smirking fashion plates from *Godey's Lady's Book*. This means of entertainment, however, was soon exhausted, and after a while he took some memoranda from his pocket, and, bending forward towards the fire, began to look them over.

He had been thus engaged for nearly half an hour when a door opened behind him and Dolly Franklin came in.

She had no idea that he was there. The bedroom above, whose flight of steep stairs she had just descended, possessed windows only towards the river; and the second-story floors of the old house were so thick that no sound from below could penetrate them. She had not therefore heard Chase ride up on the other side; she had not distinguished any sounds in the kitchen.

He jumped up when he saw her. "I'm *mighty* glad you've come down. I've been afraid to disturb her. Is she awake?"

Dolly closed the door behind her. "No; she is sleeping soundly. I wouldn't go up just now. A good sleep is what she needs most of all."

"All right, I'll wait. But how in the world came she to be out so long in the

rain, and you too? That's the part I don't understand."

Dolly's heart had stood still when she saw her brother-in-law. "I'll sit here for a while," she suggested, in order to gain time. "Will you please pull forward that chair—the one in the corner? I had no idea you were here. I only came down for the pillows from this bed; they are better than those upstairs." While she was getting out these words her quick mind had flown back to L'Hommedieu, and the impression which she had left behind her there, carefully arranged and left as explanation of their absence. The explanation had been intended for any of their friends who might happen to come to the house during the day. But it would do equally well for Horace Chase; and Félicité could be safely trusted to have repeated it to him within five minutes after his unexpected arrival. For Félicité was not fond of Miss Dora Franklin. The idea that her young mistress had gone off for a ride at daylight would be an immense delight to the French woman, not for the expedition itself (such amusements in a country so "sauvage" being beyond her comprehension), but for the annoyance to mademoiselle—mademoiselle whose watchfulness over everything that concerned her sister (even her sister's maid) was so insupportably stringent. Their start, therefore, Dolly reflected, both Ruth's at dawn and her own a little later, was probably in a measure accounted for in Horace Chase's mind. But as regarded the hours in the rain, what could she invent about that? For Portia had evidently described Ruth's exhaustion and their wet clothes. She had seated herself by the fire; arrayed in one of the shapeless dresses of her hostess, with her hair braided and hanging down her back, her plain face looked plainer than ever. Worn out though she was, she had not been asleep even for a moment; she had been sitting by the bedside watching her sister. Ruth had lain motionless, with her head thrown back lifelessly, her breathing scarcely perceptible. Whenever Portia had peeped in (and the farmer's wife had stolen softly up the stairs three times) Dolly had pretended to be asleep; and she knew that Portia would think that Ruth also was sleeping. But Ruth was not asleep. And Dolly's mind was filled with apprehension. What would follow this apathy?

"As I understand it, Ruthie took a notion to go off for a ride at daybreak," Horace Chase began, "and then, after breakfast, you followed her. How did you know which way she went? I supposed you asked. But she left her mare here as early as half past eight this morning the woman of the house tells me; and you yourself got here at two; what happened afterwards? How came you to stay out in the rain? Unless you got lost, I don't see what you were about?"

"We *were* lost for a while," answered Dolly, who had now arranged her legend. "But that was afterwards. Our staying out was my fault, or, rather, my misfortune." She put out her feet, and warmed them calmly. "After I drove on from here, I didn't find Ruth for some time. When at last I came upon her we took our lunch together, and then I tied the pony to a tree and we strolled off through the woods, picking up the colored leaves. Suddenly I had one of my attacks. And it must have been a pretty bad one, for it lasted a long time. How long I don't know; but when I came to myself it was dark. Ruth, of course, couldn't carry me, poor child. And she wouldn't leave me. So there we staid in the rain. And when finally I was able to move, it took us ages to get here, for not only was I obliged to walk slowly, but it was so dark that we couldn't find the road. I am all right now. But meanwhile *she* is dreadfully used up."

Here, from the kitchen, came the sound of Portia's flat voice:

"Je-ru-sa-*lem*, my happy *home*,
Name ever dear tu *me*,
When *shell* my laberrs hev an end?
Thy joys when shell I see?
Thy-y joys when shell-*el* I see?

"When *shell* these eyes thy heavenly walls
An' peerly gates behold?
Thy buildin's with salvation strong,
An' streets of shinin' gold?
An'-an' streets of shi-*i*-nin' gold!"

"Crumb has arrived at his religious stage, and his wife is celebrating," commented Dolly. "He goes through them all in regular succession every time he is drunk. Obstinacy. Savagery. Lethargy. And then, finally, Repentance, for he isn't one of those unimportant just persons who need none."

Chase glanced at her with inward disfavor; cynicism in a woman was extremely unpleasant to him. His mental comment,

after she had explained their adventures, had been: "Well, if *Dolly* had let the whole job alone, none of this would have happened; Ruth would have had her lark out and come home all right, and that would have been the end of it. But Dolly must needs have *her* finger in the pie, and out she goes. Then of course she gets sick, and the end is that instead of her seeing to Ruth, Ruth has to see to her." But he kept these reflections to himself. He brought forward instead the idea that was important to him: "Isn't it a pretty good sign she's better, that she *wanted* to go off for a ride in that way? It's like the things she used to do when I first knew her. Don't you remember how she staid out so long that cold windy night without her hat, talking with Malachi Hill, over the back fence, about his Big Moose masquerade? And how she even went on, bareheaded, and in the dark, half across the village to find Achilles Larue and get him to come, so that she could tease Miss Billy?" He gave a short laugh over the remembrance. "I cannot help thinking, Dolly, that she isn't half as sick as you made out; in fact, I've never thought she was, though I've more or less fallen in with your idea of giving her a change. I *had* made arrangements to start for New York to-morrow morning, so as to hit the Cunarder of Wednesday. But, as things have turned out, I don't know that we need pull up stakes so completely, after all. She's evidently better."

For one instant Dolly thought. Then she spoke: "No, carry out your plan. Take her away to-morrow morning just as you intended. Even if she *is* somewhat stronger (though I think you'll find that she isn't), she needs a change." She said this decidedly. But the decision was for her own sake; it was an effort to make herself believe, by the sound of the spoken words, that this course would still be possible. "It *shall* be possible," she resolved.

"Well, I guess I won't decide till I see her," Chase answered. "Perhaps she's awake by this time?"

Dolly got up quickly. "I will go and see; my step is lighter than yours. If I do not come back, that will mean that she is still asleep, and that I think it best not to disturb her. The moment she does wake, however, I will come and call you. Will that do?"

"All right," said Chase, briefly, a second time. He did not especially enjoy the prospect of several years in Europe. But at least it would be agreeable to have his wife to himself, with no Dolly to meddle and dictate.

After she had gone, he sat expectant for nearly fifteen minutes. But she did not return; Ruth evidently had not wakened. He rose, gave a stretch, and going to the window, raised the curtain and looked out. The rain was pouring down; there was no sign of the carriage; it was so dark that he could not see even the nearest trees. Dropping the curtain again, he walked about the room for a while. Then he started to go to the kitchen, to see how his wet coat was coming on; but remembering Portia's vigil (which nothing could have induced him to break in upon, now that he understood its nature), he stopped. He looked at all the simpering ladies of the fashion plates, ladies whose bodies were formed on the model which seems to be peculiar to such publications, and to exist only for them; he lifted the vase and inspected it a third time; he even tried the accordion softly. Finally he sat down by the fire, and taking out his memoranda again and a pencil, he went back to his calculations.

Dolly had gone swiftly up the stairs and along the entry which led to the bedroom. Ruth was lying just as she had left her, with her eyes shut, her head thrown back. Dolly closed the door and locked it; then she came and leaned over her.

"Ruth, do you hear me?"

"Yes," answered Ruth, mechanically.

Dolly sat down by the side of the bed and drew her sister towards her.

"I have something to tell you," she whispered. "Your husband is downstairs."

Ruth did not start. After a moment she opened her eyes and turned them slowly towards her sister.

"He came home unexpectedly," Dolly went on, in the same low tone. "He reached L'Hommedieu this evening, and when they told him that we had not returned he had inquiries made as to the road we had taken, and came down here himself on horseback. At L'Hommedieu, Ruth, they think that you slipped out at dawn for a ride, just to play me a trick, because I have watched you so closely about your health lately that you were

out of all patience. I let them think this; or, rather, I made them think it. And they have repeated it to your husband, who accepts it just as they did. The only thing he could not understand was why we staid out so long in the storm, for Portia had evidently told him how late it was when we came in, and how exhausted you looked. So I have just said that after I found you we had our lunch together, and then, after tying the pony to a tree, we strolled through the woods, picking up the colored leaves. Suddenly one of my attacks came on, and it was a bad attack; I was unconscious for a long time. You wouldn't leave me; and so there we had to stay in the rain. When at last I could walk I had to come slowly. And we couldn't find the road for a long while—it was so dark. All this seems to him perfectly natural, Ruth; he suspects nothing. The only point he is troubled about is your health—how that will come out after the exposure. He is sitting by the fire downstairs waiting for you to wake, for I told him you were asleep. And here is something almost superhumanly lucky: his plan is to take you off to New York to-morrow morning, to hit the Wednesday's Cunard steamer for Liverpool. He has had this idea for some weeks—the idea of going abroad. That was the reason he went away—to make ready. He didn't tell you about it, because he thought he would take you by surprise. And he still hopes to sail on Wednesday, provided you are well enough. It isn't to be a flying trip this time; he is willing to stay over there for years if you like. Now, Ruth, listen to me. You must go. You need make no effort of any kind; just let yourself slip on from day to day passively. There is nothing difficult about that. If there were, I should not ask you to do it, for I know you could never play a part. But here there is no part; you need do no more than you always have done. That has never been much; for from the first the devotion has been on his side, not on yours, and he will expect no more. Now try to sleep a little, and then at sunrise I will let him come up. You needn't talk; you can say you are too tired to talk. He is so uneasy about your health that he will fall in with anything. Don't think about it any more. The whole thing's over. It's all settled."

Suiting her actions to her words, Dolly rearranged the coverlet over her sister, and then, rising, she began to make a screen before the fire with two chairs and a blanket, so that its light should not fall across the bed. While she was thus engaged she heard a sound, and, turning her head, she saw that Ruth was getting up.

"What is it?" she said, going to her. "Do you want anything?"

"Where are my clothes?" Ruth asked. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, her bare feet resting on the rag mat by its side.

"Portia is drying them. She left some of her things on that chair for you. But don't get up now; the night isn't anywhere near over."

Ruth went to the chair where lay the garments, coarse but clean; she unbuttoned her night-gown (also one of Portia's). Then her strength failed, and she sank down on the chair. "Come back to bed," said Dolly, urgently.

Ruth let her head rest on the chair back for a moment or two. Then she said: "I won't try to dress; I don't feel strong enough. But please get me some stockings and shoes and a shawl. That will be enough."

"Are you tired of the bed? I can make you comfortable in that chair by the fire, then," Dolly answered. "Here are stockings. And shoes, too—Portia's. But I'm afraid they will drop off!" Kneeling down, she drew on the stockings, and then Ruth, rising, stepped into the shoes. Dolly went to spread a blanket over the chair, and while she was thus engaged, Ruth, seeing a homespun dress of Portia's hanging from a peg, took it and put it on over her night-gown.

"You need not have done that," commented Dolly; "here is a second blanket to wrap you up in."

But Ruth was going towards the door. Dolly hurried after her and caught her arm. "You are not going down? What for?"

"I don't know," answered Ruth, vaguely. Then, with quickened breath, she added, "Yes, I *do* know; I am going to tell—tell what I did." She was panting a little; Dolly could hear the sound.

The elder sister held her tightly. (But Ruth did not struggle, she stood passive.) "What are you going to tell?" Dolly asked, sternly. "What *is* there to tell? You took a ride; you walked in the for-

est; you stood in a thicket; you came back. That is all. No one saw you; no one on earth knows anything more. And there *was* nothing more, save in thought. Your thoughts are your own affair, you are not required to tell them; it would be a strange world indeed if we had to tell all our thoughts. In your *acts*, as it has turned out, there has been nothing wrong. Leave it so, then. Let it rest."

Ruth did not reply. But in her clouded eyes Dolly thought she read refusal. "Ruth, let me judge for you," she pleaded. "Could I possibly advise you to do anything that was not your best course? Your very best? If you force an account of your inward feelings upon your husband—who does not ask for them or want them — you destroy his happiness, you make him wretched. Don't you care for that? If I have never liked him—and I may as well confess that I never have—at least I know his devotion to you. If you tell, therefore, tell so unnecessarily, it will be a great cruelty. Think of all he did for mother? Of all he did and tried to do for Jared?"

Two tears welled up in Ruth's eyes. But she did not speak.

"And then there is another thing," Dolly went on. "If he knows the truth, all the good in him will be changed to permanent bitterness. And, besides, he will be very harsh to you, Ruth; he will be brutal; and he will even think that it is right that he should be so. For those are the ideas of—of some people about wives who go wrong." To the woman who had married Horace Chase, Dolly could say no more. But if she had spoken out all that was in her heart, her phrase would have been, "For those are the ideas of common people about wives who go wrong." (To Dolly, Horace Chase's commonness—his commonness as it appeared to her—had always been the insupportable thing.) But what she was saying now about her dread of his possible brutality was not in the least a fiction invented to influence Ruth; she had in reality the greatest possible dread of it.

Ruth, however, seemed either to have no fears at all, or else she was all fear—fear that had reached the stage of torpor.

"Think of *this*, too," urged Dolly, finally. "If you tell, have you the slightest idea that your husband will be able to keep himself from breaking off instantly all relations with the Willoughbys—with the uncles as well as the nephew? And do you want Walter Willoughby to suspect—as he certainly would suspect—the cause? Do you wish this man, who has merely played with you, who from the beginning has amused himself at your expense, and, no doubt, laughed at you over and over again—do you wish him to have a fresh joke at the sight of your embittered husband's jealousy? Is he to tell the whole story to Marion Barclay? And have *her* laughing also at your hopeless passion for him?—at the way you have thrown yourself at his head? If you are silent, not only will your husband be saved from all this wretchedness, but Walter Willoughby will have no story to tell!"

For answer, Ruth gave a moan of physical weakness; she did not try to free herself from her sister's hold; she stood motionless, her figure drooping, her eyes closed. "Dolly," she murmured, "if you keep on opposing me—and my courage won't hold out very long—you will end by preventing it, preventing my telling. But there is something you won't be able to prevent: I am so tired that I want to die! And I shouldn't be afraid of *that;* I mean, finding a way."

Dolly's hands dropped.

And then Ruth, after a moment more of delay, pushed back the bolt, passed along the entry, and began to go down the dark stairs. She went slowly, a step at a time. A step; then a hesitation; then another step. Finally she reached the bottom, and opened the door.

Her descent had been noiseless; it was not until her hand touched the latch that Chase turned his head. When he saw his wife he sprang up. "*You*, Ruthie!" he exclaimed, delightedly, as she entered, followed, after a moment, by the frightened, wretched Dolly. "Are you well enough to be up?" He put his arm round her and kissed her. "Come to the fire."

But Ruth drew herself away; she moved off to a little distance. "Wait; I have something to tell you," she answered.

"At any rate, sit down," Chase responded, bringing the best arm-chair and placing it before her. He had had a long experience regarding her changing caprices; he never disputed them.

But she did not seat herself; she only leaned on the back of the chair, her hands grasping its top. "I did not take that ride this morning for the reason you

think," she began. "I was going to Walter Willoughby; I knew he was at the Lodge."

"Well, then, I wish you hadn't," replied Chase. He looked annoyed, but not angry. "Fellows like Walter are conceited enough without that sort of thing. If you wanted to see him you could have sent a note, asking him to come to L'Hommedieu. Or Dolly could have written it for you; that would have been the best way. But don't stand there; sit down."

Ruth took a fresh grasp of the chair. "You do not comprehend," she said, her voice showing how little strength she had. But though she was weak physically, there was no nervousness; she was perfectly calm. "You do not comprehend. I was going to him because I loved him, Horace. I have loved him for a long time. I loved him so that I *had* to go!"

As she said this her husband's face changed, changed in a way that was pitiful to see. He looked stunned, stricken.

"I did not mean to," Ruth went on. "I did not know what it was at first. And then—it was too late. I thought he loved me; I was sure of it. And so—I went to him."

Dolly, hurrying forward, laid her hand restrainingly on Chase's wrist. "He did not see her. No one saw her. And she did no harm, no harm whatever."

But Chase shook Dolly off with a motion of his shoulder. Ruth, too, paid no heed to her sister; she looked straight at her husband, not defiantly, but drearily; she went on with her tale almost mechanically, and with the same desperate calmness as before. "So I went to him; I left my horse here, and went up through the woods. But he had Marion Barclay there; I saw her. And I saw his face, the expression of his face, as he talked to her: it is Marion he loves!"

"I could have told you that. At least I could have told you that he has been trying to get that girl for a long time," said Chase, bitterly. "But there was nothing in that to hold him back as regards *you*. And it hasn't held him back; it hasn't prevented him from— But he shall answer for this! Answer to *me*." The rage in his face was deep; his eyes gleamed; his hands were clinched.

Ruth left her chair and came and stood beside him. "He isn't to blame, Horace. I would tell you if he was. I should like to see Marion Barclay suffer! But if you go to him, he will only laugh at you, and with reason; for he has never cared for me, and he has never even pretended to care; I see that now. It is *I* who have been in love with *him*."

Here Dolly spoke again, spoke from the corner to which she had retreated. "She has *said* nothing. *Written* nothing. *Done* nothing. Remember that!"

"It began that first winter we spent in Florida," Ruth went on. She had returned to her place behind the chair, and her eyes were again fixed upon her husband's face. "And when he told me suddenly that he was going away for years, going the next morning, I could not breathe! Then, when Jared died, and mother died, and you were so good to me, I tried to forget him. But as soon as I saw him again, I knew that it was of no use—no sort of use!"

"You'll never make me believe that *he* did nothing all this time," said Chase, savagely. "That he didn't profit, that he didn't take advantage—"

But Ruth shook her head. "No. Perhaps he amused himself a little. Once or twice he said a few words. But that was all. And even this was called out by me—by *my* love. Left to himself he always drew back, he always stopped. But *I*—I never did! You must believe me about this—I mean about its having been my doing. How can I make you believe it? If I say that by my mother's memory, by Jared's, what I have told you is true, will you believe it then? Very well; I *do* say so." Exhausted, she put her face down upon her hands on the top of the chair back.

The firelight, which was now brilliant, had revealed her clearly. Her figure in the homespun dress looked wasted; in her face there was now no beauty, the irregularity of its outlines was conspicuous, the bright color was gone, the eyes were dull and dead.

Something in her bowed head touched Chase keenly. A memory of her as she was when he married her came before him, the radiant young creature who had given herself to him so willingly and so joyously.

"Ruthie, we'll forget it," he said, in a changed voice. "I was too old for you, I am afraid, I ought not to have asked you to marry me. But it's done now,

past mending, and we must make the best of it. But we'll begin all over again, my poor little girl." For his wife had always seemed to him a child, an impulsive lovely child, a little spoiled, no doubt, but enchantingly sweet and dear. Her affection for him, as far as it went, had been sincere; he had comprehended that from the beginning. And alluring though she was to him in her enchanting young beauty, he would not have married her without it; her consent, even her willing consent, would not have been enough. And now it seemed to him that he could go back to that girlish liking, that he could foster it and draw it out; he had not protected her from her own fancies, he had not guarded her or guided her. Now he would make her more a part of his life; he would no longer think of her as a child; he would give her occupations, and even responsibilities.

He had come to her as he spoke. This time she did not draw herself away; but, looking at him with the same fixed gaze, she went on. She had been speaking slowly, but now her words came pouring forth in a flood as though she felt that it was the only way in which she could get them spoken at all; each brief phrase was hurried out with a quick pant.

"Oh, you don't understand. You think it was a fancy. But it wasn't, it wasn't; I *loved* him! I was going to stay with him forever. I would have gone to the ends of the earth with him. I would never have asked a question. I hadn't the least hesitation; you mustn't think that I had. I sang to myself as I rode out here; I was so happy and glad. I didn't care in the least what became of you; I didn't even think of you. If he had been alone at the Lodge, I should have gone straight into his arms. And you might have come in, and I shouldn't have minded; I shouldn't even have known you were there! From the moment I started, you were nothing to me—nothing; you didn't exist! I am as guilty as a woman can be. I had every intention, every inclination. What was lacking was *his* will; but never mine! It was only twelve hours ago. I haven't changed in that time. The only change is that now I know he doesn't care for *me*. But that makes no difference regarding my feeling for him. I would have accepted anything—yes, anything; it was only twelve hours ago, and if he *had* been alone at the Lodge, whether he really loved me or not, he would not have turned me out—"

"No; d—n him!" answered Chase.

"And *I* should have been glad to stay," Ruth concluded, inflexibly.

Her husband turned away. It was a strong man's anguish. He sat down by the fire, his face covered by his hand.

Into the pause there now came again the strains of Portia's hymn in the kitchen—that verse about "the peerly gates" which she was hopefully singing a second time to "Dave." Then, in the silence that followed, the room seemed filled with the rushing sound of the rain.

Ruth had remained motionless. "I shall never be any better," she went on with the same desperation; "I wish you to understand me just as I really am. I might even do it a second time; I don't know. You may make whatever arrangements you like about me; I agree to all in advance. And now—I'll go." Turning, she went towards the door of the stairway, the pale Dolly joining her in silence.

Then Horace Chase got up. His face showed how profoundly he had suffered; it was changed, changed for life. "After all this that you've told, Ruth, I don't press myself upon you—I never shall again; I *couldn't;* that's ended. You haven't got any father or mother, and you're very young yet; so I shall have to see to you for the present. But it can be done from a distance, and that's the way I'll fix it for you. You mustn't think I don't feel this thing because I don't say much. It just about kills me! But as to condemning, coming down on you out and out, I don't do it, I haven't got the cheek. Who am I that I should dare to? Have I been so faultless myself that I have any right to judge *you?*" And as he said this, his rugged face had, for the moment, an expression that was striking in its beauty, its mixture of sorrow, honesty, and grandeur.

Ruth gazed at him. Then she gave an inarticulate entreating cry, and ran to him.

But she was so weak that she fell, and Dolly rushed forward.

Horace Chase put Dolly aside—put her aside forever. He lifted his wife in his arms, and silently bent his head over hers as it lay on his breast.

THE END.



ARABIAN SIRE BELONGING TO THE SULTAN.

RIDERS OF SYRIA.

BY COLONEL T. A. DODGE, U. S. A.

THOUGH in my journeys through the Orient I have had the good fortune to see somewhat of fancy stock, I have not purposed to pay much heed to the studs of the great princes; the horse of the people interests me more. One could scarcely expect a man to understand the horse of North America by taking him through the stables of Leland Stanford or over the Alexander farm; nor does a man who describes the choicest specimens of the Arabian world convey to you any idea of the Arabian as most of us would see him. To describe the inmates of the imperial stables, or the stud of the Khedive, or even an exceptional specimen found in the tents of a Bedouin chief out on the Arabian Desert, is to portray a faultless creature, a sort of equine Thaddeus of Warsaw. A man may fall down and worship some of the beautiful Arabians—like the one in the illustration, which belongs to the Sultan, and whose lines standing are as perfect as his grace in motion. So we may adore many of our own prize-winners. But this is not the horse we want to know; it is the average horse and rider all over the world which most appeal to us — the horse we ourselves might own.

It has been the habit to give us accounts of only the splendid horses of the sheiks and emirs, and many, indeed, of those who have described them have not been students of the horse. While there is a color of truth in all that we have

heard about the Arabian, while the exception is as marvellous in his way as a Flora Temple or a Black Maria, the average Arabian is by no means superior to our own horse—scarcely his equal. He is, moreover, so small as to be useless for any but light performance. A carriage to go a distance must have three or even four horses. He would not do our work at all. The exceptional Arabian is a fine fellow, but—and I think I can claim some experience, as I have seen and used horses in a great many parts of the world—apart from a certain attractiveness we readily grant him, I do not think that the best Arabian is nearly as good as the best hunter, the best trotter, the best racer, or the best saddle-horse of England or America, and I am quite sure that I would stake my money on a hundred broncos of the American plains against a hundred Arabians of the Syrian Desert on a pull of one or two hundred miles under conditions fair to each. This may be a strong statement, but I believe it to be a just one.

When we reach Syria we approach as near the home of the best type of Arabian horse as the traveller is apt to get. The nomad Bedouin tribes beyond the Jordan, who winter in the Arabian Desert, and wander northward to escape its summer heat, probably own the best blood that exists. It is here that the French have found the fine stallions they use to retrieve the failing stock of Algeria. These Bedouins are not numerous: 25,000 will number all the tribes.

I believe that these Bedouins have kept as near as any to the purest strain of Arabian blood. You must ride for many days, and put up with a good deal of privation, heat, and dirt, to reach the *habitat* of this truly noble beast, but it is worth your while. The Arabs beyond the Jordan are practically not subject to the Turkish rule. They are strictly nomads, and raise camels, asses and horses, beeves and sheep. They come and go at will; they bulldoze the agricultural peasantry into paying them tribute, and the poor soil-tillers find it a far safer means of securing quiet than to rely on the Sultan's pretence of protection; they demand backsheesh even from those who only go down from Jerusalem to Jericho, lest they too should fall among thieves; they make war on each other at will; they are as free as the Sioux of 1840. The simple trip to the Dead Sea has to be made under escort of a Bedouin, as a species of backsheesh to these wild tribes; while to go beyond the Jordan necessitates as complicated a previous diplomatic negotiation with the sheiks through whose territory you desire to pass as the transfer of a European province. You cannot deal with one; all the tribes are at war, or at least in a state of armed neutrality; but you may deal through one with the rest. After you get into their midst you are handed from one tribal limit to another with as much ceremony as if you were a distinguished state prisoner—which, indeed, you are. There is no risk to your life, unless you should fall in with warring tribes, and then little; but you do well to carry no valuables. Having made your trade and agreed as to backsheesh, the payment of half of which it is well to reserve to the end, you may commit yourself confidently to your swarthy-skinned guides. Particularly if you are fond of horses will you excite their sympathy. Many is the suspicious-looking Arab who has hailed me as a brother because out of two horses I instinctively picked the one with the better points. Many is the fraternal embrace I have been fain to submit to.

The most marked equine distinction between the African and Asiatic Arabs is that the latter ride mares, while the former use stallions. I have reason to believe that far out on the Libyan Desert proper the same rule as to mares prevails. But on the edge of the desert the stallion is preferred. Among the Syrian Bedouins the reverse is the rule. The mare is the darling of the sheik, the pet of the family. She is treated as a child; far better, really, than the children. The most perfect of the stallions are kept, the rest are sent into the cities for sale. This accounts for the fact that the traveller sees only stallions. The price paid for a good average four-year-old horse delivered in Damascus or Jerusalem runs from thirty to fifty dollars; a fine horse costs seventy to one hundred dollars; there is no price put on a stunner; you must negotiate as for a homestead—perhaps as you would for a wife.

The high-bred Arabian Desert mares are always kept in condition. They are thin, and their naturally small frame makes them appear more so. "You raise buffaloes, not horses," an Arab of



BEDOUIN ESCORT FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

the desert will say to the owner of a fine well-rounded stallion. The splendid beauty of the Arabian as we understand it is to him a delusion. He has but one test—race, and the speed and endurance which ought to come of race. The Arabians which the ordinary traveller picks out as the finest are those which fill the eye; the finest mare in the desert may be far from a beauty; she is a "rum un to look at, but a devil to go."

The Bedouin will not sell a mare. It is in her that he takes chief pride; through her he keeps the pedigree. If forced by debt or distress to sell her, he has the right to stipulate that she shall be bred to such and such a horse, and that he shall have the first mare foal. He will never ride a horse when he can ride a mare. Geldings exist, but they are rare.

It will be a disappointment to the reader for me to say that the common Arabian of Syria is so nearly like the bronco that the Bedouin might be set down as a cowboy—bar clothes and seat and intelligence. So far as the horse goes, you might mix a hundred of each in a big corral, leave them alone a month, and it would be hard for any but an expert to pick out either kind. By common Arabian I mean the saddle-horse we use in every-day life, the equine *vin du pays*. Take a hundred of the average of these horses, and seventy of them will be broncos; the rest will show some marks of what we Philistines call better blood. There are two or three points of difference: the Arabian croup is higher, the barrel back of the girths less swollen, the withers less prominent, the ewe neck by a shade less pronounced. But the work-a-day Arabian of Syria plainly shows his cousinship with the cow-pony of our plains. He shows, too, the old steppes type to which all horses tend to revert, as the dog to the jackal type, unless bred by man. The fact is by no means so prominent in Africa. There you are less wont to travel on horseback; in Syria you must do so, and the country is so full of saddle beasts that you cannot fail to observe the fact.

Except for the saddle the Arabian horse is not worth his salt. He is too light for draught. For the saddle the

Kentucky type is better; as to gaits, infinitely to be preferred. When I say Kentucky, I mean the best class of Southern-bred saddle-horses. I speak of Kentucky as I am more familiar with that State. The gaits of the Arabian horse are not as pure. He has but two which may be called perfect—the walk and gallop. His flat-footed walk is undeniably good; on the whole better than the average in the South. His amble or rack is good, but neither universal nor even and reliable in individuals. He has no canter proper; he always gallops. To "canter all day in the shade of an apple-tree" is an unknown art to him; he must go a given speed. I have not seen a single slow, easy, rhythmical canter in Asia or Africa, though I have seen a Bedouin at a fantasīya plant his spear and canter around it without quitting his hold. This was, however, at great exertion to man and beast, not performed as my Patroclus used to do it. The Arabian's gallop is quick and neatly poised, but it is not the true racing stride. Still, for saddle-work it is good. Except these two, the Arabian has no gait worth mention. His amble or rack is slow; he cannot start out into a sharp, fast, twelve-mile rack. The running-walk as a steady, trained, uniform gait is unknown, though some individual horses happen to blunder into it. Nor has the Arabian saddle-beast a trot. The Arab despises it.

There is one exception to the rule I have given. The Cretan horse often has a fast rack. He goes the gait in perfect purity, and is said to be able to carry a man twelve miles and over within the hour. When the ordinary good horse brings ten or twelve pounds sterling, this little fellow—who differs only in ability to go from his cousins, and is otherwise a mean-looking low-headed runt—will always find a purchaser at forty pounds and upwards. I could learn nothing of his breeding.

The Syrian saddle has many varieties; none very marked. From what resembles a high-cantled leather-covered English saddle to one of modified Oriental type, you find all kinds and sizes. The saddle is rather apt to be covered with a sheepskin, so as to conceal its peculiarities. The seat is the same as in Africa, with very short stirrups, knees thrust 'way forward, and heels dug into the horse's flanks. There is no pretence to hold on by the knees; the grip is solely with calf and heel. Most saddles, if you will use long stirrups, are fairly comfortable; but no one not used to it can ride *à l'Arabe*. There is no chance to move in an Arab's saddle, and a sudden jerk, if it unseats you, does so effectually; in an English saddle there is much room for readjusting your seat after a sudden jerk. The saddle in Asia Minor has a leather-covered half-military seat, semicircular on a side view, and with a pommel very full and wide between the knees, and uncomfortable to a degree.

The Syrian bit is the curious gag used in many places in the Orient. It has two branches; the curb-chain is a ring permanently jointed to the top of the tongue arch. When you put the bit in the horse's mouth, you slip this ring over his chin. One size does for all horses; but as the Arab is not a three-legged rider, leaving his reins loose at all times, the kind of bit is not of great importance; it will not gall. The bridle is always a fancy one, often trimmed with shell-work, and the breast-strap and saddle trappings are wonderful in their tawdry picturesqueness. Many a Bedouin, however, even if he owns a noble mare, is too poor to boast a bridle. He rides with a rope halter only. The intelligent creature does not even need that—the voice is enough. Colts are broken to saddle and taught their gaits with halter alone. If, as rarely happens, a colt is fractious, the rope is passed through his mouth. A Southerner, whose children ride the colts at pasture with a mere stick, understands this well. It is half docility, half daily familiarity of the horse with his master.

The rich coloring of the Bedouin's clothes and trappings is a never-ending source of delight to the eye. Under our own less sunny skies the showy rags would wear upon the artistic fancy. Not so in the Orient. And when a man is rich and well mounted, and clothes himself and his horse with purple and fine linen, he is guid for sair een. One never tires of looking at him.

We are apt to imagine that the Arab leaves his horse as Allah made him; that he would scorn to cut his mane or tail. This is far from the truth. The Arab hogs his horse's mane quite often; he bangs his tail; he squares it short, with a small switch hanging down from the

centre—and a ridiculous-looking tail it is, confined mostly to Jerusalem and vicinity; and, worse than all, he sometimes trims the tail short, like a foal's tail not yet grown, to give his horse a youthful appearance, and under the mistaken impression that the hair will thus be made to grow longer and fuller. Fashion is as marked a tyrant among the Bedouins as in New York.



POOR BEDOUINS OF MOAB.

The Bedouin is full of horse superstitions. His horse-lore is much like, but less than, that of our old-fashioned liveryman of a past generation. He knows a horse's habits and diseases by observation solely; he has no idea of anatomy. Every species of wind trouble to which the horse is subject he merely describes as "having something wrong inside him." He treats a horse on a system of old saws. For lameness he has but one remedy, the hot iron. His horse will work to twenty or even twenty-five years old, but he thinks that he "grows weaker" after twelve. In buying, he looks more at marks than points.

In feeding and watering the horse the Bedouins seem to us to be equally unreasoning, unless it be agreed that a horse can stand anything he is used to, and that it is well to get him used to irregular habits. The fact that the Arabian has often to go an indefinite time without food or drink makes him hardy and less apt to suffer than are our regularly treated animals. He goes all day in the hot sun, and does not ask for water—impatiently at least—even in crossing a brook. He is fed and watered apparently regardless of the fact that he is hot or tired. He is given his pail of water and his troughful of dry or green food, or whatever else is available, so soon as he stops on a journey, or is ridden off immediately after. Quite as often he gets nothing at all. I have seen horses ridden all day, and have camped at noon with them near by a stream, without any one trying to water them, because they had no bucket and the banks were high. It would never occur to a Bedouin to carry a skin pail with him. But the horses seemed used to such neglect, and never even whinnied for the water gurgling past them. At other times I have seen horses fed at very short intervals—at almost every stop. As a rule, the Arabian has a sound appetite. When it fails after a hard pull, his master resorts to all kinds of queer devices to make him



RICH KALIPH OF BEDOUIN TRIBE, NEAR GAZA.

eat. He does not rub his ears and legs to restore his disturbed circulation as we would do, but tweaks and twists his ears pretty roughly, and cuffs him about the head; he ties knots in his forelock and pulls him about by it; he pulls out and twists his tongue, and rubs a handful of feed over it. The *rationale* of all this is as hard to decipher as the whipping a Russian horse gets if he refuses to eat. But the knout is a cure-all in Russia.

The food is much as in the rest of the Orient. Barley is the bulk of the dry food; beans, of which Cyprus exports vast quantities; oats, cut up straw and all; clover hay; green clover of the first crop. Barley, fed all over the East, gives a distinctly disagreeable odor to the stables, but it is a hardy food.

The Syrian horse has the same peculiarities as his brothers in Africa. He weighs little for his height, and yet without appearing over leggy. Officials in the East are so very unreliable that I do not feel that I have arrived at a just estimate of the weight of the Arabian horse. I have had several put on the scales; but when a horse of over fifteen hands, which I should gauge at 800 pounds, is said to weigh only 488, I am disinclined to credit the accuracy of the scales or weigher. The Arabian has a round, well-coupled, but exceedingly small barrel, no breadth of shoulder or haunch, and has small bones. From behind he is knife-blady. Still, thoroughbred bone weighs heavy; a cubic inch of a racer's shin-bone weighs three or four times as much as a cubic inch of the more porous bone of the brewer's bulky dray-horse. In most respects the Arabian is built to weigh little and do much for his weight; but I must still hold him to four-fifths or over of the weight of a similar animal at home. The same applies to donkeys. I have been told that a certain donkey weighed only 200 pounds when I was certain he weighed 275 to 300 pounds.

The Arabian is generally in good flesh. He more rarely loses his roundness than our horses do. This comes in part from his having so small a frame-work to fill out. It is easy to keep a narrow-hipped horse fat. His legs and feet are as near perfect as may be. The reason has already been given — that he stands day

and night on the ground. No Oriental stable has a floor, unless rarely that of a pacha or an emir, so that the diseases of the hoof from which our horses suffer are not apt to be found. He is, moreover, not generally called on all day and every day to " 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road," so that his legs remain sound; and his weight saves him when he does have to do such work. His life out-of-doors or in open stables gives him fresh air at all times, and his lungs remain good. He has been kept under natural conditions for generations, and the result is a naturally sound beast.

He is shod with the Arabian plate. In Syria the Frank shoe is very rarely seen. The plate is the clumsiest device imaginable—thick, heavy, and awkward. Except a hole about an inch in diameter in the centre, it covers the entire foot. The toe is curved upwards, and by wear grows more curved; the heel likewise curves upwards, so as to cover the entire frog almost up to the coronet. We like to see the foot rest flat on the ground, and the frog, if not touching the ground, at least close to it. The Syrian horse has the plate curved upward at the back so that the frog, though resting on the plate, is high off the ground, and the animal looks as if he were treading on tiptoe. I at first mistook this tiptoe step behind as an indication of spavin. We should



CAMEL WITH PALANQUIN.

consider such shoeing as bad for the sinews. After the shoe has been on six or eight weeks, the horse travels very much as if his feet were balled with snow. He is stepping on a sort of curved surface, and on less than one-third of the face of the shoe at all times. It is not a natural position for the foot. The hind toes are generally worn off square. You may always assume the foot to be good; but you can see nothing of it but the outside wall without taking off the shoe. This horror of a shoe the Arabian carries from four to six months!

The women of the people ride astride a pad, with long stirrups or none. They frequently use the men's saddle. There is nothing odd about their seat, as about that of their Egyptian sisters. They seem much at home on horseback, though it is the ass which is especially their mount.

We ought not to take leave of the Orient proper without a word about the palanquin rider. In a land where there are no roads, where all travel and traffic are by saddle and sumpter beasts, the palanquin is the equivalent of our carriage. It is by no means as uncomfortable as it appears. A single-camel palanquin is not as luxurious as one borne by two camels; but there is much room for change of position in even this. The palanquin looks unwieldy, but being made of reed and wicker-work it is light, and with its two travellers will not weigh more than four hundred pounds. The porter camel can carry five hundred; a runner not much over half the weight.



SYRIAN WOMAN ON AN ASS.

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT OXFORD.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



THE Oxford undergraduate impressed me as the most interesting combination of shyness and audacity that I had ever met. His extreme shyness seems to be his chief dissimilarity, not to most Englishmen, but to all other undergraduates. I mistook it at first for hauteur, and a personal disinclination to see more of myself, which, as I had come so many thousand miles to see him, was discouraging in the extreme. But after he had listened to me with marked disapproval for some time he would blush, and ask me to dinner in hall, or mention, as if he were rather ashamed of the fact, that he expected his sisters to tea in his rooms, or that some of the men were coming to breakfast the next morning, and that if I liked I could come too. As he kept this up steadily for the whole of the Eights' week, I decided that he was the most truly hospitable soul I had met in England; most truly so, as social functions of the most simple order were so evidently a trial to him, and the presence of a stranger a cause of much personal embarrassment and distress. But when it was not an occasion of ceremony, and after he had conquered the shyness which at first lay hold upon him, he developed a most reckless and audacious spirit, and I forgot to study him in trying to keep up with his different moves, and to avoid the traps he laid for me, and, owing to being in his company, the wrath of the townsfolk and the clutches of the local constabulary.

The town of Oxford is at its best during the week in which the eight-oared boats of the twenty colleges belonging to the university row for mastery on the river. It is then filled with people up from London. The weather, which is always to be considered first, is the best the year gives, the green quadrangles and the flowers are more beautiful than at any other time, and every afternoon the river overflows with boats. The beauty of Oxford, as everybody knows, does not lie in any one building or in any one street; it is the abundance and continuing nature of its beauty which makes it what it is. It is not like any other show town in that one does not ride or walk from the inn to see a certain cathedral or a particular monument. In Oxford with every step you take you are encompassed and shut in with what is oldest and best in architecture, with what is softest and most beautiful in turf and in window gardens of flowers. You cannot go to the corner to post a letter without being halted by some iron gateway which you have not seen before, or a row of mocking gargoyles, or a mysterious coat of arms, or a statue half eaten by the cannibals of Time and Weather. You rush through whole streets—being in a hurry to see the boats start, or late for a luncheon, or some such important matter—lined with crumbling walls or marvellous façades, with glimpses through great doorways of radiant gardens, or of oaken halls hung with old paintings and marble tablets. They are as much a matter of course as are the fire-escapes in New York, and so common to the town that you see them as a whole, and regard them as little as you regard the signs on

the houses as you rush past them on the elevated. They form part of the very atmosphere, and those who breathe this atmosphere for any length of time grow to consider Oxford as a home, and return to it after many years to find it just as dear to them and just as beautiful and almost as old. I think it is much better to take Oxford this way than to go over it piece by piece with Baedeker in hand to acquaint one's self with the window of the headless scholar, with the tower that Wolsey built overnight, and the room in which Dr. Johnson wrote something very important, the name of which I forget. Personally, I confess to not knowing the location of more than three of all the twenty colleges. They all seemed to me to run into one another. And then it really did not matter, for you were sure to reach the one for which you had started if you made a sufficient number of wrong turns, and asked your way from every third undergraduate, and disobeyed his directions implicitly. And then the Eights' week is not a time in which one can best linger before stained-glass windows. For the river calls you by day, and there are suppers at night, and the very much alive undergraduates are as worthy of consideration as those who have gone before, and who remain in memorial tablets or on darkened canvas.

Boating is a much more serious business at Oxford than at Yale or Harvard. At either of these two latter universities a 'varsity crew and four class crews are as much as the undergraduates furnish, while at Oxford, where there are no greater number of students, each of the twenty colleges places eight good men in its boat every term, and from them supplies a 'varsity eight as well. And these are only the official representatives of the colleges, for apart from them entirely are the private canoes of many curious makes and many names, besides that noble and worthy institution the Oxford punt. So that every student owns his boat as a matter of course, just as he owns his umbrella, and uses it almost as frequently.

There is a story of a Western Congressman who asked why the American people should complain of the inadequacy of their navy. "All we want is a few more ships," he said. "We have water enough." When one sees the Thames at Oxford and its branch the Cherwell, one is inclined to transpose this, and to admit that the undergraduates have boats in sufficiency, and that all they need is a little water. This seems especially true when a punt strikes your boat in the stern and two pair of oars form a barrier above your head, and a confusing chorus of voices assail you on all sides with "Look ahead, sir." This, however, adds an element of excitement which would be otherwise lacking, and teaches you to be polite as well as to row, or rather to steer, for it can hardly be called rowing when you back water and unship your oars twice to every time you take a pull forward. At Oxford a man is first taught how to unship his oars, and then how to back water. After he can do this quickly, in spite of the fixed rowlocks, which custom still fastens to all save the racing-boats, he is taught the less-used practice of pulling ahead. But the very number of the boats, while not conducive to speed, gives the wonderful life and color to the dark waters and overhanging trees. The girls in their summer frocks, and the men in their brilliant blazers and ribboned caps, and the canoes with colored parasols, make the little river and its little branch a miniature Henley or an English Venice, and at the same time furnish you with an excellent instance of British conservatism. For no matter how musical or noisy the men in your boat may be, or how pretty the women, those in the other boats passing within a yard of you consider you as little as though you were a part of the bank. Their eyes avoid you, and their ears as well. A man could pass between the double rows of punts and canoes tied in the shade to the banks of the Cherwell, singing or shouting or confessing a murder, or making love to the girl in the bow, and no one of the young men along the bank within reach of his oar would raise his head from his novel, or stop pulling the ears of his fox-terrier, or cease considering the bowl of his pipe.

The course over which the races are rowed at Oxford is a little less than a mile. The Thames for that mile is about as wide as an eight-oared boat is long, or ever so little wider, and the last half of the course is lined with house-boats, or "barges," as they call them. Each college has its barge, and each barge is a wonderful thing, colored and carved and gilded and decorated with coats of arms,

ON THE CHERWELL.

and with a brilliant flag flapping above it of silk and gold, and as large as a campaign banner. They look like enormous circus band-wagons robbed of their wheels and floated on rafts. The raft part of the barge holds very smart-looking undergraduates in ribboned straw hats and flannels; the barge itself contains a club-room, with racing prints on the walls where there are not windows, a long table for tea, and a dressing-room for the crew. On the top of the barge is a roof garden of pretty girls, each properly chaperoned to the third and fourth degree; and sometimes, when the college to which the barge belongs thinks it is going to bump the boat of another college, there is a regimental band. Opposite the line of barges, which stretches a quarter of a mile along the bank, is the towing-path, and back of it meadows filled with buttercups and daisies. This towing-path is where those who "run with the boats" follow the race, and where the towns-people gather. There are two races on each day of the Eights' week, one for the ten second-best boats at half past four, and one at half past six for the ten first-best boats. So at four o'clock each day the town of Oxford suddenly wakes up, and the people begin to pour out of lodging-houses and quadrangles, and inns and college gardens, and what seems an invading army of young women and their brothers (you can tell they are their brothers because they wear the same ribbons around their hats), march down the High to the river in the middle of the street rather than on the sidewalks, and so increase the similitude to an organized army, and make one wonder how many streets there are at home through which young women in white frocks and young men in pipe-clayed cricket shoes could walk so serenely.

Among these you notice many young men in a sort of undress uniform, which is very undress, but quite uniform. These are the men who run with the boats, and who, to an American, form the most novel and picturesque feature of the races. Each wears a blazer, a cap with his college arms worked upon it, a jersey cut V-shape, a muffler around his neck, heavy knickerbocker stockings turned down at the calf, and a pair of running-breeches, of a *décolleté* nature, which leave his bare knees and most of his legs as free and unimpeded as a Highlander's.

There is no deviation in this costume. It is as rigorous as court dress. No man would think of wearing a high-neck jersey and discarding the heavy muffler, or of leaving off the heavy stockings and substituting long flannel trousers. Men who have run with the boats have always worn just those things. It is a tradition. You can see them in prints and in the illustrations of *Tom Brown at Oxford*, and no undergraduate would think of changing it. These men who are going to run continue on up the towpath, the girls mount the different barges, or get into punts or row-boats and block up the river, and the sedate undergraduates distribute themselves about on the raft part of whichever barge is called for by the ribbon on their hats. It is quite impossible not to come back to these ribbons. No one knows until he goes to Oxford how many combinations can be made out of the primary colors; there are almost as many as there are combinations in a pack of cards. Each college has its ribbon, and each college crew, cricket, and football team, and all of its various dining or debating societies, have their individual ribbon, and no two are alike. As there are twenty colleges this calls for many varieties of ribbon. Those men who are on the 'varsity Elevens or Eights wear a broad dark blue ribbon which gives them the proud title of "a Blue." You say a man has got his Blue as you say Lord Rosebery has been given the Garter, or you say a man *is* a Blue just as you say such a one is an M.P. or a V.C., only you say it with more awe. When I first went to Oxford the shopkeeper offered me my choice of three hundred combinations of colors for my hat, and I proposed in my ignorance, and in order to avoid any possible assumption of membership, to decorate it with one of plain modest dark blue. If I had asked the yeoman of the guard to deck me out in the regalia in the Tower of London, I could not have been crushed with a more indignant scorn or a more abrupt refusal. One man was pointed out to me at Oxford over half a dozen times as "So-and-so of Pembroke." This was all I was ever told; I was evidently supposed to know the rest; but as I did not, I asked one day, expecting to hear he was a Senior Wrangler, or a Newdigate prize, or the Son of Somebody,



RUNNING WITH THE BOATS.

which latter, by-the-way, does not count for much at Oxford; but I was told that he was the only man in the university who had made a serious study of the college ribbons; that this was his life's work, his particular *métier*, and I learned to bow with respect to the one man who can distinguish by a glance at five hundred passing undergraduates those who belong to the Palmerston Club and those who play on the eleven for Magdalen.

A bumping race seems a most inexplicable and rather absurd affair to Americans as they hear of it, but it impresses you, if you see it often enough, as an institution of distinctly sporting qualities. It is a triumph of mind over matter, the matter in this particular being the banks of the Thames, which lie so close together at Oxford that it is not possible for two boats to row abreast for any great distance. To overcome this, the undergraduates of long ago invented the bumping race. Its principle is briefly this: A certain number of boats are placed, one after the other, in a line at equal distances apart; they are then started at the same instant, and the object of each boat is to increase the distance between itself and the boat immediately behind it, and to bump with its bow the stern of the boat immediately in front. There are two races a day for one week, and the boats that are bumped on the first day drop back on the next day, and start one place lower down in the line—that is, if the fourth boat of the ten which start bumps number three, number three on the next day will drop to fourth place, and number four will proudly move up higher, and try to bump number two.

There is really no regular finish, so far as the spectator is concerned, to a bumping race, because a bump may take place anywhere along the course, and one is just as likely to see the best of the race at one point on the bank as at another. But the barges line the upper end of the river, where all those boats still unbumped stop after they have reached a certain point. The start is made quite out of sight of the barges a mile down the river, at the upper end of one of its sharpest turns.

To see and appreciate a bumping race properly, you should watch the start of one race, the finish of another, and at another time "run with the boats" along the bank. The boats leave the several barges to take up their places at the start in an inverse order to that in which they return—that is, the boat which is to tail the procession coming back will row over the course first, and so avoid the necessity of having another boat crowd past it. As the first eight men start off, the sedate undergraduates stamp their walking-sticks into the flooring, and express their satisfaction at the sight by guttural murmurs of approval of a most well-bred and self-contained nature; and the rival crews, who are drawn up in their boats beside the other barges, lift their oars slightly and rattle them in the rowlocks as a salute. Then the men of the first eight pull off their sweaters and throw them to the undergraduates on the floating raft, and the trainer takes the blade of the stroke's oar and shoves them out into the stream; and the coxswain, who is always a most noisy and excitable little bully, who abuses and beseeches his crew, and shows not the least gratitude to them for giving him such a pleasant and rapid row, cries "Get away" angrily, and the eight bend nicely together, and on the third stroke are well off, with a special attention to form for the benefit of the spectators on the barges. There is just room for them to turn when they reach the starting-place below the bend, which is in front of hanging willows and broad low meadows and an old inn. On one side lies the towing-path, a narrow dusty road close to the bank, and on the other the green fields. At regular intervals along the towing-path wooden posts mark the station of the ten competing boats, which are kept in place by a waterman, who holds the bow with a boat-hook, and by the coxswain, who further steadies the boat by holding one end of a cord, the other end of which is fastened to the bank, while he clutches the tiller-ropes in his right. There are two signal-guns—one five minutes before the start, and the second four minutes later. At the first gun each of the ten boats, lying a hundred feet apart, moves out into the stream, the waterman of each pushing the bow from the bank, the coxswain leaning forward and meeting the tugging of the oars with the backward pressure of the cord; and the time-keepers, of which each boat has one, count aloud the last minute. If it is a still afternoon, you can hear the nearest of them counting together, the men in the boats sitting meanwhile as immovable as figure-heads on a man-of-



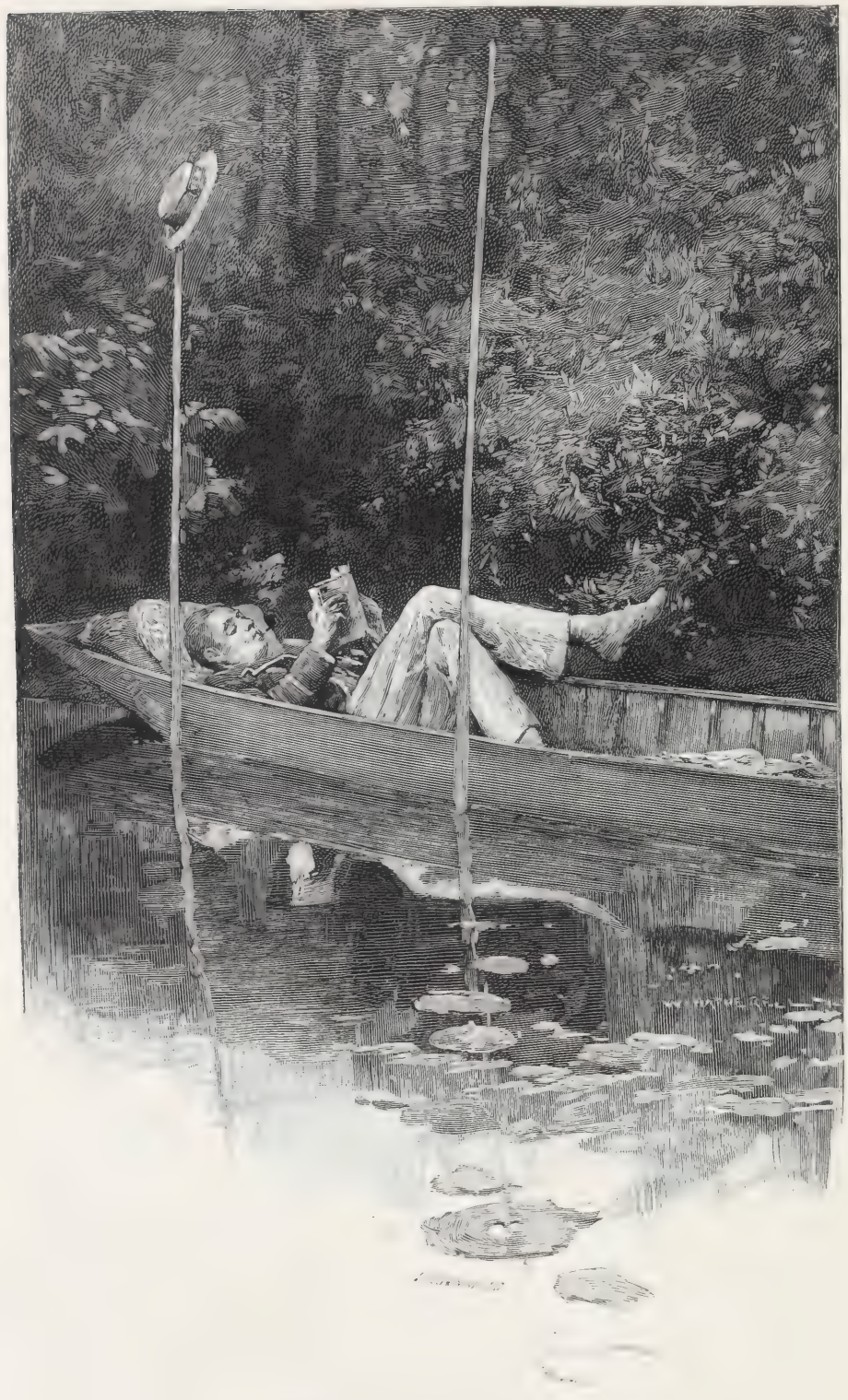


It is a very different scene at the other end of the course. The green meadows there are crowded with people, and the floating grand stands of barges, each with its flag, like a company of soldiers, stand as in review for the march past. For a time hundreds of little boats move along the bank and block the channel or cling to the rafts of the barges, and the punts of the Thames conservancy scurry from side to side with belated unwar, and the five or six hundred bare-kneed runners on the towpath, who are waiting to race with their own boat, to encourage or warn her crew as the need may be, standing counting also, but silently and with only their lips moving.

"Thirty seconds gone," count the time-keepers; "forty seconds gone; fifty seconds gone. Four—three—two—one—row," and at the last word the ten coxswains shout in unison, the eighty broad backs lunge forward, and the scramble to touch the boat ahead and to keep out of the clutches of the one behind begins, and continues for six feverish minutes. There is one advantage about a bumping race in that the men can see how near they are to being bumped, while they cannot see without turning completely in their seats how near they are to bumping the boat in front. The advantage of this lies in the fact that they are always sure to pull their best when the danger is greatest, and that the coxswain can make them believe they are gaining on the boat in front by simply saying so. To further warn them and to guide the coxswain, who cannot look behind him, three men accompany each boat along the bank with a bell and a revolver and a policeman's rattle. The sounding of any of these signifies the distance one boat is from the other.



HOW SOME WEAR THE GOWN.



DOING A BIT OF READING.

dergraduates and towns-people. And then the river grows very still, and every one listens. A gun from very far off sends a report lazily across the meadows, and half the people say, "It's the first," and the other half that it is the "second," and while they are discussing this the gun sounds again, and every one says, "One minute more." It is quite still now, strangely so to an American accustomed to college yells ringing at an athletic meeting even before the contestants have left the hotels for the grounds. And he misses the rah-rahs and the sky-rocket cries and the inquiries as to who's all right, and the songs in which the fame and name of some college hero is being handed down to his four years of immortality. He compares the rival cries of the different observation cars along the New Haven course with this polite and easy patience. It might be a garden party or a sailing race for all the enthusiasm there is in advance. The birds in the meadows chirp leisurely, the calm of a bank holiday in London settles on the crowd, and the river nods and rocks the boats gently as though it meant to put them to sleep, and then from very far off you think you hear a faint clamor of men's voices, but it dies out so suddenly that before you can say, "They're off," you are glad you did not commit yourself, and then it comes again, and now there is no doubt about it. It is like the roar of the mob in a play, unformed and uneven, and growing slowly sharper and fiercer, but still like a roar, and not measured and timed as the cheering is at home. There is something quite stern and creepy about it, this volume of angry sounds breaking in on the quiet of such a sunny afternoon, and then you see the first ad-

vance-guard of the army which is making the uproar, and the prow of the first boat with the water showing white in front, and the eight broad backs lunging and bending back and forth and shooting up and down the limit of the sliding-seat as they dart around the turn. You have seen men row before, but it is quite safe to say you have never seen anything like that which is coming towards you along the broad towpath. If you have ever attended an athletic meeting you may possibly have seen as many as twenty men start together in a quarter-mile handicap race with the whole field grouped within six yards of the line, and you may have thought it pretty as they all got off together in a bunch. But imagine, not twenty men within six yards of one another, but hundreds stretching shoulder to shoulder for half a mile along a winding road, all plunging and leaping and pushing and shoving, and shouting with the full strength of their voices, slipping down the bank and springing up again, stopping to shout at some particular man until others, not so particular, push them out of their path, and others tear on and leave them struggling in the rear and falling further and further behind their boat. Five hundred men, each in a different color, blue and bright scarlet, striped or spotted, parsons in high waistcoats and flannel trousers, elderly dons with children at home in knickerbockers, and hundreds of the uniformed bare-legged runners shooting their pistols and ringing the bells, and all crying and shouting at once: "Magdalen! Magdalen! Well rowed, Magdalen! Pembroke! you have them, Pembroke! Balliol! well rowed, Balliol!" When the last boat has passed, the others not in the race sweep out over the river and bridge it from bank to bank, and the dusty runners on the towpath throw up their heels and dive into the stream, and cross it with six short strokes, and scramble up on their barge and shake themselves like Newfoundland dogs, causing infinite concern for their safety to their sisters, and stampeding the smartly dressed undergraduates in alarm. And then every one goes into the barge and takes tea, for, on the whole, but for the turbulent five hundred, a bumping race is conducted with infinite discretion and outward calm.

The Oxford undergraduate lives in an atmosphere of tradition, and his life is encompassed with rules which the American undergraduate would find impossible, but which impress the visitor as both delightful and amusing. It is an amusing rule, for instance, which forbids the undergraduate to smoke after ten o'clock under penalty of a fine, which fine is increased by twopence if the smoking is continued after eleven o'clock. There is something so delightfully inconsequential in making smoking more pernicious at eleven than at ten. And the rule which fines an undergraduate of Balliol and his friends as well if he or they pass the gate after nine: I used to leave that college for no other reason than to hear the man at the gate say, "You are charged to Mr. ——, sir," which meant that one of the undergraduates would have to pay the college one large penny because I chose to go out and come in again at the unnatural hour of ten in the evening. There were also some delightful rules as to when and where the undergraduate must appear in his cap and gown, which latter he wears with a careless contempt that would greatly shock the Seniors of the colleges in the Western States who adopt the hat and gown annually, and announce the fact in the papers. It struck me as a most *décolleté* garment, and was in most cases very ragged, and worn without much dignity, for it only hung from the shoulders to the waist like a knapsack, or was carried wrapped up in a bundle in one hand.

The day of an Oxford man is somewhat different from that of an American student. He rises at eight, and goes to chapel, and from chapel to breakfast in his own room, where he gets a most substantial breakfast — I never saw such substantial breakfasts anywhere else — or, what is more likely, he breakfasts with some one else in some one else's rooms. This is a most excellent and hospitable habit, and prevails generally. So far as I could see, no one ever lunched or dined or breakfasted alone. He either was engaged somewhere else or was giving a party of his own. And it frequently happened that after we were all seated our host would remember that he should be lunching with another man, and we would all march over to the other man's rooms and be received as a matter of course. It was as if they dreaded being left alone with their thoughts. It struck

me as a university for the cultivation of hospitality before anything else.

After breakfast the undergraduate "reads" a bit, and then lunches with another man, and reads a little more, and then goes out on the river or to the cricket-field until dinner. The weather permits this out-of-door life all the year round, which is a blessing the Oxford man enjoys and which his snow-bound American cousin does not. His dinner is at seven, and if in hall it is a very picturesque meal. The big hall is rich with stained glass and full-length portraits of celebrated men whose names the students never by any possible chance know, and there are wooden carved wainscotings and heavy rafters. There is a platform at one end on which sit the dons, and below at deal tables are the undergraduates in their gowns—worn decorously on both shoulders now, and not swinging from only one—and at one corner by themselves the men who are training for the races. The twilight is so late that the place needs only candles, and there is a great rattle of silver mugs that bear the college arms, and clatter of tongues, and you have your choice of the college ale or the toast and water of which you used to read and at which you probably wondered in *Tom Brown at Oxford*. The dons are the first to leave, and file out in a solemn procession. If you dine with the dons and sit above your fellow-men you are given the same excellent and solid dinner and wine in place of beer, and your friends of the morning make faces at you for deserting them and because of your higher estate. My first dinner with the dons was somewhat confusing. After a most excellent service somebody rose, and I started with the rest down the steps towards the door, when my host stopped me and said, "You have forgotten to bring your napkin." What solemn rite this foretold I could not guess. I had enjoyed my dinner, and I wanted to smoke, and why I needed a napkin, unless as a souvenir, I could not see; and I continued wondering as we marched in some certain order of precedence up and down stone stairways and through gloomy passages to another room in an entirely different part of the college, where we found another long table spread as carefully as the one in the hall below with many different wines and fruits and sweets. And we all sat down at this table as before, and sipped port and passed things around and talked learnedly, as dons should, for half an hour, when we rose, and I again bade my host good-night, but he again stopped me with a deprecatory smile, and again we formed a procession and marched solemnly through passages and over stone floors to another room, where a third table was spread, with more bottles, coffee, and things to smoke. It struck me that an Oxford don mixes some high living with his high thinking. I did not wait to see if there were any more tables hidden around the building, but I suppose there were.

After dinner the undergraduate reads with his tutor out of college or in his own rooms. He cannot leave the college after a certain early hour, and if he should stay out all night the consequences would be awful. This is, of course, quite as incomprehensible to an American as are the jagged iron spikes and broken glass which top the college walls. It seems a sorry way to treat the sons of gentlemen, and more fitted to the wants of a reformatory. There is one gate at Trinity which is only open for royalty, and which was considered to be insurmountable by even the most venturesome undergraduate, until one youth scaled it successfully, only to be caught out of bounds. The college authorities had no choice in the matter but to send him down, as they call suspending a man in Oxford; but so great was their curiosity and belief in the virtue of the gate that they agreed to limit his term of punishment if he would show them how he scaled it. To this, of course, he naturally agreed, and the undergraduates were edified by the sight of one of their number performing a gymnastic feat of rare daring on the top of the sacred iron gate, while the college dignitaries stood gazing at him in breathless admiration from below. Another undergraduate of another college was caught out of bounds one night by the proctor, but promised a merely nominal punishment if he would disclose by what means he escaped, for the walls surrounding the college were deemed impregnable. He had to choose between taking a heavy sentence and leaving the means of escape still a secret, or sacrificing his companions and shutting off all their further excursions by saving himself. He asked the authorities to allow him three days' time in which he might

decide whether he would or would not tell. This was granted him, with the warning that if he did not tell he would be sent down. At the end of the three days he appeared before the college board and said he had decided to tell them how he had escaped. "You will find my answer," he said, "in the eighteenth Psalm, twenty-ninth verse," and then left the room. The dignitaries hurriedly opened a prayer-book, and found the following: "By the help of my God have I leaped over the wall." The young man was not sent down nor the leak in the wall closed. I fear, from all I could hear, that almost every college prison in Oxford has its secret exit and entrance, known only to the undergraduates. Sometimes it is a coal-hole, and sometimes a tree which stretches a friendly branch over the spiked wall, and sometimes a sloping roof and a drop of eight feet to the pavement; but there is always something. No lock was ever invented that could not be picked. The pity is that there should be a lock at all. It is only fair to say of these prisons that they are the loveliest prisons in the world, and that they are only prisons by night. By day the gardens and lawns of the quadrangles, as cultivated and old and beautiful as any in England, are as free, and one wonders how any one ever studies there. One generally associates study with the green-baize table, a student-lamp, a wet towel, and a locked door. How men can study looking out on turf as soft and glossy as green velvet, with great gray buttresses and towers about it, and with rows above rows of window boxes of flowers set into the gray walls like orchids on a dead tree, and a lawn-tennis match going on in one corner, is more than I can understand. The only obvious answer is that they do not study. I am sure the men I knew did not. But there must be some who do, else from where would come the supply of dons?

Different colleges turn out different classes of men. The reading men, who go in for firsts and scholarships and such distinctions, haunt one college; the fast set, who wear the blue and white ribbon of the Bullingdon Club, go to another; the conservative, smart, and titled men go to a third; the nobodies flock by themselves; and the athletes forgather somewhere else, and so help to make up the personality of the whole university.

If I were asked to pick out the characteristic of the Oxford undergraduate which struck me as being conspicuous as his occasional shyness, I would say it was his love of "ragging," and that when he is indulging in what he calls a "rag," at some one else's expense, he is in his most interesting and picturesque mood.

A rag is a practical joke. It may be a simple rag, and consist of nothing more harmful than mild chaffing, or it may be an ornate and carefully prepared and rehearsed rag, involving numerous accomplices and much ingenuity and daring. It is in the audacity of these latter, and in the earnestness in which they are carried out, that the Oxford undergraduate differs most widely from the undergraduate of America. The Yale or Harvard Sophomore does a wild thing occasionally, but he does it, I fear, chiefly to tell about it later, and is rather relieved when it is over. He points with pride to the barber poles in his study, but he does not relish the half-hour's labor and danger spent in capturing them. The Oxford man, on the contrary, enjoys mischief for mischief's sake; he will never boast of it later, and he will leave one evil act and turn abruptly to another if it appears to offer more attractive possibilities of entertainment. And he carries off his practical joking or chaffing with a much more easy and audacious air. This, I think, is due to class feeling, which is in the atmosphere in England, and which does not exist with us. The Harvard student may think he is of finer clay than the townspeople and the tradesman and policeman, as he generally is, but he cannot bring *them* to think so too. That is where his English contemporary has so much the advantage of him. The Oxford townsman feels an inborn and traditional respect for the gentleman; he bows meekly to his eccentricities; he takes his chaff with smiles, and regards the undergraduate's impertinences as one of the privileges of the upper classes. And the Oxford man knows it, and imposes on him accordingly.

It is rather difficult to give instances of a rag and avoid making the undergraduate appear anything but absurd. One cannot show in writing the earnestness and seriousness with which these practical jokes are conducted, nor the business-like spirit in which they are carried out. Without this they lose the element of

audacity which always saves them from being absurd, and raises them to the plane of other flights of the imagination ably performed. The men I knew seemed to live in an element of mischief. They would keep me talking with flattering interest until the clock struck twelve, when they would leap to their feet and explain that it was now past the hour when any one could leave the college, and that my only means of exit would have to be either down to the pavement by a rope of sheets, or up through it by means of the coal-hole.

Everything they saw suggested a rag, as everything in the pantomime is material for mischief for the clown in the pantaloon. A mail-coach standing in front of a public-house deserted by its driver furnished them with the means of conveyance into the country, where they abandoned her Majesty's mail-wagon three miles out of town, with the horse grazing by the hedges. A hand-organ suggested their disguising themselves as Italians and playing the organ around Oxford, which they did to the satisfaction of the populace and themselves, their expenses being three pounds and their returns two shillings, one of which was given them by a friend who did not recognize them, and who begged them to move on. One night during Eight's week a group of men stopped to speak to a friend who was permitted to room outside of the college. It was a very warm, close night in June, and he came to the door dressed only in his bath robe. "I will make you," one of the men said, "a sporting proposition. I will bet you five shillings that you won't run to the corner and back in your bath robe." He said, that if they would make it ten shillings he would run the distance and leave the bath robe in their hands. They accepted this amendment, and after he had fairly started went inside his house with the bath robe and locked the front door. The impudence of Powers in *Charles O'Malley* was equalled by one man who said while showing some ladies around the quadrangle of Balliol, "That is the Master's dining-room, that on the floor above is the Master's study window, and that," he added, picking up a stone from the gravel walk and hurling it through the window, "is the Master himself." On another night during Eight's week three of them disguised themselves as a proctor and two of his bull-dogs, and captured a visiting friend of mine from America, who had been led into their hands by myself and others in the plot, and then basely deserted. The mock proctor and his men declared the American was Lord Encombe, of Magdalen, and fined him ten shillings for being out of college after hours without his cap and gown. He protested that he had no connection with the university, but they were quite as positive that they knew him very well, and gave him his choice of paying the fine or going instantly to jail, and as he had a very vague idea of British law and the university regulations he gave them the money. This they later returned to him with his card before as many of the college as we could gather together, to his intense disgust. He is now waiting with anxious hospitality for the first Oxford undergraduate who visits America, and promises that that unfortunate individual will not return home before he has been brought before every police justice in New York.

The most conspicuous and most generally known instance of ragging is, of course, the way the undergraduates conduct the exercises during Commemoration week. I confess I looked forward to this with wicked anticipation. I had read of it, and had heard those who had seen it tell of it, and I questioned if it were so bad as it was painted, even though I had seen to what lengths the undergraduate would go. The Sheldonian Theatre is a single, circular building, formed inside like a clinic-room in a hospital, but decorated grandly inside and out, and open to the sunlight by great windows. It is topped by a magnificent dome. In the morning of the day when the degrees were to be bestowed it was filled from the floor up to this dome with young girls and their chaperons in the lightest and brightest and most brilliant of summer frocks. They rose tier upon tier in unbroken circles to the balcony, where they began again, and ranged on up to the very top. It was a very pretty sight, for the sun shone in through the stained windows in broad, generous rays, and the lesser authorities of the university, who acted as ushers, wore their red silk hoods and gowns, and moved in and out among the women, looking very learned and fine as the sun touched their white hair and their long mantles of rustling silk. Standing on the floor in the circle formed by

the lower balcony were the visitors and the college dons in black robes, or in the blue serge of every day. There were no seats for them, and so they moved about like bears in a bear-pit, gazing up at their friends, and pointing out the celebrities, and talking familiarly of the great men who were about to be honored. A great organ on one side rumbled out soft and not too difficult music (at home we would have spoiled it with a brass band) and helped to make the whole scene impressive and dignified and beautiful. But as I had come to hear the undergraduates misbehave, I was disappointed, and so expressed myself. The man who had brought me pointed to the balcony, and showed where different groups of students were sitting together, looking very good and keeping very quiet among severe matrons and fresh, sweet-looking girls. I recognized several of my friends among the students. They appeared gloomy and resigned. Some one explained this by saying that the women had been crowded into the balcony to scatter the groups of undergraduates and to shame them into silence. I was exceedingly disappointed. There were three young men leaning over the balcony facing the organist, a Mr. Lopes. He was playing something of Chopin's gently, as though he did not want to interfere with the talk, and the dons and the girls in the circles were whispering, as though they did not want to interrupt the music. It was a pretty, well-bred scene, a mixture of academic dignity with a touch of the smartness of the town. And so we waited politely for the procession of dignitaries to appear. And as we waited, whispering, there came suddenly on the hushed warm summer air a boy's voice, not rudely or "freshly," but with the quiet, authoritative drawl of an English gentleman.

"Mr. Lopes," said the voice, and the whispering ceased with a start, and the organist's fingers hesitated on the keys. "Mr. Lopes, I do not care much for Chopin myself. Can you play 'Ta-ra-ra boom de-ay'?"

From the other side of the gallery a young man sprang excitedly to his feet. "Oh no, sir, don't play that!" he cried, eagerly. "Play the 'Old Kent Road.' *I* can sing that."

"I've heard him sing it," a third voice joined in, anxiously, "and I hope, sir, you will play almost anything else."

That was the beginning. From that on for one hour the building was absolutely at the mercy of the undergraduates. Then one of the three men who were leaning over the balcony, and as plainly in view as actors on a stage, proposed three cheers for the ladies. The response to this showed that though the undergraduates were broken up into small bodies they were as one grand unit in their desire to take a prominent part in the exercises.

"And let me ask," added the young man who had proposed the cheers, politely, "that you give one more for the two young ladies in pink just coming in, and who, though rather late, are, nevertheless, very welcome."

This speech, which was accompanied with a polite bow, and followed by enthusiastic cheers, turned the two young ladies into the color of their frocks, and drove them back terrified into the quadrangle. The men who made all the trouble did not attempt to hide in the crowd about them, or to address the public anonymously. They were, on the contrary, far from shrinking from view, and apparently just as far from imagining that any one would consider they were the least forward. Their manner was serious, and rather that of a public censor who was more bored than otherwise by his duties, but who was determined that the proceedings should go off with dignity.

"Come, sir," they would say, very shortly, "you really must attend to your duties. You have been conversing with the lady in the blue bonnet for the last five minutes, and several ladies are waiting to be shown their places."

They did not laugh at their own impertinences, or in any way act as if they thought they were doing anything amusing or peculiar. It was the earnestness of their manner and their mock anxiety that all should go right which made it funny. And the most absurd thing about it was the obvious awe and terror in which the authorities stood of them. But the audience of severe matrons and learned dons and timid, shy girls gazed stolidly before them, and took the most audacious piece of insolence in that same unmoved calm with which they listened to the Greek oration.

The Vice-Chancellor entered at the head of a grand procession of beadles with gold maces, followed by those who

were to receive degrees, and plunged with a very red face and nervous manner into his Latin address, through which he raced breathlessly, with his nose glued to the page and his ears deaf to interruptions. They began by telling him, "Don't be shy, sir," and "Speak louder, sir"; and then one man suggested doubtfully that it was "rather too good to be original"; and another said, warningly, "You had better be careful, sir; you cribbed that line." Another laughed indulgently, and said, in a confidential tone of encouragement: "Don't mind *them*, sir. *I'll* listen to you;" and another, after a pause, exclaimed, with a little sigh of satisfaction, "Now, you know, *I* call it rather good." The unfortunate Vice-Chancellor blushed redder than before at this, and in turning over a page hesitated at the word "ut." "Ut," he repeated. In an instant twenty men had thrown themselves anxiously across the balcony. "Be careful, sir," they cried, in agony, "be careful. Do *not* forget the subjunctive."

"Ah," they added, with a sigh of relief, "he knew; he knew;" and to this a sceptic added, gloomily: "I don't believe he knew. Some one must have prompted him." Then another voice said, reprovingly, "I trust, sir, you do not intend to take up our time much longer," and the Vice-Chancellor dropped back into his throne, and with the perspiration rolling down his face, folded his robes about him and smiled delightedly at every other attack on every one else during the exercises.

I suppose no such scene is reproduced in any other country. It is almost impossible to believe that such a situation exists out of one of Mr. Gilbert's operas. The head of the greatest university of the world, surrounded by all the men of it and other universities, and those men highest in art or literature or statesmanship, and each of them in turn at the mercy of a hundred boys not yet of age, literally trembling before them, and finding the honor to which they have looked forward turned into a penance and a nightmare. One undergraduate explained it partly by saying that there were some men who came to Oxford to receive degrees who thought they were conferring rather than receiving honor, and it is for their especial benefit that the ragging is intended. "It puts them in their place," as one boy said, gravely. "They may be big men up in London, but it is just as well they should know we don't think so much of them here."

The big men who received degrees on the day I was present were treated rather mildly. All but a very fat professor from Dublin University, who was hailed as "the best Dublin Stout," and an Indian Prince who appeared in cloth of gold and covered with stars and orders. He had a somewhat dusky countenance, and one of the voices asked, anxiously, "Now, sir, *have* you used Pears' soap?" which called forth a chorus of "Shame!" and the foreign prince was loudly cheered to make up for the only remark of the morning which struck one as being ungentlemanly.

ON WITCHCRAFT SUPERSTITION IN NORFOLK.

BY CHARLES ROPER.

A SHORT time ago I was conversing with a tenant-farmer in mid-Norfolk about things in general, and, steering gradually towards the subject in which just then I was particularly interested, I asked him whether he believed in ghosts or witchcraft. It made him look as serious as if I had questioned him concerning eternal torments or bodily resurrection.

"Well," said he, "there ain't no manner o' doubt about ghosts, anyhow, 'cause, though I never saw one, I felt one. I was once coming through that there plantation yonder one dark night, and as true as I'm alive a ghost laid his hand on my shoulder, and I felt it cold against my face. As for witches, I aren't a-going to say for certain, 'cause I don't know; but the Bible tells us about 'em, and we ought to believe that. There's a young chap in the village what got married a couple o' years ago, and his mother-in-law lived with him. She was so continually nagging and grumbling that he couldn't stand it no longer. So he told everybody he was a-going to Norwich to consult the witch; and when he come back he said as how she promised to do pretty warm for *somebody* if she didn't mind her *p*'s and *q*'s. Whether 'twas the witch or whether she was frightened I can't say, but that there mother-in-law

didn't carry on none o' her pranks arter that." Then he shook his shaggy head and sighed, as much as to say, "If I had to vote one way or t'other, I should vote on witchcraft."

Of course he spoke in brôâd dialect, which I purposely tone down in order to facilitate reading.

The extent to which witchcraft abounds to-day in England is considerably underestimated. Servant-girls buy dragon's-blood and throw it on the fire in order that they may see in its smoke the faces of their future husbands. One man, who bought large quantities of it, confessed that he burnt it to make his curses potent and sure. He got a decent living by cursing professionally the enemies of other people. Within a few hundred yards of where I am writing this there lives a young woman who plies a thriving trade as a prophetic witch; and, as a neighbor expresses it, "there are on some days three or four 'carriage' ladies come to consult her."

I have been in scores of houses upon the doors of which there are horseshoes nailed for luck. My landlady almost shrieks murder if by chance I place a shoe upon the table. On the last night of the old year her husband goes out at a quarter to twelve, and then comes home to let in the new year. Nobody but the husband must let it in. They were angry when I called this a superstition. One swallow makes a summer in some folk's eyes. Once my landlady let some friend in first, and all that year nothing save bad luck and sickness came to that house. If our maid sees two knives on my plate or two spoons in my saucer, she clears everything away save those and the cloth; then she stands gazing at me fixedly like a stuffed pig, and I have positively to remove one knife or spoon before she will touch the platter.

Young children fly terror-stricken along the roads at night, fearful of meeting Shuck or Shiner, dread bogies bred of superstition. Old villagers still speak of having seen Shuck, a dark, hairy, wild-looking dog with luminous eyes, that tracked the lonely traveller's steps along road-side paths by night, mostly remaining in shadow, and seldom revealing his complete shape. Two glowworms and a furze-bush seen under certain conditions will represent almost anything in the world, natural or supernatural.

Periodically these old fears are reawakened by foolish practical jokers, who wrap themselves round in sheets, and carry something on their heads containing a light and having two holes for glaring eyes. Then the rumor goes round that Shuck is about again, or that Shiner, as the villagers call Will-o'-the-wisp, has issued from the marshes on mischief bent, and for months women and children—yes, and men too—go abroad in the dusky twilight trembling with uncontrollable horror.

When dreams and predictions come true, or nearly so, they are talked about in the village ale-house, by the village grocer, and even sometimes mentioned unadvisedly in the church. Using New Testament phraseology, folk still talk about being possessed. One man who frequently got drunk told me, when in his sober moments I pointed out to him his disgrace, that he had a devil, a little dry devil, inside of him, and it would have drink. He wanted to be teetotal, but his familiar spirit compelled him to go on the spree at times. The man was as serious as a bishop.

In the cottages, when winter fires are burning, both old and young seize hold of the cinders that fly out from the grate, and decide as to whether they represent coffins or money-boxes. Winding-sheets on the tallow candles bring dismay and dread into many faces. Tea stalks that swim in the cup represent strangers, and are tested with a view to discover whether they will be men or women, tall or short. Death-watches, magpies, and gray horses are symbolic, and forebode good or evil, according to circumstances.

The belief is not uncommon that a man's enemies can by their malice affect not only his domestic concerns, his pigs, etc., but also the quality of his work and materials. Some of the old people are fully persuaded that it is possible to talk up evils, and thus make imaginary ones real. A village shoemaker who cultivated his allotment with such energy and success that his neighbors were envious was exceedingly irritated at any casual or spiteful remark which slighted the quality of his produce. His mischief-loving rivals took advantage of this, and while speaking of the crops they would ask him in a caustic sort of way: "Do you think them there beans o' yourn are looking well? Don't you think they'll go off this wea-

ther?" This caused the old shoemaker most agonizing heart-burning; and turning away, he would say he didn't "want no more talk with 'em." Once he was showing some splendid rows of potatoes to a jealous allotment-holder, who, to irritate him, went sniffing along as if he could smell disease among them. Then all at once he said, "Yes, they look very well and strong in the top, but, lor, what about the disease what's a-eating away the roots, maybe?" The shoemaker trembled with uncontrolled passion and fear.

I have related these preliminary facts in order to prepare incredulous readers for the instances of witchcraft which are to follow. These things, which are true and modern, still possessing the popular mind in East Anglia, show how utterly out of reckoning those people are who think that Hodge has risen superior to ignorance and superstition. In many respects he is as much the unsophisticated child of nature as ever he was. He burns the evil spirit of the harvest to this day in some remote villages. Horkey, a grotesque figure stuffed with straw and representing a female, is carried round the village in procession on the last load of corn, and is then burnt in order to ensure good fortune with the garnered grain. Many of the rustics might say they did not believe there was much efficacy in this; but it lingers, because many of them have faith in the ceremony.

How do you account for this very common wart-cure? If a rustic has a wart, when he sees a piebald horse he repeats, as long as it is in sight, "I wish my ret would go away; I wish my ret would go away!" and it is said that the wart disappears in a few days. I once had a wart on my chin, which was much in the way every time I shaved. An old man who had been a coast-guardsman said he would charm it away. He wanted to know whether I had any more warts about me, and so on. Well, somehow or other my mind drifted from that wart—I suppose I left it alone—but it certainly disappeared in a very few days, and I really did not know it had been decreasing until it was gone. Such things as this are capable of rational explanation, no doubt, but they inthrall the rustic mind, and breed all sorts of superstitions. Just imagine a population impressed in this way, constantly on the *qui vive* for magical wonder-working, and you can appreciate all that follows.

A rustic living in the neighborhood of the Fen, referring to the indulgence in charms and magic which was rife, said to me: "I shouldn't like to risk my soul in that way. How could they get such knowledge athout something wrong? I remember one little chap as wasn't more'n four and a half feet high what could do anything he liked with horses. He used to get drunk, and fall down atween the horse's legs, and tell it to take care of him. Another groom, a-seeing his performance, thought he saw him holding some charm in his hand, which he'd like to get for himself; but d'rectly he went near the dwarf, the horse showed like he'd kick ferociously."

"What do you think it was?" I asked.

"'Twas a bone, there's no manner o' doubt. One o' the old un's tricks. If you take a certain sort o' toad and bury it in a pishmire's nest, and dig it up in a day or two, you'll find all the bones picked clean. Then on S' Mark's eve, at midnight, you take 'em to running water, and while reciting certain words throw 'em in, and one bone 'll go against the stream. That's the one you must take. The old lad's close to your shoulder, and so you'll see well enough, no fear. This dwarf wore his in a silver case, and he could do whatever he liked. He'd get a barn door to open by throwing his cap at it, and his horses did all he wanted 'em to do. Once, when he lived out Mundford way, he wanted to come home to see his poor old mother, what was a-dying; but on the road he was bedeviled, for he felt as if he was sinking into the ground deeper and deeper as he went along, until he dropped in up to his chin. Anyhow, he couldn't get past the Devil's Dyke." (This is the old earth-work running from Swaffham to Newmarket.) "There was another chap as I knew what was very clever; but I think his charm was the brake seed. You gather it on S' Mark's eve on to a silver plate. I knew a man what went arter it on to the warren, and he said he could see it all a-shining like silver as he went along; but he was afraid to stop there till twelve o'clock at night alone, and so bucked home again as fast as he could. There's a team-man down o' the Fen there by Poppy Lot, and he told me they had another team-man what could allus do what he wanted. He'd go

straight across the ground with his horses and a load where any other man would ha' stuck fast, if he'd been fool enough to try it, even with an empty wagon; and then at night, no matter how dark the stable was, he allus had light enough o' his side to see what he wanted."

About two years ago a young gamekeeper in Northwest Norfolk began to show signs of insanity. It was supposed that his head had been injured by a fall from a cart, and also by collision with a tree in the dark. Said a rustic of twenty-four one day:

"They do say as how somebody ha' bewitched him—put something on him. Certainly it look funny. He allus wake at twelve every night, no matter when he go to bed. He can't get no sleep then. The doctor left him a sleeping-draught. Says he to the wife, 'If he take that at ten he won't wake afore six.' He took it, but lor bless you, at twelve he was as fresh as a lark, and sleep he couldn't. He ha' got enemies, 'cause he say so; but if there's them as can bewitch, there's them too as can unbewitch, if only you can find 'em."

This idea I found exemplified in a pitiful case. Witches are employed to cancel curses and charms. A loutish, ignorant woman consulted all the wise women she could find because she believed her son was slowly dying under a curse. His past life was rather shady, and he was a victim of a deadly consumption. He was beyond all cure, but there was something in his history which the neighbors could not gauge. It made his superstitious mother declare that he was bewitched, and much money she spent in endeavoring to break the spell.

I have conversed with people who remember old women being cruelly maltreated as having "evil-eyes" which bewitched; and to draw a witch's blood was like extracting the poison of a snake—it rendered her harmless. Time was when I joined in with a crowd of urchins to follow reputed old witches and howl out imprecations at their heads, and I am afraid the harmless, age-bent creatures suffered sometimes at our hands. Things have changed a little, but not much. There are some old people living in the village of W—— who can chat indefinitely about the witchery of their early days. They tell of a wonderful old man who lived at a sea-side town hard by in the forties; and how, if provoked, he could put a spell on the rat-catchers' dogs and ferrets, so they could catch no rats. He cursed professionally. One old woman tells how she went to consult him, because she knew she had enemies in the village, who had sought to do injury to herself and son. There was a copper bowl upside down on the table. "Would you like to see them as is done it?" he asked. She said yes. Then he lifted the bowl, and there lay three little dolls the exact likeness of the three men in the village whom she suspected. The wizard asked what he should do to them. She preferred leaving that to him; and so, only a few weeks afterwards, one went out of his mind, another hanged himself, and the third died of a fistula. "Now, 'tis no use o' talking," said the tottering old dame as she thumped her stick on the floor, "if that wasn't through old S——, what was it?"

Only a few months ago a reputed Norfolk witch died, and in her cupboard were found an enormous number of wax dolls with pins stuck in them. These she used, no doubt, in the application of her black-art. If any one just spent a summer holiday in the heart of the country, unbent himself, and really hobnobbed familiarly with the rustics in their homes, many queer tales could be heard and quaint superstitions fathomed.

Within sight of the railway not many miles from Downham there lies a decayed and decaying village, famed locally for its dirt, sloth, and dilapidation. Its tumble-down homesteads and their outbuildings do not lack picturesqueness. Many of its cottages are windowless, their thatches dropping into the chambers; and their adjoining orchards, neglected and running to beggary, are choked with brambles and thistles and nettles. In a nook of this village there live an aged couple quite alone, very suspicious, and filled with the religious gloom and dread and the narrow Ishmaelite creed of two hundred years ago. Nursing their aches and pains and hardships, they, leaning to mystery, find reason for tracing in them the ill will of some neighbor who is offended by their rasping tongues, or jealous of their superior garden stuff. The old dame thinks she knows the drugs that are potent to counteract these spells and bring the workers of them to trouble. Her custom is to journey to a neighbor-

ing village where there is a druggist's shop, and, in a quiet, hushed way, first make a very ordinary and useful purchase, and follow that with an order for "akerfortus [aqua-fortis], smelling-salts [sal-ammoniac], dragon's-blood, and assy-fiddity" (assafœtida). These, in the quantities required, cost her eighteen pence, and the druggist, on one occasion of her visit, ventured to remark that it was a strong dose. She replied that it was "to put straight them as worked mischief, and bring 'em to light." He was a conscientious man, and felt compelled to tell her she was throwing her money away, at which she took offence, and for some time afterwards trudged to a town six miles away, where she could buy her ingredients without being questioned. At last she returned, and the druggist, getting on cordial terms with her, asked her once how she was "getting on in that line," and she commenced a rambling and mysterious tale, all about her enemies and their enchantments, of which the following is the gist: "As me and my old man was a-setting over the fire last night, we got 'em. The night was very dark, and his shoulder-bone had been that bad lately he couldn't get no sleep. I know 'tis them, and I've allus said so; but I'm their master now. 'Well,' I said, 'now we're a-setting here, I'll have another try to bring 'em'; so I mixed my stuff and there we set. The clock went twelve, and we heard 'em come up to the door. Why, I knew their steps, and their screams too, and when I went to the door afterwards, I knew they'd been there. Then my poor old man got easier, and we went to bed." It was time they did, after their horrible incantations, nauseous fumigations, and weary watching. What a picture of darkness, dread, hatred, and helplessness it all makes in these days of vaunted progress!

There are heaps of illustrations of witchcraft bearing upon the ailments of pigs and fowls. A few years back I met a familiar old man one day whose face was marked with dismay and gloom. I asked him what was the matter. He replied that he was going to have bad luck with his pigs, in fact they were bound to die, and so, if they were alive next market-day, he should sell them at any price. "When I went to feed 'em this morning I actually saw two o' the little uns a-playing seesaw on a bit o' wood across the trough turned upside down. 'Tis a sure sign o' bewitchment, I've heard my old grandmother say—Lord bless her!"

I have a valued friend who lives in the heart of the county and mixes much with the common folk. He is a careful, painstaking observer, and has a wealth of facts illustrative of rusticity. Quite recently one of the villagers, a man who is a devout teacher in the Wesleyan Sunday-school, doing his best, no doubt, to impregnate his scholars with his own ideas, came to my friend late one Saturday night to ask whether he had a wormwood-bush growing in his meadow. He knew there used to be one, and it was a good thing for jaundice, from which he was suffering. "Come to-morrow, and we'll both have a look for it," said my friend. He turned up after school, and they searched for the bush, but could not find it. He said there was another remedy, namely, barberry, or, as they called it locally, "peppereye," the bark of which is soaked and boiled in old beer. That was easily found, and, being Sunday, he very reluctantly gathered a bunch to take home. Observing that he was superstitiously inclined, my friend began to draw him out.

"The rising generation doesn't care much about the old ways and the old beliefs. Nobody, of course, believes in witchcraft nowadays," said my friend.

The villager stared, and then became voluble. "Ah! but they do," replied he. "I've known men witches and women witches, and I've knowed one witch burnt to dead. There was a bad-principled old woman what used to put folks to a deal o' trouble. She had a son who was driving a wagon-load o' corn through our street, and all of a sudden the horses stopped, and he couldn't get 'em on nohow. He cut 'em about with the whip till people cried open shame on him, and just in the middle of it who should come up but his mother. 'Well, Billy boy, can't you get 'em to go?' she say. 'No, you blarmed old witch,' says he. She just went up to them horses and spoke to 'em, and they come on just as if they'd never stopped. She got wrong with a farmer's wife once, and arter that the poor woman couldn't get her butter, though she churned it for a day or two. They were talking all over the place about it. Somebody told another woman in the Fen, and she said, 'I'll tell you

how they can alter all that. They must shut up all the doors and be quiet, and then they must take a plough-line and bind up the churn round and round, and knot it well up over the hole. Then the woman must turn, and the man must stand there and slash at the churn with a plough-whip as hard as ever he can, and then the butter 'll come in spite of her.' This was done, and they heard the witch come shrieking and howling on the door-stone, and almost directly arterwards they opened the churn, and, bless you, the butter was there, showing as how the spell was broke. What they ought to ha' done was to stand a keeler o' water on the door-step, and then the old witch would ha' drank till she busted. But we didn't know that then. A good many years arter that she was at the same trick, having fell out with some more on 'em. I was working at the place, and so I say to 'em: 'Hold you hard. I'll give her a good doing to!' So we locked the door, put a great boiler o' water on the fire, and three iron heaters into the fire; and when the water was boiling and the heaters right red-hot, I told 'em to pop 'em both into the churn, and then I turned it as hard as I could, till the old heaters went lump, bump, thump inside, and the old witch come to the door screaming like mad. Well, we churned butter arter that all right. But the old woman went home to bed, and some o' the neighbors went in and found her all scalded and burnt and the marks o' the heaters on her legs. She never got up again. She died on't; but people couldn't stop with her, for the room went so dark, and great black things like monkeys were setting in the corners."

"I never heard such a story before," remarked my friend; "though I have heard of pigs being bewitched."

"Well, and that's the truth," said the rustic. "This old woman once got awry with us and our three nice pigs wouldn't do anyhow; they kept a-setting up on their tails and pawing with their front feet, and screaming and frothing at the mouth. We tried everything. One day she was in ours, and I said, 'I ha' been thinking o' cutting off the tips o' their tails'; and she say, 'Lor! that won't do any good.' Then the pigs mended for a time and done well; but they then went wrong again as bad as ever. So I slipped into the sty and took a bit off each o' their tail ends, and a bit off their ears, and threw the pieces into the fire of the oven where my mother was baking. That balked the witch, and the pigs never ailed any more, but laid on meat fast."

If any more evidence were necessary to prove the existence of a belief in witchcraft in the county of Norfolk a volume could be written. Perhaps the fear that merges into superstition will never be eradicated from human minds. I remember how in my school days everybody in Norwich was talking of the Heigham ghost. It was some mad freak of a practical joker. But while the courageous and sceptical went out to capture and thrash the ghost with their thick sticks, the old and ignorant and very young thought it foreboded evil, and might be supernatural after all. There is one Norwich newspaper which for many months did its best to expose and suppress the lucrative business of fortune-telling in the city. Sometimes the wise women were called white witches. They invariably worked the oracle by means of cards, and I am told that a finger could be placed on at least five or six there to-day who still ply a roaring trade. Anyhow, to cut matters short, let me refer any sceptic to the *Eastern Daily Press* of October 13, 1891, in which he will see recorded a curious case that was tried at the Swaffham Petty Sessions. Robert Mason got drunk at the George public-house, Newton, and adjourned to the barn at closing-time to sleep. There, according to his statement, he was robbed of his purse containing £16 17*s.* 6*d.* A few days afterwards he went to Swaffham to consult a Mrs. Watson, known locally as the "Wise Woman," with a view to finding out the thieves. She played the cards, and then told him that two men had got his money; that they worked on land near some water; that one was tall and fair, while the other was short and fat. So he summoned the defendants solely on the grounds that they answered the description given. Of course the magistrates dismissed the case. And as for the money, it was actually found, tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, near the public-house yard, by the landlord's little daughter—no doubt exactly where it was dropped by the reeling drunkard.

EDITOR'S STUDY

I.

TO the loiterer in the City of the Lagoon at Chicago at twilight there came a profound feeling of sadness. It was the touch of melancholy that exquisite beauty is apt to induce when it is felt to be transitory or when it is a reminiscence of historic splendor. It was a moment of repose. The Court of Honor was not wholly deserted. Stray figures moved about, but with the air of leisure and contemplation. The crowd was elsewhere, in the Midway Plaisance, at the restaurants, and presently it would return, refreshed and eager for the great night display. In the fading light the city seemed more than ever only an enchanted city. Through the long rows of white columns of the Peristyle the lake gleamed blue, and there was a pink hue in the west that flushed the domes and towers and the white figures relieved against the delicate sky. Even the fountains were silent, and the golden gigantic statue of Columbia seemed to emphasize the impressive stillness of the hour. Presently the lines of electric light would run along the cornices of the white palaces and along the water's edge, and the dome would be aflame. Presently the Fountain of the Ship and the Sea Horses would leap up and overflow with loud murmurous sound; and the flashing electric fountains would begin their fantastic and unreal display, thrusting up into the night ever-changing shapes of beauty, with exquisite colors shifting each moment, mingling, passing, fading, brightening, grace of form and charm of color uniting to move the spectator as he was never moved before by any earthly vision. But now it was the hour of stillness and of sentiment akin to melancholy. And when this silence was almost painful, came the soft chime of bells from the tower of Machinery Hall, floating over the city and out upon the water, tones in harmony with the scene and yet reminiscent of traditionary glory. It so easily might be a requiem for passing splendor, like the sound of bells over the towers and spires of the city that De Quincey saw at the bottom of the sea.

Was it real? The spectator looked about, up the canals spanned by bridges and flanked by white façades, at the lofty towers, upon the monumental columns that made the gateway of the sea, in a nervous apprehension of the transitoriness of it all. Every night he had feared that he should see it no more, and every morning he had hastened to reassure himself that the creation had not disappeared. And the chimes dropping soft sounds seemed more than ever to have the note of decadence. Perhaps the traveller had seen pictures of the ruins of Persepolis, of the lonely marble columns in the desert of Palmyra; perhaps he had heard the lament of the sea, as Byron heard it, along the sunken walls of Venice; perhaps he had mused, as Gibbon mused, in the church of Ara Cœli amid the fallen splendors of great Rome. Perhaps these pictures came to his mind with an overwhelming sense of the transitoriness of life at the moment when life seemed to reach a summit in the experience of beauty. And he knew that it would not last—that in a few more weeks of splendor, days of excitement and nights of enchantment, it would all vanish as if it had never been; the chimes would cease, the lagoon would return to its solitude, and the white columns would be no longer reflected in the waves on the Michigan shore.

II.

And yet it is a very lasting possession in American life. If the city could stand as it now is after the fair is over, deserted and silent, could stand for years, for generations, a pilgrim from a distant country who should enter it would be filled with amazement at the evidence of the genius for art, the love of beauty, of a nation reckoned so practical in its creations, so material in its aspirations. But the millions of people, young and old, who have seen it, have carried away this great picture in their minds, and not in one or two generations will it be effaced from the national memory. It is at once a revelation to the nation of what it can do, and it is a standard of beauty of the highest value. In our anticipation the benefit of the exhibition was in its indus-

trial comparison and stimulation. That will be realized, and perhaps beyond anticipation, but something else, and something of perhaps more value, has been gained. Heretofore all the world's fairs have been industrial, with an incidental exposition of progress in the fine arts. Here, for the first time, the World's Fair itself is an exhibition quite apart from the arts and the industries it brings together. What were the great cities of antiquity? What will be the splendid cities of the future? Go and see here what it is possible for man to do in this age of the miracles of science.

Forebodings have been expressed that science was killing poetry, was killing art, and was killing our love of the beautiful. And, behold, it is science itself that has made possible the distinctive triumphs of Jackson Park. The very beauty we rave over would have been impossible without the use of cheap material to produce these effects, and without the use of electricity. Whether we look either to form or color here, we see that it is science that has enabled art to achieve its dreams. The great lesson, perhaps the greatest lesson, that the fair is to impress upon the millions of people in this new and adaptive country, is that use and beauty can be coworkers. A sort of roseate light is thrown upon this mechanical age.

III.

This is our first answer to the critics of all such material displays. If this had been merely a display of industries of the old sort, the same question might have been asked of it as was asked of the last Paris Exhibition: What spiritual significance has it? What is the good of the further stimulation of material competition? It may be that the shows of this sort have reached the limit of their use. But what shall we say of them as a meeting-ground of humanity, as the Chicago Fair pre-eminently is? Never before in one place has come together such variety of the human species in numbers sufficient to represent national and tribal traits and customs. Paris had more Orientals, but to the Orientals Chicago has added a mighty Occidental contingent, specimens on exhibition from our whole western hemisphere and the islands of the Pacific. From the Esquimaux and the North American tribes to the South Sea Islanders we have barbarians to match the savages of Dahomey, and gentle Japanese and Javanese to offset the Turks, Egyptians, and Persians long civilized in vice. To the student of ethnology the field is very attractive, and it is scarcely less interesting to the humanitarian. What effect will this contact have upon the savage representatives who have been brought into the midst of our advanced civilization? What can we learn from them? Will they leave anything behind, especially will the Orientals, except suggestions of vices in nations in moral decay? Will only the dancing and the dissipation remain? In some small but appreciable degree the world will be changed by this fair; some seeds will be broadcast which will bear fruit. Perhaps a sort of sympathy will be created by even this slight knowledge of each other, which will aid in the diffusion of morality, in the promotion of commerce, in inducing arbitration to take the place of war.

IV.

But something more was attempted at the Columbian Fair than an exposition of industries and arts and a gathering of races. A great intellectual conference was projected, on a scale not before tried in the world. The project was ambitious, and because of its newness and also of its vagueness it has not been so successful as the industrial and art exhibition. It was intended to have the co-operation of the best minds of the world upon the intellectual problems of modern life. Congresses were arranged to which all the nations represented at the fair should send their foremost scholars in science, literature, religion, economics, and sociology. Congresses of this sort have been held during every week of the fair, and if they have not proved all that was hoped, it has been for two reasons—the scholars and thinkers of the world either did not estimate rightly their opportunity, or were unable to make the sacrifice required by such a long journey; and the display at Jackson Park was a distraction from the intellectual interests in the Auxiliary. Doubtless the fair itself drew many thousands to the intellectual congresses who would not have come otherwise, but it is doubtful if this double experiment will ever be tried again. Still, the possible value of international conferences of this sort was so clearly seen that like congresses are certain to be called in the future—that is to say, congresses in which

experts in the fine arts, in music, in science, in the various branches of literature and of scholarship, shall come together for comparison of views and of investigations, and for the popular diffusion of ideas.

Until the results of these various conferences are published it is impossible to say how fully they represented the thought of the world. Of necessity they took on the character of popular demonstrations rather than of scholarly conferences, and it is probable that the result was the stimulation of popular curiosity and interest rather than any great illumination of the subjects considered. In fact, in all such conferences the amount of real information carried away by the audiences must be small, while the intellectual stimulation may be considerable. With so many congresses, treating such a variety of topics, holding sessions in the midst of the visible distractions of the fair, we should expect superficiality both in the conferences and in their results. And yet two things were evident: one was great eagerness in the multitudes assembled to know about things intellectual and artistic, and the other was the benefit that might come to the workers in the intellectual fields by personal contact and comparison of views. It was, in short, demonstrated that it is as useful to have an international congress of mind as an international exhibition of matter.

Perhaps the time is not yet ripe for an effective international literary congress. But the time is evidently at hand for general conferences of the literary men and women who use the English language. Literature pure and simple is not organized, and the workers in it are without standards, and without the benefits of conference and co-operation. Philology, folk-lore, Old English, etc., have their societies of mutual comparison and aid; there are even historical associations upon a scientific basis. Literature is unorganized. It is probably incapable of scientific organization and co-operation from its nature. But the great body of writers of English literature can certainly gain power and encouragement by conferences if not by formal organization. The readers of English in Great Britain and her colonies and in the United States now afford a larger audience to any writer in English than any writer in any language ever had before. This opportunity is unexampled, and the responsibility along with it is also unparalleled. What shall this vast audience have? On what shall it be fed? It is easy to disregard all responsibility, to take the position of the manufacturers of stimulants and mixed drinks, and say that the public shall have what it wants, what it will buy, and what it likes to read. This is to take the position that the writer has no moral or artistic responsibility. It is to bring literature to the lowest commercial plane. But the man of genius or the man of talent cannot thus evade his duty to his profession or to the public. The responsibility of the popular author in English to-day is greater than author ever had before; it can scarcely be estimated. And this not on moral grounds alone, but from a literary point of view. Perhaps the public can be trusted in time to repudiate the moral contamination in vicious books, but against the literary deterioration it is uninstructed and unguarded. The diffusion of a low and false literary taste is an almost irremediable calamity, for in the end it works widespread intellectual demoralization. This is a truism. The value of the Chicago conference is in the suggestion of the possibility of impressing literary workers with their increasing responsibility in their increasing opportunity, and of elevating the literary standard of the English-reading world. If five hundred of the producing authors of America had come together at Chicago and conferred seriously upon this subject would they not have gained strength and clarity of purpose, and would not the effect have been felt throughout the country? Would not personal contact and comparison of views have resulted in some sort of inspiration? Would not such a congress in London, even if confined to fiction and belles-lettres, raise the profession in dignity, and profoundly impress the English-reading world? Why, in respect to such conferences, should literature be an exception to all the sciences, and to technical literary scholarship? The purely literary congresses in Chicago had large audiences, but the literary representatives in them, either foreign or American, were few. Still, the feasibility of a more determined, original, representative conference was demonstrated.

V.

Notable at Chicago is the position taken by women. It is in effect a new

departure. It was said, with some truth, that it is a woman's fair. Altogether the largest assemblages were at the Women's Congress. In the current phrase of the day, whatever they took hold of went. The greatest interest was manifested in the things that they managed and conducted. They furnished the bulk of the audiences at the congresses, even at those where men were the chief speakers. It was they who filled the great music halls when the musical contests took place, or when the finest orchestra ever heard on this continent, and the equal of any existing to-day, that of Theodore Thomas, played. It was an army of women, of teachers, of students, from every State in the Union, and not of men, who diligently went about the buildings, from the Picture-Gallery to the Transportation Building, day after day, taking notes. Everywhere were the women with note-books, determined to see everything, to understand and to jot down everything for future study. It was a great army of educators being educated. For the first time in such an exposition they had their own building, of their own creation, and they made a separate display of their ability in art and literature. This may not have been well judged; for woman's ability, as shown in the large Picture-Gallery and in other departments, did not need any such vindication. Their building was almost the only one that Dr. Lessing, the German art critic, did not speak of approvingly, and their separate exhibition, it must be confessed, would be called tentative; but with all these allowances, there will hereafter be no question of the energy and the executive ability of women to accomplish anything they set their hearts on. At the next world's fair it is probable that they will not need to assert themselves in any separate exhibition. Their contribution to the success of this one is visible and freely acknowledged. And whatever they have contributed to it directly, there is no doubt that its educational effect, in so far as it affects the finer issues of our national life, will be largely diffused by them.

VI.

The fair is a great school, a university. It is hardly probable that in our day any other nation will attempt another exposition on so grand a scale. Future expositions are likely to be specialized. One in search of information could only attend this with profit on the eclectic system. To be sure, it is worth a long journey and much inconvenience merely to look at it externally, for it is an unprecedented expression of energy as well as of beauty; but profitable study of any one of its many departments would require a whole season. It is a peoples' university, where curiosity is excited and illustrations are furnished in the study of nearly every branch of mechanics and of art. The majority of the visitors have never seen before such architecture, such landscape-gardening, such harmony in landscape and architectural effects; few of them have ever seen so many paintings and so good, or such collections of statuary, water-colors, etchings, and engravings; few of them have ever heard, day after day, as a part of daily life, so much music, and none of them have ever heard a better orchestra. Many, of course, will profit by the industrial exhibits; but if we set these, which were the primary considerations of the fair, aside altogether, we have several educational results which will affect the national life.

One of these may seem unimportant at the first glance. It may be called education in the joyousness of life. It has been remarked that the common American crowd lacks gayety; its holiday assemblages are apt to be listless and weary. The art of public enjoyment has not been cultivated. Our common notion of a holiday is the sight of some spectacle, which usually requires tiresome hours of waiting, and there is little personal enjoyment. We are not much accustomed to holidays, and they are usually wearying to flesh and spirit. At Jackson Park the personal entertainment of the crowds was provided for. There were not only beautiful sights everywhere, which might not be repeated elsewhere, but there were means of enjoyment which are almost everywhere attainable. People lunched and dined together in the open air, or in elevated and airy restaurants which commanded pleasant prospects, and generally with music, and usually good music. The hours thus spent were not merely feeding-times, but full of animation and gayety. Dining or supping together in the open air, in the midst of agreeable surroundings, with music, was a new delight to thousands of untravelled visitors. And then there was a band playing every day

at twelve by the Administration Building, and every evening at the time of the illuminations and the kaleidoscope fantasies of the electric fountains; and everywhere in the Midway, specially devoted to popular amusements, could be heard the strange strumming and beating of barbarous instruments, the twanging of strings, and the lingering beat of the darabuka drum, the waltz music of Vienna, and the weird melodies of Hungary. There was, in short, an air of festivity and gayety which could not but have its effect upon the most prosaic crowd. It must, perforce, get some hints in the art of public enjoyment.

But there was another educational result more important, and that was the kindling of patriotic feeling. Probably no person, native or naturalized, saw the fair without new pride in the fact that he was an American citizen, new pride in the country that could create all this. And it was a reasonable pride, tempered by comparison of the arts and industries of the whole world, not the ignorant assumption of isolation. The exhibitions of the varied products of the several States gave an idea of the vast resources of the republic, and the administrative ability and the power of the people for order and organization. For it is a show made by the States and the people. The Federal Congress has been a cold stepmother to the enterprise. From the moment it was determined on the national honor was involved in its success or failure. It is not pleasant to remember that local jealousies and provincial detraction and apathy stood in the way of its success, and that there was an unpatriotic prediction of its failure. It is unfortunate for the cities that regarded Chicago as a rival that they cast upon it the odium of possible failure; for, as a consequence, Chicago reaps the credit of success in the most creditable national undertaking we have ever engaged in. To seek to belittle the fair was to cast discredit upon American genius and ability; to gibe at Chicago, which poured out its money in an overflow like the Macmonnies Fountain, and which has exhibited administrative ability and energy hitherto unparalleled by any other community, to seek to put all the responsibility upon her, was to make it inevitable that she has the chief credit of the success, and occupies the foremost rank among public-spirited cities. And yet the last word must be that even the lavish energy and generosity of Chicago would have been inadequate to this result but for the noble response of the individual States and of foreign nations.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 7th of August.—Financial troubles lasted throughout July; there were many failures of banks and commercial houses. Congress assembled on August 7th to enact legislation with a view to relieving the distress.

The German Army Bill was passed by the Reichstag on the 15th by a vote of 201 to 185.

On the 19th the French government sent an ultimatum to Siam demanding reparation for outrages committed upon French residents of Siam. The answer proving unsatisfactory, France, on July 24th, declared a blockade of the ports of Siam, when the Siamese government yielded, granting an indemnity of 3,000,000 francs and a large section of territory.

Intense excitement attended the enforcement of *clôture* on the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons on the 27th. Blows were struck, and great disorder prevailed. All the clauses except the fifteenth and sixteenth were adopted.

On the 27th the court martial in the case of the collision of the *Victoria* and the *Camperdown* rendered a verdict that Vice-Admiral Tryon was responsible for the loss of the flag-ship, and exonerating the other officers.

DISASTERS.

July 12th.—Five persons were killed and twenty injured by a collision on the West Shore Railroad, near Newburg.

August 4th.—Nine lives were lost by the sinking of a pleasure-steamer on Lake George.

OBITUARY.

July 16th.—At Washington, Rear-Admiral Earl English, of the United States Navy.

July 17th.—Fire destroyed property in London worth $7,500,000.

July 21st.—At Green Bay, Wisconsin, Rear-Admiral Melanchthon Smith, of the United States Navy, aged eighty-three years.

July 24th.—At London, England, Dr. John Rae, the arctic explorer.

July 25th.—At New Haven, Edward T. McLaughlin, Professor of Belles-Lettres at Yale University.

July 31st.—At New Rochelle, New York, John Stephenson, builder of the first horse-car, aged eighty-four years.

August 7th.—In New York, Alfred Butler Starey, editor of *Harper's Young People.*



THE LAST STRAW!—Drawn by George du Maurier.

"What's the matter, dearest? you look sad...."

"Oh—Everything's going wrong—the children are ill in bed—and nurse has got the influenza—and my husband declares that ruin is staring us in the face—and I've got an unbecoming frock—and altogether I'm thoroughly depressed...." [*Breaks down.*

EDITOR'S DRAWER

HE KNEW WHAT WAS DUE TO THE COURT.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

HE was one of the characters about the town when I first knew it, and though I did not at the time know his history, and could not avouch my witnesses, I somehow took it in from the city at large. He was not exactly a vagabond, for he had a house—a brick house at that, though a little one—and one of the oldest and most dilapidated in the town; and there was a garden beside it, though it was nothing more than a tangle of bushes, weeds, and briers, and there was no paling left to the old enclosure. He was not exactly a drunkard in the police parlance, for though he was often full, he generally got home at some hour of the night, however drunk he might be, and he rarely ever got into the police court. (It may be doubted if a man can be a vagabond, however lazy, drunken, and disreputable he may be, if he has a house of his own, however dilapidated and covered with mortgages it may be, to which he can retire at will, and a garden, however grown up and unenclosed, in which he can wander when he wishes it.)

If he was not a vagabond, however, it was a shadowy wall which withheld him from being one; and if he was not a drunkard, the line which divided him from it was impalpable. He was of a family which once owned a considerable part of the land on which the town was built. Other members of the family had got rich thereby, but he had grown poorer and poorer. He belonged to a past age, and was at loggerheads with everything new. He was a privileged character. He abused everybody, but nobody minded him. If he said a biting thing, every one laughed; if he got drunk, some one carried him home and poked him inside of his broken door; if he got angry, some one took his stick from him till he became quiet. He was known universally as "Old Jerry." How he lived was not absolutely known. No one would have dared to offer to give him anything.

He had been sheriff at one time—a fact of which he was very proud. He had owned then not only the old house and its torn garden, but the ground on both sides of it where the two large factories, owned by a nephew and namesake of his, a somewhat pompous gentleman, had since gone up. At least he claimed to have owned this ground, though the courts had decided otherwise. People said generally that whiskey and dissipation had ruined him; he said the man who owned the factories on either side of him, and the rascality of the world at large, had done so, and he expended every resource at his command in annoying him. He had long since encumbered the remnant of his property, the old house and garden, in fighting him, and when he lost the suits he consoled himself by devoting hours a day to vilifying him wherever he could get a hearer to listen, which was not difficult. He always treated me with distinguished politeness, though I was counsel against him. He was paralyzed at this time, and could just shuffle along with his hook-handled stick; but his command of language was by no mean as limited as the command of his limbs, and he used to curse his nephew with a lavishness which would have put Ernulphus to the blush. He even applied to court to change his relative's name, claiming that he had no right to it, and when that was refused, threatened to change his own name, that it might not remain the same with his.

At length his kinsman's patience gave way; the application to court to change his name was the last feather, and matters culminated. He applied for a writ of lunacy, and Old Jerry was brought up before three justices to be examined. I was counsel. We appeared before the magistrates in the justices' room in a corner of the old court-house looking out over the old part of the town, where the fashionable residences had been years before when the city was a village, but which was now almost covered by tall factories, with their blank walls and high chimneys. Almost the only break among them was the gap immediately facing the window, where a dingy little old house, with dormer-windows and a broken porch, was set back in an unfenced yard filled with bushes, and half hidden by two or three scraggy old trees, which leant above it as if to rest on it as much as to shelter it.

When we arrived Old Jerry was already there in charge of the deputy sheriff. He was dressed in a clean shirt which showed marks of darning, and his long gray beard gave him a distinguished air. I had fallen in with the three magistrates and one of the examining physicians just outside the door, and the other doctor who had been summoned soon arrived. As we entered, Old Jerry tried to rise. The officer said he need not get up; but he scuffled to his feet, and made a profound bow to the magistrates, remaining standing until they had all taken their seats, when he tremblingly resumed his. He never looked at his nephew, though his manner showed hostility in every fibre of his frame.

"Do you think I do not know what is due to a court, sir? I was sheriff before you were born," he said to the officer, who half smiled and said nothing. "Yes, sir, no deputy either —High Sheriff, who made deputies, sir." The officer still said nothing, and the next moment he apologized to him, declaring that he had always treated him like a gentleman. "Which is more than I can say for every one in this room," he added.

There was a brief consultation among the magistrates, and then the one who had issued the writ said that they would begin the inquiry. The papers were examined and found in form, and then the two doctors were called to testify. The evidence was all one way, and was pretty clear. He had persistently refused for years to sell his old house or garden, and had let bushes grow on land worth $5 a square foot till it was all eaten up. He had pursued his nephew with extraordinary virulence. There were besides a great many other curious things. This proved something, certainly; the doctors thought insanity. Old Jerry sat scornfully silent till they had both testified. This ended the evidence. The presiding justice asked him if he wished to say anything. He said no, not there—he should appeal—but a moment afterwards, as they were writing out the committal, said, suddenly, "There is one infamous rascal in this room." Everybody looked up. "I don't refer to you, your Worship, or you, or you, sir," to one justice after the other, very blandly. "I know too well what is due to the court; and"—turning and looking at me very doubtfully—"I don't mean you, either, sir. I knew your father, and he was a gentleman. I know you've been trying to help rob me of my house all these years, but I don't blame you; that's your business that you are paid for. And I don't mean you, or you," addressing the doctors. "If I were speaking of fools, I might not be able to overlook you. I don't mean you, Mr. Sheriff, and" —more briskly—"I don't mean myself." He sat back and looked straight ahead of him,



"HE WAS NOT EXACTLY A VAGABOND."

whilst his relative shifted uncomfortably in his chair and tried to look unconcerned.

The committal was made out and delivered to the officer, who beckoned to him, and he rose and went shuffling out, stopping at the door to make a profound bow to the court to which he knew so well what was due.

A few days later I met him shuffling along on the street, and I suppose I showed some surprise in my face, for he stopped and spoke to me.

"I'm back, you see," he said.

"Yes; how is it?"

"Well, you see," he said, "when I got to the asylum where that rascal got me sent the board was in session, and I knew most of them, and their fathers before them; and they asked me what I was doing there, and I told them the whole thing—all about that scoundrel who has been robbing me, and you, and those two other fools, and all; and they said they knew you all, and that I had more sense than all of you put together; and I'm d—d if I don't believe they are right."

He shambled off, and I am not certain that I disagreed with the board.

A WELL-STOCKED LARDER.

THE stoutest hearts among them must acknowledge a feeling of some concern when night falls upon the passengers of that transcontinental railway which takes its dining-cars off the trains after dinner, and shunts them on a side track, to be hitched on to the first train bound the other way for breakfast next morning. There are plenty of things that would like to eat the passengers in the country through which they travel, but there is nothing that they would care to eat cooked and ready for them on the route. I fancy the same regret at parting from the passengers seizes the dining-car men, for one of them told me that the company switched the car off wherever it happened that the last passenger finished his dinner. If the last man is impressionable he finds himself choking down his food and gulping his coffee scorching hot—he hardly knows why. In that case the car may be switched off at a little village where there are seven saloons and one dwelling.

But if the man is a dullard he eats on undisturbed, and the car goes off in the wilderness, where the conductor, waiter, and cooks leave it, with all its nineteenth-century conveniences, and go fishing till bedtime, to the accompaniment of the howling of wolves and the hooting of owls. I know that the frequency of this fate weighed on the soul of one conductor, for he gave me a glimpse of his finer nature. "I oughtn't to be thrashing iron all my life," said he. "I've got a home that 'd make you dizzy. My wife is a real lady, and my children are musicians till you can't rest. My son can play the fiddle 'way up in Que, and my girl can bang the tar out of a piano."

On that train I received a telegram from the president of the road, in which he asked me to stay up till two o'clock in the morning, because he was on a train that would pass ours at that time, and he wished to shake my hand and say, "How d' do?" It grew to be a tiresome wait. At midnight, sitting all alone in the smoking-room of the sleeper, I must have presented a striking picture of loneliness, for the colored porter of the car took pity on me.

"Have something to drink?" said he.

"No, thank you."

"Well, won't you have something to eat?" he asked. "It's been a long while since you had anything to eat."

"Why, where can you get any food?" I asked, for I had seen the "diner" cut off, and had said good-by to its conductor, whose children were such heroic musicians.

"That's all right," said the negro, grinning. "I kin git yer mos' anything yer want, ef you're hungry. How would a little chicken suit yer, or cake, or fruit, eh?"

"But where is all this variety to be had? The dining-car is taken off," said I.

"Te he!" the darky replied. "Dinin'-cars don't make no diffunce to me. I reckon I know where I kin git you de bes' in de land."

"But how on earth will you do it?"

"Oh, outen de passengers' baskets," said he. "Back yer in de car dere's a lady what's got two or three col' chickens 'n' some apples 'n' or'nges. Dere's another young girl—she's got cake 'n' sweetmeats 'n' sandwiches. Dere's a gemman wid a whole box of stuff—canned ham 'n' pickled oysters 'n' crackers 'n' cheese. Dere's—"

"Why, you rascal! would you rob the baskets while the people are asleep?"

"N-n-no, sir; 'tain't zackly robbin' 'em," said he. "I'd only do it to help out a gemman of de right sort when he am pow'ful hungry. Oh, you needn't be afraid. I've fed many a man dat way sence I've been on de road—many 'n' many a time." JULIAN RALPH.

PROOF.

THE maid was a recent importation, but after a few weeks had been promoted to the position of waitress. When she had been installed in her new duties a few days her mistress asked, "Bridget, did you attend to the parlor to-day?"

"Indade oi did," was the answer.

Who could doubt the light of truth which sparkled in her eyes? Her mistress believed her, but, to make assurance doubly sure, asked again, "You are positive?"

"Oi am that," said Bridget, in an injured tone, "and would ye be wantin' proof, oi can show ye the pieces of the brick-brack that oi bruk in dustin' the room."

The Reformed Tigress.



LADY on the lonely shore
Of a dull watering-place
Once met a Tigress weeping sore,
Tears streaming down her face.

And knowing well that safety lay
In not betraying fear,
She asked, in quite a friendly way,
"What makes you weep, my dear?"

The Tigress brushed a tear aside.
"I want a man," she wailed.
"A man? They're scarce!" the Lady cried.
"I fear the crop has failed.

"There is but one in miles, and, oh,
I hear that he is wed!"
The Tigress smiled. "I am, you know,
A man-eater," she said.

"You *eat them!*" screamed the maid; then ceased
In horror and amaze,
And sat her down to show the Beast
The error of her ways.

"Men are so scarce," she urged, "I fear
There aren't enough to go
Around. Now is it right, my dear,
That you should waste them so?

"I weep to think of all the men
You've spoiled ere now," said she.
"And if you eat the rest, why, then,
What will become of me?"

The hours flew by; she took no rest
Till twilight, when, at last,
The contrite Beast with sobs confessed
Repentance for the past.

"Go," said the maid; "take my advice.
I know what's best for you.
It's cheap and filling at the price.
Go, seek the oyster stew."

. . . . . .

The Tigress lies unto this day
Upon an oyster bed.
The Lady, so the gossips say,
Is shortly to be wed.

OLIVER HERFORD.



MORE EXCITING.

"THAT is a picture of the old Puritans going to church, Robby," said Mr. Norris, impressively. "Here you see them tramping through the snow in single file, every man with his gun thrown over his shoulder, ready for instant use in case of an attack."

"What did they have to carry guns for?" asked Robby, with interest.

"To keep off the Indians," replied Mr. Norris. "That is the kind of men that built up this country. Not the bitterest cold, nor the heaviest snow, nor the fact that they went in extreme peril of their lives, could prevent them from performing their religious duties. Just think of our sturdy, pious forefathers when you don't feel like going to church, and remember the hardships they endured to enjoy the privilege of worshipping on Sunday, a privilege which I am afraid you are inclined to hold too lightly."

"Pooh!" observed Robby. "I'd go to church every day in the week if I could get a shot at an Indian on the way!" HARRY ROMAINE.

A GOOD EXCUSE FOR ONCE.

'LIAS BLACKBURN was, in his day, one of the most successful and notorious moonshiners of southwestern Virginia. Still, 'Lias was by no means an unprincipled man. His contempt for the revenue laws was complemented by a regard for a code of morals, peculiarly his own, that gave him no little worry, for it particularly inveighed against unreasonable inebriety. 'Lias never was drunk without cause, and "any other reason why" being no reason for a drink to his logical mind, he was often sober for five consecutive days.

After one of these periods of abstinence 'Lias found occasion to smuggle a ten-gallon "kaig" into Tennessee. 'Lias had a quasi-conviction that in spite of his generous gauging of the barrel, a shortage might be noticed when he delivered the goods, and the suspicion weighed on his mind more than the "kaig" on his shoulder. When he reached the part of the mountain trail called High Knob, the greatest elevation thereabouts, he felt so worn out by worry and fatigue that he decided to rest awhile. The beauty of the night brought comfort to 'Lias's soul, and the softness of the turf to his bare feet. He threw down the "kaig," stretched himself on the grass, and shut his eyes for "fo'ty winks."

Around High Knob there is only one thing thicker than huckleberries and moonshiners; it is rattlesnakes. Consequently 'Lias, wakened by a sharp pain in his right great toe, was not at all surprised to see an immense rattler wriggling away. 'Lias sat up. A great contented smile spread over his face. He drew the "kaig" a trifle nearer, put out his left foot and shook it at the retreating snake.

"Chaw away, ole man," said 'Lias. "I's just as well prepared fo' you as though you'd given me six months' notice." COGGESHALL MACY.

AN INFERENCE.

DURING Pennsylvania's "Long Parliament"—the session of the Legislature which convened in January, 1883—there were a good many things done and said which have never appeared in print, and which their authors have taken especial pains should never become history. Some, however, would bear repetition, and we give one. The representative from the sixth legislative district (located in the city of Philadelphia) was the Hon. Hugh Mackin. Among the others in that body were the Hon. Mr. Sp—r of Perry, and the Hon. Mr. McN—a of Bedford, both of whom were ready debaters, and both of whom spent a good deal of time on their feet. Once in debate Mr. Sp—r in the course of his remarks referred to the fact that he and the honorable gentleman from Bedford were born upon the same day.

"Mishter Shpeaker," said the gentleman from the sixth district as he arose, "did I undershtahnd the gentleman from Perry to say that his birthday fell ahn the same day as the gentleman's from Bedford?"

The House quieted down, and Mr. Mackin was assured that such was the fact.

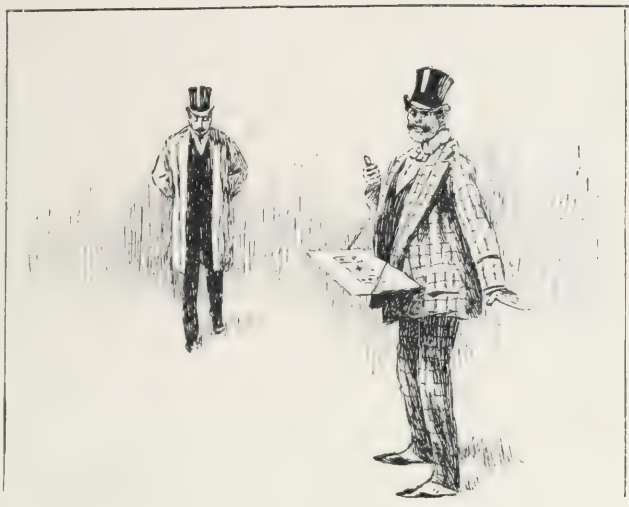
"Then, Mishter Shpeaker, I rise to remark thot it must ha' been a domned windy day."

A SAD MISTAKE.

MRS. FOSTER was from New England, and regarded life very seriously, never shirking or turning back from the path of duty which lay before her, but she never realized that French was at all necessary until she visited Paris. Then she had to rely on a phrase-book, which relieved her mind of all care, but greatly exercised the mental powers of the natives with whom she came in contact. Her nephew, who was studying art in the French capital, secured for her an invitation to a reception given by a famous French artist. Mrs. Foster went, accompanied by her nephew (and the phrase-book). She thought she knew just where to open it and read her lines. She was introduced in French to the artist. He spoke in French, her nephew replied in French, until the dear old lady got bewildered. But she felt that she must say something, so she opened the inevitable book and read off the first sentence which met her eye, giving it the true New Hampshire twang. The artist smiled sweetly, her nephew also smiled sweetly, but as Mrs. Foster saw the translation in italics after the sentence she nearly fainted. As her nephew led her away, however, he congratulated her upon her introduction and her knowledge of the language.

"But, Henry," cried his horrified aunt, "did you hear what I said? I asked him how soon could we get something to eat—that's what I asked him—in *French*."

Her nephew smiled; he would have liked to laugh. "Oh!" he replied. "Did you? Well, auntie, it doesn't matter, for he asked me what in thunder you said, and I told him I didn't know."



"Look at de jay a-comin' dere. Jes watch me do 'im wid me little game.



"I'll jes bet yer fifty yer can't pick out de ace o' clubs, an' I'll drop de cards right down before yer eyes. See?"



"I'll do the best I can to win the fifty, but—



"To make sure that there is no mistake—



"I will ask you to examine this card and see that it is all right.



"It's amazing how readily people are deceived."

THE FAKIR AND THE PRESTIDIGITATEUR.

NO MISTAKE IN THE PULSE.

Dr. B—— of Virginia is a very able man in two branches of human endeavor. He is famed as a physician, and as a consumer of wines at dinner he is probably not anywhere excelled. Because of the latter distinction he is rarely called upon professionally after dinner by those who know him. It happened not long ago, however, that the sudden illness of the wife of one of his friends made it necessary that he should be summoned in a professional capacity late in the evening. The doctor came, visited the patient, and prescribed.

As he was about to leave the house the sick woman's husband asked him what the exact trouble was. The doctor put on a long face, and seemed unwilling to gratify the husband's curiosity; but finally, after much insistence upon the latter's part, he observed, gravely, that the lady had been indulging in too much strong drink, but that he had prescribed, and that the ill effects would soon pass away.

The revelation astounded the husband, and he expressed some doubt as to the accuracy of Dr. B——'s diagnosis.

"I am not mistaken at all," he replied, indignantly. "I have had much experience in cases of this sort, and cannot be mistaken. The pulse is an absolutely accurate indicator. Mrs. S——'s pulse at this moment is the pulse of the inebriate." With this he left the house, not at all pleased that Mr. S—— should have chosen to doubt his judgment.

Mr. S—— immediately repaired to the sick-room, and was still further disturbed on entering to find his wife in a most hilarious state of mind, laughing so heartily, in fact, that he was almost of the opinion that Dr. B—— was right after all. Upon inquiring of madam as to the cause of her mirth, he was informed that Dr. B—— had sat at her bedside, looked at her tongue, and requested to feel her pulse. She had held out her hand, but the doctor had not taken it at all, but had contented himself with placing the fingers of his right hand upon his own left wrist.

In short, the doctor had felt his own pulse!

HIS CRITICISM.

He was a typical beggar in appearance. It was very late, and he accosted a passer-by, requesting assistance. If his tale was to be believed, he had not eaten in many days, and the philanthropic pedestrian resolved to assist him, not with ready money, but by giving him a meal. He took him to one of the most famous cafés in town, where he ordered a regular course dinner for the unfortunate. This the beggar ate with a relish which was the best confirmation of the truth of his story. When the last morsel of the feast had been eaten the philanthropist paid the bill, and on the way out asked the beggar how he had enjoyed the meal.

"First rate," said he; "but say, their cookin' ain't what it ought to be, is it?"

HOPELESS AMBITION.

I'd like to write a drama full of fancy and of fact,
In which I'd handle love and crime with some regard for tact.
I'd like to have a hero who could move an Alp aside,
To rescue from the villain bold his poor unhappy bride.

I'd strive to have a heroine with beauty like to that
The Persian story-writers used to knock Bagdadians flat;
I'd like to have her rival, with her dazzling ways, the moon,
Combining grave demeanor with a tendency to spoon.

I'd like to have her lines enriched by poetry divine
From Omar quoted, or from Keats, and here and there from mine.
I'd like to have her fond of art, of letters, and the stage,
And just to keep her human, when it's needed, let her rage.

The villain would be lovely if I only had my way;
He'd poison, stab, and hari-kari once or twice a day.
He'd use the strangest oaths that ever came to mortal ears,
And all his poses I would have made horrible with leers.

I'd have him sink a steamship in the solemn dead of night,
To have a forged two-dollar check removed from earthly sight.
I'd have him burn a flat-house and destroy a thousand folks,
To kill the light-haired sleuth-hound who is always cracking jokes.

And finally I'd have him die a miserable death:
I'd have a farm-yard bovine's kick deprive him of his breath.
In short, in this great drama, which I dream of night and day,
I'd have a taking mixture of all styles of modern play.

The tank could be in one scene, and the saw-mill in the next;
And in the third by blood-hounds I would have the villain vexed;
A fourth could have an Indian to take the ruffian's scalp;
But best of all would be where John for Mary moves the Alp.

But no, I'll never do it. Though for fame I madly sigh,
I'll never reach the pinnacle 'pon which I've set my eye,
Because, when I have written parts, and read my pages o'er,
I find that everything I've done some other's done before.

John Kendrick Bangs.



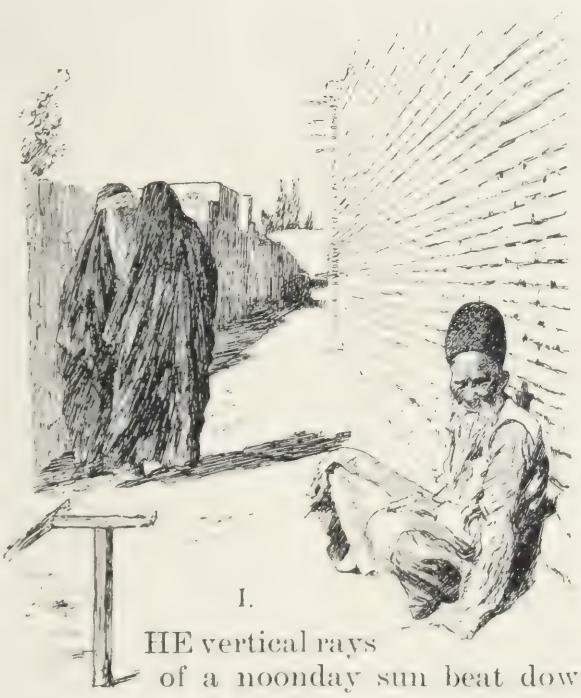
PERSIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVII. NOVEMBER, 1893. No. DXXII.

FROM TABREEZ TO ISPAHAN.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.



I.

THE vertical rays of a noonday sun beat down mercilessly in this deserted by-way of Tabreez, and we were driven to take refuge in the narrow patch of shadow under the projecting eaves of a house. While we stood there our newly found friend explained the situation, which we endeavored to grasp, wondering a little at our own lack of emotion. We were neither of us surprised to find cholera the reigning power, but felt that we might better have gone luxuriously to Samarcand in a saloon carriage, than to have ridden through five hundred miles of mountains to see a plague-smitten city. "A pretty state of affairs!" said my companion, as we all strolled along the shady side in search of shelter of some kind, for Tabreez cannot boast of a hotel, in the European sense of the word. After knocking at several doors, and finding no one but the doorkeeper, always with the same negative answer, our new friend invited us into his own house. Stepping down through a low door in the outer mud wall, and crossing a brick-paved court-yard, we reached the sitting-room. There is a square tank in the middle of the court, plants in pots are grouped about it, and ranged along the walls is a row of great jars, the usual accessories of a Persian house now, as in the days of Ali Baba; tall trees cast thin and flickering shadows, for the leaves are crisped and burnt by the dry August winds. A pile of boxes and trunks is visible from the window, stacked in a corner of the yard; they are marked with an English name, and their owner was one of the latest victims of the cholera. Meanwhile there is good wine on the table, and a prospect of something solid as well. Our host, by inviting us into his house, is acting the part of an uncommonly good Samaritan, for in these troublous times he cannot foresee what may happen to the stranger within his gates. While we are sitting at ease around the table he takes our dragoman to task for his stupidity in letting the baggage be driven into the custom-house, as the Persian officials, it is well understood, have no right whatever to meddle with personal property. He at once despatches his own servant to recover it, and to find us a house, where we can unpack. While sitting at the table I had begun to feel strangely uncomfortable and disinclined to take part in the conversation, which had become more general, as a German friend of our entertainer, and one or two Persians, had joined us. An overpowering feeling of drowsiness had taken possession of me, as well as a return of this morning's symptoms. Child produces his bottle of "cholera mixture," but, far from bettering my condition, the effect is immediately disastrous. It is

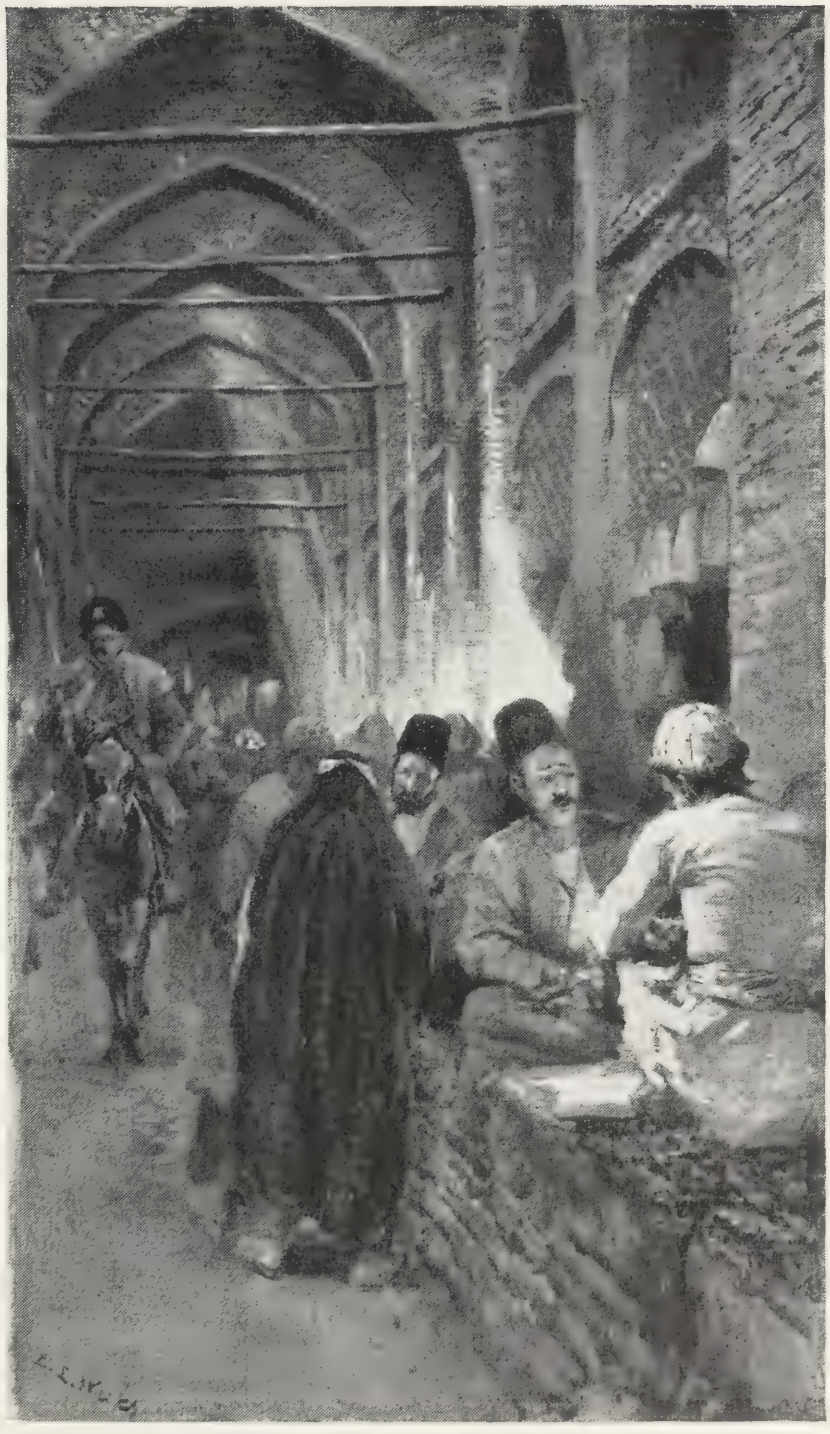
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evident from the expression of watchful intensity in our host's eyes what is in his mind. He takes from his pocket two papers containing some white powder, which he administers at intervals, and then shows me into a dark closet, where I can lie down and be at rest; sleep, however, is out of the question, for there is no escape from the swarms of flies, and after a brief period of tranquillity and comparative darkness, I return to the room and take possession of the divan. Listening dreamily to the hum of voices in French, German, and the strange Persian tongue, I become conscious of returning peace of mind and body, of a blessed sense of perfect comfort, and when the cool of the evening comes, I am sufficiently recovered to look forward to dinner with almost the usual interest. I recall these personal reminiscences, which under ordinary circumstances would have no importance, with the presumption that it may interest some one to know how an abortive attack of cholera feels at the very beginning. While we are dining in the court-yard, the servant returns with the welcome news that the minions of the custom-house have yielded up their prey, and that all our baggage has been taken to the house which he has found for us. Escorted by our German friends, and lighted by a huge transparent lantern, which is always carried in front of the belated wayfarer in a Persian city, we set out for our new quarters, a few doors off. At the entrance of the narrow lane leading to the house we are obliged to step over a deep pit, or "khanat," to use a Persian term, and reaching the low door, we descend a few mossy steps, and cross a small court-yard, strewn with large and juicy mulberries, which have fallen from a great tree covering like a roof the whole enclosure. Our bedroom occupies the greater part of the lower floor, and the walls are panelled off into arched recesses, most useful for storing small articles.

August 21st.—My companion seems quite ill; he complains that all his symptoms of yesterday have returned, accompanied by cramps in the legs. Artemis also is in great misery, and wears a most dejected expression, but he has already consumed nearly all the slender stock of remedies at hand, and but one solitary mustard plaster remains. In ready response to our appeal, we are at once visited by the lady left in charge of the medical department of the American mission, accompanied by one of the leading members of that society. They decide that my friend has cholera, and that Artemis has a milder form of the same malady. Both patients must be removed at once to more airy and accessible quarters, and they generously place the mission school-house, now empty and next door to the dispensary, at our disposal. With their assistance we are quickly installed in the new quarters, which are far more spacious and airy than the little house where we passed the night. Two great rooms connected by folding doors occupy the upper floor: in one of them a comfortable bed has been made ready for the patient, and in the other, where the battered desks and benches of the Armenian school-children have been huddled together at one end, we bestow the dragoman and the dusty, weather-beaten camp baggage. Many doors and windows open on to the flat clay roofs, or terraces, whence the eye commands a wide and desolate panorama of mountains—the far-stretching level of flat roofs, low clay domes in long ranks marking the course of the bazars, and the encircling heights are all of the same pale reddish hue, cut by the vertical lines of slender green poplars, and the hills of the Sahend group on the south are patched with snow. Straight from these high ridges a cool and bracing wind blew across the house-tops, tempering the heat of the long summer days, and rising at times to a gale in the clear moonlit nights. A line of gaunt and barren desert cliffs hemmed us in on the east, and at sunset their slopes burned with vivid orange and vermilion hues. This was our home for nearly four weeks, while my companion, for the first few days hanging between life and death, gradually recovered his strength. Artemis was soon on his feet again, and he resigned himself with the air of a martyr to his new duties as hospital assistant; he was soon able to occupy himself with the concoction of various savory dishes, as Tatos had no time to cook for him, and very little time for sleep. While the epidemic had been declining in Tabreez, it had broken out in Teheran, and many were the victims. A number of Europeans had fallen, members of the telegraph corps, and of the staff of the "Imperial Bank of Persia." The employés of this

latter institution had organized a volunteer corps of hospital assistants which had been of very great service. There were rumors, moreover, of an outbreak at Ispahan and Shiraz. It was then, during the convalescence of my companion, that we discussed two alternative routes which seemed to offer a shorter land journey to India. The route *viâ* Shuster and the Karun River first suggested itself, but was abandoned when we found that the steamers which touched at the port were not to be depended upon.

The caravan road to Bagdad, and thence by steamer to India down the Tigris, was next considered: it was too late in the season to think of going to Mossoul and down the Tigris by raft, the usual way, and the direct caravan road had its drawbacks. One gentleman connected with the mission, who had just returned from that journey, said that the Turkish officials had confiscated not only his sermons but his blank paper; and another, who had undertaken a business enterprise, had fallen among Bedaweens, and they had stripped him of all he possessed. Moreover, the plague was then holding high carnival at Bagdad, and the cholera was marching steadily in that direction. Should one escape these evils, there remained the well-known scourge of that city, the "Aleppo button," to be taken into consideration — the little abscess which appears somewhere on the countenance, and leaves a purple lump shaped like a date stone. We concluded then to carry out our original plan, and to keep on *viâ* Teheran and Ispahan to Bushire. Our enforced detention at Tabreez was rendered more endurable by knowing that we could not go to Teheran until the epidemic was over. Tabreez itself offered but little artistic interest, although the bazars, as they filled up once more with returning life, were as interesting as any we afterwards encountered. Like all other Persian bazars, they are long vaulted corridors solidly built of brick-work



INTERIOR OF BAZAR AT TABREEZ.

or masonry, lined with shops on both sides, and with domes at regular intervals. At the top of each lofty dome is a small round opening through which the sunlight streams in, enlivening the long and sombre perspective with vertical shafts of dusty light. One felt as if walking through a gallery of living Rembrandts and Riberas, and where a slender beam of light flecked with motes touched upon a group in front of a shop, or gilded a pile of oranges in a fruit stall, it was as if an electric lamp had blazed out in the purple gloom. A high pointed archway opens here and there into the great court of a caravansary, and the broad track of light streams across the bazar, edging the hurrying figures with a golden halo. This type of caravansary is not, however, like those where travellers put up on the road, but rather a vast storehouse, a court, surrounded by two tiers of pointed arches or alcoves, the lower one occupied by shops and shaded by awnings. There is always a wide tank in the middle, surrounded by poplar and plane trees. The ground is littered with packages of merchandise, enveloped in gunny bags. Long trains of tall camels chained together blockade the entrance to these enclosures, and one is obliged to steer his way among their legs or dart under the chains in order to enter; and one must be always on the alert to avoid the caravans of laden mules or pack-horses with jingling bells, and droves of donkeys carrying building material, as well as the cavaliers who are mounted on superb horses decked with saddle-cloths of velvet embroidered with gold. Some of these saddle covers were of finest Persian carpeting, or of cloth embroidered with applied designs.

There are no fine mosques or remarkable monuments in Tabreëz save the magnificent ruin called the "Blue Mosque," which is covered with exquisite faience, blue in its prevailing tone, relieved by dull black and yellow; and the lofty fragment of a brick citadel called the "Ark." During the convalescence of my companion I found time to explore a portion of the bazars and the surrounding streets, but never did I succeed in finding a way through the labyrinth of dusty lanes and gardens to the open desert beyond. The streets have but few attractions for the pedestrian who walks for exercise, although the bazars, as they gradually filled up and resumed their normal aspect, were a never-failing source of interest. But the air in these vaulted and gloomy aisles is close and heavy in midsummer, besides being scented with oppressive and unfamiliar odors, and it is not easy to avoid contact with the swift and silent funeral processions. Naturally one felt drawn towards the open country which lay beyond the city, but the usual limit of these pilgrimages towards the source of the invigorating desert wind was the desolate and sandy cemetery surrounding the city, for here, as in all Oriental countries, the dead seem to occupy far more space than the living.

Owing to the constant care and devotion of our friends, we were soon able to set out again, and while we were preparing for the next move the European colony began to flock back from the hills. Had it not been for their kindly aid we should have been obliged to wrestle with many more difficulties. Artemis was sent back to Constantinople, as a Persian who spoke fairly good French had been found to take his place. A new tent was purchased, more roomy than the other, and the bazars were ransacked for supplies. Although we had been advised to buy all our animals, we finally shirked the responsibility by chartering the lot from a chavadar. When the last load had been adjusted, and we had taken leave of the friends to whom we felt so deeply indebted, following the caravan bells through the dusky gloom of the bazars, and ploughing over the long sandy avenue beyond, it was with a certain sense of relief that we climbed the desert slopes which flanked the Sahend Mountains, and breathed once more the keen pure air which blew across the open wastes.

II.

Saidabad, September 15th.—Our camp to-night is on green turf, near the pebbly shore of a brook fringed by willows. My first exploit is to get lamed by a kick while trying to head off my fugitive steed, who is trotting off bridleless, to have a roll on the grass with his saddle still on. The very first performance of our caravan horses, when we come to the end of the day's march, is to lie down and roll luxuriously, with their loads on, if possible, and to raise a cyclone of dust. The caravan, as well as the commissariat department, is on quite a new footing, and much better organized



LOADING THE PACK-HORSES—SUNRISE

than before. Tatos, the cook, is still with us, and Abdullah, the new Persian servant, seems capable and trustworthy. We have ten horses in all, two for our personal use, and eight for the baggage and men. As the Persians know how to travel in their own country, we have adopted their fashion of carrying valises and small trunks, and have invested in two pairs of long carpet sacks, in which these articles are packed. Each sack is called a "ma-fresch," and two of them are a load for a horse, one being placed on each side of the saddle, with the weight carefully adjusted. These receptacles are usually made of velvety Persian carpeting, six feet in length by eighteen inches in depth and width, shaped like long narrow boxes, with stout leather handles at each end, and a multitude of straps and buckles. In these sacks all the small packages and valises are placed, waterproof bags with bedding, our iron camp-bedsteads, stools, tables, and carpets, are laid on the top, and after being tightly strapped up, they are lifted into place by the combined efforts of all the men, and corded on to the bulky pack-saddles of the horses. Provisions, wine, and cooking utensils are carried in two quaint chests, made in a Tabreez bazar, covered with stamped red leather, and provided with short legs, which prevent the cords from slipping off. Another chest, made in Paris, which we meant to leave at Trebizond, is still with us. The horse which the head chavadar rides is more lightly loaded than the others, and picturesquely festooned with bags of fodder and earthen water-jars. Each of these weather-beaten old horses, with headstall of fringed leather, straps and bridle ornamented with shells and blue beads, and his worn pack-saddle, shredded and patched with many colors like a beggar's mantle, is a wonderfully interesting study of color. Around their necks, among the many-hued tassels, or from their sides, are hung bells, and bells within bells. Our march through Persia was attended by their monotonous but not discordant music. For at night, while we slept in the tent, the horses, tethered in a long row to a cord outside, munched steadily at the chopped straw in their nose-bags, and in our waking moments we were conscious of the same chimes which we had heard through the day. Each chavadar, clothed in patched and faded blue, or enveloped in heavy felt overcoat, to keep off the chill of early morning, his face burnt and tanned to a rich mahogany tint, is a type of the most primitive, robust order.

This caravan life has a subtle charm of its own when one is in perfect health and things go smoothly; and even when they do not, the minor discomforts of a nomad existence do not weigh heavily on nerves blunted by the open air and a certain amount of healthy fatigue. When one journeys by vestibule train or Wagner sleeping-car the short space of time between two cities is like an interim, an *entr'acte*, during which one's daily routine is suspended, to be resumed again only when he leaves the train at his destination. But here, where the distances are so vast, the real existence is on the road, and the brief stay in each city, full of feverish, agitated movement and unrest, becomes the interim, and the traveller looks forward to the calm and pure air of the desert plateau beyond and the comfort of his tent. The routine of daily life is a little trying at first, but easily learned. Each twenty-four hours is divided into four parts—the period of hurry and activity in the early morning, a longer one of comparative tranquillity on the march, the brief hour of bustle on arriving at our destination, and then "nirvana," the dreamless sleep of the night. At half past three or at four A.M. it is time to get up and dress by candlelight, to call for the "samovar" and hot tea, to see that the men in the kitchen tent are astir, and that the chavadars are feeding their horses. Then the small articles are packed, Abdullah brings in breakfast, and while we are eating the chavadars come in to take out the baggage, the first red light from the rising sun shines through the transparent walls, and then the tent itself is pulled down, and we are shivering in the frosty and bracing morning air. Sometimes breakfast is finished on one of the camp-chests while the table is being packed away. When the last load has been secured, and the ground, now strewn with egg-shells and loose straw, has been searched for lost articles, we mount our horses or walk on ahead. Then comes the long day of comparative rest, and when the brief morning chill has passed away, made drowsy by the growing heat of the sun, we nod and sway in our saddles,

lulled by the monotony of the slow march and the ceaseless tinkling of the bells. Over deserts of white salt, like new-fallen snow or frozen sleet, where the horizon swims and quivers in the mirage, and over plains floored with black volcanic deposit, we ride on and on, over passes, across rivers and marshy plains, until it is time to hurry on ahead of the caravan and despatch a hasty lunch on some shelterless hill-side, or deep in a gully if the wind blows, and best of all, where there is a brook in which to cool a bottle of wine. This caravan, unlike the former one, never halts at noon, but keeps on at the same unvarying pace until its allotted task is done. At last the lengthening shadows and the sight of the distant mud walls of the village where we are to halt warn us that it is time to spur on with the chavadar to select our camping-ground before the baggage animals come up. It was usually our fate to encamp on a ploughed field, and it was no small piece of work to clear the ground of stones and briers; often in a high wind it required the combined strength of all of us to hold the flapping canvas while the pegs were being driven in, and we were fortunate indeed if there were no wet sketches lying about when the dust drove in clouds under the tent. When the cords are well secured the baggage is brought in, carpets are spread out, beds are unfolded, and the ebonite filters are put in working order, so that tea or the refreshing "peg" may be forth-coming. There is often a leisure hour in which to jot down impressions of color before Abdullah comes in to set the table, and after dinner we sit under the canvas awning which projects above the tent door, and smoke, in the crimson after-glow, grand and solemn, in this land of vast horizons.

Turkomanshai, September 17th. — A ruinous caravansary stands by the roadside, and the tents are put up just beyond it on the brink of a deep fissure, through which a narrow stream flows, and the land rises abruptly on the other side. Deep in the gully there is a spring set about with stones, and the men lead down the tired horses to drink. Here, as elsewhere near a village, we are beset with cats; not that we regard them with antipathy, but there are really too many cats. They seem to spring up from the ground, and curl themselves snugly in our beds. When they have been expelled they make a semblance of retreating, but return again to take refuge among our bags and carpets. At the dinner hour they prowl about the door of the tent in anticipation of bones, and pass like illuminated silhouettes across the track of the lantern light.



OUR TENT AT NIGHT.

Mianeh, September 18th.—This is the

home of the redoubtable insect of which the bite is believed to be fatal both to men and horses. We were therefore not unwilling to favor the popular superstition by encamping at some distance from the town. We ford a narrow but deep and rushing brook, and put up the tents in a ploughed field. A lurid sunset portends rain, and against this sombre background our camp-followers with their horses and the group of curious villagers tell with unusual force of color. The men have been winnowing grain, and the ground is littered with straw and yellow dust. They all feel a chill in the rising wind, which shakes the tent walls, and have built fires. While the preparations for dinner are going on the chavadars are curry-combing the horses with the curious implement peculiar to this country, which makes a loud humming sound, like a watchman's rattle.

Serchem, September 19th.—We are still jogging on to the tune of the caravan bells over the endless desert plateaux, following the line of the Indo-European telegraph poles. We came suddenly upon them after leaving Khoi and long before reaching Tabreez. Now they stretch away before and behind us, an endless perspective of trim iron masts, each with the name of the famous London firm stamped upon it. By merely touching one of these poles one feels at once *en rapport* with London or Paris, New York and Bombay. Walking on a mile or more in advance of the caravan, over a billowy plain, which seems vaster than the ocean itself, for the reason that we are always at such an elevation that it is like being on the roof of the world, whence one can look forth over endless space, we are approaching a still higher table-land. Far beyond the plain, tufted with bunches of dry yellow herbage gilded by the setting sun, this great plateau rises above us, at a distance impossible to estimate in the clear atmosphere; its surface is broken up into little hillocks, like the waves of a petrified sea, each crest tipped with scarlet from the glowing west, and each long shadow correspondingly violet; and beyond this again rises another and still higher country of purple mountains, and through the gaps of their serrated sky-line other and more distant ranges may be discerned, faint and far away. Looking into the west as the sun sinks, range after range becomes visible, each less purple and more enveloped in golden haze. A wide river valley lay between us and the plateau. In the twilight which follows closely upon the golden after-glow we halted near a village strangely suggestive of the African Sahara.

Zinjan, September 24th.—Having arrived early we intend taking a day of rest, partly on account of the horses. A yellow plain reaches to the city walls: several different roads, like white threads drawn across it, converge at a point of the wall which is probably the entrance. Beyond this yellow line of walls rise a few yellow domes, some dark, spirelike trees, and three bulbous domes of vivid turquoise blue, which glitter in the sunshine against the pink and violet hills. We encamp on the gravel plain well away from the town, but with a view downwards into the river valley over the wealth of green foliage confined by low garden walls. Tatos sets out at once for the bazar, that he may buy the wherewithal with which to feast, for we are to cross another desert, and that which we have just traversed provided but little to satisfy our Gargantuan appetites, which ill accord with the ascetic character of the country. Accompanied by Abdullah, I stroll down to explore the town. From this silent and glaring desert it is but a few steps into the crowded gloom of the bazars, noisy with the strident din of hammers as we pass through the quarter of the metal-workers, and into the street of the saddlers, where the shopkeepers stare silently at us from their cavernous retreats, fringed about with tasselled and embroidered trappings. We come to a hoary old mosque, which still retains a little of its ancient faience. There are chains across the door, as usual, to exclude the infidel, but Abdullah, who avers that the moullahs of Zinjan are less fanatical than most of their confrères, raises the chain for me to enter. Trusting to the wisdom of this enlightened Persian, I slip through the hallowed portal, and stroll about under the venerable poplars, examining the tile-work adorning the cloisters. Our presence seems to occasion not a little consternation, but apparently no open hostility, and, our inspection over, we bow ourselves out of the sacred retreat. It was the first and only mosque which I entered in Persia, and Abdullah afterward said



PACKING BAGGAGE BEFORE SUNRISE.

that the moullahs did not at all appreciate the honor of our visit.

September 25th.—I was suddenly awakened from a last doze at daybreak by the voice of my companion, Mr. Child, who stated with shocking brevity that his steel trunk had been stolen. Unwilling to believe it, we hunted high and low, but upon examining the "ma-fresch," where it had been left just inside the tent wall, we discovered that both leather and carpet had been cut through from the outside. He himself was aware of the moment when it had been done, perhaps half an hour earlier: he had heard the ripping sound of the knife, but being half asleep had paid no attention to it. The camp was a scene of confusion for an hour or more. One of the horses had been cut loose by robbers, but turned up again a short distance away. We had a faint hope, of short duration, however, that the thief on breaking open the box would not think it worth while to carry off the clothing which it contained. Of what use could a dress suit and a "Feringhi's" wardrobe be to a Persian tramp? But nothing was found. We concluded then to send on the caravan, but to stop on our way through the town and complain to the Governor, who, it appeared, was also a prince. As we rode up to the palace gate, a company of horsemen were dismounting, one of whom was pointed out as the Governor's deputy. Having heard our statement, he led the way into the inner court, and went in search of his Excellence. After a short delay, a group of officials appeared following the dignitary at the head, who, after a courteous salutation sat himself down in a niche of the wall, making room for us by his side. He seemed greatly concerned, and after asking many questions, consulted with his followers, and said that his Highness was now asleep, but would awaken about noon, when he would probably give us an audience. We had been under the delusion that we were talking to the prince himself, and now, greatly dis-



"HADJI" THE CHAVADAR AND HIS ARAB STEED.

gusted by the delay, my companion vowed that he had far rather lose his clothes than so much valuable time, and briefly saluting the representatives of power, we mounted and hurried off to catch up with our men.

Sultanieh, September 26th. — Every traveller who has left a record of this journey has spoken of the vast extent of ruins around Sultanieh. M. Jaubert, a Frenchman, who went on a diplomatic mission to Teheran in 1805, and returned by this route, says: "The remains of edifices and fine monuments which cover the plain, together with the testimony of history, combine to prove the vanished splendor of this city, which in the fifteenth century was the dépôt of a great trade with India." Curzon also speaks of it in similar terms.

As we approached it, late in the afternoon, we passed a summer residence of the Shah, which loomed up like a domed mosque rising above a fortress; and beyond it appeared a still higher and more ancient dome, with fragments of brilliant mosaic still adhering to it. It was twilight before we reached this ruin by a network of stony paths, where the horses stumbled among piles of loose bricks and broken walls. It was not easy to pick out a clean piece of ground whereon to pitch the tent, as darkness had come on; there was a cold and benumbing wind, and our baggage animals were still lagging behind. But they appeared at last in the obscurity, and in spite of stiff fingers we unpacked, and were soon comfortably stretched out on our camp-beds, and looking forward to a late dinner. After riding across miles of country comparatively clean, it seemed a strange and annoying fatality that we should always be obliged to encamp near some filthy village in order to procure water, or to get to windward of the cemetery.

In the morning, our surroundings, which we could not see distinctly before, are unusually striking. Close at hand, the great crumbling ruin towers above us. It is the once splendid mausoleum of Shah Khodabendeh, a two-storied octagonal pile, capped by a dome, and with a slender minaret rising from each angle. A great caravan covers the plain, and the men, shapeless bundles enveloped in their clumsy felt mantles, are huddled together over their fires in the misty light of early morning. Our own men, as they bend over the baggage or rise up like silhou-

ettes against the flushed sky, suggest endless combinations for pictures in a rich and mellow scheme of color.

Kazbin, September 28th. — Here we hope to find a vehicle of some sort to take us over the hundred miles of carriage road beginning at Kazbin and ending at Teheran. But alas for our hopes. There is no carriage to be had, not even a droschke, and we must still toil on with the caravan. There are plenty of arabas, but we know from experience how much speed can be gotten out of that vehicle, and at the worst we shall not lose more than two days. The Shah had recently granted a monopoly to the new road company formed in Vienna, and while we were still at Tabreez the *personnel* of the company arrived, bringing their carriages, diligences, and live-stock. After a few days for rest and repairs, they went on to Teheran. In the mean time there is an interim; the old service has been suppressed, and the road is out of repair. The great hotel, charmingly situated in a garden, and looking out into a public square which is a picture in itself, is empty. The broad shady avenue where this hostelry stands is full of life and movement, and more attractive in aspect than any we have seen yet. As we go along, Tatos buys some cooked "kabobs" at a shop, so that we may have a hot breakfast *al fresco* while the tent is going up. The kabobs of Persia, being made from a sort of spiced minced meat which is moulded into little cakes and grilled, are uncommonly appetizing when at the best, and quite equal to Frankfort sausages



THE SHAH'S HIGHWAY.

Safar Khojah, September 29th. — The Shah's highway, considered as an agreeable promenade, or merely as a necessary avenue of approach to a great capital, cannot be considered as a shining success. Straight away in front of us as far as

eye can reach, it stretches over a level plain, and up a slight rise, bounded on one side by the arrow-straight line of iron telegraph poles. The sky is slightly overcast; a fierce wind blows in our faces, bringing dense clouds of dust, which rise at times to a great height in the distance, often taking the form of waterspouts, or of towering columns of smoke; once enveloped in one of these travelling dust-storms, there is nothing to do but hold our heads down, and with eyes tightly shut ride through it, emerging on the other side white-bearded and powdered like millers. Sometimes we try to avoid these encounters by riding over the rough and broken ground on one side. There are many wrecks by the way of what were once stout ships of the desert, as well as the last remnants of horses, mules, and donkeys, lying where they gave up the struggle for life. The only birds in this drear landscape are the ravens, which hunt in couples, and fly up from the road croaking hoarsely as we approach. There is not even a hard bank of earth or a stone large enough to sit upon when it is time for lunch, and one can only squat ignominiously in the dust.

The rest-houses and caravansaries along the road are better organized than usual, and travel certainly seems to increase as we near the capital. The grand mountain ranges which have skirted our route are no longer in sight, but others are appearing in the distance. Beyond Sukurabad we cross a bridge over a torrent which would certainly have been impassable for wheeled vehicles, owing to the great holes in the middle, and while mounting the hill beyond it we are overtaken and passed by a squad of cavalry guarding a prisoner. They are variously uniformed, but well mounted, and most of them are soldierly, stalwart fellows. Many wear gray Astrakhan caps, and belong to the regiment uniformed as Cossacks, which is considered the *élite* of the Shah's army. The wretched captive has his jaw bound up in a blood-stained rag, his hands tied behind him, and he manages with difficulty to balance himself on a donkey. He is a bandit of some sort, and is being taken to Teheran, where he will lose his head, or be strung up by the heels, for Persian justice is summary. Two men not in uniform, but armed with shot-guns, ride close behind. The officers, as they pass, salute us, and begin a conversation through Abdullah. An hour later we overtake the whole party, who have dismounted to eat by a road-side café; the prisoner has been untied, and is fraternizing with the men; the officers signal to us to stop and share their refreshments, but we decline, and hasten on in search of some deep ravine or fissure where we can enjoy a quiet lunch sheltered from the boisterous, dust-laden wind.

October 2d.—As we come to the last few miles before Teheran the great crescentlike range of the Shimran, powdered with snow, dominates the landscape. Somewhere between us and the great ravines which scar the slopes, in the midst of a long dark line which is beginning to take on the semblance of verdure, lies the city. We have been on the lookout for Demavend, the mighty pyramid of snow twenty thousand feet in height, but the sky is too cloudy in that direction. There is a village in front of us, not an hour from Teheran, and we halt for lunch; a large group of tents surrounding two or three great blue pavilions lies among the gardens on our left. A brook crosses the road with several channels of clear, rippling water, between banks of green turf, and here our carpets are spread, while a bottle of old Kazbin wine, not unlike Marsala, is buried in the brook to cool. Near the café by the road-side are two or three antiquated and cumbersome barouches, which might have been made in the days of the First Empire; another carriage is driven out from a garden gate with coachman and postilion strangely attired in brown liveries, and with long-skirted frock-coats, recalling the fashions of Louis XV. They seem to have stepped out from a masquerade into this strange Asiatic landscape. They, as well as the tents close by, belong to the Shah, who is on his way to the capital. We soon overtake our pack-horses, toiling on in the now increasing company of other caravans and riders on horse or camel back, all moving towards the long green line of gardens.

III.

When approaching one of the world-famous cities of Asia, one has always at least a moment of faint surprise at finding it so dwarfed by its environment of giant mountain barriers, often quite hidden until one is close upon it by some fold of the ground, and so insignificant a



GRAIN MARKET, TEHERAN.

speck in the surrounding desolation. The "Kazbin Gate," by which we enter, is a modern structure of fanciful but inartistic design, decorated with enamelled bricks. Abdullah, having been a custom-house officer, and knowing how to deal with his brethren, succeeds admirably in getting us through the gate without having our baggage overhauled. We enter a dusty and glaring new quarter, and turn into a crowded market-place of vast extent, a labyrinth of booths and stalls, shaded by the most ragged, many-colored, and fantastically contrived awnings imaginable. Picking our way through the swarming multitude, clothed for the most part in patched and faded rags, steering the laden horses of our caravan through the jam of donkeys and ragged, weather-beaten camels, among piles of vegetables, hanging meat, rubbish heaps, flies, dust, and débris, we turn into a dark corridor leading to the bazars of Teheran. How long we were engaged in slowly threading our way through these interminable and dimly lighted aisles it would be difficult to estimate. Progress was necessarily slow by reason of the crush, which seemed to exceed even that of Tabreez, the continual entanglements with camel and mule trains which we met on the way, and the disputes with shopkeepers, as our projecting chests and tent-poles constantly threatened the merchandise hung up in front of their shops. But every step was full of novelty and charms. We lingered for a moment in front of a fascinating cook shop, where great jars were sunk to the brim in a clay counter, after the fashion of the wine shops in Pompeii. A few old tiles sparkled like blue and yellow gems, placed irregularly on the wall, in its bituminous depths. Further on, a veritable European shop displayed second-hand furniture and a brave array of gilded chairs covered with crimson damask. A passage opened into a great roofed warehouse, glittering with huge crystal chandeliers and quantities of cut-glass ware from Vienna. Then we clatter out into the daylight of an open street, and our horses shy at the unwonted apparition of a tramway car, such a horse-car as one meets in the streets of Boston in the summer-time, with transverse seats, freighted with Persians, half hidden by the flapping white curtains. A high archway, decorated with plaques of modern faience representing the mythological heroes of Iran and Persian soldiers of to-day, leads to the great oblong square known as the Tup-Meidan, and we pass under it and cross the square, leaving on our right the richly decorated palace of the Imperial Bank of Persia. From this point the different tramway lines

start, and there is a veritable cab-stand with old and battered fiacres. This square may be said to typify the modern architectural art of the country, and without further detail it might be characterized as an astonishing medley of cheap and showy faience, of tinted and stuccoed façades of German descent, and of all that is meretricious, pretentious, and grotesque, recalling, in a measure, an Oriental background at the Opéra Comique, where the Taj-Mahal, Benares, Cairo, and Constantinople are huddled together on one canvas. And yet the whole effect is novel and interesting.

Turning into a long, straight avenue, darkened by overarching trees, and with European shops on either side, we ride on in quest of a hotel. This is the "Boulevard des Ambassadeurs," so called, half in derision, by the foreign colony. But it is not, however, a misnomer, for here most of the legations are situated, ending with the imposing entrance to the British Embassy, and as usual England outshines her continental rivals. This street is an amusing combination of semi-European and Persian life: the little shops have plate-glass windows half filled with a meagre but varied assortment of underclothing, kerosene-lamps and gas-fixtures, hardware, violins, and sheets of music; there is also a well-furnished barber's shop, with a fine assortment of cosmetics, kept by an Armenian hailing from Stamboul or Pera. There are many high-walled gardens, a hospital, guard-houses for the municipal police, and little Persian cafés or tea shops have placed inviting benches in front of their doors, usually filled by loungers with "kalyans," or water-pipes. The hotel, when found, does not seem as homelike as our own tent, and hearing of another which has just opened, we mount again and follow our guide. The sky has become dark and gloomy, threatening rain, the "boulevard" is heavy with dust and fallen leaves, and the autumnal scent in the air draws us in fancy far from this exotic street and back to the avenues of Versailles or St. Cloud in chill October. At the new Telegraph Hotel we find good cheer and a landlord who takes a personal interest in every detail.

The few days passed in this strange gathering-place of races left a medley of abiding but somewhat confused impressions. As in the changing phases of a dream, the scenes were rapidly shifted, beginning with the joyous evenings in which we were so fortunate as to again enjoy the society of cultured and hospitable Europeans, where the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, but for its broadside of ancient Persian windows, exquisitely latticed and filled in with mosaics of tinted glass, might have looked out on the Parc Monceau. Strange scenes flashed past as we journeyed to remote quarters by the tramway lines through stifling clouds of dust. On one of these excursions my neighbor was an Armenian, whose summer residence was at Bougival, adjoining the premises of Gérôme the painter, and whose son was a student in his atelier at the Beaux-Arts. A familiar face seen at a gateway belonged to a Persian youth who had posed for me in Paris. A busy street through which the tramway passed, lined with nondescript booths and shops, where cobblers stitched at piles of old shoes in the open air amid the nameless litter of a work-a-day cosmopolitan suburb, looked strangely familiar to us both. My companion thought he had seen its like in South America, while I remembered similar quarters in Bombay or Lahore, where the advancing tide of English civilization leaves a shore-mark of "Cheap Jack" shops.

The last afternoon was passed in driving about in a fiacre, executing last commissions and filling the carriage with bundles. In the windows of one shop a varied line of goods was displayed, from artists' materials and fancy stationery to canned provisions, hosiery, and woollen under-garments; and I had a brief encounter with the voluble little Frenchwoman within, who got the better of me in a bargain for winter flannels. The imposing gilt sign of Madame Chose, Modiste, glittered over a shop across the tramway tracks. In order to fully appreciate the cost of this exotic luxury of Teheran, one should bear in mind that all the European furniture and upholstery, the grand pianos and carriages, the Parisian fashions, and even the ladies which they adorn, are brought into Persia by way of Tiflis and the Caspian Sea to Resht, and transported on beasts of burden over the terrible Kharzan Pass, so often blocked with snow. A fine drizzle had set in as we drove back to the hotel along a dreary and unfinished boulevard, where the chill wind and falling leaves



THE BOULEVARD DES AMBASSADEURS, TEHERAN.

presaged the coming of a winter which we hoped soon to escape in the summer of India.

October 6th.—We have left Teheran far behind, and have resumed once more the familiar home life of the tent.

Having passed the last outlying gardens and graveyards, we enter again the same vast landscape which we left on the other side, and which stretches endlessly before us. The city, with its hurry and bustle, its dark and teeming bazars, seems already but a brief episode in a long nomadic existence, a dot upon the map. The sketch which I am trying to finish before sundown is little more than a hasty note descriptive of our present surroundings—a long battlemented clay wall ending with a sloping tower, and the ploughed field in the foreground, are both of the same tone of old-gold from the sunset; the field is traversed by long curving violet shadows cast by the ridges of dry earth, and the background is closed in by the purple wall of the "Shimran," shadowed by a mighty wrack of storm clouds, and freshly powdered with newly fallen snow. Like a ghost, the pale cone of Demavend appears and disappears with the flashes of lightning. The road from Teheran is a broad avenue leading to the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim; it is fringed with thickly planted willows and poplars, and at times one might almost fancy one's self in Normandy, save for the well-dressed Persians flocking to the sanctuary, which is but a suburb of the capital, and a pleasure resort as well. The illusion is aided by seeing through the trees the smoke of the train speeding along the only railway in Persia, which begins at Teheran and ends at the tomb of this favored saint, six miles from the city. Leaving behind the gilded dome of the sanctuary and the muddy streets of the village, we encamped well out in the open country.

October 9th.—A brief statement to the effect that we had just traversed another desert would justly seem but monotonous repetition. But this desert is the very quintessence of all, and though its like



PEOPLE WE MET BY THE WAY.

may be seen in the Sahara and in Colorado, it never fails to impress every traveller who journeys to Ispahan. It is "a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought and the shadow of death, a land that no man passed through and where no man dwells." One forbidding landscape I particularly remember. We came out from some narrow defile, and halted for a moment to look down over steep and arid slopes, across a broad and straight river valley, through which ran a slender blue thread of water, to the long fortress-like cliffs which upheld the plateau beyond. Tier above tier, and level-topped, these cliffs rose in successive graded terraces one above another, regularly seamed with vertical fissures like the folds of sculptured drapery, extending far across the horizon, until their converging lines seemed to fade and melt into the sky. And again the landscape utterly changed in character, when from a deep and stony gorge we emerged upon water-worn and crumbling volcanic cliffs, where the then projecting shelves of rock would scarcely bear one's weight, and so high that the eye ranged far over a level plain, black and shining as if floored with coal-dust, to the white glitter of an inland sea. In spite of the brilliant sun the wind was cold and piercing, and Hadji, the stout Tatar chavadar, bent over his saddle as if in pain. When we had at last reached the village, and had chosen a camping-ground on a narrow and stony garden terrace hardly wide enough for the tent, Hadji fell on his face and lay motionless on the ground. He was in a raging fever, and as the cook was also on the sick-list, we had to struggle with the tent ourselves in the roaring wind.

Kushk-i-Bahram, October 11th.—We are still short-handed, and do much of the work ourselves. Hadji is flushed and burning, and has stretched himself out in a niche in the wall of the superb caravansary, where we dose him with "Cockle's Pills," quinine, and hot tea. By way of variety, this is a sandy desert which surrounds us, and adjoining the caravansary a circular tank mirrors the deep blue of the sky, and on its stone curb tired travellers and muleteers are bathing in the water or stretched out asleep.

Kum, October 12th.—This last section of the wagon road from Teheran is in better repair, and passes between well-irrigated fields, leading up to the golden dome of Fatima, which rises straight in front, between slender tiled minarets. Kum is one of the most hallowed spots in Persia, and its peculiar sanctity as the mausoleum of many kings has made it a place of pilgrimage, as well as a last resting-place for pious believers who can afford to have

their bodies brought here after death. But we met but few of the corpse caravans of malodorous repute, as they mostly journey by night, fortunately for our shying horses.

Kashan, October 14th.—Another ruined city. Many of the bazars through which we passed on our way to the camping-ground had been long empty, and in the last stages of decay. The road on the other side of the town is like a deep channel between high banks of clay, and we were at first puzzled by huge mounds, which proved to be used for storing ice during the summer months. From the level of the upland, where the tents are placed on the very brink of a steep bluff, the distant cone of Demavend is still in sight. Since leaving Teheran the sky has become cloudless again, and the white pyramid, nearly one hundred and sixty miles to the northward, hangs like a cloud in the sky, seemingly detached from the earth, while the high range of the Shimran, which nearly masked it at Teheran, although 13,000 feet in height, has dwindled down to a dim gray line.

Kukrud, October 15th.—Filing through a deep valley, of which one side lies under the grateful shadow of almost perpendicular cliffs, and climbing a steep, paved causeway like a Roman road, we find the valley walled across by a huge mass of masonry. This is the great dam, or "Bund," built in the reign of Shah Abbas, who seems to have been as great a builder as Shah Jehan of India. It was intended to irrigate the plain of Kashan by means of sluices. As we turned into this valley we lost sight of Demavend. Once over the wall, and we descend into a second and longer valley, resembling in character the high stony slopes of the Alps below the snow-line. Mounting still higher, the road commands a view of emerald-green meadows and inviting gardens far below. Hadji has already gone on with the servant to choose the



THE BATHING-TANK OF A DESERT CARAVANSARY—LATE AFTERNOON.



THE SILVER DOOR OF MADRASSEH OR COLLEGE OF ISPAHAN.

ground, and as we follow, leaving the baggage animals behind, the walls of bare and splintered rock, which rise steeply on either side, almost shut out the afternoon sun, while the road plunges downward, and at once enters a green twilight of overarching boughs. This is a new and unexpected phase of Persia. The thickly planted orchards of mulberry and other fruit trees rise in terraces on either hand quite to the base of the rocky walls. Venerable walnut-trees with huge and gnarled trunks stand among the rocks green with moss and spattered with lichens, and mountain brooks ripple over the stones.

Tired of being alone, my horse, who has been listening eagerly for the sound of the bells, lifts up his voice and whinnies loudly. This demonstration evokes a chorus of answering neighs from the other horses far on in the wood, which sets his mind at rest, and he trots on until we find them waiting near the village on a piece of bare ground, under giant walnut-trees. Although the altitude of this village is given as 7250 feet, the cold at night is not so great as we expected, owing to the sheltering trees and the walls of the pass above. The village, a compact mass of square huts built in ascending terraces, rises steeply against the rocky cliffs behind.

IV.

Ispahan, October 20th.—Upon the plain which we now entered there was a number of heavily proportioned round towers, each with a smaller turret at the top. These strange landmarks, rising from the dense foliage of parklike gardens, had the effect of mediæval fortress towers, but, unlike the giants of La Mancha, they proved to be not windmills, but only pigeon-roosts. We were an hour or more in traversing the girdle of villages and the first bazars, but we finally reached the heart of the city, where, passing through an archway under a lofty palace, we came out at the beginning of a long straight avenue or boulevard, shaded by several lines of great trees. Down the centre of this great



PUL-I-KHAJU BRIDGE, ISPAHAN.

highway runs a canal, flanked by slabs of stone, expanding into tanks or ponds at regular intervals. On all sides stand ruined palaces and gateways, the remains of former architectural magnificence, pathetic souvenirs of the days when Ispahan was the seat of the most sumptuous court in the world. But it has never recovered from the successive depredations of Jenghis Khan, of Timour, and later still, the horrors of the Afghan invasion. As late as the seventeenth century it is said to have had over a million inhabitants. As we descend the avenue, through the checkered light and shadow of the towering chenar-trees, we note a richly decorated façade crowned with a lofty pillared hall or "loggia"; the ceiling, which we can see from the street, is still in good preservation, resembling in its exquisite design and scintillating color the silken shawls of Scinde, in which bits of glass sparkle among rosettes of delicate embroidery. Ruined gateways of elaborate design, still patched in places with brilliant tiles, or with fragments of painting adhering to the walls, open into neglected gardens of rank luxuriance. But the most imposing monument of this avenue, which was known as the "Chehar Bagh," is the great Madrasseh i Shah Hussein, or college for the education of dervishes. The exterior walls on either side of the lofty portal are relieved by panels of faience, and the windows are of latticed wood. The pointed arch of the deep recess in which is the entrance is decorated with the stalactite forms familiar in Arabian art. The lower part of this recess is panelled with white marble, and above with rich and intricate designs in tile-work; the door itself is encrusted with silver richly wrought. The beautiful dome of shining blue, with a running design of yellow curving arabesques, has lost half of its coating of faience, and one of the golden balls on the top. They are believed by the citizens to be of solid gold, and the story goes that one of them was stolen by its guardians and sold to an English tourist. Within the entrance are fruit-stalls and samovars, where tea is dispensed to the faithful. I afterwards visited the interior, and saw the students poring over their books in the cloistered niches, or sitting with their kalyans around the tank under the tall poplars of the court. This great avenue was once the "Champs Élysées" of Ispahan, where the rank and fashion of the city flocked on summer evenings, and congregated about the cafés and in the tea-gardens, some of which still survive. But now, many of the great trees have been cut down for firewood, the stone fountains

are broken, and much of the curbing has disappeared. There are mud-holes and ditches in the roadway, and the tanks are morasses choked with tall reeds, rotting vegetation, and thick green slime, amongst which the frogs pipe in ceaseless and melancholy chorus. Still beautiful in its pathetic and hopeless decay, no spot in the world could appeal more touchingly to the imagination, for what is left is sufficient to show that it was once the perfect flower of Persian art.

At the end of this avenue we cross the river by a long bridge. Although this is the age of bridge-building, when miracles have been wrought in iron, one must go to Ispahan to realize that a bridge may be a work of artistic beauty. Curzon says, "One would hardly expect to have to travel to Persia to see what may in all probability be termed the stateliest bridge in the world," and "its entire length is 388 yards; the breadth of the paved roadway is thirty feet." This is the bridge of Ali Verdi Khan, and it still triumphs over time and decay, built as it is of solid masonry, with nearly a hundred pointed arches supporting an arcaded gallery. The broad boulevard still continues on the other side, with its broken conduits, its great shells of ruined palaces, mounting gradually the slope of the desert plain toward the tall purple crag of precipitous and striking outline, which towers above the landscape as Arthur's Seat rises over Edinburgh. It was noon and intensely hot as we turned into the path on the left, which borders the river. The broad and stony but dry bed of the stream was carpeted for a great distance with the stamped cotton prints, fresh from the dyers' vats along the banks, which are now so familiar in our own markets. They are spread out to dry in the sun, and to the highly colored landscape they add a foreground of vivid and startling color, of which rich Venetian red is the keynote. Beyond this are a distant blue line of water, a fringe of poplars, and the turquoise domes of Ispahan, and over all the profound blue sky.

Passing the decaying palace of the "Aineh Khaneh," we ford the river and halt in a lovely spot, high above the water and shaded by great trees. Here the tents are pitched, and leaving my companion to rest, I set out to explore the neighborhood.

Before us, across the river, stands the stately Aineh Khaneh. In front of the main fabric, with its square mass of yellow stone, pierced by latticed windows, adorned within and without by tile-work and by crumbling and smoke-blackened frescoes, projects a lofty pillared hall or loggia, open on all sides but one to the wind and the light. Its flat roof rests upon slender shafts of cedar, with bases formed of sculptured marble lions.

The ceiling retains much of its original color and its glittering decoration of glass mosaic. An army of tents, the encampment of a Persian general, stands on one side, above the water, and in the background rise the serrated and purple crags. Near the palace stands a single towering pine, the only black note in this matchless landscape. Continuing along the bank, we come to a second stately bridge, crossed by another long avenue, starting from the great square in the middle of the city, and finally losing itself, like the first, among ruins in the desert plain beyond. This bridge is called the Pul-i-Khaju, and although less than half the length of the other, it is, to my mind, a much more beautiful and decorative feature in the landscape. Like the first bridge, it is two stories in height, built on a platform, which descends in a series of steps to the water on either side; this substructure is cut by channels through which the water flows under each arch. But the original and novel features of this bridge are its hexagonal towers at each end and in the middle, which give rise to unexpected and picturesque angles. In these expansions of the upper story are richly decorated chambers, formerly used as cafés, and the whole bridge is gay from end to end with colored tiles. The platform on the east side is still, as in old days, a favorite resort and lounging-place in the afternoon. Veiled women, wrapped in long blue garments, still look down from the upper windows on the life below. Men are bathing on the steps, or sitting with tea-glasses and water-pipes around the café at one end, while gayly caparisoned horsemen clatter over the pavement of the bridge and up the avenue which leads to the city.

Let us follow them under the battered gateway, which replaces some former monumental entrance, and we shall find ourselves in another boulevard, shaded by chenar-trees and poplars of great height. The border of the canal, save



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT BAZAR AT ISPAHAN.

for the occasional sloughs, answers the purpose of a sidewalk. The palaces and gateways which formerly adorned it have been replaced by more modern and paltry structures, or by long walls. The oldest trees have been cut down, and a double avenue of ancient rose-trees beneath them has also disappeared. From the upper end of this street a series of narrow lanes, passing at one place under a gate flanked by round towers, leads into the labyrinth of bazars, and gradually, as we advance, the noise and bustle increase till we reach an opening by which we enter the Meidan, the great open square, or rather plaza, which is the very centre of the city's life. This open space is 560 yards in length by 174 in breadth (to use Curzon's figures). Flanked at intervals along the sides and at both ends by imposing and beautiful architectural fabrics, symmetrically planned with an eye to cumulative effect, it still remains an enduring monument of the departed glory of Ispahan.

At one end of this square, or parallelogram rather, and occupying the central space, stands the great "Mosque of Lut-



THEODORE CHILD.

fullah." The arched portal, at the bottom of which is the entrance, is in a recess which bows inward hexagonally, leaving space for a tank in front. Above this portal, and set at a different angle, is the higher entrance of the inner sanctuary; and the dome, between two slender minarets, rises above the great pile. The entire building is covered with mosaic of beautiful faience. Even the stalactite-work within the pointed arches is also coated with tiles. About the entrance are panels of the same lustrous mosaic, but finer and more elaborate in detail, resembling in rich and restful harmony of color the ancient prayer-carpets, where blue and yellow designs are relieved upon a dull black ground. A low parapet of white marble fences off the space in front of the entrance. On fête days, when crowds and processions are passing in and out, and richly caparisoned horses are grouped in front of the low marble wall, this spot has the charm of a picture, in which the moving groups of men and horses are outlined in light against the great blue pile in sombre shadow. At the opposite end of the place a lofty tiled gateway, flanked by highly decorated and recessed walls, opens into the great bazar. A tank in front reflects all this splendid color, and the angular and unexpected masses of shadow cast by the multitude of colored and faded awnings projecting from the walls, as well as the crowds about the margin and the shops on each side. On my first entrance into this square I was accosted in good English by an Armenian shopkeeper from Julfa, where the European colony resides, who offered to show me something of the city. Together we stroll through the bazars, entering the sunlit courts of the great caravansaries, fascinating in their wealth of color and detail, back again into the crowded corridors, which are less gloomy than usual, as the vaulted roofs are often whitewashed and adorned with rude painted arabesques, and sometimes with great mural pictures, representing mythological subjects and battle scenes. An all-pervading odor of ripe fruit fills the air, for it is now the height of the season, and the fruit-stalls are overflowing with melons of every size and color, and with piles of magnificent muscatel grapes and crimson pomegranates. All Persia is strewn with melon rinds just now, not only in the cities, but along the mule tracks in the desert. The aroma which hangs about the cook shops gives evidence that the citizens of Ispahan have a high standard of culinary excellence, and the steaming saddles of roast mutton or lamb, with the outer crust done to a delicious brown, and daintily cut into fantastic patterns, would grace the table of any Parisian restaurant. In one of the most crowded spots, at the intersection of three different thoroughfares, under a lofty dome, a group of men are sitting in front of a number of large trays containing viands of appetizing and seductive aspect. One has the appearance of a pudding garnished with jelly and geometric designs of colored fruits, another seems to be a highly decorated species of "pilau." We learn that they are the remnants of some rich man's feast, and are the perquisites of the chief cook, sent here for sale.

In the long copper bazar, with its deafening din and clatter of metal, we come to the door of a crowded and tumultuous café, through which the verdure of a garden beyond invites repose. While we are waiting for our tea, a well-dressed Persian, accompanied by one or two followers, saunters in. He has a rather brutal but good-natured face, and his

long light overcoat is of the most fashionable tint. He salutes my guide, who tells me that he is the chief executioner, the Monsieur Deibler of Ispahan, and upon our solicitation he seats himself at our table, and enters into conversation with my guide. In the course of a light and airy discussion of the popular methods of "working off" the victims of justice employed in other countries, he evinces a critical appreciation of the neat despatch with which the guillotine does its work, and is most keenly interested in the process of electrocution, the last fairy tale of Western science. But his face clouds up as he complains that his business has been "very bad" of late. It frequently happens, to explain this state of things, that when a criminal has been condemned, a number of merchants club together and buy him off by offering a large sum of money to the prince as a ransom. The released culprit then becomes their slave for life. On the other hand, when nothing interrupts the course of justice, the executioner arrays himself in crimson garments, and being a tender-hearted man in spite of his roughhewn face, he is obliged to fortify his nerves with strong drink before he can give the fatal stroke of the sword. He then places the head of his victim in a tray, and makes the round of the bazars, thrusting it into every shop, and, according to custom, each merchant is obliged to put down a piece of money, thus swelling his receipts to what is often an important sum.

October 25th.—All day the tent has been littered with bric-à-brac, embroideries, inlaid boxes, metal-work, and strange little souvenirs, for which we have bargained and haggled with the itinerant merchants, who bring their treasures in saddle-bags and on donkeys. They are hanging about the kitchen tent, and ingratiating themselves with the servants. No sooner do we dispose of one than another turns up smiling and salaaming at the tent door. We are anxious to get away in spite of the open hospitality of our kind friends at Julfa, for it is now certain that this spot is unhealthy, and the nights are becoming bitterly cold. Although there seems to be not even a suspicion of dampness in the clear air, for we have carefully examined the exterior canvas of the tent as well as the grass around us late at night and before sunrise, and found everything quite dry, yet there must be some malarial influence at work. Each one of us has felt it in a different way; the servants and muleteers have all had touches of fever, and the health of my companion has become strangely affected, so that we are both looking forward to the purer air of the high ridges which we shall cross on the way to Shiraz.

NOTE.—*Marg, November 2d.*—It was here in this rock-bound desert that Mr. Child felt the first approach of the fatal illness which soon developed into typhoid fever. In response to my urgent appeal for help, addressed to our friends at Julfa, nearly forty miles from our last camp, and carried by a runner from the village, a medical assistant was at once sent. Although he rode at full speed for the whole distance, he arrived too late, and my friend died as we were carrying him by easy stages to Julfa, but, happily, unconscious of suffering.

THE HANDSOME HUMES.*

A Novel.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXI.

A GULF BETWEEN.

IT was a brilliant morning, fresh, and clear, and sweet-scented; and Nan came down stairs singing—a gay air—"The British Grenadiers" it was—though she did not pay much attention to the words.

"Dodo," she called aloud in the empty passage, "where are you?"

There was no response: so in the same heedless manner she went along and entered the dining-room, where breakfast was laid. There was a letter on the table: and at a glance she recognized the hand writing.

"A letter from Dodo?" she said to herself; and she took it up curiously, and did not open it at once. It was an unusual kind of thing. But he had not been quite himself of late: perhaps this was some explanation—or even some bit of shy apology for unintentional brusque

* Begun in June number, 1893.



"SAY YOU HAVE COME BACK TO ME!" SHE CRIED.

ness—some appeal for a re-establishment of the old familiar and affectionate terms.

At last she tore open the envelope, and unfolded the sheet of paper. The very first words that met her eyes were like a blow: she became ghastly pale: and before she had got to the end of those cramped and formal lines she was shivering from head to foot. She could not comprehend it all at once—could not believe, perhaps, that any such terrible thing was possible; but through the midst of this sudden stupor of bewilderment came the one wild, desperate hope that even yet she might be able to find her father, and fall at his feet, and clasp his knees, and implore him not to go away from her. Breathless, benumbed as she was, she managed to get quickly to the open door.

"Jane!—Jane!" she called—and there was something in that shrill and piteous cry that brought the frightened maid-servant instantly to her. "Where is my father? When did he leave? What did he say? Did he give you this letter?—"

"But I haven't seen the master at all this morning, Miss Anne," the girl said. "I thought he hadn't come down—"

At this Nan hurried by her and rushed up stairs—to her father's room. It was empty. The bed had not been slept in: there was no sign of any hurried departure. All this had been planned, then?—and Dodo was gone.

Slowly, mechanically, as one in a dream, she descended the stairs again, and went into the dining-room, and sat down on the couch by the window: she was trembling, and chilled, and tearless. The letter still lay on the table; she stared at it—as if she were staring into some unknown future, and not yet realizing all that it meant. The little maidservant, after a few moments of hesitation, ventured to follow her young mistress into the room.

"I hope there's nothing wrong, Miss Anne?" she timidly asked.

"Nothing that you could understand, Jane," was the answer. And then she went on, in a dejection of despair that was more heart-rending than any violent outburst of grief: "My father has flung me away from him—that is all. He has cast me away. And he is never coming back to Crowhurst any more: it is all a wreck and ruin now."

"Nay, don't say that, Miss Anne!" the girl pleaded, with quick sympathy. "It can't be so bad as that. If you'll tell me where to find him, I'll go and fetch him back: the master won't need much pressing to come back to you, Miss Anne—that I'm certain sure of."

"He will never come back—never—never," she said, in the same strangely unimpassioned way. And then she continued—for here at least, in the new and appalling loneliness that now surrounded her, was a human being who could pity her, if that was all: "I—I do not know what has happened—I cannot tell yet.... If I had guessed that he was dissatisfied, that he was thinking of going away, I might have asked him what was wrong. ....But I was blind—I did not see—I did not see—and he must have been hiding something from me....And now—now there is an end. If only he had said there was some time I could look forward to, I should not have cared—I should have waited and watched—perhaps hoping he might come a little sooner—out of kindness and forgiveness. But there's nothing of that sort possible now; and I shall never see him again—though I waited and hoped through months and years—the long, long, empty years!" She turned aside, and laid her arms on the cushion, and bowed down her head. "Go away now, Jane," she said, wearily. "I want to think. I want to think what I have to do now—since he has cast me off—and left me."

Jane stood uncertain—distracted between obedience and commiseration.

"But I must bring you your breakfast, Miss Anne—"

"I don't want any—I want to be alone," the girl said.

"A cup of tea, then—"

"I only want to be alone, Jane—leave me, Jane—leave me—I must be alone."

And Jane went away; but it was with a sense of responsibility that drove her to speedy action. She did not understand what had happened: but she could not have her mistress left in this condition; she would call in the aid of wiser counsel than her own. And to whom should she instinctively turn but to the young lover? Surely it was his place to appear with succor in time of need. She asked for no permission, no authority. She went straightway to the stables, and told the lad that he must at once get the phaeton ready, and drive in to Henley,

and bring out Mr. Hume: and she called for old John the gardener to help. She would have sent a note, of urgent entreaty; but Jane was not good at penmanship, nor even at the expression of thoughts that were clear enough in her own mind; failing that course, she intrusted the boy with a message which she thought would have sufficient weight. As if it wanted much to bring Sidney Hume out to Crowhurst!

And in an incredibly short space of time the phaeton had sped on its errand and returned, bringing the young man; and here was Jane awaiting him, in the passage, and silently pointing to the dining-room door. He tapped gently. There was no answer. Then he made bold to enter. Nan was still lying on the couch, her face hidden. But when she heard some one come into the room, she raised her head; she saw who this was; she sprang to her feet, and advanced towards him, and threw herself into his arms, while she burst into a fit of wild, ungovernable weeping.

"Sidney, Sidney, have you come to me in my disgrace!" she cried, amid her choking sobs. And she continued, quite incoherently: "Don't you know that I am a castaway—that he has flung me from him—and left me! You should not have come here, Sidney—I am disgraced—I am a castaway—you should not come near one that is disgraced. I am too proud and too happy—but I have been stricken down—and it's Dodo—it's Dodo that has struck me—and the blow—is hard!"

Nay, she could not proceed, through the vehemence of her distress; and in vain he tried to stem this torrent of emotion that had been too long pent up, and now sought natural relief.

"My dearest, do you mean to say your father would do anything to hurt or harm you?—no, no, that is not believable!" he remonstrated, and he drew her head still closer to him, and smoothed the soft golden-brown hair, and endeavored to still that frantic sobbing.

She disengaged herself—she took up the letter from the table.

"Read it," she said, "and then—then leave me, Sidney—you need not come near a castaway—a castaway!"—and therewith she returned to the couch again, and buried her face in the cushion: she seemed completely overwhelmed in her misery, and careless as to what might happen now.

He read the letter—slowly, and not without amazement; and then he went over to her, and put his hand on her shoulder—the prostrate figure was all trembling and quivering.

"Nan, listen to me," he said, bending down to her. "I don't believe half of what is in this letter. It is quite possible he may have been a bit tired, and restless, and longing for a change; but I know what he will tire of soonest of all, and that is being away from you. You'll find him coming back to you—"

"Never, never!" she moaned—and it was with difficulty he could make out her broken sentences. "I know better than that—I know why he *struck* me—it was to make sure I should not seek to get him back—it was—it was to tell me I was cast off for good and all. Sidney, what could I have done that was so wrong?—what should I have done otherwise? I wanted him to bring his old friends and companions to the house. I wanted him to go oftener up to London, for amusement. I offered to go to race-meetings with him. I did—what I could! .... Oh, no—oh, no!" she cried, in another passion of tears. "I did not. I was too happy—too selfish—I did not notice that he was dissatisfied. When I came to Crowhurst—it was all a wonder to me—I thought it would last forever—I never thought that Dodo would—would fling me away from him—" But here her utterance was quite choked with sobs—in total abandonment of despair.

He was in great perplexity. He went and read the letter again. Then he returned to her.

"Nan," said he, gently, "you must not give way like this. Something has to be done. I suppose the Mr. Morris mentioned in the letter is your father's lawyer: now would you like me to go up to town and see him, and make inquiries, and get the latest information?—"

"Yes—yes," she answered him.

"And there's another thing, Nan," he went on. "You cannot live here by yourself—the loneliness would kill you. And yet it is hard to say off-hand what had best be done. Now there is a very dear friend of mine—the sister of a former college chum—and about the best and nicest woman in the world: may I bring her out to stay with you for a few days

until we can arrange something? I know she will come: she is always ready to help any one in distress—it's a kind of profession she has, and they seem to keep her pretty well employed. May I bring her out to you, Nan?"

"Whatever you think right, Sidney," she murmured—the tempest of her grief was dying down, leaving her wholly exhausted.

"Well, I'll go now," he said. "Mind you keep up your heart. Your father's daughter ought to have courage."

He stooped and kissed her cheek and said good-by; then he went and found Jane, and gave her a lot of instructions about her young mistress; and finally, discovering that the phaeton was still standing there, in case it might be wanted, he got the lad to drive him forthwith into Henley. Mr. Morris's address he had written down on the back of an envelope.

But mid-day trains between Henley and London are few; and it was not until the afternoon that he reached the lawyer's office. Mr. Morris easily recognized the position of this emissary, of whom, indeed, he had heard; and spoke to him freely enough—especially about the careful fashion in which Mr. Summers had regulated all his affairs before leaving the country; yet on the one point on which he most wanted information, Sidney could find none at all.

"I vaguely gathered from him," the lawyer said, "that he meant to sail from Plymouth this morning; and I guessed his destination to be Australia. That you could easily find out at the offices of the steamship companies—unless he booked his passage under an assumed name: and that is not likely. But," continued this small, suave, sandy-haired man, regarding Sidney with a peculiar look of scrutiny, "I understood from him that he meant to leave strict injunctions there should be no inquiries made—no attempt to discover his whereabouts—"

"That is so—that is so," said Sidney, with downcast eyes. "I have read his letter to his daughter. It is rather hard and blunt—perhaps partly by intention, if he wanted to forbid her trying to follow him. I don't understand it quite. He was excessively fond of her—an affection I have never seen equalled; and he might have bade her good-by in rather more kindly terms; he might have concealed a little of his impatience with the life at Crowhurst—unless, indeed, that was his motive, to prevent any possible renewal of their old relations. If that was his intention, he has succeeded. She is humbled to the ground; considers herself a castaway—disgraced and despised; she even talks of his having struck her, but I am sure that was not in his mind. I am sure that could not be in his mind: I have seen those two together. I think he would have cut off his left hand to save her the scratch of a pin. And naturally she wasn't prepared: that is why she shrinks as if from under a blow: I don't think he could have meant it to be quite so hard." He was silent for a little while. "So that is all you have to tell me?"

"That is all I can tell you of Mr. Summers," the lawyer said. "But there is much about his business affairs that I should like to lay before Miss Summers, any day she happens to be in town. I should like her to know precisely how she stands; and then she could tell me whether she would prefer that the one or two mortgages I hold, and the securities at Mr. Summers's bankers', should remain where they are—to save her trouble."

"Yes," said the young man absently, as he rose to take his leave, "she will call on you, no doubt; but I fear it will be a little while before she can bring herself to think of such things."

And then he went off to Wygram Street, Russell Square, to seek out his friends Stephen and Constance Weguelin. Stephen had been a college friend and close companion of his, but had now drifted into journalism, and was engaged on one of the great morning papers; Constance, in the intervals of household duties, also wrote—for magazines and the like; but mostly her leisure was devoted to work of a more practical and beneficent kind. Constance he found in the drawing-room, which was somewhat dingy in the pale mist of Bloomsbury. Stephen was upstairs in his study, forging thunder-bolts.

This rather elderly, rather plain-featured woman, with the gracious smile and tender eyes, granted his prayer at once, the moment she heard his story.

"Yes, indeed, Sidney," said she (for they were on very intimate terms), "I will go with the greatest pleasure; but don't you think it would be rather late by the time we should reach there to-night? Why

not stay and dine with us; and we can put you up in a way: and I will go down with you to-morrow morning? It is quite a long time since we had a chat—and it is only through Stephen that I have heard from time to time of your Dionysiac book."

He could hardly press for greater haste: he accepted. And when everything had been explained and arranged about Nan and Crowhurst, he naturally turned to other topics.

"Has Stephen got accustomed yet to wielding those tremendous powers?" he asked.

"Oh, as for that," she answered, laughing, "Stephen is only mortal: he is not omnipotent. There's a good deal of difference, sometimes, between what a leader-writer would like to say and what he is allowed to say. And that space I call the debatable land: I am allowed occasionally to wander there, and listen. I listen to the leaders that don't appear—"

"It is very kind of you."

"I can assure you they are ever so much more amusing than those that do. Poor Stephen!—yesterday it was one of those perpetual Irish subjects; and he was angry; and he began: 'Even in the cradle the first articulate cry of an Irish child is for a government grant.' But you didn't see that this morning, did you? That was lost in the debatable land. Well, whether he has to trim his sails or not, I think Stephen's political writing is far and away the most brilliant that is appearing in any of the journals. I recognize him in a moment—even if he has been late at the office—and I don't know the subject when I open the paper—"

But here the subject of this eulogy—a slight, stooping, tallish young man, with a bloodless face, teeth prominent when he smiled, and pleasant gray eyes—came into the room, and the conversation had to be changed.

It proved to be on the whole a most cheerful evening—for the present crisis in Sidney's life, as hardly a subject for general talk, was put aside by tacit acquiescence; and at dinner—a simple meal—they found plenty of other things to talk about: old college friends and their doings and driftings, new books and literary rumors, and more especially a voyage to the Greek Archipelago, from which the Weguelins had recently returned. It was a treat given to Constance by this younger brother of hers; and she had come back overbrimming with gratitude, and wild with enthusiasm about everything connected with the sea and ships.

"After dinner, Sidney," said her brother, laughing, "Constance must show you her cabin. Do you know what the maniac has done?—turned her room into a cabin—everything complete—upper and lower berths, circular wash-stand fixed to the wall, racks for bottles and tumblers—a swinging lantern—two port-holes instead of a window—as like the real thing as ever you saw. And in the morning I hear her call to the maid who brings her her cup of tea, 'Where are we this morning, Susan?' and the answer is sometimes, 'Just off Cape Matapan, miss,' or 'Within sight of Crete, miss,' or 'Getting close to Malta now, miss.' Constance has given her a chart, with perfect liberty; and the reckless way the creature skips and bounds about is beautiful: one morning she will announce 'The Gulf of Ægina, miss'—she hasn't been taught to say 'Hyegghina'—rather too difficult for the cockney larynx—and twenty-four hours after it will be 'Cape St. Vincent, miss!'"

"What a mournful disillusion," Sidney said, "to open your eyes and find the port-holes looking out on a lot of Bloomsbury houses!"

"But I don't," she responded, gallantly. "That is precisely what doesn't happen. For I sleep in the lower berth; and when I wake in the morning and look up, the ports are simply circles of sky; and sometimes, you know, there is a tinge of blue—and then you can be just wherever you want to be. I was sailing past Troy this morning—Troy, and the long yellow shores, and the tiny windmills."

There seemed to be no end to her reminiscences and experiences, and these appeared to have been all enjoyable; and all accredited to this paragon of a brother. Even the next morning, as she and Sidney were on their way to Crowhurst, she occasionally reverted to this wonderful voyage, entertaining him with sharp and shrewd little character sketches of her shipmates. But as they drew near to the end of their journey she grew more grave. It was a delicate mission on which she was bent; and she knew not what reception might be accorded her.

Jane met them at the door.

"I am so glad you are come, sir," she said, anxiously. "I can't do anything with Miss Anne—"

"Where is she?"

"Upstairs, sir, in her own room. But she has not undressed. She is lying on the bed—and all the night through moaning—I went to her two or three times—but it was no use—and she won't take anything—"

"Constance, will you go to her at once?" he said.

"By myself?"

"Yes. She knows you are coming. And you will find her easy to get on with: she is sensitive to kindness."

She went away up stairs, accompanied by the little maid: he turned into the adjacent drawing-room. And there he remained for some twenty minutes, perhaps thirty: to him it seemed hours. Then Constance Weguelin came down stairs again.

"I have persuaded her to go to bed," she said. "That is the best place for her. She is a little feverish—no wonder, for she is completely exhausted with her long fasting and her lying awake all night. And she has promised to take something: I hope after that she may fall into a sound sleep. But she will hardly speak of herself. All her anxiety is that you and I should be properly looked after—I mean about food things!—weak and helpless as she is, she sent for Jane twice, to give her further and further directions: isn't that strange?"

"No," said Sidney, without explanation. "I understand."

But the slight feverishness did not yield to these remedial and precautionary measures: the girl could not swallow anything—confessed to a racking headache—had fits of shivering, followed by flushes of heat—while her languor and weakness seemed to increase as the hours went by. Early in the afternoon Constance came down again.

"There is nothing to be alarmed about, Sidney," she said; "but I think you ought to send for the doctor."

He himself drove in to Henley, and brought the doctor out with him. The result of the first examination did not sound so very serious.

"A little feverish, yes. And the temperature rather high, and the pulse too. A sound night's rest would do her a world of good. But I will come out again in the evening."

In the evening he looked somewhat more concerned. The temperature had distinctly risen; the alternative fits of shivering and flushes of heat were more pronounced; and her eyes, when she opened them in answer to some whispered question, had at times a curiously furtive and restless look in them. But mostly she tried to hide away from the light—moaning slightly, perhaps from the pain of the headache, perhaps from mere exhaustion; and now she had quite forgotten her anxieties as house-mistress—Jane was no longer summoned to attend to the visitors.

Constance remained up all that night, in the sick-room. Sidney, also, had no thought of sleep: he wandered about—sometimes outside, with noiseless footfall. And where was "Nan's bull-dog" now, he might have asked. But this was an insidious enemy that had slipped by and attacked her, and was like to gain complete possession of her. For with the new day there could be no longer any doubt: she had become the prey of a violent fever, induced by a distraught mind; and the enfeebled frame given over to this consuming fire seemed to grow weaker and weaker, as time went on, until a nameless and unspoken dread had crept into the atmosphere of this house, and brave assurances were given the one to the other with a sinking heart.

She spoke to no one, and could scarcely be brought to answer a question. Sometimes, however, she would mutter to herself, in low panting accents; and when they tried to listen they found that this troubled self-communion was about inconsequent things; she was delirious—though not vehemently so. But one night—as the fever was drawing near to its crisis—her eyes seemed unusually restless and also unnaturally bright; and although her breath came and went with difficulty, they could make out something of her incoherent talk.

"Dodo," she was saying in that hurried panting way—and she did not appear to know who were in the room with her—"Dodo—you struck too hard!—you struck too hard! If I—had been as strong as you—I would have been more merciful to you. I would have hidden a little—I would not have told you I was so tired of Crowhurst. And—and I know there were many faults—I was not doing very well—but you cannot always get what you want—in Henley. And I was glad you went to the Café de Provence—I was not jealous—and if you had told me

more about what you liked, I would—have tried to do a little better. But perhaps you did not mean it all, Dodo!—perhaps you did not quite mean it all!—perhaps it was to keep me from following you—or asking you to come back. And I will obey you. You shall not have to complain of me again—there was plenty—to complain of before—only, we were all so happy—Sidney and you and I—and I forgot—and then you grew tired. But there will be no more complaint—I will try to do better—yes, yes, to do better—and Dodo will not grow tired—I will go up to the café—and—and ask them to show me—" Of a sudden she made an effort to raise herself, and her eyes were wild. "Dodo," she cried, pitifully, "come back to me!—come back to Nan! Don't you know me? I am Nan—I am Nan—that you used to come to see at the vicarage—don't you remember—the Bristol days? Dodo—it's Nan that's calling you!"

But here was Constance with her gentle persuasion, her soothing words, and cool fingers for the burning and aching forehead; and in a space of time all was still again in the room.

It was on this same night that a great steamer was thundering on its way through the moonlit waters of the Mediterranean. There was quite a gay scene on board, for the quarter-deck had been cleared, colored lamps hung about, a piano brought from the saloon, while ladies and gentlemen—Dick Erridge conspicuously active amongst them—were taking their places for the lancers. But there was one man who was not of that throng. He remained right away aft, his looks directed to the seething line in the wake of the ship that was the intangible and fanciful connection between himself and certain far-off and ever-receding shores.

"Are they looking after you, Nan," he was saying to himself—"looking well after you, and taking care of you? They'll have to do that now. And no doubt they will—no doubt they will; for you're a clever kind of creature at making friends; they'll come round you, and pet you, and make much of you; and all will go well and happily. And in time you will forget about that letter; and if you should ever look back and think about the early days at Crowhurst— Ah, but you'd better not look back. You must look forward. Your life must all be with your young husband now."

There was a sudden noise behind him. He turned, with his grave and sad eyes, to see what was going on. The lancers had begun.

Chapter XXII.

AVILION.

Beneficent sleep, a sound constitution, and assiduous nursing pulled her through; she came back from those dim and drear ways to the white wonder of the living world; and now through their joyfuler forecasts there ran mysterious references to some place called Avilion.

"Avilion!" repeated Nan, as she lay half dreaming and half looking out upon the colored splendors of the garden. "What do you mean, Constance?"

"That is Stephen's fanciful name for it," was the answer. "In reality it is a small house in a terrace fronting the sea at Worthing. Yet what do you think of that as a present, my dear?—a ten-roomed house, completely furnished in a plain and simple way—and that was what an excellent old lady handed over to me some eight or nine years ago—in a freak of quite ridiculous generosity. But a most useful gift it has proved ever since," Constance continued, in cheerful and gentle tones soothing to an invalid's ear; "for, you see, Stephen and I have to consider ways and means; we don't belong to the folk who can scorn journalism and go and live among the ancient Greeks; and so, to pay the rates and taxes, and the wages of the housekeeper and maid, we let No. 14 Cranberry Terrace for three months in the summer; and the rest of the year we turn it into a kind of convalescent home if any of our friends want to run down for a pulling together; or Stephen and I may take a few days now and again, if he has been working too hard. Hence Avilion. We send people there to cure them of their grievous wounds; and we are going to take you there as soon as you can be removed. No. 14 will be empty in about a week now. Unfortunately, Stephen won't be able to come down much; his busiest time is just beginning; that is, when the other writers are away for their holidays, and the paper is rather short-handed, then he gets more to do than he knows how to deal with—leaders, articles, reviews—it is a fine occasion for him—so that he never

gets away for an autumn holiday; but at least he could run down by the last train on Friday night and go up again on the Sunday afternoon. If it were only the real Avilion we were taking you to—'where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow'—but as it is, dear Nan, you must simply put up with Worthing and your chances."

"How can I thank you for all your goodness to me!" the girl murmured.

"Oh, by-the-way," Constance interposed, "there is one thing we have forgotten. We have left Sidney out! What is to become of Sidney? The programme is all very fine; and I shouldn't be surprised if you rather liked No. 14—it's quite a cheerful little place; but at the same time don't you think it would be rather shabby to leave Sidney out? Don't you think, just for old sake's sake, he ought to be included? And my idea is that he should bring his books down and take rooms at a hotel—I know an exceedingly quiet one in West Worthing; and then on wet days he would have some resource; and on fine days he would go driving with us—Bramber, and Steyning, and Arundel—" There was a sound outside. "What's that—the phaeton? Oh, then he'll be here directly; and you just ask him, Nan, what he has to say to this proposal. I think the quartet of us might have some happy evenings down there—in Avilion." And therewith she slipped away from the room, for she heard his footstep on the stair; and she wished to leave the two lovers alone for a while.

When Sidney came in he was untying a small package. "I wonder if this is what you want, Nan," he said. "It is rather difficult getting a pocket-atlas that is minute; but at least this one has the Australian colonies on different maps—"

He turned to the proper pages, and handed her the open book; and for a space she seemed totally oblivious of his presence, so curiously did her eyes dwell on these indented coast-lines, with their closely printed names of bays and capes and towns. It was a volume that an invalid could hold easily: perhaps she wanted it for moments of loneliness—for musing—for the imaginative study of a wanderer's whereabouts and his doings. Yet these great continents—Queensland—New South Wales—Victoria—seemed altogether voiceless and remote; and wide indeed were the waters that closed them round.

"You are not thinking, Nan," said he, timidly, "of going away out there when you are quite strong again?"

She summoned herself back. "Oh, no; oh, no," she said, in a hopeless kind of way. "He has forbidden it—even if there was a chance of my finding him. And when I know what he wants, I can but obey. What went wrong, here at Crowhurst, was all through my not knowing. If I had suspected he was growing tired of me, and of the life here—"

"He never was tired of you," Sidney broke in, bluntly. "Don't you believe that. It is not believable. If he were to say so in twenty letters, I would not believe it. No doubt he had his own reasons for going away—and when in course of time he comes back—"

"He will not come back—he will never come back!" she said, piteously. "Do you think he would have flung me away as one useless and disgraced if he had meant ever to come back?" She lay silent for a second or two. "Sidney, when you next go up to town, I wish you would call on Mr. Morris and ask him what sum it was that my father took away with him."

"Nan," he exclaimed, "I could not do that! Lawyers don't talk about such things to third persons. I could not ask him such a question unless he knew it was with your authority—"

Then "rosy-red grew she," through all the pallor left by her recent illness.

"But surely he understands—"

"Yes, I dare say he understands that in the good time coming I shall have to take over the control of all your affairs—"

"And why not now, Sidney—why not now?" she pleaded. "I will give you all the authority, if Mr. Morris will tell me what steps to take. And you must settle whether Crowhurst is to be sold or not; my father did not say which way he wished; I have nothing to guide me. Only, if he were ever to come back to England, he would not seek to return here; and I am anxious to get away from it—well, of course—I cannot bear to remain in the place where I—where I—disappointed—Dodo. I keep wondering and guessing where I failed—I keep recalling things—and reproaching myself for having driven him from his home: Sidney—Sidney—you must take me away from Crowhurst! I will go with you anywhere—to Worthing, as Constance says—anywhere—but here everything I see

around me is an accusation — and from morning till night I know that I am— that I am disgraced."

She was weak, and sensitive through weakness; she turned aside her head, and put her arm across her face, and sobbed. He sought to quiet and soothe her; and then, by way of distraction, he asked her what she meant about the sum of money her father had taken with him.

"Because," said she, with considerable effort, "because—if it was not a large sum — then Dodo might have to come back. Only he was so sparing about anything for himself. All the extravagance was for me. And then — then there's another thing I have been thinking of: if his money were to run short— and he was determined never to come back to England—yet leaving me here with everything—" Of a sudden she regarded him with anxious solicitude, and she spoke with unwonted energy: "Sidney, you must have Mr. Morris come down here at once. You shall have all the authority that is necessary. And you must sell Crowhurst; and you must advertise for my father in the Australian papers, and tell him that a sum of money is awaiting him—surely that is a small favor to ask of him—he could not refuse me that—he may have been angry and disappointed with me—and concealing how much he was so—but at least he could not refuse me so much as a favor—" And then she sank back languidly on the pillow again. "No. It is hopeless. I forgot. I must obey. There is to be no inquiry—no advertising: Dodo is gone away from me just as if he were dead."

"Don't be too sure, Nan," her lover would keep repeating to her. "Strange things happen. And the first necessity for you is to get strong and well: that is what your father would say to you if he were here."

Then in due course came the longed-for transferrence to No. 14; and quite a light-hearted party those young people formed as the train sped away down through Surrey and Sussex. The morning was rather wild and gusty; but there were occasional bursts of sunlight as well; through the streaming window-panes they could see the wide landscape shimmering in gold from time to time. But it was with themselves they were mostly concerned; there were all kinds of eager and happy plans and forecasts; literary projects, too, some of them not of the sanest. Stephen Weguelin insisted that his first duty to the spirit of the age, his sacred duty, would be to write an article protesting against the monstrous injustice of withholding the franchise from the inmates of lunatic asylums. Constance, on the other hand, had in mind a paper for some woman's magazine—a paper which she declared would capture the hearts of all mothers everywhere. She had heard of some juvenile romancist, aged nine or so, who had been giving an account of how she had taken her doll to be photographed; how Dolly had fallen asleep in the cab and woke up cross; how she had yawned, and objected to having her dress tidied; how she had looked frightened when they put her in the chair; how the photographer complimented her on being the very steadiest sitter he ever had; how, when Dolly was asked to assume a pleasant expression, she had smiled so sweetly—"

"What a disgraceful little liar!" Sidney broke in.

"Not at all!" said Constance, indignantly. "Simply imagination. And when you get heaps of it, as in Milton, then you call it genius. It is bulk that impresses people. The small thief who picks your pocket is a wretched creature; but the big thieves, the Drakes and Clives, are splendid fellows and heroes. I don't call it lying; I call it imagination; and every child has its share. And I think I see my way to making two pound ten shillings or three pounds out of this particular little monkey, if only all of you would help me with suggestions. We'll talk about it after dinner to-night."

And so they got Nan established in these new quarters, surrounding her with every attention and kindness and care; and Sidney took possession of his rooms at the hotel, bringing down from Henley such books as he wanted; and very soon these four—Stephen from Friday to Sunday only—had fallen into a settled and simple and contented sort of life, with plenty of occupation and mutual interests. It is true that sometimes Nan would sink into profound and silent reverie, and hold herself aloof from the common talk; and she was fond of reading Australian papers—staring blankly at such names as Adelaide and Melbourne and Brisbane; and occasionally, when she began to get about a little, driving, a startled look

would come into her face at sight of some distant figure—a look to be dissipated on nearer approach. But she was bound to show herself as cheerful as might be, if only out of gratitude for all the kindness that was being showered upon her; and this sensation of returning health and spirits was a wonderful and exhilarating thing; and she was young—and her lover was with her, demanding assurances of her happiness.

"Another," said Constance, with smiling and approving eyes—"another whom Avilion has restored. I wish I had begun by keeping a book."

Now and again, of course, Sidney had to run up to town, sometimes to see about Nan's affairs, sometimes to consult his publisher about the wood-cuts for the Dionysiac volume, which was now nearly ready. And on one of these occasions when he was returning in the afternoon across St. James's Park he encountered Lady Helen: she was driving in an open barouche, apparently making for Constitution Hill, and she was alone. Well, he bided his time; it was for her to say whether she would recognize him at all or not; and she had proved herself a young person of capricious moods. But this time, instead of treating him with explicit coldness, she stopped the carriage—and waited for him to approach.

"You are not at Henley, then?" she said, in some surprise. "Your mother went down this morning, to see if anything had happened—"

"I haven't been at Henley for ever so long," he said. "I wrote to her from Worthing—"

"Yes; a hotel address: of course she imagined you had run down there on a mere visit," Lady Helen answered him; and then she hesitated for a second. "Where were you going just now?" she asked of a sudden.

"Victoria Station," he told her.

"Will you drive home with me? I shall not keep you two moments. I have something to say to you."

It was exceedingly annoying, for he was on his way to catch the Brighton express; but he was a good-natured lad; and in other days Lady Helen had been able to "command him anything." He got into the carriage, and in a few minutes he was driven to Upper Brook Street.

When they entered the house, she did not precede him up stairs to the drawing-room; she asked him to step into the dining-room; and there she left him, saying she would return in a moment. He wondered what was going to happen now. He hoped something amicable. He had no wish to quarrel with anybody. But he had a dim impression that his mother had endeavored to complicate matters as between Lady Helen and himself; and he knew that the younger woman had a resolute temper. Above all, he did not wish to be bothered; he had some proofs of wood-cuts with him, that he was anxious to show to Nan, and to Constance, and to Stephen—who was coming down by a later train. Why should he be stopped and hindered; and what interest had he in Upper Brook Street?

When Lady Helen returned, her usual gracious equanimity appeared to have deserted her; she seemed disturbed; and the fingers of one hand, that were clasped over some small object, were distinctly tremulous—whether this was involuntary or intentional it was not for him to say. He was standing by the window; she went up to him.

"Sidney," she said, with shyly downcast eyes, and there was quite a pretty tenderness in her tone, "I am afraid we have not quite understood each other. I am afraid there has been misapprehension—fancies and dreams, perhaps—impracticable in this common work-a-day world. But at least we can part friends—"

"Oh, yes, certainly," he responded, much relieved: perhaps even now, with a smart hansom, he could catch the express.

"I mean," she went on, with an attractive embarrassment, "in view—of the settlement of my life—that I am looking forward to. Not even your mother knows as yet—but of course you must know—who else but you? And if it is not quite definitely arranged—if, at the very last moment, one were to break off—but no, of course that is not to be thought of—the days for that kind of thing are long past. Only—you see with this before me in the future—I thought I ought to give you back what you gave me in other circumstances: you remember: I *did* promise to wear it for ever and ever—but it's the way of the world that things turn out differently—"

And timidly she held out the little

Roman charm—the small bell mounted as a brooch.

"Oh, but it was not so important as all that!" he protested. "Won't you keep it!—a mere trifle—I thought you took a fancy to it—"

"I cannot," she said, sadly. "It would only awaken memories. And you must give me back the ring I gave you—"

"I can send it to you," he said. "It is at Henley."

"Then this is good-by!" She extended her hand to him, and it seemed to be trembling a little; and her eyes, that were now upturned to his, were quite affectionate and regretful. "How strangely things turn out!" she said—still holding his hand and regarding him. "It is not what one wishes; it is what fate drives one to. At least I suppose so. We don't seem to have the power to shape things as we would have them. We can but submit. And as I say, Sidney, you and I can part friends."

"Oh, yes, certainly," he repeated—with a vague consciousness that it was high time for him to get away. And get away he did—though he missed the Brighton express, and in consequence received a severe scolding from Nan.

Not twenty minutes after he had gone Mrs. Hume drove up in a hansom; and Lady Helen—already quite quit of any pretty agitation—followed her friend to her room, to hear of the abortive visit to Henley.

"I wanted to ask you about another thing," Lady Helen said, comfortably seating herself. "Do you know how these announcements are sent to the papers?"

She handed a slip to Mrs. Hume—and now her fingers were not in the least tremulous, while she looked on with apparent indifference. Then, on this slip, Mrs. Hume read these clearly pencilled words: "A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between the Hon. Montague Francis Howe, son of Lord Grenfell of Garstang, and the Lady Helen Yorke, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Monks-Hatton."

"Helen, what is this!" she exclaimed, in affright.

"I suppose it ought to go to the papers," Lady Helen answered, calmly. "Are they advertisements, do you know? Are they sent through one's bookseller? But perhaps I'd better leave Monty to see about such things—as soon as I give him permission."

"Mr. Howe!" her friend cried, still wholly aghast. "And about Captain Erle?"

"A man about town knows too much," the younger lady rejoined, with a touch of disdain.

"And Sidney?"

But at this Lady Helen became almost serious.

"My dear Mrs. Hume!" she said. "Really—really—have you not got that extraordinary delusion out of your head yet? Why, the very last thing in the world that ever could have happened! Sidney and I are very good friends—of course—and I hope we shall always remain so; but as for anything else—the idea was never to be thought of for a moment!" And Mrs. Hume sat staring at the slip of paper that told her of the final ruin of her dearly cherished hopes.

She was soon to hear of another projected marriage, for Sidney had at length persuaded Nan to give herself over into his charge. She was at first reluctant and afraid; it seemed incredible to her that this wedding should take place and her father be absent: was the bride to have no one to stand by her at such a moment? But she was alone and helpless; she could no longer encroach on the kindness of these good friends; and her father had plainly told her what he expected of her. Then Sidney pointed out that as their conjoint small fortunes would afford what would be for them an ample competence, they were at liberty to choose their place of abode where they pleased; and he asked her (dreading the effect on her of any further inland experiments) what she thought of this same Worthing? It was quiet. It was cheerful and healthy. It was convenient for running up to town. And then she would have more or less of the society of Constance and Stephen, who on their side had become quite charmed with this companionship. Nan, shy, grateful, affectionate, agreed to everything he suggested; and then he took her away on rambling and imaginative house-hunting perambulations, which proved to be almost an idyllic occupation, in these golden autumn days.

Naturally he announced his intentions to his mother; and she, finding her own schemes all gone to wreck and ruin, re-

solved as a last wild resource to appeal to the family at large. What she had failed to do, with all her tact and cunning and audacity, perhaps their combined authority might do, if peradventure there were still a chance of saving him. And thus it was that on a certain afternoon three veritable sons of Anak arrived in Worthing; and no doubt they appeared as demigods to the nurse-maids wheeling perambulators along the esplanade. For these were a deputation: these were three of the "handsome Humes"—with no other than the Squire of Ellerdale at their head. Sidney, whom they found in his rooms, was at first inclined to be angry at this interference and impertinence, as he considered it; but there was a ludicrous side; the ineptitude of the whole proceeding seemed farcical.

"Then I am to understand that nothing will move you?" the eldest brother said, sternly—for he did not like being treated with scorn. "You are absolutely determined to marry this girl—you are absolutely determined to bring a prize-fighter into the family?"

"You need not be alarmed," said Sidney. "The prize-fighter—who is not a prize-fighter—will never come near you. He is away at the other end of the world, and will remain there. Why he went there—why he insists on remaining there—well, sometimes I have suspicions; and if he has done this partly or mainly that his daughter should not suffer through any prejudice against himself, if he has done it merely that things should go easily for her, then I say he has made a sacrifice for her that I don't believe one of you would make for any one belonging to you, wife, mother, or child. But that is not the question. What I want to point out is that I don't propose to bring any one into the family, either father or daughter. My wife and I will most likely live here in Worthing; but we don't ask any of you to come here, any more than we ask to be allowed to go to you. There is no need for any quarrel. The world is wide enough for all of us."

And indeed they eventually found they had come on a fool's errand, and were glad to have done with it; sulkily or amicably, as their dispositions tended, they parted with him, and left the hotel.

But on their way to the station an odd incident occurred. They were walking along the esplanade when they came in sight of two ladies, the younger and taller of whom was of such a singular and remarkable beauty as to draw all eyes to her. It was but a passing glimpse they had of her; manners forbade more; but all of them seemed equally struck; and instinctively—when they had allowed those two to go some little distance—they turned, under pretence of looking along the beach.

"I'll bet you ten thousand pounds that is the girl! I know it! I am certain of it!" said the youngest of the three, vehemently.

"What a marvellous creature!—and look how she walks!" exclaimed the second, gazing after her.

But the eldest one, the grave one, spoke most to the point.

"I don't know," said he, slowly. "Must have been something exceptional to have turned Sidney into a pig-headed brute.... Well, if that is the girl, I think I should almost be inclined to ask her to Ellerdale for Christmas—Sidney and her. .... But I suppose the women wouldn't stand it."

And then the three giants strode onwards again towards the station. And Nan and Constance Weguelin also continued on their way, unaware that they had attracted any notice.

Chapter XXIII.

SPIES.

Eventually they fixed upon a house some little distance back from the sea-front, in the remoter part of West Worthing, the inducements being that there Nan would find herself mistress of a considerable garden, while Sidney, for working purposes, wanted one or two quiet rooms not overlooking any thoroughfare. Then began the process of nest-building; but here Nan showed the strangest diffidence; she seemed to say: "Don't you know that I was a failure at Crowhurst?—of what value can my advice be to you now?" And indeed, as the wedding-day drew near, it was not of the planning out of a library or the hanging up of portières that she was mainly thinking. She had become possessed by the conviction that if through any possibility her father were still in England, or had returned to England, he would not be very far away from the church door when his daughter passed in. It was

an unreasoning belief, perhaps; but she brooded over it; in visionary moments she imagined she could see a dusky figure in one of the pews, regarding the ceremony, with all unkindness and discontent and reproach quite gone from his eyes. And of these things she made confession to Constance Weguelin.

"But, my dear Nan," Constance said, "you have never doubted for a moment that your father did go away to Australia, and that he was resolved not to come back to England."

"Yes, I know," the girl made answer, in an absent kind of way. "That was what I believed. And perhaps it is so—perhaps—perhaps he is now in Australia—and not thinking of me, or of any one in this country. It may be so. But still—still—something seems to tell me that he will not be so very far away when we go into the church. It is a kind of dream; but sometimes dreams come true. And then that would make it all so different, Constance. You see, I have obeyed him, literally, up till now. I did not seek to go after him, to beg him to come back and give me another trial at Crowhurst. I did not advertise—or bother him. I obeyed him, as he wished. But this would be quite different. This would be his own doing. And if, when we came out of the church, I were to see him standing by — hanging back, rather, for that was always his way—I hope Sidney would not be vexed if I left him for a moment, and went over, and said 'Surely you have come home for good now, Dodo!'" Then she added, in a lower voice: "And sometimes—sometimes, Constance—I am convinced it is going to happen."

Sidney, when he heard of these mysterious fancies, merely said:

"Well, it's a pity we are not fashionable folk, Nan; for then the marriage would be announced in the papers beforehand—and that would give public notice; and if there is any chance of your father being in this country—"

"If he is, he will know," she said, with superstitious certainty. "I have little fear about that. He always knew what was happening to me. But then, Sidney, if he were in the church, or outside the church, I may be so nervous as not to look out properly—perhaps you would—"

"Trust me for that, Nan," said he, cheerfully. "And if I set eyes on him anywhere, all the fixed and legitimate etiquette of the occasion must simply go to the wall: my first care will be to get hold of your father, and bring him home with us to the breakfast."

It was the quietest of weddings. There were perhaps about a dozen strangers—mostly old women—in the pews; and when Sidney, accompanied by his friend Stephen Weguelin, arrived, the briefest glance enabled him to make sure that Mr. Summers was not in this small building. Then again, when the ceremony was over, and the bridegroom brought forth his young bride into the clear sunlight of the outer world, there were some children to scatter flowers in her path (this was Constance's doing: she had heard of an incident outside St. Mary's Church, Henley), but in vain did he look beyond them, quickly scanning one or two groups of half-interested by-standers. Nan was all trembling when she got into the carriage.

"No sign of him?" she managed to say.

He shook his head.

"Then it is my last chance," she murmured. "He will never come back now."

And yet it was little more than a year after these occurrences that Dick Erridge, in his chambers close by Regent Circus, was clearly expecting a visitor. The supper table was laid for two; he himself (in a sumptuous smoking-jacket) had seen to the careful adjustment of the lamps, profanely made out of old silver candlesticks; and he had roused a roaring fire in the grate, though the winter was not yet come. And then he looked around, not without some satisfaction. For there was now an air of travel about these rooms that formerly they did not possess. A trophy of savage weapons was placed over the chimney-piece—spears, clubs, boomerangs, and shields—surmounted by the hind paws of a kangaroo; large prints of Australian race-courses hung on the walls; on the couches were thrown specimens of Indian embroidery, purchased from the wily Hindoo of Malta. And meanwhile the proper wines had been decanted, the champagne put temporarily in ice; and on the top of one of the folded table-napkins was a card, bearing the simple legend "Welcome to England!"

Dick kept pacing to and fro, looking from the windows—listening at the top of the landing—going back to wake up the fire, or give a final touch to the pink

shades of the lamps. And at last the longed-for sound was heard. He dashed down the stairs—opened the door—and was out on the pavement.

"Here you are at last!" he cried, in joyful tones—and he assisted the newcomer to alight as if he had been an invalid. "Why, I couldn't believe my eyes when I got your wire from Gib.—But where's your luggage?"

"I left it at Paddington—"

"Well, well, never mind," the eager host said. "Come along! We'll see about arrangements afterwards. You and I are going to have a little bit of supper—for I know what that dismal jog-jog up from Plymouth is—and then I'll give you all the news—"

He preceded his guest up the stair, threw open the door, and awaited his entrance. Mr. Summers stepped into the room, looking around him as if there was something unfamiliar in the place: in his own appearance there was but little alteration—perhaps his eyes were a trifle more worn and sad.

"Dick," he said, as he sank into the easy-chair that his friend had drawn forward for him, "I'm a sneak—and that's the truth."

"Oh, yes, certainly!" responded the other, with magnanimous scorn. "I quite agree. Precisely so. And it would please me down to the ground to see any noble sportsman go up and say as much to you: in the next minute he'd be under the impression that the whole everlasting Tower of Babel had sprung into the air and come down on him again—"

"All the way home from Australia," Mr. Summers went on, as he stared blankly into the fire, "there was plenty of time for thinking; and the fact is, Dick, I grew to believe that there must be something within us that's a deal stronger than ourselves, something that can drive us to do what we don't want to do. I did not want to be here this night: indeed I did not. I had made up my mind I should never see England again; and was all the more reconciled to it when I heard that everything was going on well with Nan. And then, Dick—then, you see, Dick—when I got this last announcement from you—the clipping from the paper—something seemed to come over me. The fancy of Nan being a young mother!—the wondering whether I could not get a far-off glimpse of her, even a mile away—a glimpse of her pride and her happiness—yes, indeed, a mile away—I wouldn't ask to go nearer than that: well, I could not resist. There was something stronger than me that got a grip of me. It was no use. I was ashamed of myself—I tried to hold back—and then—then of a sudden I took a passage in the first steamer that was sailing—and here I am."

He looked up, almost sternly.

"But mind you, Dick," said he, "I trust to your word of honor that you gave me before. My coming back now, just for a glimpse of Nan in her new station, is not to be allowed to lead to the undoing of what has been done—I would rather go right back to Plymouth to-morrow, and take the next steamer out. My going away has worked well; and it cost a little, I can tell you—I suppose Nan didn't like being left like that. But everything is going on first-rate now; and if I am to have a look at her as the young mother, it must be with caution—it must be managed with tremendous caution, Dick—"

"Oh, there's no trouble about that," the younger man said, airily. "I saw her yesterday."

"You saw Nan yesterday?" Summers exclaimed, with a violent start. He appeared to be quite bewildered. "Yesterday? And where was she? And what was she like? How was she looking?"

"What was she looking like?" Erridge repeated. "Well, I should say that wild roses in June were a fool to her; that's all I can think of, for I'm an unpoetical person, thank God. As it happened, the day was particularly fine and bright, and you should have seen her complexion, and her light-brown hair; and she was laughing and talking, and that always suited her, you know; the little nurse-maid was pushing the perambulator; and Miss Anne—or Mrs. Sidney Hume, rather, to give her all her dignity—was walking by the side of it, and chatting and laughing to the occupant of that important vehicle. I don't suppose the kid understood a blessed word; but the smiling young mother was quite a picture, don't you know—you should have seen the women folk turn to look at her—it was something they had to gaze at, I assure you! I felt quite proud of her myself; I would have given twenty pounds to be able to go up and remind her of my ignominious existence; but that might have got me into trouble—awkward questions—"

Mr. Summers interrupted him.

"Dick, man, tell me!" he said, with an almost piteous solicitude. "Do you—think I could get—a sight of Nan—looking like that?"

"Why not? Why not?" Dick rejoined. "But here is something more immediate and practical. I'll tell you afterwards all about what we're going to do: in the mean time you take this chair. The things are just coming up. Help yourself to an appetizer—try one of those sardines with a touch of cayenne, and a few threads of anchovy; and this is Marcobrunner of '70—'70, mind you—and in capital condition. Yes, here's the soup. Nothing much to follow: a grilled sole, a cutlet, a steak-and-oyster pudding, and a bird to wind up with. But I thought we'd better have our chat here, old man, instead of at some public place—"

"Yes, yes; yes, yes," said his companion, who cared little for this food or drink compared with the prospect of his hearing more, and still more, about Nan. "You're an awful good chap, Dick, to have taken all this trouble—I mean about going down to Worthing—"

"I've been down there the whole of the last three days!" cried Dick, as he ladled out the fragrant, pellucid, steaming soup. "For this is how I am situated, just at present. Here is my old grandfather insisting on my going away back to him the day after to-morrow; and goodness knows when he'll let me off. Got it into his ancient noddle that my brilliant conversation is a cure for lumbago; perhaps it is; I don't know; I don't see him get any suppler; he rises from his chair with his back bent as if he wanted to play on an invisible violoncello. However, that leaves me to-morrow to go down with you to Worthing; and of course I wanted to see how the land lay up to the last moment. Oh, I tell you I'd make a first-rate private detective—when I give up curing lumbago. Since I came back from Australia, I've learnt all the little ways of that household. She generally goes out in the morning, about eleven or half past, with the 'peram.' and the dot of a nurse-maid; the husband remains at home, no doubt at his literary labors—by Jove, what did I do with that notice of his book?—I clipped it out of the *Times* to send you—two columns—fancy!—they wouldn't give as much importance to a new burlesque at the Gaiety!—"

"But about Nan, Dick—about Nan," said the other.

"Well, sometimes she does a bit of shopping; and then sometimes she goes out to the end of the pier, and sits in a sheltered place there, smiling and nodding to that little idiot that doesn't understand a word she says; and sometimes a lady friend of hers comes out and sits and chats with her. Then it's back home towards one—luncheon, I presume; and then again in the afternoon her husband and she go driving—and she takes the reins—"

"Doesn't she sit well, Dick?—hasn't she style?" her father interrupted, eagerly.

"Then they appear to have one or two friends down there; and sometimes they dine with them; and sometimes the friends come round. But here, what the devil are we doing!" Dick cried abruptly. "We have forgotten to drink his health!"

"Whose health?"

"Why, the lord and master—the son and heir—the important person in the household! Fill your glass, old man—that's Pol Roger of '84, and as good as they make it; and I can give you his name, too; for I thought I might as well look in at the registrar's, just to let you have all the details right and proper. So here's to the young gentleman, by the style and title of James Sidney Hume—and long life to him!"

But Nan's father did not raise his glass: he seemed stupefied. Dick drained his with a will. Then he chanced to look across the table.

"What's up now? Not drink his health? That's high treason—"

"Oh, yes—his health—I beg your pardon," said the other, quite humbly. And then he added, with a timid glance: "But—but what did you say, Dick—what did you say was the name of the boy?—"

"Why, James Sidney Hume—and a very pretty compliment to you, I take it!"

"No, no!" Mr. Summers said, hastily—and he appeared to be much perturbed. "They could not mean that. They couldn't have been thinking of me—Nan couldn't have been thinking of me—after the way I left her at Crowhurst. It's a common name, man—it would naturally occur to them—just as Tom or Harry might—they couldn't have been thinking of me at all. You must be mistaken, Dick; you're sometimes mistaken, you know; you're too positive about things—"

"Well, I'm positive about this thing, anyway," said Dick, boldly, "that as far as that young chap is called James he is called after you: take it as you like, but there's the fact."

For several seconds the elder of the two men was silent and plunged in profound meditation. Then he said, slowly, and almost as if to himself:

"She's a strange girl, is Nan. Perhaps she may not be thinking so hardly of me after all."

They went down by an early train next morning; but they did not go on to West Worthing station, for fear of being recognized; they stopped at Worthing proper; and first of all, and with great circumspection, they proceeded to hunt out lodgings in a secluded part of the town. Then came the question as to how long these humble apartments might be wanted. Mr. Summers glanced guiltily towards his companion.

"I will take them by the week, Dick," he said. "You see, I am uncertain when I may sail; and I should not like to go back without having an evening or two with you, for the sake of old times—"

"And surely to goodness the lumbago treatment can't last more than a fortnight!" Erridge cried. "Well, yes, better take the rooms by the week. Right you are. You can arrange about meals afterwards."

Dick was quite jaunty; he was going about with his great friend and hero; and that was enough for him. But Mr. Summers was most pitiably anxious, and even agitated, as they now set out for West Worthing; he kept gazing far ahead, and glancing nervously down each successive thoroughfare, though Dick had assured him there was not the slightest chance of their encountering Nan in this quarter of the town.

"It's too great a risk — I shouldn't have done it," his companion kept repeating. "I yielded, Dick. I'm playing the coward. Look what it is I put in danger —all the happy state of affairs that was brought about by a good deal of suffering. Yes, a good bit, my lad. I had a bad time the night I left Crowhurst; and a bad time the day you and I sailed away from Plymouth; and Nan, too — I dare say she thought the letter rather cruel—she may have cried a little—you see, I had to make it rough. Rough to get smooth. Rough to get smooth afterward. And now that everything is going right, here am I risking it all—pure selfishness, that's what it is, Dick—"

He grasped his friend's arm. They had come to the top of a street, at the far end of which the sea and the sea-front were visible.

"That's the way she passes along?" he asked, hurriedly. "But I am not going down there yet. No, no; I must lay plans. I must see everything clear—"

"It is after one," Erridge said to him. "They will be in-doors by now, and we can go and have a look at their house with comparative safety."

"My good fellow, there must be no comparative, it must be absolute safety!" Summers insisted. "I will not go anywhere near, unless I am positively certain we shall not be seen—"

"I can manage it—I can manage it," his friend rejoined: he had acquired a perfect knowledge of the topography of this neighborhood.

And so they made their way circuitously—keeping well back from the sea-front—until Mr. Summers's guide signified to him to stop.

"That is the house over yonder," Dick said, in an unnecessary whisper. "The dining-room window is to the left of the steps; but I don't suppose they could see us—not even if they came outside."

It was rather a large house, of irregular construction, set in a garden that was surrounded by a low wall of black-gray flint and red brick. On the southern side a row of young trees separated it from the neighboring garden; and all around, within the flint and brick wall, there was a hedge of tamarisk. The gate was of oaken bars; there were steps leading up to the front door; and round one portion of the building there was a balcony, on the first story. Altogether it was not a very remarkable-looking place; but this man gazed at it with the intensest interest—at each one of the windows, indeed, as if perchance some glimmer of a human shape might appear there. But there was no sign of life. A fish-monger's boy teasing a small terrier—which seems to be the natural attitude of a fish-monger's boy—was the only creature they saw in all this voiceless waste of villas and gardens.

"It's the strangest thing to be so near Nan," her father said—and he also spoke in an undertone, though it was quite un-

called-for. "Many a night during the voyage, when I was lying awake, I used to think she seemed millions and millions of miles away, and that it was not possible I should ever come within sight of her again. And she's just over there! It's a good big house, Dick. A bigger house than Crowhurst. But she won't have any difficulty: she's the cleverest creature of a manager you ever saw—sharp and prompt—every item of the books to be checked—I can tell you she brought one or two of those Henley tradesmen to their senses. And reasonable with servants; reasonable, but reasonably firm, too; she would have her way—the young wretch!—and then she was always so good-humored that they couldn't sulk. Oh, she's a clever one, is Nan! And she's looking well, you said? Looking particularly well, didn't you say? I shouldn't wonder, now, if the sea-air was better for her. Why, it's the strangest thing—Nan to be over there—perhaps just behind the window—or seated at the table—and everything neat and trim, I'll be bound — everything bright and neat and trim—and bits of flowers—she was such a clever creature with her fingers—just a touch here and there. And to think of her aspiring to the dignity of a mother!—the cheek of her!—but looking quite young and as pretty as ever, you said?—and light-hearted too—talking and laughing, you said—I liked to hear that, Dick—I liked to hear that—that was Nan's natural self—I liked to hear about the young mother on the sea-front, smiling and talking so that people were quite taken with the look of her."

He was rambling on, in a vague maze of wonder and delight, when of a sudden he gripped his companion, and tried to slink back a bit, though indeed they were both in a sufficiently sheltered corner. For at this moment there drove up to the front of the house they were scrutinizing an open fly, and from it a lady descended, a silver-haired woman of unusual stature and commanding carriage. She passed in by the gate, crossed the garden, went up the steps, and rang the bell.

"Come away, Dick, come away!" said Summers, anxiously. "She may be calling for them—they may come out again with her—let's get away—"

Well, Dick Erridge was nothing loath; for it was past two o'clock; and they would have to walk back to Worthing before they could, in security, get some small snack of luncheon somewhere. But as soon as they were at a safe distance from the house, Mr. Summers's jubilation broke all bounds.

"Who was right, then—who was right, Dick?" he said, with a kind of triumphant eagerness—and yet still in an undertone, as if the very walls had ears. "You were always doubtful about the necessity of my leaving England; but now I can show you—now I can prove it! Do you know who that was who drove up to the house?"

"No, I don't," was the reply. "But she would make a rare good figure in a ballet of Amazons—the Queen of the Amazons—centre of the stage—the Alhambra for choice—she'd be worth her weight in gold to any management—"

"Man alive, talk sense!" Summers exclaimed, though he was clearly in no quarrelsome mood. "That was Mrs. Hume!—that was Sidney Hume's mother!—the representative of the whole family—they'll all follow where she leads—and didn't I tell you that everything would go well and happily with Nan?"

"It's no great thing to have a call from one's mother-in-law," Dick said, peevishly.

"There's some things I can't drive into your head, Dick, and that's the fact," his companion rejoined with impatience. "Do you think that Mrs. Hume, or any of the family, would be going near that house if I had remained in England? I saw well enough how the land lay. And I don't blame anybody. Why should I blame anybody? People have their prejudices—quite natural. Only, don't you see, my lad, as soon as I was out of the way, then came the chance of everything being made right for Nan. And it's working, Dick; it's working; they'll all come round to her—you mark my words; she's such a clever creature; she's got such a trick of taking hold of people—it's her pretty eyes, I think—"

He laughed, a little short laugh; and he struck the clinched fist of his right hand into the hollow palm of his left.

"Man, man, Dick, I told you! I told you my way was the right way. You were always a doubting kind of a chap. And now will you believe—when you've seen Mrs. Hume herself drive up to the house? And it has all been so successful—it has all gone so well for Nan, as I knew it would—that it makes it all the more

necessary I should take every precaution, until I get safely away to Australia again. Oh, you won't find me going too near! I'll watch about. I'll go early, and look around, and keep out of danger, until my opportunity comes. I'll choose my time; for, after all, Dick, after all—if Nan were to be down on the sea-front—walking along in the way you told me—well, I'd like to be just a *little* nearer—just to see she was the same happy kind of creature she used to be at Crowhurst—I'd like to see her as you described her—laughing and nodding to the little fellow until the people turned to look at the young mother—because she was so pretty to look at—" He brought himself up short. "Well, I'm an infernal fool, Dick. I beg your pardon—I won't talk any more. But—but—perhaps you understand, Dick: I shall be such a short time in England; and—this glimpse of Nan means a good deal to me."

Hungry as he was, Dick needed no apology; it was enough that he had been of some service to his great hero and friend. And then, again, when they had sought the seclusion of a backward-lying inn in Worthing, Jim Summers had not a thought for the meal that his companion ordered in.

"The dusk, Dick," he said, "the dusk will be my best time for getting near to the house. I can get as near to the house as I like then. Night after night—as long as I remain in England—that will be my safest chance." He laughed to himself, and rubbed his hands, in nervous anticipation and delight. "And for that time at least, Dick—for that time at least—Nan will have her old bull-dog back again."

Chapter XXIV.

A farewell letter.

There was a brisk southwesterly breeze blowing, with flying shreds of cloud; the shallow waters of the Channel, racing and chasing, shivered in silver under swift bursts of sunlight; while thick, seething, opaque, tawny-yellow waves broke and thundered tumultuously up the shelving beach, receding again with a long roar of grinding gravel. It was a fresh, invigorating morning, full of movement and change and anticipation: it was easy to guess that Nan would not remain long in-doors on such a day.

"Over two weeks—nearer three weeks—of what you might call perfect happiness," Summers was saying, in his grave and deliberate fashion, as he and Dick Erridge walked out on Worthing pier together. "That's a good lot, Dick. That's a good lot, even if it were spread over a whole lifetime. Many a poor devil has never had a single day. And when I am away back in Melbourne again, there'll be such heaps of things to remember—"

"But look here," said Dick, glancing rather anxiously around, "isn't this rather too open? Isn't this rather conspicuous? If you are so bent on leaving England without having been recognized—"

"I'll show you, Dick; you just wait a minute; I've found the safest corner in the whole town," his companion said, confidently.

So they walked on to the end of the pier, which is mainly occupied by a large building given over in the season to concerts, lectures, and the like; but now, out of the season, it had been dismantled; and when they entered they found the place practically empty, save for the stacked piles of chairs, while through the open doors the winds of heaven blew freely. Then Mr. Summers showed him a recess just within the front entrance—probably at other times used as a box for the ticket-collector; and adjacent was a window commanding a view of the whole length of the pier.

"Now do you understand, Dick?" he said, eagerly. "I can see her come all the way down; and she passes so close—so close, man, it is as if you were speaking to her—I've heard her say things as she went by. Fancy being so near as that—actually listening to Nan's voice: that is better than watching her about a mile off along the parade! Now let's go and see if there are any signs of her." And hardly had they got outside again when he exclaimed joyfully: "Yes, yes, I thought so; always about this time; yonder she is! And the nurse-maid with the perambulator: they're almost certainly coming out here. Now mind you, Dick, keep well back—keep well back. Oh, you'll see her clearly enough—you'll find her come quite close by the window."

And then again, after considerable waiting, when Nan and her small charge at length drew near, he became more and more excited. He spoke in undertones, in a sort of trembling ecstasy of delight.

"Don't you think she's prettier than ever, Dick? I'm certain the sea-air suits her! Did you ever see such a freshness of complexion? And how finely she walks!—a free, light step—that's good health and good spirits, you know, as well as a good figure. No wonder the Worthing folk turn round to look at the pretty young mother!—I suppose it isn't very good manners, Dick—but I like to see them do it—I like it. The queen of the place she is!—the queen of the place!—you should watch a shopman smirk and smile when he crosses the pavement to her phaeton—for she was always so good-natured and friendly with every one—the cleverest creature in making friends!—Now, Dick, not a whisper—"

They came along. The young mother carried in her hand a folded newspaper—probably she had received it from the postman just as they were leaving the house, for the wrapper was not yet taken off—and with this instrument she was engaged in teasing her precious infant, so as to draw his attention towards herself, while she smiled and talked and laughed to him. They passed by so close that Dick, dreading some stray glance, involuntarily fell back; but Nan's father remained looking after her, in a kind of entrancement. The vision passed almost instantly: then there was nothing but this wide, bare concert-room, with its open doors and its stacked chairs.

"Sometimes she goes round, and walks up and down the pier again," her father said, in an eager undertone, "and sometimes she chooses a sheltered corner to sit in—"

"I'll find out in a second," said his companion, moving off to the other open door.

"Cautiously—cautiously, Dick," Summers said, almost as if he would restrain him—but indeed the younger man showed the utmost circumspection.

And in about a minute he had returned. "She is reading the newspaper," said he. "So that if you did want to get away—if you think this is rather a risky place—we might get safely off now."

"I would rather wait—if you don't mind, my good chap," rejoined his friend, whose eyes hungered and thirsted for some further, even the briefest, glimpse of Nan. "We are quite safe. She would never dream of coming into this empty and draughty building. And then, you see, Dick, every additional time that I can have a look at her is something for me to think back on when I am out yonder. You don't mind, do you?"

"Mind?" said Dick—and it was all he would say.

So they remained in this deserted place; but their stay was not of long duration; for a few minutes thereafter they perceived approaching a lady whom both recognized as a friend of Nan's, though neither knew her name.

"Sometimes she comes out and takes Nan away for a little walk in the town—to see the shops, very often. We'd better be ready, Dick—"

The warning was given just in time. These two had hardly returned to the opportune recess by the front entrance when the little cortége outside came into sight; and as they passed the open door fragments of their talk were distinctly audible.

"Christmas?" Nan was saying. "Well, they've asked me to Ellerdale—the family gathering, you know—and Sidney has been so kind about it, leaving it to me to decide; but I think I would rather spend a quiet Christmas here, with you and Sidney and Stephen—"

"That is wrong, that is wrong," said her father, under his breath, when they had got well away. "She should have gone to Ellerdale. But perhaps travelling with the child would be awkward. Well, well, all in good time—all in good time! It's all going right now!"

He followed her with straining vision, until she was hardly recognizable in the distance, while Dick Erridge stood by in acquiescent silence. But it was reserved for Dick to make a notable discovery, when at length they left the empty concert-room and passed round by the head of the pier. They came to the sheltered part Nan frequently chose; and here, by accident, Dick perceived a torn piece of paper that the wind had blown into a corner. It looked like a newspaper wrapper; and when, out of idle curiosity, he picked it up, a newspaper wrapper it was found to be; and not only that, but it had Nan's married name and her Worthing address on it.

"A Melbourne paper!" said he, with some surprise. "That was a Melbourne paper, then, she was reading! And it comes from the office: I suppose she gets it regularly—"

"A Melbourne paper?" her father instantly repeated. "Let me see!"

He took the torn wrapper into his hands, and gazed at it long and thoughtfully. Then he glanced at Dick—with some diffidence.

"What do you imagine, Dick—could interest her—in an Australian paper?"

"Why, the chance of hearing something about you," Erridge made answer, boldly.

For a moment Summers looked bewildered; then he said, almost with a frown:

"No, no! That is impossible. That is all done with. She would not be thinking about me. I told her to go her own way, and leave me alone. Bluntly enough I told her—bluntly enough." And yet—somehow—he did not throw aside this worthless scrap of brown paper. He smoothed it, rather; and folded it; and eventually, when Dick wasn't looking, placed it in his pocket-book. Here, indeed, was another talisman to summon up visions and dreams—when he was far away on the black-heaving waters.

That afternoon, as the dusk was coming down, these two were in Mr. Summers's lodgings; and he was seated at a table, with a number of written pages before him, while Dick stood before the fire, the inevitable cigarette between his fingers.

"This is a letter," Summers was saying, "which I have been trying to put together; and I hope to give it over to your keeping before I sail on Friday. I'm not used to such things; I may have to write it all over again, if I can find the time—"

"I'm going down to Plymouth with you, you know," the other interposed.

"Will you really? That's like you, Dick. Well, this is a letter for Nan; and you are not to take it to her or send it to her unless you hear that something has happened to me. My tether isn't likely to be a long one; anyhow, I rely on you, Dick, to keep this letter until you hear that it's all over with me; then you can give it to her—but not till then. For the fact is, I didn't see any use in her believing all her life through that I was really impatient with her at Crowhurst, and that I left because I was tired of the place; and this is a kind of confession. I have been thinking over one or two little things; now, for example, her getting those Australian papers—I have been thinking she might not be so angry with me, after all—for she's a queer kind of creature—very generous and forgiving, and I would like to be set right with her, when no harm can be done. It's a difficult business—I've been at it two or three nights—to get everything clear—"

He took up these sheets, and was soon lost in the contemplation of them; for it was as if he were speaking to Nan. He studied phrases and passages here and there, to make sure that she could not fail to understand his meaning.

"....For it's the real truth that is in this letter. And it never was true that I got tired of Crowhurst, or of the way we lived there; no, indeed; it was a proud and happy time for me; and I wished it could have gone on forever. But it was only a trial, after all; and I knew that in any case my time would probably be short; so when I saw the chance of your being well and happily settled, you may be sure I welcomed it. And then I came to understand that it would be easier for you, it would make it smoother for you with all of the Hume family, if I was out of the way; and that is why I pretended to be tired of Crowhurst, and left you free to choose your own friends; so that everything should go well; but now I want you to know the truth, and this letter will not be delivered until it's all over with me, so that no harm can be done to any one, and you need not worry.... That is what I most want to say, dear Nan, that you need not in any way grieve about me, whatever may have happened when you get this letter; for even within these last three weeks I have received far more happiness than any human being could expect, much less one like me. All these three weeks I have been in Worthing, seeing you every day, sometimes twice or thrice a day; and the boy, too; and the delight when I saw you—but I cannot write about it. I was quite close by you, many a time, at the end of the pier. Sometimes I could hear a few words when you were passing; and you may imagine what that sound was to me after being so long away. I say again that I don't believe any human being ever deserved to have three weeks of such splendid happiness, much less me; so there's nothing for you to be sorry about, Nan; I've had my day, and am more than content, as well I might be.... There's another thing that I've spoken to you about before. You must

show yourself considerate with your husband's family; not proud and independent, even though your husband himself should be inclined to back you up in that; for it's a difficult thing for people to give up their prejudices; and you ought to be grateful, instead of independent. It will be the best in the long-run; and it always was easy for you to be friendly; it will be easier than keeping up any family division. You must look to them now. Here's Dick trying to make me believe that the Australian paper you were reading on the pier was because you sometimes had a thought for your poor old Dodo; and if it was so, that's very kind of you, Nan; and the naming of the boy—if I'm not too presumptuous in guessing—that was another thing made me wonder whether you were so very vexed with me because of the way I left you at Crowhurst. But it's to them you must turn now; and be civil for civil treatment, that is the least you can do. . . . And now, my dear brave lass, this is to say good-by to you, from whatever quarter it may come to you. . . ."

He put the leaves a little way aside, and looked up. His eyes seemed somewhat tired.

"Did you say you were going with me down to Plymouth, Dick?" he asked.

"Certainly," was the prompt answer. "Ay, and if it weren't for the grumbling of the old grandfather, I'd go all the trip out with you. Well, maybe we'll meet under the Southern Cross again—and that not so long away."

"I'll give you the letter on the Saturday morning," said Mr. Summers, absently, "whether I alter any of it or not. Perhaps Nan will understand it as it is." And therewith he put the sheets in an envelope, and placed that in his travelling-bag. At the same moment the landlady came in with the lamp. And that was a signal and a summons; for this was the hour at which he was used to wander along to West Worthing, on the chance of getting a glimpse of Nan through the newly lit windows.

The darkness of night had fallen; the streets were almost deserted; in the distance they could hear the sullen moan of the Channel. Both men walked for the most part in silence, for there were many things to think of, in view of the imminent leave-taking at Plymouth. Yet the elder of these two was in no sombre mood.

"It won't be so bad, Dick, going away this time," he said presently. "For I've seen with my own eyes that everything is happily fixed with Nan; and I'm taking away with me whole heaps of fine things to think over. I wish I could give a sovereign to the girl who brings the lamps into Nan's dining-room; she hardly ever lets down the blind—at least not until they're seated at the table; very kind of the wench—if she only knew."

As they drew near the house, they went forward with greater caution; but indeed there was no one about; and when at length they ventured right up to the low wall, they could survey both house and garden without any fear of detection, for they were effectually screened by the hedge of tamarisk. As yet the dining-room window was dark: the lights were all on the upper floor. But as they waited, the black panes were suddenly changed to a dull yellow: a servant-maid had brought in a lamp, which she placed on the table. She went away and returned with another: there was now quite a cheerful glow in the room. And so far as they could make out—for they were looking at an upward angle, and from some little distance—she forthwith proceeded to lay the dinner things, while, having no fear of being spied upon in this secluded neighborhood, she had omitted to let down the blind.

She left the room again. By-and-by there was the sound of a gong. Presently there appeared four young, or youngish people, who entered in an informal sort of way — talking and laughing to each other, in fact—and took their places: Nan coming up to the hither end of the table, so that, when she sat down, with her back to the window, all that her father could see of her, in the light of the lamp, was the outline of her cheek and a soft aureole round her hair.

"Another picture!" he exclaimed, in whispered exultation. "Another picture to take away with me! Dick, my lad, I've had some luck this trip, and no mistake!"

"But, I say, what's that going on over there?" Dick made answer, also in an undertone.

His eyes had not been so much engrossed as those of his companion. He had chanced to descry, at the further end of the garden, and by the darkened side of the house, the dusky figure of a man

who came cautiously over the low wall—parting a way for himself through the tamarisk shrubs—and who then peered warily around. The end of a ladder next appeared, being pushed over from the adjacent garden; and finally, when the ladder had been hauled through, a second figure followed. All this had been but dimly visible; for the only light anywhere reaching this part of the premises was that of a gas-lamp in the public roadway, and that was some distance off.

"Why, they're thieves!" said Dick, in great excitement. "By the living jingo, we'll nab them!"

"Nonsense, nonsense!" Mr. Summers said, impatiently—for he was loath to have to take away his eyes from that glorified window, even for a moment. "They're workmen!"

"They're not workmen!" Dick insisted—and it was well that his vehemence was drowned by the roar of the surge along the distant beach. "Look at them—they're taking off their boots! They're good honest crib-crackers, and they'll have that ladder up against the balcony in another minute. Look at them sneaking down under the bushes! Come along, man!—the Johnnies have no idea what an awful hole they've got into this journey!"

But Summers shrank back.

"No, no," he said. "There might be a noise; the people would come out from the house; and Nan would find me here. No, no; let the fellows take a few candlesticks or things—what's the difference! Or we can walk down to the sea-front, and send along a couple of policemen—"

He suddenly stopped—and his voice altered.

"Dick," said he, as if in breathless dismay, "if they were to get into the house—if Nan were by chance to go up to her room—why, the fright might kill her!—the fright might kill her." And then he instantly added, between his teeth: "By God, they shall not get into the house!"

"Then come round by the other garden," Dick said, as they hurriedly left their ambush. "They may have put wires across the lawn. We will follow in just where they led."

It was a matter of little difficulty: their swift movements were completely screened by the wall and the hedge and the row of young trees. Then, when Summers slipped over, the first thing he saw was that the ladder had been placed against the dark balcony, and that one of the men was already half-way up, while his accomplice waited to see him gain the iron rail before also ascending. And little did this latter guess the fate that was now behind him. With a bound as of a wild beast on its prey, Summers was upon him, and down he went, with two strenuous hands fixed in his throat.

"Here, Dick—pin him!—bash his head if he stirs—I'll get the other one in a minute."

But by this time the other scoundrel had gained the balcony, and was now looking down on the capture of his companion, while as for himself he was caught like a rat in a trap—unless, indeed, he dared to risk the hold of certain euonymus bushes trained up against the wall. And here was his pursuer mounting the ladder—a little way up—half-way up: then the hunted man, as a last desperate device, caught the end of the ladder, and with all his might threw it from him: for a second it hung and swayed, then it went over, falling heavily, with Summers underneath. This was the crash that startled those within: Sidney and Stephen Weguelin came rushing out, to see what had happened.

They found Dick Erridge kneeling by a prostrate and senseless body—the two thieves he had thought nothing more of when he saw his friend hurled down.

"Are you hurt, old chap?" he was asking. "Not badly, do you think?"

There was no answer.

"We must carry him in-doors," Dick said; and as they proceeded to do so, he gave a word of explanation. "There were two men trying to break into the house—he was afraid his daughter might come upon them—and we attempted to get hold of them. Don't tell her, if you can help it—he would rather not have her know he was in this country—"

But this was Nan herself who was at the head of the steps; and it was with a piteous cry of anguish she recognized the sad burden they bore into the hall; and it was with wringing hands she followed them into the room. They laid him on a couch.

"Dodo, you have come back to me!—say you have come back to me!" she cried, and she clung to the impassive fingers that hung helpless.

There was no reply from the death-like, ashen-gray face and the pallid lips. And meanwhile confusion prevailed in the house—one running for brandy—another sending off for a doctor, and the like; but Nan took no heed of such things—she only continued her despairing appeal with agony in her voice.

"Dodo, won't you speak to me? It's Nan!—it's Nan that's beside you! Dodo, can't you hear me? It's Nan!—it's Nan that's talking to you!—"

And at last he moved slightly—slightly, and heavily, and wearily; and his left hand travelled slowly up to his heart, where it lay half clinched. Then for a space there was silence, and short, difficult breathing. When finally he managed to open his eyes, it was Nan's eyes he found fixed on his—so eager, so imploring, so full of the old affection and companionship and gratitude.

"Your bull-dog, Nan," he struggled to say, with something of a forced smile, "has been—hard hit—this time—"

"But you've come back to me, Dodo!—you've come back to me!—you're not going away any more!—"

"There's a letter," he said, obviously with great exertion—"Dick will give it to you....I never was tired—of Crowhurst—"

Suddenly his face altered—he drew a short, quick, gasping breath—and the next second they saw that all was over—all of them, that is to say, but Nan, who did not seem to realize what had happened until her husband gently raised her and led her, half unconscious, from the room.

When Sidney returned, Dick Erridge was still standing by the side of the couch, crying like a child.

"There's the best friend I ever had," he said, when he had mastered himself somewhat. "And the straightest man that ever breathed....I'll bring you the letter, either to-night or to-morrow morning, whichever you like. But mind you tell her this. No man knew her father and his ways of thinking better than I did; and I know that this is the very end he would himself have chosen. You tell her that. I was in Australia with him. Many a night we sat up talking on the voyage out; and over there too; and I know what he was thinking. He guessed that his time was drawing near a close; and if he had had his choice of every way, this is the end he would have chosen. You tell her that. And tell her he has been down here for some weeks, and just as happy as he could be in seeing her from time to time. You never saw a man so delighted. He just lived for her—"

"And died for her too, as it would seem," Nan's husband said. And therewith came the ringing of a bell, and a knock at the outer door. It was the doctor who had arrived.

THE END.

THE DECADENT MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE latest movement in European literature has been called by many names, none of them quite exact or comprehensive—Decadence, Symbolism, Impressionism, for instance. It is easy to dispute over words, and we shall find that Verlaine objects to being called a Decadent, Maeterlinck to being called a Symbolist, Huysmans to being called an Impressionist. These terms, as it happens, have been adopted as the badge of little separate cliques, noisy, brainsick young people who haunt the brasseries of the Boulevard Saint-Michel, and exhaust their ingenuities in theorizing over the works they cannot write. But, taken frankly as epithets which express their own meaning, both Impressionism and Symbolism convey some notion of that new kind of literature which is perhaps more broadly characterized by the word Decadence. The most representative literature of the day—the writing which appeals to, which has done so much to form, the younger generation—is certainly not classic, nor has it any relation with that old antithesis of the Classic, the Romantic. After a fashion it is no doubt a decadence; it has all the qualities that mark the end of great periods, the qualities that we find in the Greek, the Latin, decadence: an intense self-consciousness, a restless curiosity in research, an over-subtilizing refinement upon refinement, a

spiritual and moral perversity. If what we call the classic is indeed the supreme art—those qualities of perfect simplicity, perfect sanity, perfect proportion, the supreme qualities—then this representative literature of to-day, interesting, beautiful, novel as it is, is really a new and beautiful and interesting disease.

Healthy we cannot call it, and healthy it does not wish to be considered. The Goncourts, in their prefaces, in their *Journal*, are always insisting on their own pet malady, *la névrose*. It is in their work, too, that Huysmans notes with delight "le style tacheté et faisandé"—high-flavored and spotted with corruption—which he himself possesses in the highest degree. "Having desire without light, curiosity without wisdom, seeking God by strange ways, by ways traced by the hands of men; offering rash incense upon the high places to an unknown God, who is the God of darkness"—that is how Ernest Hello, in one of his apocalyptic moments, characterizes the nineteenth century. And this unreason of the soul—of which Hello himself is so curious a victim—this unstable equilibrium, which has overbalanced so many brilliant intelligences into one form or another of spiritual confusion, is but another form of the *maladie fin de siècle*. For its very disease of form, this literature is certainly typical of a civilization grown over-luxurious, over-inquiring, too languid for the relief of action, too uncertain for any emphasis in opinion or in conduct. It reflects all the moods, all the manners, of a sophisticated society; its very artificiality is a way of being true to nature: simplicity, sanity, proportion—the classic qualities—how much do we possess them in our life, our surroundings, that we should look to find them in our literature—so evidently the literature of a decadence?

Taking the word Decadence, then, as most precisely expressing the general sense of the newest movement in literature, we find that the terms Impressionism and Symbolism define correctly enough the two main branches of that movement. Now Impressionist and Symbolist have more in common than either supposes; both are really working on the same hypothesis, applied in different directions. What both seek is not general truth merely, but *la vérité vraie*, the very essence of truth—the truth of appearances to the senses, of the visible world to the eyes that see it; and the truth of spiritual things to the spiritual vision. The Impressionist, in literature as in painting, would flash upon you in a new, sudden way so exact an image of what you have just seen, just as you have seen it, that you may say, as a young American sculptor, a pupil of Rodin, said to me on seeing for the first time a picture of Whistler's, "Whistler seems to think his picture upon canvas—and there it is!" Or you may find, with Sainte-Beuve, writing of Goncourt, the "soul of the landscape"—the soul of whatever corner of the visible world has to be realized. The Symbolist, in this new, sudden way, would flash upon you the "soul" of that which can be apprehended only by the soul—the finer sense of things unseen, the deeper meaning of things evident. And naturally, necessarily, this endeavor after a perfect truth to one's impression, to one's intuition—perhaps an impossible endeavor—has brought with it, in its revolt from ready-made impressions and conclusions, a revolt from the ready-made of language, from the bondage of traditional form, of a form become rigid. In France, where this movement began and has mainly flourished, it is Goncourt who was the first to invent a style in prose really new, impressionistic, a style which was itself almost sensation. It is Verlaine who has invented such another new style in verse.

The work of the brothers De Goncourt—twelve novels, eleven or twelve studies in the history of the eighteenth century, six or seven books about art, the art mainly of the eighteenth century and of Japan, two plays, some volumes of letters and of fragments, and a *Journal* in six volumes—is perhaps, in its intention and its consequences, the most revolutionary of the century. No one has ever tried so deliberately to do something new as the Goncourts; and the final word in the summing up which the survivor has placed at the head of the *Préfaces et Manifestes* is a word which speaks of "tentatives, enfin, où les deux frères ont cherchés *à faire du neuf*, ont fait leurs efforts pour doter les diverses branches de la littérature de quelque chose que n'avaient point songé à trouver leurs prédécesseurs." And in the preface to *Chérie*, in that pathetic passage which tells of the two brothers (one mortally stricken, and within a few months

of death) taking their daily walk in the Bois de Boulogne, there is a definite demand on posterity. "The search after *reality* in literature, the resurrection of eighteenth-century art, the triumph of *Japonisme*—are not these," said Jules, "the three great literary and artistic movements of the second half of the nineteenth century? And it is we who brought them about, these three movements. Well, when one has done that, it is difficult indeed not to be *somebody* in the future." Nor, even, is this all. What the Goncourts have done is to specialize vision, so to speak, and to subtilize language to the point of rendering every detail in just the form and color of the actual impression. M. Edmond de Goncourt once said to me—varying, if I remember rightly, an expression he had put into the *Journal*—"My brother and I invented an opera-glass: the young people nowadays are taking it out of our hands."

An opera-glass—a special, unique way of seeing things—that is what the Goncourts have brought to bear upon the common things about us; and it is here that they have done the "something new," here more than anywhere. They have never sought "to see life steadily, and see it whole": their vision has always been somewhat feverish, with the diseased sharpness of over-excited nerves. "We do not hide from ourselves that we have been passionate, nervous creatures, unhealthily impressionable," confesses the *Journal*. But it is this morbid intensity in seeing and seizing things that has helped to form that marvellous style—"a style perhaps too ambitious of impossibilities," as they admit—a style which inherits some of its color from Gautier, some of its fine outline from Flaubert, but which has brought light and shadow into the color, which has softened outline in the magic of atmosphere. With them words are not merely color and sound, they live. That search after "l'image peinte," "l'épithète rare," is not (as with Flaubert) a search after harmony of phrase for its own sake; it is a desperate endeavor to give sensation, to flash the impression of the moment, to preserve the very heat and motion of life. And so, in analysis as in description, they have found out a way of noting the fine shades; they have broken the outline of the conventional novel in chapters, with its continuous story, in order to indicate—sometimes in a chapter of half a page—this and that revealing moment, this or that significant attitude or accident or sensation. For the placid traditions of French prose they have had but little respect; their aim has been but one, that of having (as M. Edmond de Goncourt tells us in the preface to *Chérie*) "une langue rendant nos idées, nos sensations, nos figurations des hommes et des choses, d'une façon distincte de celui-ci ou de celui-là, une langue personnelle, une langue portant notre signature."

What Goncourt has done in prose—inventing absolutely a new way of saying things, to correspond with that new way of seeing things which he has found—Verlaine has done in verse. In a famous poem, "Art Poétique," he has himself defined his own ideal of the poetic art:

> "Car nous voulons la Nuance encor,
> Pas la Couleur, rien que la Nuance!
> Oh! la Nuance seule fiance
> Le rêve au rêve et la flûte au cor!"

Music first of all and before all, he insists; and then, not color, but *la nuance*, the last fine shade. Poetry is to be something vague, intangible, evanescent, a winged soul in flight "toward other skies and other loves." To express the inexpressible he speaks of beautiful eyes behind a veil, of the palpitating sunlight of noon, of the blue swarm of clear stars in a cool autumn sky; and the verse in which he makes this confession of faith has the exquisite troubled beauty—"sans rien en lui qui pèse ou qui pose"—which he commends as the essential quality of verse. In a later poem of poetical counsel he tells us that art should, first of all, be absolutely clear, absolutely sincere: "L'art, mes enfants, c'est d'être absolument soi-même." The two poems, with their seven years' interval—an interval which means so much in the life of a man like Verlaine—give us all that there is of theory in the work of the least theoretical, the most really instinctive, of poetical innovators. Verlaine's poetry has varied with his life; always in excess—now furiously sensual, now feverishly devout—he has been constant only to himself, to his own self-contradictions. For, with all the violence, turmoil, and disorder of a life which is almost the life of a modern Villon, Paul Verlaine has always retained that childlike simplicity, and, in his verse, which has been his confessional, that fine sincerity, of which Villon may



PAUL VERLAINE AT THE CAFÉ.

be thought to have set the example in literature.

Beginning his career as a Parnassian with the *Poèmes Saturniens*, Verlaine becomes himself, in his exquisite first manner, in the *Fêtes Galantes*, caprices after Watteau, followed, a year later, by *La Bonne Chanson*, a happy record of too confident a lover's happiness. *Romances sans Paroles*, in which the poetry of Impressionism reaches its very highest point, is more *tourmenté*, goes deeper, becomes more poignantly personal. It is the poetry of sensation, of evocation; poetry which paints as well as sings, and which paints as Whistler paints, seeming to think the colors and outlines upon the canvas, to think them only, and they are there. The mere magic of words—words which evoke pictures, which recall sensations—can go no further; and in his next book, *Sagesse*, published after seven years' wanderings and sufferings, there is a graver manner of more deeply personal confession—that "sincerity, and the impression of the moment followed to the letter," which he has defined in a prose criticism on himself as his main preference in regard to style. "Sincerity, and the impression of the moment followed to the letter," mark the rest of Verlaine's work, whether the sentiment be that of passionate friendship, as in *Amour;* of love, human and divine, as in *Bonheur;* of the mere lust of the flesh, as in *Parallèlement* and *Chansons pour Elle*. In his very latest verse the quality of simplicity has become exaggerated, has become, at

times, childish; the once exquisite depravity of style has lost some of its distinction; there is no longer the same delicately vivid "impression of the moment" to render. Yet the very closeness with which it follows a lamentable career gives a curious interest to even the worst of Verlaine's work. And how unique, how unsurpassable in its kind, is the best! "Et tout le reste est littérature!" was the cry, supreme and contemptuous, of that early "Art Poétique"; and, compared with Verlaine at his best, all other contemporary work in verse seems not yet disenfranchised from mere "literature." To fix the last fine shade, the quintessence of things; to fix it fleetingly; to be a disembodied voice, and yet the voice of a human soul: that is the ideal of Decadence, and it is what Paul Verlaine has achieved.

And certainly, so far as achievement goes, no other poet of the actual group in France can be named beside him or near him. But in Stéphane Mallarmé, with his supreme pose as the supreme poet, and his two or three pieces of exquisite verse and delicately artificial prose to show by way of result, we have the prophet and pontiff of the movement, the mystical and theoretical leader of the great emancipation. No one has ever dreamed such beautiful, impossible dreams as Mallarmé; no one has ever so possessed his soul in the contemplation of masterpieces to come. All his life he has been haunted by the desire to create, not so much something new in literature, as a literature which should itself be a new art. He has dreamed of a work into which all the arts should enter, and achieve themselves by a mutual interdependence —a harmonizing of all the arts into one supreme art—and he has theorized with infinite subtlety over the possibilities of doing the impossible. Every Tuesday for the last twenty years he has talked more fascinatingly, more suggestively, than any one else has ever done, in that little room in the Rue de Rome, to that little group of eager young poets. "A seeker after something in the world, that is there in no satisfying measure, or not at all," he has carried his contempt for the usual, the conventional, beyond the point of literary expression, into the domain of practical affairs. Until the publication, quite recently, of a selection of *Vers et Prose*, it was only possible to get his poems in a limited and expensive edition, lithographed in fac-simile of his own clear and elegant handwriting. An aristocrat of letters, Mallarmé has always looked with intense disdain on the indiscriminate accident of universal suffrage. He has wished neither to be read nor to be understood by the bourgeois intelligence, and it is with some deliberateness of intention that he has made both issues impossible. M. Catulle Mendès defines him admirably as "a difficult author," and in his latest period he has succeeded in becoming absolutely unintelligible. His early poems, "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," "Hérodiade," for example, and some exquisite sonnets, and one or two fragments of perfectly polished verse, are written in a language which has nothing in common with every-day language—symbol within symbol, image within image; but symbol and image achieve themselves in expression without seeming to call for the necessity of a key. The latest poems (in which punctuation is sometimes entirely suppressed, for our further bewilderment) consist merely of a sequence of symbols, in which every word must be taken in a sense with which its ordinary significance has nothing to do. Mallarmé's contortion of the French language, so far as mere style is concerned, is curiously similar to the kind of depravation which was undergone by the Latin language in its decadence. It is, indeed, in part a reversion to Latin phraseology, to the Latin construction, and it has made, of the clear and flowing French language, something irregular, unquiet, expressive, with sudden surprising felicities, with nervous starts and lapses, with new capacities for the exact noting of sensation. Alike to the ordinary and to the scholarly reader, it is painful, intolerable; a jargon, a massacre. Supremely self-confident, and backed, certainly, by an ardent following of the younger generation, Mallarmé goes on his way, experimenting more and more audaciously, having achieved by this time, at all events, a style wholly his own. Yet the "chef-d'œuvre inconnu" seems no nearer completion, the impossible seems no more likely to be done. The two or three beautiful fragments remain, and we still hear the voice in the Rue de Rome.

Probably it is as a voice, an influence, that Mallarmé will be remembered. His personal magnetism has had a great deal

to do with the making of the very newest French literature; few literary beginners in Paris have been able to escape the rewards and punishments of his contact, his suggestion. One of the young poets who form that delightful Tuesday evening coterie said to me the other day, "We owe much to Mallarmé, but he has kept us all back three years." That is where the danger of so inspiring, so helping a personality comes in. The work even of M. Henri de Regnier, who is the best of the disciples, has not entirely got clear from the influence that has shown his fine talent the way to develop. Perhaps it is in the verse of men who are not exactly following in the counsel of the master —who might disown him, whom he might disown— that one sees most clearly the outcome of his theories, the actual consequences of his practice. In regard to the construction of verse, Mallarmé has always remained faithful to the traditional syllabic measurement; but the freak or the discovery of "le vers libre" is certainly the natural consequence of his experiments upon the elasticity of rhythm, upon the power of resistance of the cæsura. "Le vers libre" in the hands of most of the experimenters becomes merely rhymeless irregular prose; in the hands of Gustave Kahn and Édouard Dujardin it has, it must be admitted, attained a certain beauty of its own. I never really understood the charm that may be found in this apparently structureless rhythm until I heard, not long since, M. Dujardin read aloud the as yet unpublished conclusion of a dramatic poem in several parts. It was rhymed, but rhymed with some irregularity, and the rhythm was purely and simply a vocal effect. The rhythm came and went as the spirit moved. You might deny that it was rhythm at all; and yet, read as I heard it read, in a sort of slow chant, it produced on me the effect of really beautiful verse.



STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ.

But M. Dujardin is a poet: "vers libres" in the hands of a sciolist are the most intolerably easy and annoying of poetical exercises. Even in the case of *Le Pèlerin Passionné* I cannot see the justification of what is merely regular syllabic verse lengthened or shortened arbitrarily, with the Alexandrine always evident in the background as the foot-rule of the new metre. In this hazardous experiment M. Jean Moréas, whose real talent lies in quite another direction, has brought nothing into literature but an example of deliberate singularity for singularity's sake. I seem to find the measure of the man in a remark I once heard him make in a café, where we were discussing the technique of metre: "You, Verlaine!" he cried, leaning across the table, "have only written lines of sixteen syllables; *I* have written lines of twenty syllables!" And turning to me, he asked anxiously if Swinburne had ever done that—had written a line of twenty syllables.

That is indeed the measure of the man, and it points a criticism upon not a few of the busy little *littérateurs* who are found-

ing new *revues* every other week in Paris. These people have nothing to say, but they are resolved to say something, and to say it in the newest mode. They are Impressionists because it is the fashion, Symbolists because it is the vogue, Decadents because Decadence is in the very air of the cafés. And so, in their manner, they are mile-posts on the way of this new movement, telling how far it has gone. But to find a new personality, a new way of seeing things, among the young writers who are starting up on every hand, we must turn from Paris to Brussels—to the so-called Belgian Shakespeare, Maurice Maeterlinck. M. Maeterlinck was discovered to the general French public by M. Octave Mirbeau, in an article in the *Figaro*, August 24, 1890, on the publication of *La Princesse Maleine*. "M. Maurice Maeterlinck nous a donné l'œuvre la plus géniale de ce temps, et la plus extraordinaire et la plus naïve aussi, comparable et—oserai-je le dire?—supérieure en beauté à ce qui il y a de plus beau dans Shakespeare . . . . plus tragique que *Macbeth*, plus extraordinaire en pensée que *Hamlet*." That is how the enthusiast announced his discovery. In truth, M. Maeterlinck is not a Shakespeare, and the Elizabethan violence of his first play is of the school of Webster and Tourneur rather than of Shakespeare. As a dramatist he has but one note, that of fear; he has but one method, that of repetition. In *La Princesse Maleine* there is a certain amount of action—action which is certainly meant to reinvest the terrors of *Macbeth* and of *Lear*. In *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles* the scene is stationary, the action but reflected upon the stage, as if from another plane. In *Les Sept Princesses* the action, such as it is, is "such stuff as dreams are made of," and is literally, in great part, seen through a window.

This window, looking out upon the unseen—an open door, as in *L'Intruse*, through which Death, the intruder, may come invisibly—how typical of the new kind of symbolistic and impressionistic drama which M. Maeterlinck has invented! I say invented, a little rashly. The real discoverer of this new kind of drama was that strange, inspiring, incomplete man of genius whom M. Maeterlinck, above all others, delights to honor, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Imagine a combination of Swift, of Poe, and of Coleridge, and you will have some idea of the extraordinary, impossible poet and cynic who, after a life of brilliant failure, has left a series of unfinished works in every kind of literature; among the finished achievements one volume of short stories, *Contes Cruels*, which is an absolute masterpiece. Yet, apart from this, it was the misfortune of Villiers never to attain the height of his imaginings, and even *Axël*, the work of a lifetime, is an achievement only half achieved. Only half achieved, or achieved only in the work of others; for, in its mystical intention, its remoteness from any kind of outward reality, *Axël* is undoubtedly the origin of the symbolistic drama. This drama, in Villiers, is of pure symbol, of sheer poetry. It has an exalted eloquence which we find in none of his followers. As M. Maeterlinck has developed it, it is a drama which appeals directly to the sensations—sometimes crudely, sometimes subtly—playing its variations upon the very nerves themselves. The "vague spiritual fear" which it creates out of our nervous apprehension is unlike anything that has ever been done before, even by Hoffmann, even by Poe. It is an effect of atmosphere—an atmosphere in which outlines change and become mysterious, in which a word quietly uttered makes one start, in which all one's mental activity becomes concentrated on something, one knows not what, something slow, creeping, terrifying, which comes nearer and nearer, an impending nightmare.

La Princesse Maleine, it is said, was written for a theatre of marionettes, and it is certainly with the effect of marionettes that these sudden, exclamatory people come and go. Maleine, Hjalmar, Uglyane—these are no men and women, but a masque of shadows, a dance of silhouettes behind the white sheet of the "Chat Noir," and they have the fantastic charm of these enigmatical semblances, "luminous, gemlike, ghostlike," with, also, their somewhat mechanical eeriness. The personages of *L'Intruse*, of *Les Aveugles*—in which the spiritual terror and physical apprehension which are common to all M. Maeterlinck's work have become more interior—are mere abstractions, typifying age, infancy, disaster, but with scarcely a suggestion of individual character. And the style itself is a sort of abstraction, all the capacities of language being deliberately abandoned

for a simplicity which, in its calculated repetition, is like the drip, drip, of a tiny stream of water. M. Maeterlinck is difficult to quote, but here, in English, is a passage from Act I. of *La Princesse Maleine*, which will indicate something of this Biblically monotonous style:

"I cannot see you. Come hither, there is more light here; lean back your head a little towards the sky. You too are strange to-night! It is as though my eyes were opened to-night! It is as though my heart were half opened to-night! But I think you are strangely beautiful! But you are strangely beautiful, Uglyane! It seems to me that I have never looked on you till now! But I think you are strangely beautiful! There is something about you. . . . Let us go elsewhither — under the light—come!"



MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

As an experiment in a new kind of drama, these curious plays do not seem to exactly achieve themselves on the stage; it is difficult to imagine how they could ever be made so impressive, when thus externalized, as they are when all is left to the imagination. *L'Intruse*, for instance, which was given at the Haymarket Theatre on January 27, 1892—not quite faithfully given, it is true—seemed, as one saw it then, too faint in outline, with too little carrying power for scenic effect. But M. Maeterlinck is by no means anxious to be considered merely or mainly as a dramatist. A brooding poet, a mystic, a contemplative spectator of the comedy of death—that is how he presents himself to us in his work; and the introduction which he has prefixed to his translation of *L'Ornement des Noces Spirituelles*, of Ruysbroeck l'Admirable, shows how deeply he has studied the mystical writers of all ages, and how much akin to theirs is his own temper. Plato and Plotinus, St. Bernard and Jacob Boehm, Coleridge and Novalis—he knows them all, and it is with a sort of reverence that he sets himself to the task of translating the astonishing Flemish mystic of the thirteenth century, known till now only by the fragments translated into French by Ernest Hello from a sixteenth century Latin version. This translation and this introduction help to explain the real character of M. Maeterlinck's dramatic work — dramatic as to form, by a sort of accident, but essentially mystical.

Partly akin to M. Maeterlinck by race, more completely alien from him in temper than it is possible to express, Joris Karl Huysmans demands a prominent place in any record of the Decadent movement. His work, like that of the Goncourts, is largely determined by the *maladie fin de siècle*—the diseased nerves that, in his case, have given a curious personal quality of pessimism to his outlook on the world, his view of life. Part of his work—*Marthe*, *Les Sœurs Vatard*, *En Ménage*, *À Vau-l'Eau*—is a minute and searching study of the minor discomforts, the commonplace miseries of life, as seen by a peevishly disordered vision, delighting, for its own self-tor-

ture, in the insistent contemplation of human stupidity, of the sordid in existence. Yet these books do but lead up to the unique masterpiece, the astonishing caprice of *À Rebours*, in which he has concentrated all that is delicately depraved, all that is beautifully, curiously poisonous, in modern art. *À Rebours* is the history of a typical Decadent — a study, indeed, after a real man, but a study which seizes the type rather than the personality. In the sensations and ideas of Des Esseintes we see the sensations and ideas of the effeminate, over-civilized, deliberately abnormal creature who is the last product of our society: partly the father, partly the offspring, of the perverse art that he adores. Des Esseintes creates for his solace, in the wilderness of a barren and profoundly uncomfortable world, an artificial paradise. His Thébaïde raffinée is furnished elaborately for candle-light, equipped with the pictures, the books, that satisfy his sense of the exquisitely abnormal. He delights in the Latin of Apuleius and Petronius, in the French of Baudelaire, Goncourt, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Villiers; in the pictures of Gustave Moreau, the French Burne-Jones, of Odilon Redon, the French Blake. He delights in the beauty of strange, unnatural flowers, in the melodic combination of scents, in the imagined harmonies of the sense of taste. And at last, exhausted by these spiritual and sensory debauches in the delights of the artificial, he is left (as we close the book) with a brief, doubtful choice before him—madness or death, or else a return to nature, to the normal life.

Since *À Rebours*, M. Huysmans has written one other remarkable book, *Là-Bas*, a study in the hysteria and mystical corruption of contemporary Black Magic. But it is on that one exceptional achievement, *À Rebours*, that his fame will rest; it is there that he has expressed not merely himself, but an epoch. And he has done so in a style which carries the modern experiments upon language to their furthest development. Formed upon Goncourt and Flaubert, it has sought for novelty, *l'image peinte*, the exactitude of color, the forcible precision of epithet, wherever words, images, or epithets are to be found. Barbaric in its profusion, violent in its emphasis, wearying in its splendor, it is—especially in regard to things seen—extraordinarily expressive, with all the shades of a painter's palette. Elaborately and deliberately perverse, it is in its very perversity that Huysmans' work — so fascinating, so repellent, so instinctively artificial— comes to represent, as the work of no other writer can be said to do, the main tendencies, the chief results, of the Decadent movement in literature.

Such, then, is the typical literature of the Decadence—literature which, as we have considered it so far, is entirely French. But those qualities which we find in the work of Goncourt, Verlaine, Huysmans — qualities which have permeated literature much more completely in France than in any other country— are not wanting in the recent literature of other countries. In Holland there is a new school of Sensitivists, as they call themselves, who have done some remarkable work—Couperus, in *Ecstasy*, for example—very much on the lines of the French art of Impressionism. In Italy, Luigi Capuana (in *Giacinta*, for instance) has done some wonderful studies of morbid sensation; Gabriele d'Annunzio, in that marvellous, malarious *Piacere*, has achieved a triumph of exquisite perversity. In Spain, one of the principal novelists, Señora Pardo-Bazan, has formed herself, with some deliberateness, after Goncourt, grafting his method, curiously enough, upon a typically Spanish Catholicism of her own. In Norway, Ibsen has lately developed a personal kind of Impressionism (in *Hedda Gabler*) and of Symbolism (in *The Master-Builder*)—"opening the door," in his own phrase, "to the younger generation." And in England, too, we find the same influences at work. The prose of Mr. Walter Pater, the verse of Mr. W. E. Henley—to take two prominent examples—are attempts to do with the English language something of what Goncourt and Verlaine have done with the French. Mr. Pater's prose is the most beautiful English prose which is now being written; and, unlike the prose of Goncourt, it has done no violence to language, it has sought after no vivid effects, it has found a large part of mastery in reticence, in knowing what to omit. But how far away from the classic ideals of style is this style in which words have their color, their music, their perfume, in which there is "some strangeness in the proportion" of every beauty! The *Studies in the Renaissance* have

made of criticism a new art—have raised criticism almost to the act of creation. And *Marius the Epicurean*, in its study of "sensations and ideas" (the conjunction was Goncourt's before it was Mr. Pater's), and the *Imaginary Portraits*, in their evocations of the Middle Ages, the age of Watteau—have they not that morbid subtlety of analysis, that morbid curiosity of form, that we have found in the works of the French Decadents? A fastidiousness equal to that of Flaubert has limited Mr. Pater's work to six volumes, but in these six volumes there is not a page that is not perfectly finished, with a conscious art of perfection. In its minute elaboration it can be compared only with goldsmith's work—so fine, so delicate is the handling of so delicate, so precious a material.



W. E. HENLEY.
From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London.

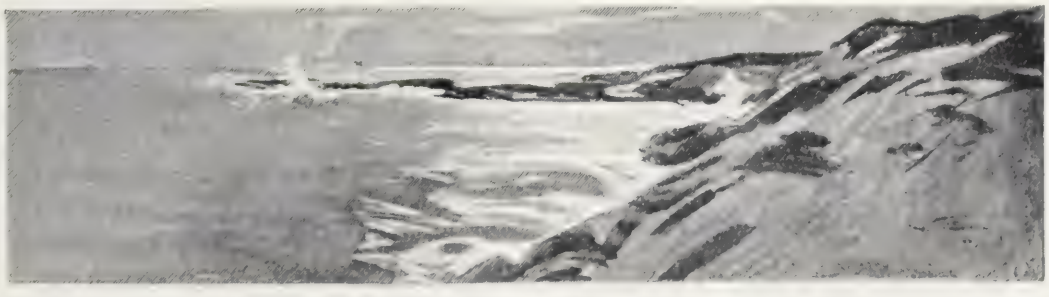
Mr. Henley's work in verse has none of the characteristics of Mr. Pater's work in prose. Verlaine's definition of his own theory of poetical writing —"sincerity, and the impression of the moment followed to the letter"—might well be adopted as a definition of Mr. Henley's theory or practice. In *A Book of Verses* and *The Song of the Sword* he has brought into the traditional conventionalities of modern English verse the note of a new personality, the touch of a new method. The poetry of Impressionism can go no further, in one direction, than that series of rhymes and rhythms named *In Hospital*. The ache and throb of the body in its long nights on a tumbled bed, and as it lies on the operating-table awaiting "the thick, sweet mystery of chloroform," are brought home to us as nothing else that I know in poetry has ever brought the physical sensations. And for a sharper, closer truth of rendering, Mr. Henley has resorted (after the manner of Heine) to a rhymeless form of lyric verse, which in his hands, certainly, is sensitive and expressive. Whether this kind of *vers libre* can fully compensate, in what it gains of freedom and elasticity, for what it loses of compact form and vocal appeal, is a difficult question. It is one that Mr. Henley's verse is far from solving in the affirmative, for, in his work, the finest things, to my mind, are rhymed. In the purely impressionistic way, do not the *London Voluntaries*, which are rhymed, surpass all the unrhymed vignettes and nocturnes which attempt the same quality of result? They flash before us certain aspects of the poetry of London as only Whistler had ever done, and in another art. Nor is it only the poetry of cities, as here, nor the poetry of the disagreeable, as in *In Hospital*, that Mr. Henley can evoke; he can evoke the magic of personal romance. He has written verse that is exquisitely frivolous, daintily capricious, wayward and fugitive as the winged remembrance of some momentary delight. And, in certain fragments, he has come nearer than any other English singer to what I have called the achievement of Verlaine and the ideal of the Decadence: to be a disembodied voice, and yet the voice of a human soul.



"I GAZED UPON MY LOVE."



I GAZED upon my love while music smote
The soft night air into glad harmony.
Lapt on the ripples of a silver sea
I heard the bright tones, rapturous, dance and float.
Hearing and sight were wed; each flattering note
Meant some perfection of my love to me.
Caressed by music, it was bliss to see
Her form, white-robed, the jewel at her throat,
Her glimmering hands, her dusky perfumed hair,
Her low clear brow, her deep proud dreaming eyes
Bent kindly upon me, her worshipper.
The dulcet, delicate sounds that shook the air,
As if love's joy rained from the starlit skies,
Seemed all sweet inarticulate thoughts of her.



ALONG THE BAYOU TECHE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

MR. HORACE FLETCHER, of New Orleans, has an irresistible way, which perhaps he caught from the general irresistibleness of all New Orleans, though it is more likely that it was born with him in Massachusetts. At all events when he said to Mr. Smedley the artist and myself that no one could pretend to have seen New Orleans until he had also seen the Teche or Acadian region, he said it in such a way that it was difficult to wait from Saturday until Tuesday for the steamboat—a steamboat, by-the-way, which has its name painted up in its cabin, with a stove-pipe in front of the letter "c," so that its passengers cannot help but read the name "Te--he," and feel sure that they are bound upon a very merry boat, and certain of a jolly time. The *Teche* and her sister boats go into the 'Cajun (Acadian) country in the old way, the way of befo' de wa' and befo' de railroads, taking a journey of hundreds of miles to fetch them where the cars go in less than a hundred; taking days where the cars take hours.

The course is by two loops whose sides are nearly parallel. One is made by going up the Mississippi until the mouth of the Red River is reached, then down the Atchafalaya toward New Orleans again, and then up the Teche away from New Orleans and almost parallel with the route up the Father of Waters. The three lines of waterway are so nearly beside one another that points upon them which are actually close together by wagon road are great distances apart by the boat journey; for instance, one place which is forty-four miles from another as the crow flies, is 376 miles from it by the boat route.

"Take your roughening with you," said the captain, "for we do not sell anything to drink on the boat." Mr. Fletcher does nothing by halves, so that along with a little "roughening" he took a case of mineral water, a mule-load of bananas to be fried in crumbs by the darky cooks, a copy of Charles Dudley Warner's *West and South*, the current copies of *Harper's Weekly* and of *Puck* and *Life*. We had a dismal, cold, rainy day to start with, and no ladies aboard. The men huddled around the stove at the masculine end of the saloon, and smoked and swapped stories. It was a perfect reproduction of a day in a cross-roads tavern, such as every man who follows a gun or a rod and has been storm-stayed in the country has experienced. The red-hot stove, the circle of men, the wind scolding at the windows and thrashing them with rain, the door opening to allow some one to be shot in with a blast of chilling air, like a projectile out of a pneumatic gun, the weary and worn old newspapers, the gradual torpor that the heat produced among the men—nothing was lacking. In the evening, after supper, we heard subdued music working a difficult way through a stateroom door.

Music! It was inspiration! It was precisely what was wanted to atone for the beastly weather and the imprisonment indoors. I knocked on the stateroom door, and found that the musician was the mulatto "texas-tender," which is to say the man in charge of the rooms of the pilots and petty officers on top of the saloon roof. Would he stop hiding his melody under a bushel and come out and play for us? "Certainly, sah, if dat wuz what we wished." So he came out, appearing to us with a guitar in one hand and the upper part of his body enmeshed in a strange arrangement of heavy wire that went around each upper arm and across his chest and up to his mouth, where it was solid and black like a gag. He looked as if he was pinioned and gagged and walking out to a gallows to be hanged with a guitar in his hand. Perhaps that was what would happen to him if he played in a centre of civilization, but we were resolved to be tolerant, though critical. He sat in a chair, and lo! the "strange device" of wire proved to be a patent concertina-holder. The gag was the concertina. For an hour he played for us, very much to our satisfaction, though there were features of dear old "Annie Rooney" that we did not recognize, and "Comrades" became a trifle quarrelsome and discordant at times. We asked the captain if there were no negroes in the crew who could sing or dance.

"I don't know," said he. "They are all in the St. Charles now."

"The St. Charles?"



"'TAKE YOUR ROUGHENING WITH YOU,' SAID THE CAPTAIN."

"Oh," said the captain, "you don't understand. That is what we call the place where the roustabouts sleep, on the main-deck under the boilers."

In the morning the light broke upon a wet and depressing scene. The broad yellow river, so glorious in sunlight, was a hurrying sheet of mud enclosed between lines of dripping willows and mounds of wet Cherokee rose-bushes not in bloom. The great reaches of the levees more than ever suggested earth-work fortifications against the forces of Neptune. The sky was dark and cheerless. Of signs of population there would be none for miles, and then we would see scores of negro cabins, and close by the usually white mansion of their white employer. The smoke-stacks of an occasional sugar-refinery rising above the trees told us that we were in the sugar country, but rice plantations were plentiful. Now and then a vagabond house-boat was seen, nose up on the bank, or drifting down with the current. Usually the after-part of such an ark was covered over by a projection of the roof of the house, and in that shelter we nearly always discovered the shiftless proprietor, fishing or mending his lines or whittling, or, more often than anything else, smoking and letting his mind take a vacation. We heard much that was interesting about these and other Southern craft from the pilots and the captain.

The house-boats, it appears, are a survival of one among many kinds of boats which were very much more numerous upon the great river before the era of steam navigation than steamboats are now. Among the earlier forms of boats were the famous "Kentucky flats," or "broad-horns," and family boats of this pattern were an early modification of their general plan, which was that of a strong-hulled ark, long and narrow, and covered with a curving roof. I have read that "family boats of this description, fitted up for the descent of families to the lower country, were provided with a stove, a comfortable apartment, beds, and arrangements for commodious habitancy, and in them ladies, servants, cattle, sheep, dogs, and poultry, all floating on the same bottom, and on the roof the looms, ploughs, spinning-wheels, and domestic implements of the family, were carried down the river." Fulton's *Clermont*, which proved its usefulness as the first practicable adaptation of steam-power to water travel in 1807, must have been quickly copied on the Mississippi, for in one list of notable passages up that river I have seen a note of a trip by a steamboat in 1814. But long after that the barges, skiffs, horse-boats, broad-horns, and family boats must have remained very numerous. They floated down stream with the current, and were pulled up again by means of wheels worked by horses or cattle, and by the toilsome and slow processes known as warping and bushwhacking. A boat which was warped up the river kept two row-boats ahead of her, carrying hawsers, which were made fast to the trees on the shore, and then pulled in as the bigger vessels were thus hauled along. When the length of one cable had been pulled in, the other boat had fastened the other cable far ahead, and so the vessel "inched" along against the five-mile current of the stream a little more quickly than a house moves when its owner has decided to move it down a country road to a distant cellar he has dug for it. It took a day to go six or eight miles by that method. Smaller boats were propelled against the current by rowing, sailing, or poling them along; and when the water was high and overflowed the banks, they bushwhacked up stream—that is, they pulled the vessels along by hauling on the bushes that brushed the sides of the craft.

At last came the Mississippi steamboats, those queer creations which seem to be made by house-carpenters who have forgotten how to build houses, and yet never knew the ship-joiner's art. They are huge, flat-bottomed, frail houses floated on box-like hulls, but they are as comfortable as the Southern barons demanded that they should be in the glorious days when they revelled like kings. We cannot tell what sort of boats will travel the great river in the surely coming day when it shall be all walled in and kept in its place, but it is no more likely that the railroads will crush out passenger travel on that majestic and interesting river than that they will upon the Thames or the Hudson. Just now there is a spell upon the traffic. The war interrupted it, and the people of the North and East must rediscover the fact that the journey from St. Paul or St. Louis is one of the greatest delights and wonders of our continent. However, Mississippi steamboating has stood still for more than twenty years. The rocket of its glory burst with the famous *Lee* and *Natchez* race in 1870. They still talk of that world-famous brush in the river pilot-houses, and I heard it referred to more than once during the nine or ten days I spent upon the river. One of the captains in that test of speed, historic old Captain Leathers, who commanded the *Natchez*, is still in the service, though he has a son who is a man beyond the age of thirty, and in command of a boat unkindly named the *Natchez*, after the famous racer the old man captained years ago. The talk of record-breakings and of quick runs is all of what we in New York would call long voyages, since these consume the time of ocean journeys, and our longest steamboat trips are to Albany and Fall River, and are accomplished in a night.

The quickest run from New Orleans to Cincinnati, made by the *R. R. Springer* in 1881, was done in 5 days, 12 hours, and 45 minutes. The fastest time over the course of 1013 miles from the Crescent City to Cairo, Illinois, was that made by the *R. E. Lee* in 1870, in 3 days and 61 minutes, and was therefore run at the rate of about 14 miles an hour—against the current, to be sure. The *Lee*, the competitor of the *Natchez*, reached Natchez, during their memorable race, in 16 hours, 36 minutes, and 47 seconds, making the distance of 272 miles at the speed of about 16½ miles



"SCORES OF NEGRO CABINS."

an hour. The speed per hour during the whole race of 1278 miles to St. Louis figures at about 13½ miles.

The race took place in the summer of 1870. Captain Leathers with the *Natchez* completed a run to St. Louis in 3 days, 21 hours, and 58 minutes, and Captain Cannon, of the other and rival king-boat on the river, the *R. E. Lee*, at once announced his intention to beat her on the return trip. The *Natchez* returned to New Orleans in due time, and her captain found that the *Lee* was going to refuse all freight and passengers during the race. More than that, the *Lee* had taken out all her light upper work that could be removed, in order to lessen her draught in the water. Captain Leathers of the *Natchez* affected not to need such advantages. He took aboard a small cargo of freight and some passengers, and the two mighty packets were cast loose from the New Orleans levee on June 30, 1870. Away they went, with their huge white bodies throbbing and their trails of jet smoke curling behind them. The *Lee* made no landings for coal. She had engaged a tender to precede her 100 miles up the river to give her a supply of whatever fuel she needed. Farther along, flat-boats with wood and coal awaited her in mid-stream. They were warped to her as she slowed up alongside of them, were emptied as she swept them along, and then were flung off to drift where they might after they had served their purpose. The *Natchez* copied this method after a time.

The race made a wonderful stir. Boats loaded with spectators preceded and tried to accompany the racers from New Orleans, and everywhere along the river it was said to seem as if the interior had been depopulated, so numerous were the persons who crowded the shores to look on. The *Lee* was lucky, and made the trip in 3 days, 18 hours, and 14 minutes, arriving in St. Louis when thirty thousand persons were assembled on the levee and on the house-tops to cheer her. The *Natchez* had met with unusual detentions by fog and groundings. The time of the boats as they reached each principal city on the way was cabled to Europe, and it was estimated that a million of dollars was wagered on the race.

Thus, with talk of the historic and picturesque past, surrounded by what might be called "the local color," we drove the wretched weather out of mind until we reached a watery corner and turned out of the mighty river into the Atchafalaya. This we called the "Chafferlyer," to be in harmony with our acquaintances. It is fed out of the Mississippi where the Red River joins the Father of Waters, and immediately that we entered it a new scene

was presented—a view of a narrow stream between groves which grow not merely to the water's edge, but into the water. It does not look like any river that we know in the North; it is rather like water running through woods, as a flood might appear, or a greatly swollen stream. Suddenly what is called the Grand pours into it, but the Grand is merely a wider belt of liquid mud flowing through a wilderness. Next the land begins to rise, higher banks are formed, and with these come views of cottages, freight-houses, ruins of old brick sugar-mills, fishermen's tents, negro cabins, bits of greensward, banks of rose-bushes, and patches of cultivated farm land. Our first stop was at a honey



The Mate of a Teche boat.

plantation, where the half-acre lot filled with beehives, novel as the sight proved, was not as peculiar as the honey-planter himself. He is famous up and down the Teche route as a man who so loves to argue that nothing can possibly happen which will not arouse his instinct for debate. He has some little learning, and even in his worn old suit of homespun suggested traces of gentle blood and breeding as he stood on the river-bank flinging long sentences and uncommon words up at our captain on the main-deck, while his daughter, the only other white person for miles around, leaned her spare form against the side of the cabin doorway, and smiled with affectionate pride as she reflected upon the good time her father was having with his vocal organs. Something which had been ordered by him from New Orleans had not come, and he was begging leave to differ with the captain, no matter how the captain sought to account for the delay. I think I remember that the sum of this man's income each year was computed at five hundred dollars, which proved, it seemed, that he was in very comfortable circumstances, could well afford to go to New Orleans twice a year, and was able to support the position of a man of consequence in that region.

Presently we saw our first Acadians—nowhere spoken of in their own country otherwise than as 'Cajuns. The first one on the route keeps a low gin-mill, a resort for bad characters. The next one we saw was a swarthy, stalwart man with a goatee *à la* Napoleon III., who was catching bait with a net. Moss hangs from the cypress and oaks in great and sad profusion in this part of the route. The wilderness is only occasionally broken by a clearing, and after each interruption it seems to snap shut again as if not even man could overcome the force of the rank growth of vegetation, except here and there, and for a mere geographical instant. There was a fuzz of disappointingly small scrub palmettoes on the ground, and wherever there was a cabin or a man there was also a dugout canoe or pirogue. These boats were not such as men have made in almost every known part of the world by merely scooping out the heart of a log and fashioning its ends. They were the lightest and prettiest boats of the kind I ever saw, mere shells or dishes, very skilfully and gracefully modelled, but so shallow as to be likened to nothing so closely as to half a pea-pod. Bait-catching was the business carried on with them. The men were after shrimp, but very often caught crawfish, those relentless allies of the Mississippi River which eat into the levees and let the river through behind them. They are a tenth the size of lobsters, and look like lobsters "out of drawing," as the artists would say—that is, they appear disproportioned, with their tails too small for their bodies. They are red and greenish-red, but some are as rosy as one of the old masters is said to have painted lobsters in the sea after he had become acquainted with them on the dinner table. They have blue lobster eyes and fierce claws.

In time we came to the mouth of a

bayou which was closed during the war, but which, were it opened, would take us to Plaquemine, twenty-five miles across a country around which we had gone 190 miles to get where we were. Farther on we came to the openings into two or three other bayous, and thus gradually were brought to realize that this region of the mouths of the Mississippi is a land that is nine-tenths covered with water. Travellers by the cars do not comprehend the character of Louisiana, or see, with anything like the view of a steamboat passenger, with what profusion the surface of the earth is littered with bayous, branches, canals, ditches, lakes, and swamps. Lake Chico was a notable incident of this second day's progress. It is merely a swelling of the Atchafalaya or Grand into a sheet of yellow water thirty miles long and twelve miles wide. It is picturesquely littered with snags and floating logs and channel stakes. The narrow entrance to it, where wooded promontories all but block the way, is much admired by persons afflicted with the fever for kodaking everything out of doors. The Spanish-moss is so abundant there that if I were a sufferer from the epidemic I would have been tempted to photograph some of the trees that carried the greatest burdens of the weed, and looked as if they had been washing out their worn and faded winter garments and were hanging them up to dry. But a far better picture would be one that showed how we felt our way into the lake, being so uncertain whether there was sufficient water that we wedded our steamboat to a great scow with ropes, gave our spouse the task of carrying a good part of our load of freight, and sent a mate ahead of us in a small boat to prod the mud with a pole. Whatever the mate discovered he discreetly kept to himself; but we, not to be retarded by his reticence, posted a darky on the upper deck with a sounding-line to chant the musical lingo of the Southern pilots, in which we often heard the phrase "mark twain," which gave the humorous Mr. Clemens his *nom de plume.*



'CAJUNS.

Our first notable stop occurred a little after dusk, at Pattersonville, where we went ashore for a cake of shaving-soap, and saw vaguely by the yellow light of a few scattered kerosene lamps that we were the only souls adrift in a long wide street, which boasted here and there a dwelling, and here and there a

neglected shop. We asked for the soap in one store, and the clerk treated us to a Southern expression that we had not yet heard upon its native soil. "I'm sorry, sah," said he, "but I've done run plumb out of it." We added that to our notes. We had grown quite used to hearing size and distance expressed with the phrases, "A right smart of a plantation," "a smart distance," or "a right smart hotel"; also to hearing every one say, "Where is he at now?" and "I dun'no' where I left my hat at." When night fell, thick and black, our two powerful electric search-lights were utilized with weird and theatrical effect to throw great shafts of daylight at whichever bank we were searching for a landing. Each light cut a well-defined path through the night, and when it picked out a grove of trees or a clutter of negro cabins or a landing, it created a veritable stage-picture. These lamps bothered the pilots so much in steering their way through the water that they were only lighted for viewing the bank, and for helping the roustabouts to see while loading and unloading the cargo. The pilots so quickly shut off the light when they had nothing to do but to pick out an uncertain course, through water and air that were equally black, that they seemed to me like water-cats that could see very well in their element, but were helpless upon land.

In the morning, after many hours spent in throwing spectacular landings on the blank wall of night, and then carrying freight out to them, and wiping them out of existence by turning off our lights, we awoke to find the Atchafalaya basking in the sun and in quite another country. We had travelled from the swamps and cypress brakes of Louisiana to something like the Thames in England—to a pastoral country watered by a narrow, pretty river of clear water that loafed along between patches of greensward, rows of oaks, white manor-houses, cabins set among roses, magnolias, and jasmines, and with great clearings, and men at work ploughing on either side. White bridges that invariably broke apart as the boat approached them, and that were often set upon pontoons, still further domesticated and civilized the scenery. Every plantation had a bridge for itself, it seemed. It was a little jarring to have a man come aboard with two rattlesnake-skins, each large enough to make into two pairs of Chicago slippers; five inches wide and a yard in length the skins were. We had pointed out to us the Calumet Plantation, which is said to be the most orderly and completely appointed sugar farm in Louisiana. The rows of whitewashed negro cabins were formed of houses better than the 'Cajun houses we had been seeing.

Daniel Thompson is the planter here, and his son, Mr. Wibrey Thompson, came aboard and talked very interestingly of the experiments he and his father are making in the analyses of many sorts of cane, the breeding of the best varieties, the perfecting of refining processes, and the broadcast publication of the results of the work in the laboratories, where as many as three chemists are sometimes at work together. Such men are the representatives of the new type of farmers who are numerous in the West and who are multiplying in the South. They do not farm by prayer, or take land on shares with luck or nature, after the old plan. Chemistry is their handmaiden, and she rules in the place of chance. One whom I knew went to Germany and France to study the beet-sugar industry there before he bought his ranch in Kansas, and he mastered French and German so that he could read all that is known of the industry. Others learn chemistry or employ chemists to analyze everything they deal with. These new-school farmers publish all that they learn; they write reports for the government to publish, and they lecture to farmer audiences in the winter, in which season, by-the-way, they are generally as busy as the old-time luck farmers used to be idle. They keep the most minute accounts of outlay and income, crediting the refuse they burn to the fuel account, the stuff cattle eat to the saving of fodder, offsetting their earnings with their fixed charges, wear and tear of machinery, interest on the principal invested, and, in short, tabulating everything. These are mainly Eastern and Northern men, but the new generation of Southerners is not without representation in the scientific class. We shall find, before we leave the Teche country, that there are great districts wherein every plantation is owned by Northern or Eastern men. The cultivation of semitropical fruits has been a failure in Florida because the land there was taken haphazard by men who are trying to farm with Providence and dumb luck for partners. Agriculture there was



UP THE BAYOU TECHE.

based on the theory that if an invalid who could not endure Northern winters had money to buy land he could grow oranges in white sand. The new school of scientific, take-nothing-for-granted farming is already taking root there, and will in time make more money out of oranges than dumb luck has sunk in planting them where they did not belong.

Mr. Wibrey Thompson, while he was aboard the *Teche*, said that he was convinced that the future source of sugar will be sorghum. It may not be in his time, he says, nor in five hundred years, but the fact that he has demonstrated that it is the most practicable product and economical cane, and that it yields most readily to the processes of selection, satisfies him that the world will in time turn to it for its sugar supply. Sorghum in the rough yields twelve per cent. of sugar, the same as sugar-cane, but in three years, by choosing the best cane and "breeding it," he raised the yield to twenty and a half per cent. He is certain he can plant it and get fourteen per cent. off-hand from a whole crop, and in a short time can get sixteen per cent. Potentially or technically, sorghum is now in the best position it has ever held yet; actually, it is bankrupt and dead. This year only one concern in the country will make sorghum sugar. The reason for this is that it has always been grown from poor seed. It has not been bred or studied, and people have not known how to rid the juice of its impurities. All this is overcome, and it is seen to be the best producer; but in the mean time the sorghum farmers have lost money, and, worse yet, have lost their faith in the cane.

Farther along, from the boat's deck we saw Acadian men and women gathering Spanish-moss from the trees. Our first sight of this peculiar Louisiana industry was of a 'Cajun man high up in an oak-tree, half hid in a mass of waving gray moss. How he got into it we did not see, but now he was tearing his way out of it, cutting and ripping it, and tossing it down upon the river-bank, where it lay in soft, rounding mounds, as the clouds of the sky might do if they were treated in the same violent way. This moss is sold in New Orleans, where it is so highly prized for stuffing mattresses that they say nothing in the bed line can equal one that is made of a moss mattress and a hair mattress on top of a wire-spring mattress. Such a bed, I was told, would even satisfy the princess in Andersen's tale who was bruised black and blue by the three pease the peasant woman put under the mattresses in order to discover whether she really was a princess. The moss-gatherers of Louisiana heap the soft fibrous stuff upon the ground, pour water upon it, and leave nature the task of rotting it into a black dry mass.



FELLOW-PASSENGERS.



A SUGAR-CANE PLANTATION.

This moss, which is found as far north as Asbury Park on the Atlantic coast, is a very peculiar growth. It is said not to be a parasite and not to live upon anything it gets from the trees. It is believed in most parts of the South that it rids the atmosphere of malarial poison, and where it grows the people boast that fevers and chills are as rare as in the mountains. The weight of testimony favors this theory, but frankness compels me to add that in Florida the tourist will read in the circular of one hotel that the presence of Spanish-moss "attests the healthfulness of the climate," while at another hotel he will be told that the peculiar merit of that locality lies in the fact that Spanish-moss does not grow there. This moss, so green and littered with pinkish blossoms when in its prime, dies on a dead tree when the bark fails to hold it, and then it becomes the color of cigar ashes. Patient study of a mass of it will, it is said, show no root, beginning or end to it, and any piece of it which is blown from one live-oak to another may take hold and breed a bedtick filling of it.

We entered the Bayou Teche on a glorious day, and thought it part of a drowsy, dreamy, gentle, semitropic scene. It runs through the heart of a broad savanna. Afar off, on either side, we saw the forests of the neglected South that has so long awaited the now approaching multitude from Europe, but the land beside the bayou was every acre cultivated or built upon. We could not have found ourselves amid stranger scenes had we gone to the French part of Canada or to England or France. Often there was an edging of reeds or a grove of oaks that would have resembled an old orchard of the North but for the abundance of the funereal moss that bearded every limb. Then we passed villages with funny little Grecian-looking stores and banks and court-houses, all pillared and with pointed roofs. Then there were splendid planters'

homes, white and neat, with rows of Corinthian columns in front and a brigade of whitewashed negro cabins in dependent nearness, as little chickens cluster near the mother-hen. There were pretty white bridges here and there, as ornamental amid the greenery as statues on a lawn. On these the "quality folks" always gathered to see the boat, apart from the colored folks, who huddled upon the shore in barbaric colors, every wench wearing something red, and chewing tobacco or snuff, and all giggling and skylarking like the children that they remain until they die. Two sets of sugar-houses were the great monuments of the industry of the region, the old more or less ruined refineries of ante-bellum days, and the unpicturesque but practical factories of to-day.

When the boat stopped, as it did with the frequency of a milk-cart on a busy route, we were taken to a country club, sometimes, and the bar-tender was formally introduced as Mr. Belden or Mr. Labiche, whereupon everybody "passed the time of day" with him, as the Irish put it, before ordering the toddy. In one town there had been a ripple of excitement that had not quieted when we landed there. An insult had been offered to a prominent old citizen, "who was as brave as a lion," by a young man whose courage was not questioned. Seconds were appointed, and they found that the young man had made a mistake and ought to apologize.

"We have reached a stage of civilization where a duel would be impossible," said a citizen who was discussing the affair. Then he added, "This would have been peculiarly distressing, as there are at least ten friends of the old gentleman armed and awaiting the outcome of the deliberations, while the younger man has at least six friends who have their rifles in readiness."

The kind of hospitality that obtained along the bayou was simply astonishing to a Northern man. We were begged to leave the boat and visit the homes of friends of five minutes, to stay a week or till the next boat; in one case, to take a month of fishing and hunting. Often when we tore away from these kindly persons they followed us up with bundles of cigars and bottles of good cheer. To have doubted their sincerity would have been like doubting the cause of daylight, and yet, like that phenomenon, it was almost past comprehension. Ah! but it was also a land of pathos and tragedy. The wounds made by the war may almost be said to bleed yet. The clerk of our boat never made a trip without stopping at the noble plantation that his father owned and lost; the mate on every voyage sees the great acres that his parents were obliged to surrender. Everywhere one journeys in the South such are the sights; every time men talk (I had almost said), that is what one hears. It is not true that the war spirit is alive anywhere except in the talk of politicians, and mainly of those in the North, but it is wonderful that it is not true; it is wonderful how the South has adjusted itself to its altered condition.

Through the broad and golden savanna we zigzagged all day, eating only three meals in the cabin, yet seeming to be forever at it. At close intervals everything aboard ship moved forward with a lurch, and we knew that the vessel had grounded her nose at a landing. Down went the great landing-stage that rides before her like an upraised claw, and that grabs the bank when she stops as a swimmer might hold himself up with one hand. Whenever the claw went out to catch the bank a bunch of ragged negroes scrambled off, and fell into the reeds and bushes, weighted down with the boat's hawser, and stumbling, slipping, and falling as they fought their way to the trees or the clear ground. Hallooing, swearing, and crashing they made their way, working, as all negroes do (when they have to), harder than any other laborers in America. The boat made fast, order was resumed, and took the shape of a rolling line of blacks, shouldering bags and packages, and shambling to and from the shore as softly as so many animated bundles of rags naturally would, for they were ragged from their tattered hats down to their gaping, spreading, padlike shoes. The length of stay at each place was computed by the number of "packages" on the clerk's list. Fifty meant no time at all, 200 indicated a chance to stretch one's legs on the bank, and 1000 or 2000 carried the opportunity to go to town and shake hands with the hearty folk in the law-offices, the court-houses, or the clubs. When the last "package"—which might be a broom or a steam-engine—was put ashore, the scramble of the roustabouts



"WORKING AS ALL NEGROES DO."

was repeated. The line was cast off, the claw began to rise by steam-power, and the darkies rushed down the bank, and hung on to it, and climbed up at the greatest possible risk of being left, and losing as many dollars or dollars and a half as they were days from the city. No officer of the boat ever considered them at all.

These were incidents of a day's travel along the Bayou Teche. Towards bed-time we stopped at one place where the clerk's list of packages assured us we might go ashore and visit a planter whose house was near the bayou. The place proved a typical old manor-house, and yet what a change had befallen it! Instead of the bustling household of before the

war—the queenlike mistress, the young ladies with Parisian finish, the little children, the governess, the ever-numerous guests, the troop of servants, the bird and fox hounds, and the pleasure-loving Southern lord—only one room showed a light. The rest of the house was dark. We went in, and found a log fire blazing cheerily on an open hearth in a bachelor's paradise, bare-floored, with magazines, pipes, cigar-boxes, and newspapers scattered all about, and a general tone of disorder and settled loneliness. The planter said that his wife was in Chicago, where he also spent much of his time.

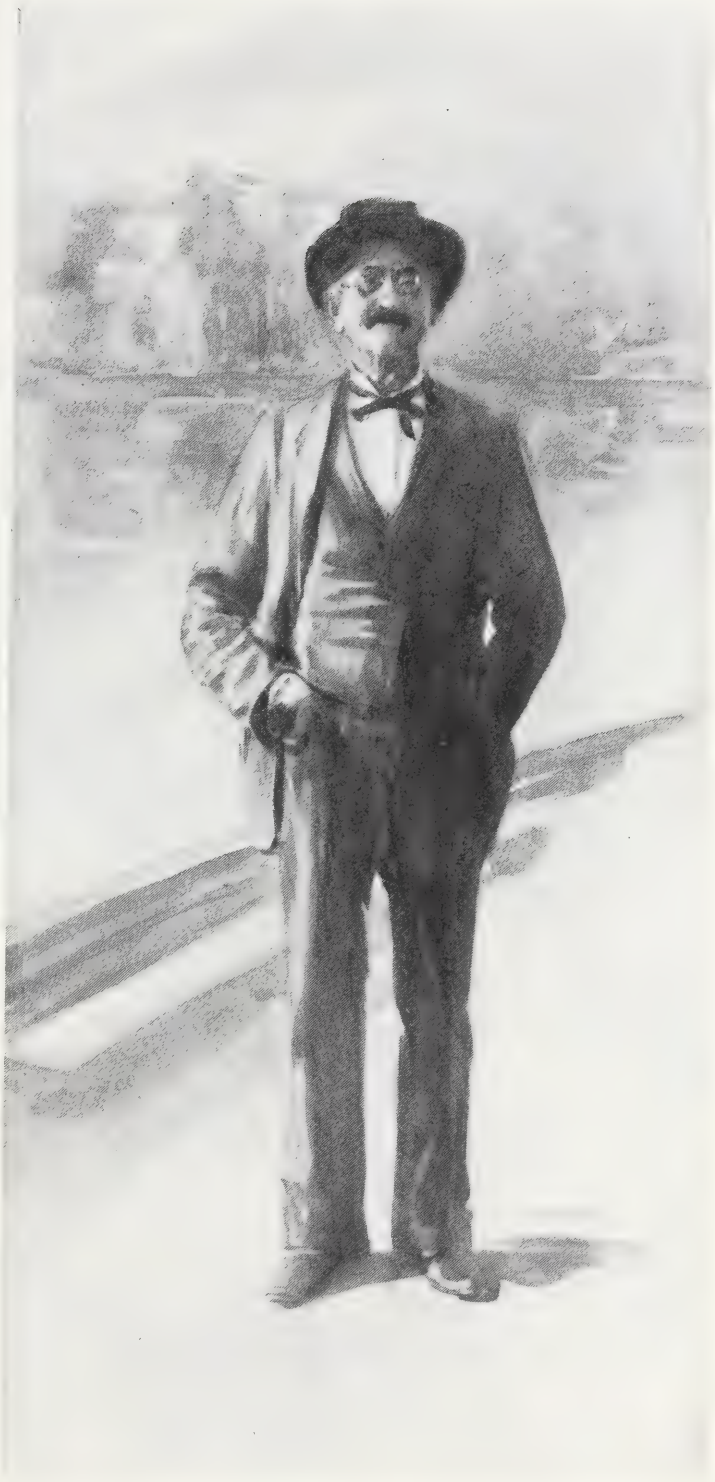
At daybreak we were awakened to find the boat at the plantation of Messrs. Oxnard and Sprague, new-found New Orleans friends who had invited us to visit them. Although it was but daylight, the great colonnaded and galleried mansion, as fine as a lord's country-seat in England, was the seat of a welcoming bustle. Breakfast was spread in the great dining-room upon a snow-white cloth, before a blazing log fire. Again the proprietors were Northerners and bachelors, and the floors and walls were bare, while literature, guns, and smoking implements made picturesque disorder.

I found next day that the plantations lay side by side up and down the bayou for miles, as farms do along a Jersey pike, or cottages neighbor each other on a village road. Were they all maintained by Northern men and bachelors? The inquiry brought the response that not one of the old Southern planters had managed to keep his acres, and that of the new Northern ones only one in that particular neighborhood had his wife with him. Profitable as sugar-planting is, it can only be carried on after a great primal outlay. A modern, well-equipped, economical sugar-house, with its machinery, costs at least $300,000, independent of the cost of the hundreds and perhaps thousands of acres of land bought at $40 each, at an average. Men who have the means to venture upon such an outlay can afford to live where they will, and, as a rule, their homes are in New Orleans or other cities, and the old manor-houses which came with the acres are considered as mere conveniences or business headquarters.

These are the earnest and the scholarly latter-day planters of whom I have spoken—self-instructed plodders or favored college graduates who have learned that the laboratory of to-day, and the scientific reports and periodicals of the age, are better from a business point of view than the wine-cellars and French novels of the departed era. These new-comers will make Louisiana rich, and America royal over princely nations of Christendom. But to find these people and this new condition actually within the walls of the feudal palaces of slavery days sent a sentimental chill to my very marrow. In Mr. Sprague's great house, over and above all the kindness and hospitality he showered around him, and stronger than the kindliness of his very atmosphere, was the sadness of having the dead, assassinated past so persistently thrust into the mind. He will not mind my using his house to point the tale of the revolution in the South, for he knows that it is a thing apart from the merry time he made for me, and from the friendships that were engendered by his kindness. He must himself have felt that it was strange to walk about the great wide halls and through the immense high rooms of the house, with doors and windows a dozen feet high, and with fireplaces framed in marble, and to think what such a mansion was intended for, of the departed state and pride of which such a house is the emptied cage, the violated tomb. Between rows of moss-curtained oaks and great pecans was the avenue where the horses and carriages brought the gentry to the broad galleries and broader halls, where they disported an aristocracy that was not out of place in their days.

If the lower Atchafalaya suggested England, the Teche country was like Holland, with its extended flat vistas, far along which the sky met the plough-tracked, water-riddled land. But on high were the Southern buzzards, noisome to the sight and to another sense, but ever-beautiful when on the wing. Apparently no Southern view omits them. I could almost say I never looked up in the daytime without seeing them soaring, with the grace of better birds, eternally. The mules, the buzzards, and the negroes broke the Hollandish similitude. Near the Oxnard-Sprague house was a street of negro cabins in a double row, from which came the varied sounds of jews-harps, laughter, and quarrelling. The cabins were of one sort—the single type all over the South—one-storied, often one-roomed,

and with a rude brick chimney outside and a gaping fireplace within. Nearly all the white folks who trudged along the highway were Acadians, all but hallowed by the magic of Longfellow, and it was strange indeed to hear that we must not call them 'Cajuns to their faces lest they be offended, that the term is taken as one of reproach, and that the negro farm hands taken care of on the white men's places look down upon these people who have to take care of themselves, as the darkies elsewhere look down upon "poor whites." Among the Acadians along the Bayou Teche are very many who are ignorant, untidy, and unambitious, though nearly all are saving of what they get. Some perform odd jobs, as work is offered to them, and some work the land for those planters who have more than they can manage, and who guarantee a certain sum which leaves a margin of profit for the crops they are able to raise. We saw some rather pretty Acadian girls, dark-skinned, and just missing beauty because of the heaviness of their faces, and we asked them where we could find a certain group of Choctaw Indians' houses where we might buy Indian basket-work. They did not understand us at all until I bethought me that Indians were *sauvages* to the French mind. I tried the girls with that word, and they brightened up and led us to the Indian cabins, which were in no wise different, exteriorly, from the near-by homes of the girls themselves.



THE CLERK.

The last of the Acadians to reach this new home of theirs came only a little more than a century ago, yet they were only a thousand strong then, while now they number forty thousand. Whether any of their "Evangelines" wedded Choctaw bucks I do not know, but a sufficient number of the French Nova-Scotians married Indian squaws to lend the Acadian faces of to-day a strong trace of kinship with the people they call savages. Yet I never, outside of British Columbia, saw Indians so uncouth as were many of the swarthy yet kindly and simple exiles from Grand Pré, who here have found a drowsy, luxuriant, flowery, and sunny land just suited to their natures.

I spent twenty-four hours on the plantation, and every wakeful hour brought a new delight, found sometimes in the great bare house, sometimes in the fields, and sometimes in the near-by village. There was no unfriendliness toward the newcomers that I could see; indeed, in the

village there were only a few cottages half buried amid flowers along a bowery perfumed road, a somnolent shop or two, a lazyman's hotel, and two restful-looking churches. To turn from that slow-going, placid settlement, moss-grown like its trees, to the huge pulsating refineries of the invaders was to be reminded of a sudden change in a disordered dream.

Yet just such companions as these two forces are found throughout the region. Thus the new South works side by side with the old one, the one vigorous and promising, the other placid, picturesque, and doomed.



AN INDIAN COMMONWEALTH.

BY REZIN W. McADAM.

JUST as the sun crossed the meridian, April 22, 1889, a commonwealth was born in a wilderness—born in a manner so unprecedented, so uniquely American, that the republic's historian must give it a page distinctively its own. No State ever before sprang into being without the swaddling-clothes of infancy. After Roger Williams and Daniel Boone came the slow and painful evolution of the pioneer, the tedious moulding of the "rudiments of empire." But in Oklahoma the transition was sudden and wonderful as the *presto change!* of the conjurer. Upon this natal day, around that bit of forbidden ground lying a shimmering expanse of emerald in the soft spring sun and breeze, a cordon of blue-frocked troopers barred ingress to impatient tens of thousands waiting to found a State. An army of vandals they were, if you please, the plough the weapon of their vandalism. Their coming marked an epoch portentous and fateful to a race and to civilization. It was the initiation of a new and better policy of the government toward its Indians. No more were millions of fertile acres to lie in unproductive wildness, a monument to mistaken governmental munificence, reproaching homeless labor to satisfy a vague sentimental Indian equity. And so they entered at high noon, these restless pioneers, this motley host gathered from everywhere, and made the peaceful conquest of the land. It was a strange scene just before and after the "opening." Picture the thousands of canvas-covered "prairie schooners," with their swarthy whiskered men, tired, hopeless-looking women, frowzy, freckled children, and gaunt dogs; the host of horsemen, some superbly mounted, with new saddles and "outfit," others on life-weary Rozinantes without even a blanket; "boomers" afoot, too poor to ride, with dusty, travel-stained luggage, or their all tied in gaudy bandannas; the wild strange flavor of camp life; the odor of boiling coffee and sizzling pork over brushwood fires; the myriad tents, white-walled by day, illumined by night; the romantic sporting characters with their wheels of fortune, chuck-luck boards, and other gambling devices; the turbulent mass-meetings, harangued by indifferent but enthusiastic orators; the occasional

groups of blanketed Indians, the cynosure of wondering eyes; the rough-looking "cow-punchers," who know every deer trail in the boomer El Dorado; the "tenderfoot" with Eastern habiliments beside the Southerner with slouch hat, wool shirt, and six-shooter at hip; the mad dash for claims and town lots, and the many tragic and comic incidents of the settlement. The riffraff of the West, the adventurer, the speculator, the perennial mover, the honest intending settler, swarmed over the line and quarrelled for possession of the claims. Incongruous elements of citizenship poured together into the country and mingled in a common enterprise. Behold their achievement! The Indian Territory has now no place on the map outside of the five civilized tribes. Of the 41,097,332 acres originally within her borders, Oklahoma has, or is about to have, 21,311,559. One hundred thousand people have found homes in the infant territory; well-cultivated and productive farms with substantial improvements everywhere meet the eye; populous towns with modern appurtenances have sprung up on her prairies, two—Guthrie and Oklahoma City—with 10,000 inhabitants each. And yet less than half of Oklahoma is populated. The grassy solitudes of the Cherokee Strip to the north, and the vast prairie of the Kiowa and Comanche country in the southwest, besides several smaller reservations, will soon be opened to swell her citizenship.



Strange as it may seem, there are at least one-third more white United States citizens in the Indian Territory—comprising the five civilized tribes of Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws, and Chickasaws—than the total population of Oklahoma Territory, including the unopened reservations. It is this remarkable fact which made the last Congress so prolific of bills affecting the Indian Territory, and caused the Senate to empower the President to appoint a committee of three to visit these five nations, as they call themselves, this summer, and treat with



their respective governments with a view to the dissolution of their tribal relations, the allotment of their lands in severalty, the acceptance of American citizenship, and speedy statehood. The tribal population of these nations aggregates in round numbers 62,000, divided as follows: Cherokees, 23,000; Creeks, 14,000; Seminoles, 3000; Choctaws, 17,000; Chickasaws, 5000. The United States citizen population, owning no tribal allegiance and alien in character, is conservatively estimated at 150,000, of which number 75,000 are in the Chickasaw Nation alone. When it is considered that there are fifteen non-citizens to one citizen in the last-mentioned nation, the reader will readily perceive the condition which calls for Congressional action and threatens the abrogation of Indian autonomy. Fully four-fifths of this alien white population immigrated to the Indian Territory after the opening of Oklahoma to settlement.

It is generally believed in the East by superficial students of the Indian question that the white residents of the Indian Territory are mainly interlopers and usurpers of Indian rights and Indian lands. Such an opinion is erroneous, and unjust as well. This white population forms a tenant class, whose residence is based on tribal law and a strained interpretation of the treaties, which never contemplated such an influx of tenants or the iniquitous system of landlordism which their labor has produced, if, indeed, they permit such alien residence at all. The treaties are conveniently ambiguous on this point, and the five little Indian sovereignties have incorporated in their statutes a standing invitation to the white man to come among them and labor, for the Indian has a repugnancy to toil. An annual tax is imposed upon every male non-citizen of eighteen years of age and over, called a permit fee, for the privilege of tenancy. In addition to this tax all non-citizen merchants and tradesmen are required to pay a tax on their stock, based on a certain per cent. of its valuation. Thus does an Indian government in the very heart of the republic inflict upon the American citizen that which he warred with the Briton to prevent, *i. e.*, "taxation without representation." The revenue thus obtained goes to the support of the tribal governments.

The five civilized tribes are a race of landlords, yet the Indian is but a small factor in the control of the landed wealth of the country. Since their exodus from east of the Mississippi River more than half a century ago, these tribes have amalgamated with the white race to such an extent that the blood of the latter greatly predominates. Indeed, there are few full-blood Indians left. Marriages are rarely contracted between Indians—especially mixed breeds—the two races almost invariably intermarrying. The treaties and laws of the five nations encourage this, for the white party to the hymeneal contract is given all the rights, privileges, and immunities of his dusky spouse, becoming to all intents and purposes an Indian. He is known as a "squaw man," or by the more popular colloquialism of "galvanized citizen." This type of Uncle Sam's wards throws none of the sentimental glamour of Pocahontas over the transaction. He is prosaic and matter-of-fact enough to string a barb-wire fence around his adopted brother's domain and make the most of his opportunities.

The lands of the five nations are ostensibly held in common, but as a matter of fact the disproportion in holdings is monopolistic to a remarkable degree. The real Indian derives little benefit from his patrimonial acres. The pale-skinned Jacob has stolen Esau's birthright. There are farms, rich and highly cultivated, of from 5000 to 25,000 acres in a body; pastures of long succulent grass whose fences a horseman cannot encompass from sun to sun; mines opulent with their stores of coal; but they are controlled by the professional red men described in the preceding paragraph, or the mixed breeds whose dominant blood is white. It is said that a score of Chickasaw citizens, in whom combined there is hardly enough aboriginal blood to make a full-blood Indian, control nearly ninety per cent. of the arable lands of that nation. A Cherokee squaw man is said to hold more land than is held by all the full-bloods in the tribe. Under the tribal law there is no limit to the extent of a citizen's holding. He can control and enjoy the usufruct of as much land as he can fence without encroaching upon the improvements of a fellow-citizen. As a consequence the national domain has passed into the possession of the more intelligent and enterprising elements of the tribes, the intermarried citizens and mixed breeds, who



THE CAPITOL AT TAHLEQUAH.

constitute probably four-fifths of the population. These landlords, many of whom operate on a scale colossal enough to make the estates of the land barons of the Old World seem mere truck patches in comparison, utilize white non-citizen labor in the cultivation and improvement of their vast farms. The Indian agricultural toiler is an anomaly, and negro labor is uncommon. As a rule, especially in the opening up of new farms, the tenant not only furnishes the labor, but the improvements also, under an annual rental contract based on a share of the crop. Leasing for a term of years is not permissible under the tribal law, though the law is evaded by clever collusions of landlord and tenant. Should the two fall out at the expiration of the year's contract, the latter must take his chances in the Federal court for the satisfaction of his equity in the improvements if a mutual compromise cannot be effected. Singularly enough, there is little litigation of this nature.

The governments of the five civilized tribes are democratic in form, modelled after the State governments, with a curious blending of race customs. The knowledge of civil government shown in their constitutions and laws would be remarkable in Indians, but Indians did not draft them. (Let it be understood that full-bloods are meant.) However stupid and disorderly their councils may be, there is always some village statesman—generally a squaw man—who acts as bill-carpenter, and gives the alleged deliberations of the body a semblance of parliamentary dignity and correctness—on paper. Herein does Lo imitate his brother in the State Legislature. The average legislator is a full-blood, non-progressive, ignorant, suspicious, and prejudiced against the white man. This type constitutes the active or voting political element. Few of the more enlightened and progressive citizens take an interest in politics. They have long ago ceased to respect or obey the enactments of their councils, which are, for the most part, a medley of egregious blunders impossible of execution. This apathy on the part of the latter class cost them their enfranchisement in the Chickasaw Nation, where the full-blood Legislature divested the white citizens of the right of suffrage. The Choctaw and Cherokee councils have also legislated against their intermarried and adopted citizens by endeavoring to debar them from sharing in their land-sale funds. So long as the thriftily disposed white and mixed breed citizens have the land, they are content to let the full-bloods imagine they control the politics. The latter are entirely dominated by a few short-sighted, selfish, venal leaders of slight Indian blood, who handle the large revenues of the tribe after the most modern method of "practical politics."

But the Indian legislator gets his *per diem*—no inconsiderable item to one inured to abject poverty—and the rank and file draw a militiaman's pay whenever, by any possible pretext, these doughty red warriors are ordered in the field. At Tishomingo, the Chickasaw capital, it is a picturesque sight to see the nation's Solons dozing outstretched on the greensward in the shade, or, with their squaws, children, and dogs, eating their meals outdoors, gypsy-fashion. There is a hotel in the hamlet, but few of the legislators can afford such luxurious living. They prefer to bring their families and camp, during the session of Council, in "God's first temples," exercising the most rigid economy in living expenses, excepting always an extravagant indulgence in fire-water. The capitals of the nations, with the single exception of Tahlequah, the Cherokee capital, are mere hamlets in the woods, far removed from the innovations of the white man's world. Their state-houses are of the Southern style of brick court-house built before the war, with huge fireplaces, whitewashed walls, and wooden benches. Here the statesmen of the forest meet annually, with occasional extra sessions, and go through their crude routine of parliamentary practice. The proceedings are in both their native tongue and English, the position of legislative interpreter being a national office.

Indian jurisprudence is "fearfully and wonderfully made." Their laws are strongly tinctured with race customs—a mingling of the barbaric and English common law. Three of the five civilized tribes execute their murderers by shooting, after the manner of military executions. The whipping-post is the common punishment, even for misdemeanors. The Chickasaw law, for instance, imposes a penalty of thirty-nine lashes on the bare back for the failure of a citizen to pay a tax upon firewood sold to a non-citizen. The Creeks punish the third conviction of theft by death. There is a death-penalty upon treason, which is defined as "levying war against the nation, or in adhering to its enemies, giving them aid and comfort," showing that the nations regard their sovereignty as absolute. The Cherokees alone administer their laws with anything like a show of justice, and they are becoming more lax from year to year. Since the establishment of the Federal court in the Indian Territory, four years ago, the tribal courts have been shorn of much of their power and have fallen off in volume of business. Causes between United States and Indian citizens, or between members of different tribes, are adjudicated in the Federal court. The better element of tribal citizens—indeed, the average citizen—pronounce the tribal courts a farce, and ignore them entirely. They prefer, if possible, to go to the Federal court, where justice is more apt to be blind. Violations of law are rarely punished now by the Indian tribunals, which are passing into desuetude. The United States has no jurisdiction over crimes between Indians of the same tribe, and the number of murderers who are never even apprehended is appalling. In the Chickasaw Nation an execution has not occurred in several years, though the murders among the full-bloods are more than a score a year, to say nothing of the homicides. Their juries have ceased to convict. In the other nations, when a conviction is had, the doomed man who fails to gain his freedom by executive clemency generally escapes, and he does not long remain in hiding. He manages somehow to "come clear" or defy the law.

Until within a few years past there was little legal restraint upon the desperado class in the Indian Territory. The country naturally attracted the criminals of adjacent States, and the border bully found it a congenial field of outlawry. Crime held high carnival, as the hangman's record at Fort Smith, Arkansas, will attest. But times are changing for the better, though slowly. The notorious Daltons and kindred banditti are being killed and brought to justice with commendable official skill and promptness. Still the mountain fastnesses and woody labyrinths harbor as bold, bad men as ever "held up" the Deadwood stage-coach in the '70s. Thoroughly organized, well armed and equipped, they sally forth in small bands, and make forays upon the banks of the border towns and the express trains running through the Territory. They are veritable dare-devils, and have reduced train-robbery to a fine art.

To speak of crime and criminals in the Indian Territory without mentioning the deputy marshal is like playing *Hamlet* with Hamlet omitted. This picturesque character, with his swagger and bravado,



TAHLEQUAH.

slouch hat, high-heeled boots, and arsenal at waist, is an essential evil of a pernicious system. There are exceptions, of course, but the officer who will stand for a type most familiar to Territorians is half desperado, with the criminal instincts —and often record—of the culprit he pursues. It frequently happens that he is given his commission after having been indicted for murder and "cleared" by the jury. He wears the appellation of "killer" as a mantle of glory, and affects a bravery which he rarely exhibits. This species of legal sleuth-hound is paid by fees and mileage, and it follows that he is an assiduous worker-up of "cases." In his venal zeal he descends to dishonest practices and despicable methods of petty tyranny, and is accordingly cordially hated by all classes alike. He is regarded in the country about as a police agent of the Czar is in Siberia. The crime of "introducing," as bringing ardent spirits into the Territory is called, furnishes him a profitable and much-abused field of labor.

There is a surfeit of law in the Indian Territory, despite the seeming prevalence of lawlessness. Three Federal courts, two of which are located in Arkansas and Texas, exercise conflicting and often oppressive jurisdiction over the people. The home Federal court, which has three seats in the Territory, is little more than a justice's court, so abridged is its criminal jurisdiction. The foreign courts have concurrent jurisdiction with it in cases of "introducing," resulting in Territorians being dragged, in some instances, nearly three hundred miles, to be tried on the charge of having imported whiskey into their homes. Many have died in these foreign jails, away from home, kindred, and friends, while awaiting trial, whose lives were the price of a deputy marshal's mileage. The higher crimes are cognizable outside the Territory, and the American citizen, contrary to the spirit of the Constitution and the genius of our institutions, is denied the right of trial by a jury of his peers chosen from the vicinage. He is carried past the door of a home tribunal, at enormous expense to the government, to be tried in a foreign State, among strangers, by a jury prejudiced against his section and people. The residents of the Indian Territory have petitioned Congress and sent delegates to lobby in Washington to repair this great judicial wrong. They are very much in earnest in demanding what they term home-rule, and have taught their very children its significance. The jurors of their home court are as competent as any in the States to sit upon high crimes, and they have clearly demonstrated their fitness for local self-government. In addition to the Federal courts, the United



A LANDLORD'S MANSION.

States is represented in the five nations by an Indian agent, with headquarters at Muskogee, who has large powers for the suppression of the whiskey traffic, gambling, conflicts between the whites and Indians, the eviction of intruders unlawfully in the country, etc.

The divine injunction, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," has no relevancy to the citizens of the five civilized tribes. Here are a people who, like the lilies of the field, "toil not, neither do they spin," furnishing an example of class favoritism under the law peculiar and interesting to study. The landlords have no care but the gathering of rents and a general supervision of the home place. They are, as a class, free-handed, reckless, good livers, and with a strong tendency to dissipation. Most of them live up to their incomes, and few acquire large bank accounts. Your typical landlord's home is the rambling white plantation great house of *ante bellum* days, with wide galleries, big chimneys, and usually in a bad state of repair. An air of untidiness and neglect pervades the yard, to which is added a lack of taste inside when you enter. Still there is something about the surroundings—the orchard, smoke-house, negroes, pigs, and poultry—which denotes solid old-fashioned comfort and Arcadian content. Frequently you meet a lord of one of these mansions—a squaw man—whose family claim no Indian blood, yet he enjoys, by virtue of a former matrimonial alliance, all the landed rights of an Indian. It is really surprising the number of this class that are divorced from Indian wives or have become widowers and remarried in their own race. They constitute the largest landholders, and are very jealous of their tribal rights when threatened by "boomers," as they term the opponents of land monopoly and unequal privileges. And what of the Indian, the full-blood, whom this great and munificent government of ours has in its wisdom regarded as a ward and heir to a princely heritage as a recompense for Anglo-Saxon rapine? You will find him where the stillness of the forest is as yet unbroken. He is there in his miserable little hut, a recluse from the great mad world he so distrusts and fears, living a poor hand-to-mouth existence, and rarely emerging to visit the haunts of his tormentors. A scanty patch of corn, a few poultry and mast-fed hogs, with what game and fish fall prey to his skill, go to supply his meagre larder and furnish employment for his squaw and himself. Once in a great while there is a *per*

capita payment, and a pittance falls to his share after the professional red men of the tribe have made the disbursement to their satisfaction and paid their "attorneys' fees." It is a rare thing to find a full-blood in the Indian Territory who is living comfortably on as much as a quarter section of land under cultivation. There are some, but they are striking exceptions.

There is another class of Indian citizen that the world knows little of—the freedman. Before the war the labor of the tribes was performed by negro slaves. The treaties made at Fort Smith, Arkansas, in 1866, re-establishing peace and granting amnesty to the five nations—for be it remembered that they bore arms for the Confederacy and severed their relations with the Washington government—made it obligatory on these Indians to give their ex-slaves certain landed rights in the country, and offered certain inducements to have them adopted into the tribes. The Chickasaws alone refused to bestow citizenship upon their freedmen, the other four nations adopting them as citizens. As they numbered several thousand originally, and as the descendants are on the same footing, it will be readily understood that they form no insignificant factor in the tribes. In the Creek and Seminole nations they have amalgamated with the Indians to such an extent that their race greatly predominates in those tribes, and few Indians can boast of blood uncontaminated by that of the African. In his report to the Indian Commissioner for 1891, the agent says, "In the Cherokee, and especially the Creek and Seminole nations, the freedmen citizens are showing a strength which, if united, would practically control the elections and the administration of affairs." In the two last-named nations a glance at their legislatures reveals a preponderance of negro blood, which is traceable in their officials from Governor to light-horseman. The Seminoles, with a racial hatred born in the Everglades of Florida, have little intercourse with the white race. The authority above quoted says, in the same report, "I am informed that there are less than sixty whites of all ages in that [Seminole] nation." Singularly enough, the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws eschew amalgamation with their freedmen, and blend their blood with the white alone. This negro-Indian type is an artistic study. Partaking of the



A NON-CITIZEN'S CABIN.

characteristics of both races, the negro always predominating, they are picturesque in the extreme. Both sexes affect bright colors in dress, wear their kinky hair in knotty little braids bound with innumerable strings, feathers in their hats, and frequently immense brass ear-rings. They are lazy, good-natured, improvident, literally taking no thought of the morrow. Their peculiar situation makes life easy, and they are a happy, pleasure-loving people, with a propensity to petty larceny.

The non-citizen population is distinctively Southern. Texas and Arkansas, being contiguous, furnish the bulk of the immigration, which is heavy and constantly increasing. There is quite a sprinkling of the "cracker" element in the back districts, nomadic in tendency, and shiftless in their mode of life. Their wants are few and simple, and their ambition seldom extends beyond a bare subsistence. They were born on rented land, and never aspire to proprietorship. Cultivating small patches of ground with the least possible expenditure of energy, they exist in a perennial state of lethargy, augmented by malaria and "shakes." Such superfluities as "readin' and writin'" seldom enter into their education. The men are, for the most part, gaunt, tobacco-dried, dispirited creatures, and the women are inveterate snuff-dippers, and do much of the out-door work. A bale or two of poor cotton represents their year's labor, and they are too untrustworthy to even get that mortgaged in advance of picking, as is the custom of the country. They form the intruder class of the nations, in some instances squatting on unoccupied lands without contract or permission, seldom paying a permit. This class, let it be understood, form but a small portion of the white population. The average renter is industrious, intelligent, and honest. The United States agent testifies that he is "honorable and upright." He cultivates good-sized farms under liberal conditions, and is generally well-to-do. He it is who has reclaimed the land from the wilderness and caused it to blossom as the rose. The comfortable double log house, the barns and outbuildings, the miles of rail fence, the thrifty fields of cotton, corn, and wheat, which make his landlord's estate goodly to behold and valuable—all are his handiwork. But for him the five civilized tribes would be wearing gee-string and breech-clout, with no source of income but government annuities and the cattleman's grass-money. The landlord class owe all they possess to his patient toil and enterprise.

The towns of the Indian Territory furnish convincing proof of the remarkable progress made by these people within the past three or four years. Villages have sprung up at nearly every railroad station, some of considerable size and commercial prominence. Ardmore is the most populous and important town, with 4000 inhabitants. A million dollars is represented in the improvements and personal property on the town site, to say nothing of the value of the realty, for which there is no title in fee. The item of cotton receipts alone at the Ardmore market is 25,000 or 30,000 bales annually, putting in local circulation close to a million dollars. Merchants at some of these trading-points carry stocks of a hundred thousand dollars and more, doing as large a business annually as whole villages in many Eastern communities, and that with plenty of competition. During the busy season a bustling and unwonted sight can be witnessed in the cotton-blocked streets and crowded stores. All sorts of vehicles and rigs throng the main thoroughfares, from the canvas-covered wagon to the rudely improvised two-wheeled bull-cart. Slouchy stern-browed men, with drooping leather-girt hats the worse for several seasons' wind and rain, go shuffling along the dilapidated board sidewalks, veritable tatterdemalions and pictures of hard times; prosperous-looking planters and ranchmen in wool shirts and tight-legged boots, half-breeds and full-bloods, women and children, elbow each other in a confused blending of shape and color picturesque to behold; loud-mouthed auctioneers and medicine fakirs cry their wares and cure-alls to gaping crowds, interspersing their harangues ofttimes with minstrelsy, songs, and sleight-of-hand tricks; tough little Texas ponies blink lazily under their big high-horned saddles, and the several wagon-yards are full of campers. Money is plentiful, and spent with lavish hand. Although there are some modern brick business houses, lately built, few of the houses have an air of permanency, owing to the unstable land-tenure. They are set upon block foundations, galvanized flues stick through the roofs, and it is seldom that



SAMPLING COTTON IN ARDMORE.

they are even weather-boarded. There being no municipal regulations, each citizen is an ordinance unto himself, resulting in littered, dirty streets and pestilence-breeding alleys. The stranger on visiting these crude hustling towns, particularly those along the Santa Fe and Rock Island railroads in the west part of the Territory, is struck by the singular absence of the Indian. He is rarely seen on the street or met on the country roads. The reason is simple—the population is white. During the last term of the Federal court at Ardmore a young Chickasaw was put upon the witness stand, but could speak not a word of English. The judge dismissed him because out of a crowded court-room and in the metropolis of the five nations no one could be found to interpret his native tongue. The rapidity with which towns have been built along the Rock Island Railroad since its completion through the nation but six months ago is amazing. There are eight newspapers in as many towns on that road in the nation within a distance of ninety miles. The building lots are leased from year to year, at a rental of from $5 to $25 per annum, from the Indian citizen who has the good fortune to claim the town site as part of his landed possessions. This lot baron also sells quitclaims, though without authority of law, and to no advantage to the purchaser other than to stop rent. There are more than a score of growing towns in the Indian Territory of from 1000 to 4000 population.

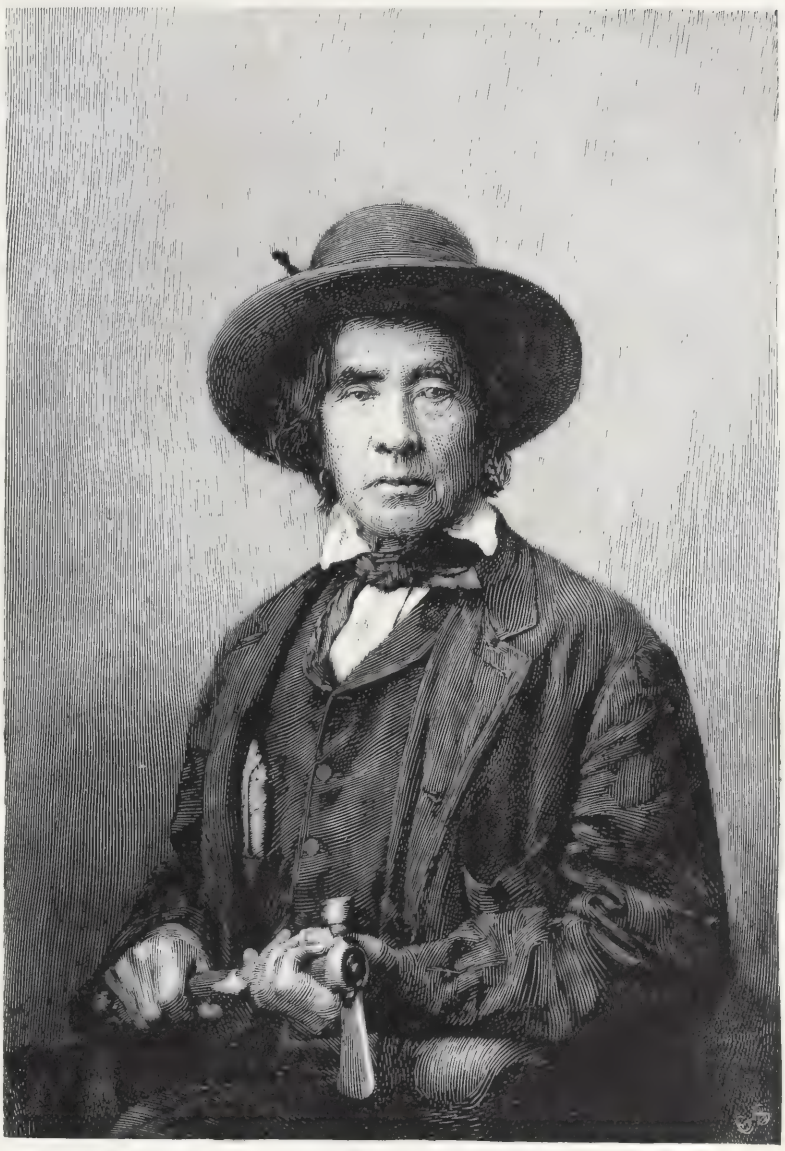
The scenery of the Indian Territory is beautifully diversified, and its natural resources are great. There are vast sweeps of undulating prairie, luxuriant in pasturage and surpassingly rich in soil; great broad river-bottoms with loam of wondrous blackness and depth; rolling hills and valleys of red clay peculiarly adapted to cotton; forests of valuable timber and exhaustless stores of firewood; rough mountainous districts guarding their secrets of precious mineral; mines of coal for centuries yet unborn. The land is well watered by long rivers with numerous tributaries, flowing southeasterly. Chief among these are the Arkansas and Canadian, wide treacherous streams flowing through sand-strewn valleys. A peculiarity of the latter is that it is a bed of drifting, sifting white sand a good share of the year, guiltless of any moisture whatever. While in this state, without warning or apparent cause, the water comes rolling down its sun-parched bed in great volume, transforming the river in a few moments to a booming torrent, bank-full. Human beings and stock

have been caught in the sudden flood while crossing on dry sand, and swept to their doom. The nomenclature of the streams, the mountains, and the towns suggests little more of Indian origin than that of most of the States. By far the greater number of post-offices are named for white individuals or towns in the States. The beautiful Indian tongue has been sadly ignored in the Indian's own land. In the southeastern quarter of the Territory the lumber and coal industries are carried on extensively by rich corporations operating under tribal charter, by Federal permission. Many thousands of white laborers are thus employed, and large revenues are derived by the Choctaw and Chickasaw governments, whose lands are owned jointly. Coal has been mined here on a large scale for more than twenty years, and shipped throughout the West. In the Creek and Cherokee nations the long-horned Texas steer has found a range, to the great detriment of the country agriculturally and the indignation of the poorer classes. These nations are a succession of big pastures leased to cattle syndicates for government revenue, or profitably held by citizens for the pasturage of foreign herds. The Indians have been literally fenced out of their own land by the politicians who run the country. Lately they have awakened to the wholesale plundering practised by their leaders, and several large pastures were destroyed by mob violence. Indignation powwows are becoming frequent, and even arms are resorted to. Some full-blood families have not enough grass for their milch-cows, while train-load after train-load of Texas cattle is unloaded in the country. The Chickasaw Nation is the home of the "nester," as the non-citizen farmer is called. Cotton is here the principal staple, the annual product of the nation exceeding 50,000 bales. The large pastures have disappeared before the man with the plough, because the landlords saw it was more profitable to have human tenants than cattle on a thousand hills. Hog and hominy have supplanted the steer. Corn, wheat, and oats flourish throughout the Territory, especially in the northern part. Fruit of all kinds common to the latitude takes kindly to the soil. The native timber, which is very heavy in some sections, is post oak, elm, hickory, pecan, sycamore, walnut, hackberry, cottonwood, cypress, and pine. Iron, coal, lead, copper, zinc, asphaltum, petroleum, and natural gas abound. Gold and silver have also been discovered. The mean average temperature is 41° in winter and 75° in summer. There is an average rainfall of 45 inches, well distributed.

The benefits of citizenship in the five nations are of so substantial a nature, and appeal so to the cupidity of outsiders, that some unscrupulously lay claim to Indian blood and attempt to enjoy tribal privileges. Especially is this true in the Cherokee Nation, where, it is said, such bogus claimants to citizenship number several thousand. Doubtless there are many such, but there are some justly claiming remote Indian ancestry who are denied citizenship by the Cherokees. This class of intruders, as they are officially denominated, have made their homes upon the national domain for years, and some have accumulated goodly possessions. By an act of the last Congress, providing for the purchase of the Cherokee Outlet, the great strip of unoccupied land lying along the southern Kansas border, the United States promises to eject these intruders from their claims, paying them for their improvements, but charging them for the benefits they have derived from the soil. An armed collision is freely predicted when the eviction is attempted. The process of determining the justice of claims to Cherokee citizenship is mysterious and complex. The native blood is so nearly extinct that a very small portion of the tribe would really be accused of being Indians on sight. The blond type is quite common. Another class of intruders—the squatter—has been previously described. Occasionally the United States agent sends his Indian police to the transient hut of this Arkansaw traveller, and escorts him, bag and baggage, to the border, with the injunction to return not on pain of instant expulsion; but he generally returns, like chickens driven from a garden, until suffered in sheer despair to remain. In the summer of 1891 evictions were attempted on a large scale in the Chickasaw Nation, the agent being attended by a troop of cavalry; but the whole proceeding was a farce. A bill making intruderism a felony, punishable by a fine of $1000 and one year in the penitentiary, passed the Lower House of Congress last winter. The penalty at-

tached to this remarkable act was explained by the member urging its passage as necessary because of the abject poverty of the criminals!

Monopoly of land under the so-called community system of tenure, together with the corruption of the tribal governments and their utter inefficiency, has brought about the decadence of the five nations. A quiet but mighty political revolution is sweeping over the Indian Territory. The issue of the day is land allotment. The spread of the sentiment favorable to lands in severalty has been surprisingly rapid. A few years ago Boudinot, the great Cherokee statesman, lawyer, and editor, was compelled to flee for his life from his country and die on State soil, because, with prophetic vision, he foresaw the necessities which would force the near abrogation of Indian autonomy, and counselled his people to allot their lands. But two years ago a convention of Chickasaw landlords passed resolutions denunciatory of three editors of that nation who had begun to advocate allotment and the abolition of the tribal relation. The resolutions in question proclaimed the editors revolutionists, and advised the tribal government to expel them from Indian soil and suppress their journals. Since that time the press of the Indian Territory has become almost unanimous in its advocacy of these progressive principles, and it is a power for much good in the cause. Of thirty-odd weekly and two daily newspapers now published in the five civilized tribes, not more than four oppose allotment, and they admit it to be inevitable, but hope to defer its accomplishment. Naturally enough, the politicians, attorneys, office-holders, and large landlords of the tribes, or most of them, bitterly oppose any measure calculated to interfere with their peculiar *status* and prevent such opportunities of aggrandizement and monopoly as are now theirs. Many of the full-bloods, too, having been taught by cunning leaders to believe that allotment is a white man's scheme to despoil them of their lands, look with suspicion upon the contemplated change, and prefer to eke out a poor existence in the waste places while another enjoys their portion. However, the question is being agitated and discussed with great interest among them lately, and the campaign of education is making many converts to allotment. It is confidently believed by friends of the policy that even now a large majority of the Indians by blood desire the equalization and individualization of the tribal domain by allotment. The leaven of progress is working.



THE OLDEST LIVING CREEK.

It is evident to a disinterested observer that the lands of the five civilized tribes

have practically passed out of the hands of the Indians. Amalgamation, and not white intrusion, has done the work. The longer continuation of existing conditions in the Indian Territory would be a blot upon civilization and an injustice to the Indian. The country and people have long since outgrown their narrow and abnormal environments. Severalty of land is an imperative requirement of the situation, and that is but the beginning of the end. Give the Indian—the real Indian and the mock Indian—his land, every acre of it, for it is lawfully his. Make enough of each allotment inalienable to insure him a home and a livelihood in future years, and let him make such disposition as he chooses of the residue, giving the white renters who have made it valuable priority right of purchase, and recognizing their equities in the fullest. This, with the equal distribution of the funds—many millions—held in trust by the government for these Indians, and the moneys derived from the sale of their outside reservations, would make them the wealthiest people on earth. There are 20,000,000 acres of land in the Indian Territory, which, divided among the tribal citizens, would give each individual 322+ acres. The Chickasaws and Choctaws, with 11,338,925 acres owned jointly, would be entitled to 515+ acres *per capita*. Surely, under such auspicious circumstances, these civilized Indians would have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the surrender of a farcical tribal autonomy and the acceptance of American citizenship and Statehood. A large percentage of them are as enlightened and shrewd as the average Yankee, and as capable of protecting their property interests and driving a sharp bargain in real estate. As for the few full-bloods, their natural suspicion and conservatism would be a safeguard against white rapacity, while contact with the world would sharpen their intellectual faculties and beget assimilation, teaching them habits of industry.

It is the obvious policy of the United States to make citizens of her Indians, and carry the work begun in Oklahoma to every reservation within her borders. The five civilized tribes, entrenched though they are behind an adamantine treaty wall, cannot afford to refuse the demand for capitulation. If they do they will lose infinitely more by the state of siege to follow. The manifest destiny of the country is Statehood, and that speedily. The change is a possibility, yea, a probability, of the present administration. The population of New Mexico and Arizona combined does not equal that of the five nations; Nevada added does not equal that of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory by more than 25,000; while Nevada, Wyoming, and Arizona lack 25,000 of equalling the population of the Indian Territory alone. The United States agent's annual reports to the Indian Bureau since Oklahoma was opened to settlement have strongly urged upon the government the necessity of radical action toward the five nations. In 1890 he wrote:

"One year ago there were few who openly and publicly advocated an allotment of lands. The ice once well broken, many have plunged into the argument, until it is now probable that this will be the leading issue in the ensuing political campaign of the Cherokee Nation, perhaps others. The full-bloods are thinking for themselves. They are no longer the blind followers of the half-breed and the adopted citizen. They are realizing who are decrying the taking of lands in severalty, yet lay out for themselves large farms in the richest bottoms, graze the free grass of the country, reap revenues from the coal interests, and keep their hands upon the national purse strings. The full-blood has been requited with the skim-milk after the rich cream of Indian politics has been skimmed for the benefit of those who run the machine. . . . Unless the government of the United States awakes from its lethargic inactivity and enforces its treaty obligations with these people, it would be more humane to end the matter at one fell swoop."

Of allotment he wrote the year previous:

"With the Indian as well as the white man industry and thrift have their roots in ownership of the soil. The patenting of lands in severalty creates individual interests, which are absolutely necessary to teach the benefits of labor and induce the following of civilized pursuits. Allotment creates responsibility and a desire to accumulate property; it teaches habits of economy and industry. A perfect and secure title to a man's possessions will alone imbue his mind with ideas of true

civilization. Individualization of the lands is the most important factor in Indian civilization."

Higher than all individual interests, higher than the claims of Indian autonomy, are the demands of progress in the mighty young West. The Indian Territory lies directly in the pathway of commerce between the rapidly developing trans-Mississippi empire and its gulf outlet that is to be. A network of railroads is destined to traverse the length and breadth of the red man's land. Here will be built flourishing cities, amply supported by the many industries to which this region is peculiarly adapted. Here will be developed the richest agricultural section in the great Southwest. Few States in the Union have such a diversity and abundance of natural resources. There are to-day 300,000 inhabitants in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. With the opening of millions of new acres to white settlement will come many thousands more. Within the next decade it is not unreasonable to predict a million people within the old bounds of the Indian Territory.

LEFT IN CHARGE.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

SCYTHE swung over shoulder, I turn from the beaten way,
Through the lush grass of the pasture, wet in the unrisen day;

Turn from the straight short highway, only, though all unseen,
To pass near where she is sleeping, my darling, my little queen!

Haply she stirs in her slumber, dreaming me dimly near.
Yet a little more daylight and she will be shining here;

She will slide the bolt and stand there, framed in the open door,
Like a perfect finished picture when the painter can do no more;

Stand—linger a moment with the dawn-light on her face,
Round arms bare to the shoulder, poised in her eager grace;

Linger with morning greeting to me in her heart and eyes,
Greeting me first when the new day flames in the tremulous skies;

Then, with the pail light-swinging, skirt kilted clear of the green,
Free-stepping, come for water, just here where I look and lean;

Stooping over the well-curb, sending the bucket slow
Down where the fairest of faces will smile at her from below;

Stooping, then rising slowly. Ah, I will touch you, dear!
See, I do it for you. So—leaving the water clear

Drawn for you—ready, my Sweetheart—there! Dripping it stands,
Waiting, as I do always, the sight of you, touch of your hands.

And I charge thee, O subtle force that giveth the water weight,
Swingeth the stone of the well-sweep, lifting the sparkling freight,

When she shall reach for the bucket, take her by the hand for me,
Letting her feel the touch of the lover she does not see.

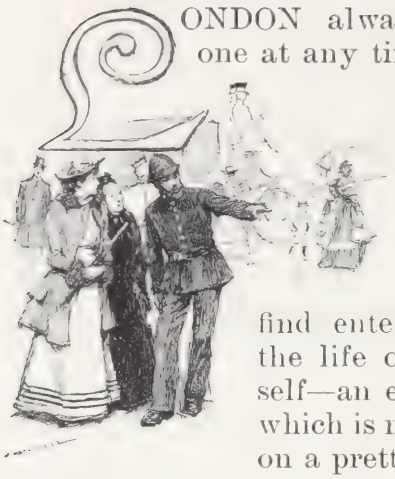
Kin to the force that draws me, holds me, circling around her way,
I charge thee, deliver my touch to her hand, my greeting to her to-day.

So good-by, Sweetheart, till nightfall. . . . Oh, but I see you the while,
Startled, resisted, wondering, and then your sweet, slow smile,

Thinking, "Oh, so you stopped, my boy, leaving the touch of your hand!"
She will know well, and no other. I am sure she will understand.

LONDON IN THE SEASON.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



LONDON always impresses one at any time, in season or out of season, as such a great show city; a show city where people of all classes may find entertainment in the life of the city itself—an entertainment which is not dependent on a pretty taste in architecture, or a knowledge of the city's historical values, or even upon a familiarity with its language. It presents so many and such dissimilar points of view that the Frenchman who objects to its sombreness will find something else to take the place of the lightness and gayety of his own capital, as the African monarch who visited London last summer found his greatest delight not in the majesty of its great extent, but in the "blue kings," as he called those who stood at the meeting of the highways, and who, by a mere raising of the hand, directed the flow of traffic, and stopped even him until an omnibus passed by. And the show is so free! There is so much which comes to one for nothing, which is given without the payment of a shilling fee, and which requires no guide-book. An idle man can find entertainment from early morn until midnight, though not later than that, at no greater cost than the mere exercise of living and standing on one side to watch. He does not necessarily have to hunt for the interesting things. They will come to him *en route*. There is nothing so picturesque in any other city of the world, perhaps, or which gives you such a start of curious pleasure, as the Bluecoat boy swinging along the crowded street, as unconscious of his yellow legs and flapping skirts and of the rain beating on his bare head as is the letter-carrier at home of his mail-bag. Or the Lord Mayor's carriage blocks your way when you go into

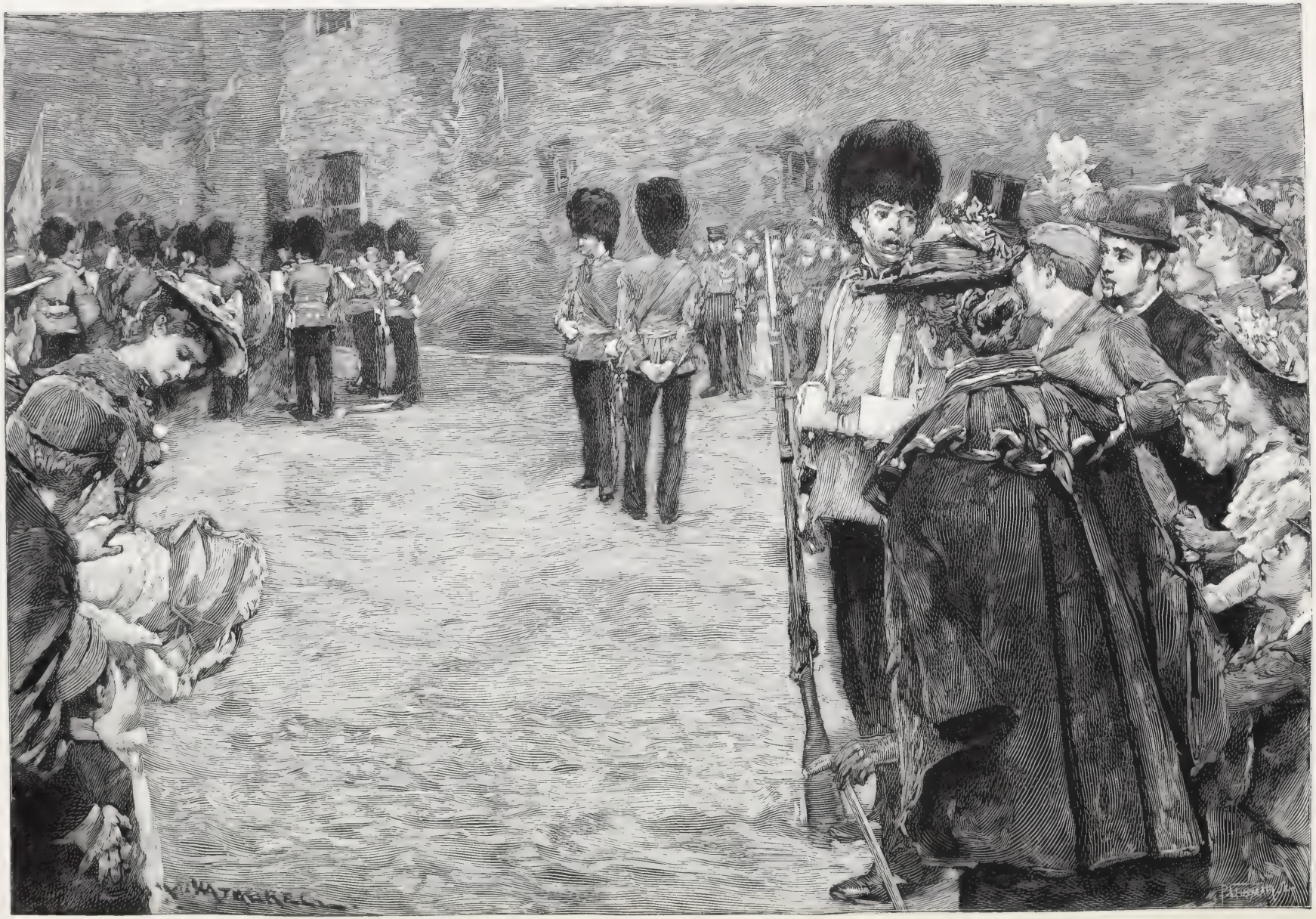


THE ROW—MORNING.

the City to draw on your letter of credit; or a couple of young barristers in waving gowns and with wigs askew dash in front of your hansom; or you are stopped by a regiment of soldiers, or a group of negro minstrels dancing in the street with as little concern as though they were separated from you by a row of foot-lights; or you meet the Despatch and the other coaches coming along Piccadilly and going down the steep hill from that street to St. James's Palace on a trot, and at the risk of every one's neck, apparently; or the Life-guards go by with shining helmets, and with the lonely rear-guard two hundred yards behind the rest to prevent an unexpected attack from that quarter, from whom I never could guess; or you come suddenly upon the proud and haughty Piccadilly goat in its rambles, or a line of sandwich-men dressed like sailors or cooks; or you note the contrast between the victoria with the men on the box in pink silk stockings and powdered hair, and the little coster's cart piled high with cabbages — as incongruous a sight to any other city as would be a yoke of oxen on Fifth Avenue. But what make the streets of London most interesting are not the badges of office and official uniforms, but the unofficial garb and insignia which the masses have adopted— the milkman's white apron and wooden yoke, the commissionnaire's medals which tell of campaigns in Egypt and India, or the bootblack's red coat. In America we hate uniforms because they have been twisted into meaning badges of servitude; our housemaids will not wear caps, nor will our coachmen shave their mustaches. This tends to make every class of citizen look more or less alike. But in London one can always tell a 'bus-driver from the driver of a four-wheeler, whether he is on his box or not. The Englishman recognizes that if he is in a certain social grade he is likely to remain there, and so, instead of trying to dress like some one else in a class to which he will never reach, he "makes up" for the part in life he is meant to play, and the 'bus-driver buys a high white hat, and the barmaid is content to wear a turned-down collar and turned-back cuffs, and the private coachman would as soon think of wearing a false nose as a mustache. He accepts his position and is proud of it, and the butcher's boy sits up in his cart just as smartly, and squares his elbows and straightens his legs and balances his whip with as much pride, as any driver of a mail-cart in the Park. All this helps to give every man you meet an individuality. The hansom-cab driver is not ashamed of being a hansom-cab driver, nor is he thinking of the day when he will be a boss contractor and tear up the streets over which he now crawls looking for a fare, and so he buys artificial flowers for himself and his horse, and soaps his rubber mat, and sits up straight and business-like, and if you put him into livery you would not have to teach him how to look well in it. He does not, as do our own drivers, hang one leg over the edge of his seat, or drive with one leg crossed over the other and leaning forward with shoulders stooped as though he were fish-



COACHES AT WHITEHALL.



CHANGING GUARD AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

ing with his whip. The fact that you are just as good as the next man, as the Constitution says you are, does not absolve you for performing the very humble work you chance to be doing, in spite of the Constitution, in a slovenly spirit.

The first show of the day in London is the procession of horses in the Row. It lasts from nine to eleven. It used to take place in the afternoon, but fashion has changed that; and Englishmen who have been in the colonies, and who come home on leave, and walk out to the Row at four to see the riders, seldom find more than a dozen from which to pick and choose; and they will find even a greater difference, if they go at the right hour, in the modern garb of both the men and the women. At least it was so last summer. The light habit and high hat of the girls and the long trousers and cutaway coat of the men had given way to a dishabille just as different as dress can be, and just as rigorous in its dishabille as in its previous correctness and "form." The women who rode last summer wore loose belted blouses and looser coats that fell to their knees; straw hats; and their hair, instead of being bound tightly up, was loose and untidy; and the men appeared in yellow boots, or even leggings, and serge suits and pot-hats. All these things were possible because the hour was early, and because women who follow the hounds dress more with an eye to comfort than they did, and others dress like them to give the idea that they too follow the hounds. The Row, with six hundred horses on it, is one of the finest sights of this show city. It would not be possible were it not for the great leisure class, and it and all the other features of Hyde Park show not only how the leisure class is recognized as an institution in the way the authorities have set aside places for it, but how the people themselves, not of that class bow to it, and give it the right of way. There is nothing so curious or incomprehensible to an American as this tacit recognition that somebody is better than somebody else. We never could get any one to admit that in this country —except those who thought they were the better ones, and they are so many!

After you have seen the Row, you can walk down to St. James's Palace and watch them change the guard. This is a very innocent recreation, but it is a pretty sight, and it illustrates what I am trying to show—that there is so much to see in London that is done simply because it is decorative and pretty to look at: that is a thing we do not, I think, sufficiently consider. We do things, first, because they are necessary or convenient, or because they save time; and later, very much later, we make them look presentable. Any one who saw the trees in Madison Square hung with colored lanterns on the occasion of the Columbian celebration in New York must have been struck with this. The awe of the people who walked through that very beautiful park that night, and their bewilderment at having something given them for nothing, which had no use, which was merely ornamental, was rather pathetic. They could have understood the lighting of the city by electricity in place of gas, but not the hanging of orange globes in the green branches of a public square. But the English go about this differently; they still light their streets by gas, but they take a band of music to do as simple a thing as changing a guard. We have no guards in America, not even around the White House, but if we had, we would relieve it at a quickstep and in a most businesslike manner. But in London the band plays every day at a quarter to eleven, and a great crowd of people gathers, and the soldiers and the crowd listen to three selections from the band, and then the men salute the flag, and march off proudly to a swinging march; and the crowd breaks up and goes off about its business, and there is no great harm done; and there has been, on the contrary, some very good music and a brave showing of red coats, which helps the recruiting sergeants. If you hurry from St. James's Palace yard to Trafalgar Square, you will be in time to see the coaches start from in front of the Hotel Victoria. That is also a pretty sight, and as there are seldom less than a dozen coaches, and as there are a great many passengers to mount, and cold Scotches to be taken, and extra pulls to be given to the harness, it takes some time. If you make a habit of going down to see the coaches start, you will soon notice that there are many more who do the same thing, and you will see the same gentlemen gather there every morning in very long coats and very curly hats, who examine the same legs of the same horses, and comment on Mr. King's being behind time, or that Arthur Fownes is not going

to drive, or some such other important matter. There is a great deal of color, and much ringing of blasts on the horns and jangling of chains, and old-time picturesqueness in the red and green coats of the guards and the familiar names on the panels, and you are rather pleased to note that it is owing to the delight the visiting American takes in this out-of-town travel that the coaches are able to start with all the places taken.

Of course the best of all the free shows in London are the Houses of Parliament. They are more interesting to an American than our Upper and Lower House are to an Englishman, because the American knows more about what he is going to see than does the Englishman, and because he, having read history and the foreign column of his daily paper, enjoys that rare pleasure of finding things just as he has been told he would find them, and knows what is going on. He speaks the language, as it were, and knows his way about, and does not have to keep his nose in the libretto, and so miss all the acting. I once met an Englishman I knew at a club in America which happened to be crowded with famous men, and told him he was very fortunate in seeing so many distinguished Americans gathered in one place and at one time, and I began pointing them out. But as he had never heard of any of them, he saw nothing but a number of elderly gentlemen in evening dress, and did not benefit by his opportunity; so I took him on to an athletic club, where he shot at a mark, and apparently enjoyed himself very much. An American of the same class would have read the books or the speeches of the men pointed out, and could have talked to them, if he had met them, with benefit to both. This is a characteristic of the American which our English cousin misunderstands in a most aggravating fashion. He explains the fact that we know more about his country and its laws and great men than he does about ours as a perfectly natural tribute to its superiority, just as the Western man is expected to know who is Governor of New York State, while the inhabitant of New York is excused if he does not recollect who may be Governor of Idaho or Dakota. This is not the proper view at all. The American knows more about England than Englishmen know about America, because he is interested in the world at large, and not only in the county or borough in which he exists. He would feel ashamed if he did not know. The Englishman is not ashamed. He thinks it perfectly natural that you should recognize all the principal men of both benches in the House of Commons, but he does not feel that he has missed anything, or that there is anything missing in him, when he sees nothing in the House of Representatives but a large room filled with men of whom he has never heard. A member of the cabinet of last June asked me whether our cabinet ministers did or did not speak from the floor of the House. It did not strike him that that question was not so much an exhibition of interest on his part as of ignorance. He asked it quite innocently, just as if it were something he could not possibly be expected to know. So I told him, gently, that the public-school children in America knew whether cabinet ministers in England spoke in the House, and that with us we considered knowing just such things part of the education of a gentleman, like knowing how to mount a lady on horseback, and that not to know them was as something to hide, like a soiled pair of cuffs, and of which it was proper to be ashamed. It was not that we looked up to these other nations and studied them in consequence, as the saleslady reads the society column which treats of the Four Hundred, but because with us we were expected to know of Freycinet and Caprivi and Rudini and Gladstone, just as we were of Reed or Cleveland. As Goethe says, "One only finds in Rome what one takes there." The Englishman takes nothing to America but himself. The American takes to England and the rest of Europe the accumulated learning of his lifetime, a quick interest, which is *not* curiosity, and a foreknowledge of the traditions and present daily life of what he sees. And so when he enters the House of Parliament he enters it with the full knowledge of all that it means and has meant for centuries. He sees the trial of Warren Hastings and the entrance of Cromwell; and the white marble statues along the corridor from the old Hall to the new House are alive to him, and pregnant with intelligence. He does *not* exclaim, "These are the halls of my ancestors," "Blood is thicker than water," and "I am only, after all, returning to mine inheritance." That is the

sort of stuff American consuls talk at London dinners. That is the way the Englishman bores one by trying to explain the interest one takes in his history. "Ah, yes!" he says, "you feel that, after all, we are the same people." Some Americans may feel that way, and thrill over it. I know one American who does not. It is not that we were once one people, but that the Houses of Parliament are something of which we have read and heard, and are not England's alone, but the world's. We would thrill just the same over the pyramids or the field of Marathon or the Champs Élysées. I once heard a dear old lady from the country say to her equally dear old husband in a New York horse-car, "Henry, do you appreciate the fact that we are on Broadway?" Broadway to her was a great name and place that she had thought would be always a name, and she found herself part of it, and it thrilled her simple old heart. It was *not* because her great-grandfather had once kept a shop on Broadway. And so when we go into the gallery and look down on all the men of whom we have heard so long we feel things, and it is *not* because our great-grandfathers once sat in those halls and made the laws for their sovereign, but because we feel we are watching men make history. But an Englishman cannot understand *that*.

It is impossible not to take advantage of a comparison already familiar and liken the interior of the Houses of Parliament to a well-ordered club. That is the simplest and most direct way of describing it. The decoration is no more serious nor no more handsome than is that of some of the older clubs on Pall Mall, and the attitude of the ushers, or whatever those dignitaries are called who look like bishops and wear gold chains, who *think* they can get you the order of the day, and who are yet human enough to take even a shilling for doing so, is strongly suggestive of the club servant. The smoking-room is like any other smoking-room, with its leather cushions and electric buttons and red-waistcoated waiters, and the grill-room just as hot, over-lighted, and noisy as most club grill-rooms; and the tea on the terrace while the heavy barges with their brown sails and the penny excursion boats go by, and with Lambeth Palace across the way, is much more suggestive of the Lyric Club's terrace further up the Thames than the breathing-ground of a great legislative body. I am sure the tea on that terrace has had much more influence on the politics of Great Britain than all the much stronger drinks served in the smoking-room belowstairs. And if it were wise to put a screen in front of the women in the House itself, it would seem even better wisdom to screen them off the terrace as well. They could not do very much harm from the gallery, even were the lattice taken away, but out there on the terrace, in the late English twilight, and with the moon perhaps hanging over St. Paul's, and all the various lights of the Surrey side and of the passing craft showing on the black surface of the river, they are very dangerous indeed. How many men, one might question, have decided that Conservatives were, after all, very nice people, and their wives and daughters at least most innocent, and that Liberal-Unionist sounds better than Liberal, which people *will* translate Radical, and that it is rather pleasant to be taken up by such smart people and to pour out tea for them, like the other great Liberal-Unionist and "his duchesses."

The first impression one gets of the chamber of the House of Commons is that it is so very small. It does not surprise you to find the House of Peers a hall of somewhat limited proportions. That seems to be in keeping with the exclusiveness of its members. But the House of Commons sounds so momentous, and such great things have been carried out there, that one rather looks for something grand and imposing and impressive. And when you take your place in the gallery, and lean over the railing to look down upon the high hats of the members, you feel that you are rather in a private chapel than in a legislative hall, and that by reaching out your hand you could almost touch the Speaker in his high chair, which always wickedly suggested a Punch-and-Judy show to me, and the top of which, I was grieved to note, was not dusted. I found it very hard at first to grasp the fact that the gentlemen sitting on the benches or walking in and out, and making little bows to the Speaker whenever they did so, whether he was looking at them or not, were the real men themselves of whom we have read, and with whom *Punch's* "Essence

of Parliament" and the illustrated papers have made us familiar. It was interesting to think you were hearing before any one else the speeches or the arguments that were to be read the next morning in America and India. Going to the House day after day was like a procession of "first nights" given with a star cast. I caught myself commenting with some surprise on how like the men were to their pictures, and that there really was a latticed grating, and that the shadowy, moving figures behind it, like the ghostly jury in "The Bells," were real women and young girls, guarded from view like slaves in a harem; and that there were a mace and a gangway and a master-of-arms with a sword, just as Harry Furniss draws him, and a reporters' gallery, where Warrington and Charles Dickens once sat; and that Mr. Balfour did wear gaiters, and Mr. Gladstone high-peaked collars; and that the Irish members were as obnoxious as I had been led to believe they would be; and that the Lord Chancellor in the Upper House looked just as he did in *Iolanthe*. It was like seeing one of Shakespeare's plays on the stage for the first time after one had studied it only from the book. What impressed me most about the House was the air of good-breeding which prevailed there, and the strictness of the etiquette—the fact that the members might not read a newspaper within its limits, and the courtesy with which they bowed and gave to each other the full title. It seemed so cozy and comfortable—legislation made easy, as it were—the colors were so harmonious and the coats of arms so numerous, and the ubiquitous policemen in the lobbies and halls outside so obsequious, that a member's life, one thought, must be a happy one. And they have such amusing privileges outside the House. Their hansoms may, for instance, go through any block at Waterloo Bridge, no matter how heavy the traffic may be, and if they are cabinet ministers they can go through a block anywhere. If I were a cabinet minister I would take a hansom by the hour, and spend my time riding around to find blocks that I might be let through, and so make other people envious. And inside the House they are allowed to ask their friends to dinner, and to wear their hats all the time and everywhere, even, or especially—for some of the Liberals are silly enough to make a point of it—when the Prince of Wales takes his seat over the clock.

The most interesting moments in the House to one who is not so fortunate as to be present at any great debate is question-time, when members of both parties ask questions of the government. These questions, in order that they may be answered by the proper persons, require the actual presence of the greater number of the cabinet or of their under-secretaries, so that one hears and sees the most interesting men of the party in power under fire, or at least on the defensive. It used to be that a member could ask a question of the government without giving any warning as to what the question was to be; but this privilege became so grossly abused by those who asked only embarrassing questions meant to embarrass that the questions were ordered to be printed and sent in advance to the heads of the different departments who were expected to answer them. This gave them some time to prepare their reply, and to avoid telling too much or too little. In the order of the day, which is furnished the members at each sitting, these questions now appear numbered and titled, with the name of the man who is to ask them. When his turn comes, he rises and takes off his hat, and asks the Right Honorable the Secretary of State for the Home Department, for instance, to answer question twenty-nine. Then the gentleman or his under-secretary makes a more or less satisfactory answer in a very few words. The value of these questions to the visitor is that they show how far-reaching and multitudinous are the interests of the House of Commons. There no topic is so trivial that if it concerns a British subject it is not important enough to command the attention of the House, and you get a glimpse of a paternal government which one moment causes a smile, and the next fills you with wonder at the greatness of the system that can reach out from Westminster and hold an army at check at the Khyber Pass, or protect the whaling-master in Bering Sea, or punish a policeman on the Strand. Nothing is too little to escape its notice, and nothing too momentous to baffle its inquiry. The latter fact is not remarkable; that seems the natural burden of the House of Commons. But it must always strike the American as amusing that so great a legislative body should take up its

own time in the consideration of matters which a police justice could adjust as satisfactorily.

The Irish members last summer were, as a rule, the most aggressive in their inquiries and their questions the most trivial. I had, as I suppose every American has, a sentimental interest in home-rule until I had seen something of the men who stood for it. Those who are its champions this year, now that the other party is in power, and since home-rule has become a government measure, are no doubt a very different class, but the Irish members of 1892 seemed to me capable of doing their cause as much harm as any member of the opposition could have possibly hoped to accomplish. They were the representatives in the House of a great question, a great measure, the most important that has obtained the attention of the House for many years, and instead of saving their strength for this and bearing themselves in such a manner as to gain the respect and admiration even of their opponents, as they might have done had they been big men capable of carrying out a big reform, or at least a great change, they disgusted even their friends, and were nothing to their opponents but annoying mischief-makers. They seemed to indicate by their manner — and very bad manners they were—that they intended to misbehave, no matter how polite the others might be—in spite of that fact, indeed. They reminded me of spoiled children who were proud of the fact that they were the worst boys in the school, and would *not* be good even were it to attain their own ends. And so they were a trial to those who were sincere, who were in earnest, and who had far less at stake, and a burden to their friends and a delight to their enemies. Englishmen might as fairly ask us to put the national government into the hands of the Tammany sachems as for us to expect them to give the control of Ireland to the men I saw last year at Westminster. This is not a popular way of looking at it in America. But no cause is better than the men who represent it; at least they can hardly expect others to judge it by any higher basis than their own showing. The only copy of the orders of the day which I have kept with me is the one for the 13th of June, 1892. I did not keep it with any intent, but it shows excellently well the character and conduct of the Irish members, and illustrates also what I have said about the variety of interests with which the House concerns itself. On that day it appears that there were thirty questions on the programme. Twenty of these were asked by the Irish members alone; that is, two-thirds of question-time was taken up by a half-dozen men out of the six hundred and seventy members. If these questions were legitimate and sincere one could only applaud the interest of the Irish member on behalf of his constituents, but questions like these seem hardly worth while:

12. Mr. Sexton,—To ask the Postmaster-General whether he is aware that the surveyor for the northern district of Ireland refused to forward a petition from the postal staff of the Belfast office because the petition was a printed one:

Whether there is any rule which directs that petitions should be in manuscript:

And whether any English surveyor has refused to forward a similar petition on the same ground.

36. Dr. Tanner,—To ask the chief secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland whether any steps have been taken to obtain a site for a cottage under the laborers (Ireland) acts in the parish of Doneraile, County Cork, near Oldcourt graveyard, and if he is aware that a site was chosen by the dispensary committee, approved by the engineer to the union, but obstructed by a local tenant farmer:

And whether, in view of the fact that the provision of this cottage has been repeatedly asked for by the people of the locality, the local government board will take steps to settle the matter.

5. Mr. William O'Brien,—To ask the Secretary of State for War whether he is aware that Martin O'Donnell, at the date of his enlistment in the Connaught Rangers at Galway, was under the prescribed age for recruits:

And whether, having regard to the fact that this young lad of seventeen years of age is the only support of a widowed mother, who has eight other young children, he will order O'Donnell's discharge.

19. Mr. Patrick O'Brien,—To ask the chief secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland whether he is aware that the cow of a laborer named Michael Traynor, of Creerylake, near Carrickmacross, County Monaghan, was seized on the 4th instant by a bailiff named Henry Stubs when trespassing on an evicted farm on the Shirely estate and impounded, and that Stubs detained the animal for three days, and charged the owner £3 before releasing it.

And what was the charge of £3 for, and was it a legal charge.

Imagine the interests of an empire

standing idle while its representative body considers the case of a cow, of a single recruit, and of the site of a thatched cottage. Some of the other questions of that day show the extent of these interests, and that the House of Commons is as omnipotent as an Eastern Sultan who decides upon going to war or upon the case of a shoemaker who will not pay his debts.

21. Major-General Goldsworthy,—To ask the Under-Secretary of State for India whether India is to be represented at the Chicago Exhibition; and if so, whether the government of India proposes to give a grant in aid.

11. Mr. Norris,—To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty what inducements, if any, are held out to the junior officers of the navy to acquire foreign languages, and if periodical examinations are held:

And if he is aware that French officers who visited England last year expressed surprise at the deficiency in this respect of the English naval officers.

23. Mr. Henniker Heaton,—To ask the Postmaster-General the exact date and hour of the arrival of the Orient steamship *Orotava* at Naples last week, at what hour the mails left Naples for London, and the cause of the delay in their arrival here.

20. Mr. Sexton,—To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department if it has been brought to his knowledge that on the 5th of February last Catherine O'Toole, a weaver, had one of her eyes destroyed by a blow from the shuttle of a loom beside where she was working in the weaving factory of the Belfast Flax Spinning and Weaving Company (Limited), Waterford Street, Belfast; that another weaver, named Lizzie Boyd, had one of her eyes destroyed in the same way in the weaving factory of the York Street Spinning Company (Limited), Belfast, on the 3d of May:

Were those injuries caused by the neglect of the employers or their superintendents to have suitable screens erected at each end of the loom so as to prevent the shuttle flying out in case of accident:

And whether the government, having regard to the frequency of such accidents, will cause to be appointed as inspector of factories in Belfast a tenter or other person recommended by the Belfast Trades Council, and having practical knowledge and experience of the working of such looms.

16. Major-General Goldsworthy,—To ask the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether he is aware that in December last, before the provisional regulations were issued, a petition was signed by ship-owners representing over 5,000,000 tons of shipping, protesting against the passage of petroleum-tank steamers through the Suez Canal.

10. Sir Guyer Hunter,—To ask the Under-Secretary of State for India whether the rank of medical officers mentioned in Article 267A of the recent royal warrant, as carrying "precedence and other advantages indicated by the military portion of the title," has been infringed by a recent ruling of the commander-in-chief of the Bombay army, relative to the position at mess of medical officers organically belonging to native regiments in India, in which it is declared that the senior combatant officer present takes military precedence on all occasions; and if such ruling be valid, what is the precise nature and scope of the "precedence" set forth in the article quoted of the royal warrant.

39. Mr. Causton,—To ask the President of the Board of Trade whether he can inform the House how many boats and the number of people they would accommodate were carried by the steamer *Albert Edward* at the time of the recent collision on the passage from Boulogne to Folkestone:

And how many passengers were on board the steamer at the time of the collision.

These latter questions show the actual variety of the interests of the House, and the paternal nature of a government which inquires into the doings and wants of its subjects from Chicago to the Suez Canal, and from Bombay to Boulogne.

The next step is from the House to the Park in time to see the parade of carriages, which is possibly less interesting than the people who gather to look at it. Fashion has moved slowly but surely from west of Hyde Park Corner to Stanhope Gate, and has left its original gathering-ground to country cousins and foreigners, who sit like people in a theatre, clutching the little penny ticket which entitles them to a seat over a most extensive area, and gazing open-eyed at the procession of fine horses and haughty ladies and still haughtier coachmen. The smart people haunted the lawn opposite Stanhope Gate last year, and that they were left to themselves and that no one not of their class came to stare at them is one of the curious facts that an American cannot understand. If it was the rule and if it was understood in New York that all of the Few Hundred intended to occupy a certain portion of the Park at a certain hour of each afternoon, it would not be very long before all the nursemaids would circle it with their perambulators, and people not of the Few Hundred would go there too, some of them because they wished to stare at the people whose names they had read in the "society" column, and some because they wished to show that the Park

belonged equally to them, whatever their social standing might be. But this is not the case in London. The lawn opposite Stanhope Gate is as free as the air to any one who pays his penny for a green chair, but no one not of a certain class goes there. They sit below, recognizing an invisible barrier; they would not be comfortable opposite Stanhope Gate. This indefinable and unwritten right of the upper class to keep to itself is very interesting. Under that tree the Duchess of —— always sat, in this corner of the iron railing one was always sure to find the American heiress, and in the angle of the railing the Hon. Mrs. —— held her court and received her devotees. No one reserved these places, and yet every one recognized their right to them, as they recognize Mr. Gladstone's right to the corner seat of the first bench in the House. It is even more strongly illustrated at Brighton. There is a long parade there, stretching for miles along the shore; part of it is asphalt, and a little space is laid out in turf. There is no railing around the turf, no barrier of any sort, or any sign to mark it as being sacred soil, but no housemaid or landlady, or even the most quiet-looking of the women from "the Wood," would think of walking there. It is reserved for the smart people by some unwritten law, and the rest of the world not of their world recognizes this and keeps off the grass and walks on the asphalt. The spot opposite Stanhope Gate looked more like a private lawn party than a public park. We have nothing like that at home. The Claremont teas had to be fenced in with cards of admittance, and they were somewhat spoiled by the blasting of rock in the near neighborhood, and the sight of the Harlem goat and shanty within a few hundred yards. Exclusiveness is not allowed to enjoy a healthy growth undisturbed in our republican garden.

The sights of London at night do not begin until very late on account of the delightfully late twilights, and end very abruptly at midnight on account of the police. But when the hansoms begin to flash past by the thousands, and the theatres open up their doors like open fireplaces in the night, and the policemen's lanterns throw long lines of light, the city is nearly at its best. It seems to hold such a potential possibility of adventure and romance; it becomes mysterious and momentous, and yet widely awake and brilliant. You feel that every one has laid aside the burden of the day, and is intent on pleasure or on entertainment. The swift rush of the hansoms, even when they have no fare inside, always struck me as being the most significant sign of the hour, as though even the horses knew that it would all go out in a little while and they must make the best of their time. London has wisely divided her sources of public amusements in the evening between the music halls and the theatres. To the theatre go the properly clothed men and women from late dinners, conscious and considerate of those who may sit behind them, and of the fitness of things in fine linen and bare shoulders. To the halls go the less critical and less particular. I, personally, preferred the halls, for the reason that the audience is a part of the entertainment, and that one can learn the feelings of the Englishman on any public question much more at first hand there than by reading what he is told to think in the leading editorial columns of the papers. It is significant, for instance, when a comic singer is not allowed to continue for three minutes because he has referred to Mr. Gladstone as the Grand Old Woman, and when a plea in verse for Mrs. Maybrick draws forth cheers, and a figure made up to look like Lord Salisbury elicits shouts of derisive laughter. It was in the music hall that a comic singer gave a new name to the Conservative party by singing, "We don't want to fight, but by jingo," etc., and it is in the halls that the young Briton is taught to sing, "God bless the Prince and Princess of Wales," and to hoot at the German Prince Henry of Battenberg. I have heard a comic singer stop the orchestra and say to the audience: "I don't think you could have understood that last verse. The line was, 'And drive these German boors away.' Some of you applauded; you mustn't do that. You must hiss that line. Now we will try that over again; and don't forget to hiss." At which he would repeat the verse, and the audience would hoot and hiss at the appropriate sentiment. Some paper—*Punch*, I think it was—described Lord Randolph Churchill as going from shop window to shop window counting the number of his photographs exposed for sale, in order to compare them with those offered of Letty Lind and Mr. Gladstone, and so gauge

his popularity. If an English politician really wishes to know what the people think of him, he should give up subscribing to a newspaper-clipping agency and attend the music halls. He would get a very good idea of his popularity there.

The sentiment of the music-hall song differs according to location. A Conservative song will go well around Leicester Square in the West End, but will be hissed on the Surrey side or in Islington. So some of the performers endeavor to please both parties by giving each a verse, and then adding a third of a strongly national and patriotic nature, which draws both factions together and leaves the actor without suspicion of partiality for any particular party. As, for instance, there is one in which the singer tells of his asking Lord Salisbury how Mr. Gladstone came to lose his place; this was sung, of course, before the last general election, and to which the Premier, being no doubt in an affable mood and without suspecting that the music-hall man was going to repeat what had been told him, informs him that it was

"'All through his greed of office.
All through his love of power.
What cares he for old England's rights?
The Liberal party he disunites.
For what? For the votes of the Parnellites.
That's how he lost his place.'"

This is received with cheers by the Conservatives and hoots by the Liberals, which latter the comic singer hastens to appease by going direct to Mr. Gladstone himself and asking him for his side of it. He addresses him in this way:

"'How did you lose your place, great sire?
How did you lose your place?'
I asked of England's Grand Old Man
With the kind and careworn face.
His gentle eyes looked into mine,
And, pausing for a moment's time,
He answered, with a smile sublime:
'Why did I lose my place?
All for the sake of Ireland,
All for the Emerald Isle.
I've seen the world and my friends grow cool;
In my old, old age they call me a fool;
But I'll live to see Ireland gain home-rule,
And they'll give me back my place.'"

This song, sung to a very stirring melody, has often brought the performance on the stage to a close for fully three minutes, while the audience expressed themselves with energy. And yet we call the Englishman stolid and unemotional. Imagine an American audience going quite crazy because a comic song spoke disrespectfully of one or the other of the Presidential candidates! But it has a healthy patriotic quality about it which is most pleasing, as is shown on the last verse of this same song. In this the singer, who is of an inquiring mind apparently, asks an "aged veteran" how he came to lose his arm, and the veteran replies:

"'Fighting at Balaclava;
Fighting for England's fame.
I was in front when the charge was made,
Where the cannon roared
And the sabres played,
Riding to death with the Light Brigade.
That's how I lost my arm.'"

With a fine brass band playing the accompaniment, and a large drum to represent the cannon, and a man to sing the words with a barytone voice, this last verse is calculated to make even the casual foreigner stand up and shout. On the whole, I consider the music hall a much misunderstood and undervalued entertainment. It fosters other things besides patriotism though, its devotees are neither innocent nor ignorant of the world's ways. But "the halls," as one of the show things of London, have their proper place.

They are not always the noisy, smoke-filled places one pictures them. They are like any other theatre, with gorgeous plush seats and great divans and velvet curtains and proudly uniformed attendants, and some of their stars are artists who draw as much as £100 a week, and drive around the streets from hall to hall in smart broughams, with "Vesta Tilly, the Vital Spark," or the "Sisters Bilton," painted on the lamps in red letters. They are often extremely vulgar, and as frequently as dull; but there is always something to redeem the rest—an artist like Albert Chevalier, or a countess who sings queer songs, or the friend of a noble duke who stops singing to take the house into her confidence and tell them of her private difficulties, and who is hailed, consolingly, as "Good old Bessie," because, I suppose, she is not old, and certainly not good; or a man like Rowley or Connors, who sings songs in which the entire house joins; and I can assure those who have not heard six or seven hundred men singing the chorus of a comic song that it has a most interesting effect.

The show part of London ends, in the West End at least, at midnight. It can



THE LAWN, NEAR STANHOPE.

be continued behind club doors after that, but, as far as the streets are concerned, London is neither an impossible place in which to walk nor a wilderness. To a clubless visitor it is the most inhospitable city in the world. Not even a restaurant is open to him, and, for all he can see outside of the closed doors, the curtain is down and the show is over. This is the strangest feature almost of this great city, its prompt good-night at twelve o'clock.



IN THE EARLY DAYS.

BY ALICE ARCHER SEWALL.

THE great first children journeyed through
The countries, lonely then,
With all their sheep and little ones,
Their cattle and their men;

And kept themselves in tribes apart
For awe of the great plains;
And learned the length of days and nights,
Of summers and of rains;

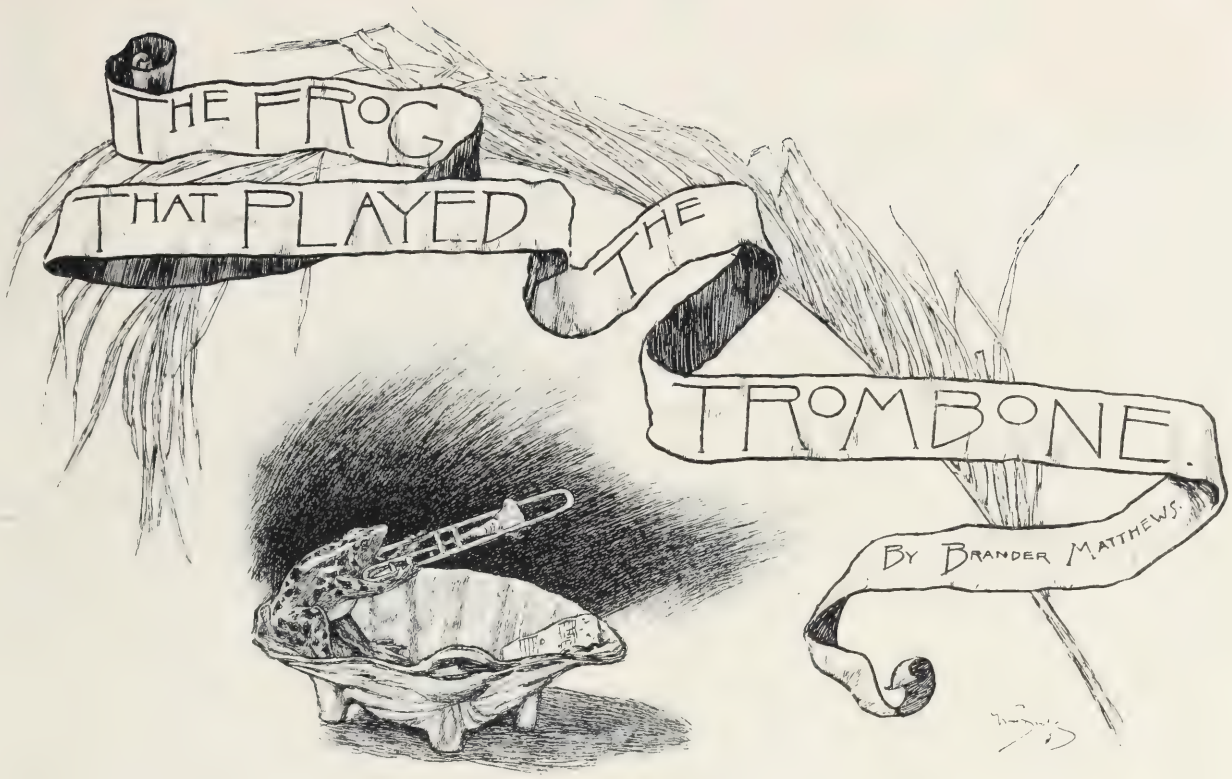
And saw no other men through all
The blue horizons wide,
Save their own kind who came to birth,
And marched and sang and died;

And left the mark of pitchèd tents,
Of footprints in the dew,
And tracks of beaten, billowed grass
Their flocks had pastured through.

And sometimes on a mountain-top
They stood among their spears,
And gazed across an unknown sea
Into the unknown years;

And sometimes o'er a silent plain,
As endless as the sky,
A child from lands unknown would come
And meet them eye to eye;

And they would gaze and love and speak
And rest awhile; and then
Each journeyed past with all his sheep,
His cattle, and his men.



ON a corner of my desk there stands a china shell; its flat and oval basin is about as broad as the palm of my hand; it is a spotted brownish-yellow on the outside, and a purply-pinkish white on the inside; and on the crinkled edge of one end there sits a green frog with his china mouth wide open, thus revealing the ruddy hollow of his interior. At the opposite end of the shell there is a page of china music, purporting to be the first four bars of a song by Schubert. Time was when the frog held in his long greenish-yellow arms a still longer trombone made of bright brass wire, bent into shape, and tipped with a flaring disk of gilded porcelain. In the days when the china frog was young he pretended to be playing on the brass trombone. Despite its musical assertiveness, the function of the frog that played the trombone was humble enough: the shell was designed to serve as a receiver for the ashes of cigars and cigarettes. But it is a score of years at least since the china frog has held the brass trombone to its open lips. Only a few months after he gave his first mute concert on the corner of my table the carelessness of a chance visitor toppled him over on the floor, and broke off both his arms and so bent the trombone that even the barren pretence of his solo became an impossibility. A week or two later the battered musical instrument disappeared; and ever since then the gaping mouth of the frog has seemed to suggest that he was trying to sing Schubert's song. His open countenance, I am sorry to say, has often tempted my friends to make sport of him. They have filled the red emptiness of his body with the gray ashes of their cigars; they have even gone so far as to put the stump of a half-smoked cigarette between his lips, as though he were solacing himself thus for the loss of his voice.

Although the frog is no longer playing an inaudible tune on an immovable instrument, I keep it on a corner of my desk, where it has been for nearly twenty years. Sometimes of a winter's night, when I take my seat at the desk before the crackling and cheerful hickory fire, the frog that played the trombone catches my eye, and I go back in memory to the evening when it performed its first solo in my presence, and I see again the beautiful liquid eyes of the friend who brought it to me. We were very young then, both of us, that night before Christmas, and our hearts kept time with the lilt of the tune that the frog played silently on his trombone. Now I am young no longer, I am even getting old, and my friend has been dead this many a year. Sometimes, as I look at the gaping frog, I know

that if I could hear the song he is trying to sing I should hate it for the memories it would recall.

He who gave it to me was not a schoolfellow, a companion of my boyhood, but he was the friend of my youth and a classmate in college. It was in our Junior year that he joined us, bringing a good report from the fresh-water college where he had been for two years. I can recall his shy attitude the first morning in chapel when we were wondering what sort of a fellow the tall, dark, handsome new-comer might be. The accidents of the alphabet put us side by side in certain class-rooms, and I soon learned to know him, and to like him more and more with increasing knowledge. He was courteous, gentle, kindly, ever ready to do a favor, ever grateful for help given him, and if he had a fault it was this, that he was jealous of his friends. Although his nature was healthy and manly, he had a feminine craving for affection, and an almost womanly unreason in the exactions he made on his friends. Yet he was ever ready to spend himself for others, and to do to all as he would be done by.

Although fond of out-door sports, his health was not robust. He lacked stamina. There was more than a hint of consumption in the brightness of his eye, in the spot of color on his cheek, in the hollowness of his chest, and in the cough which sometimes seized him in the middle of a recitation. Toward the end of our Senior year he broke down once, and was kept from college a week; but the spring came early, and with the returning warmth of the sunshine he made an effort and took his place with us again. He was a good scholar, but not one of the best in the class. He did his work faithfully in the main, having no relish for science, but enjoying the flavor of the classics. He studied German that year, and he used to come to me reciting Heine's poems with enthusiasm, carried away by the sentiment, but shocked by the witty cynicism which serves as its corrective. He wrote a little verse now and then, as young men do, immature, of course, and individual only in so far as it was morbid. I think that he would have liked to devote himself to literature as a career, but it had been decided that he was to study law.

After class day and Commencement the class scattered forever. In September, when I returned to New York and settled down to my profession, I found my friend at the Columbia Law School. His father had died during the summer, leaving nothing but a life-insurance policy, on the income of which the mother and son could live modestly until he could get into a law office and begin to make his way in the world. They had taken a floor in a little boarding-house in a side street, and they were very comfortable; their money had been invested for them by one of his father's business associates, who had so arranged matters that their income was much larger than they had expected. In this modest home he and his mother lived happily. I guessed that the father had been hard and unbending, and that my friend and his mother had been drawn closer together. Of a certainty I never saw a man more devoted than he was to her, or more tender, and she was worthy of the affection he lavished on her.

In those days the Law School course extended over two years only, and it did not call for very hard work on the part of the student, so he was free to pass frequent evenings in my library. I used to go and see him often, for I liked his mother, and I liked to see them sitting side by side, he holding her hand often as he debated vehemently with me the insoluble questions which interested us then. During the second winter I sometimes saw there a brown-eyed girl of perhaps twenty, pretty enough, but with a sharp, nervous manner I did not care for. This was the daughter of the lady who kept the boarding-house; and my friend was polite to her, as he was to all women; he was attentive even, as a young man is wont to be toward a quick-witted girl. But nothing in the manner led me to suppose that he was interested in her more than in any other woman. I did not like her myself, for she struck me as sharp-tongued.

It is true that I saw less of my friend that second winter, being hard at work myself. It was in the spring, two years after our graduation, that I received a letter from him announcing his engagement to the young lady I had seen him with, his landlady's daughter. My first thought, I remember, was to wonder how his mother would feel at the prospect of another woman's coming between them.



"I WENT TO SEE THE WOMAN MY FRIEND LOVED."

His letter was a long dithyramb, and it declared that never had there been a man so happy, and that great as was his present joy, it was as nothing compared with the delight in store for him. He wrote me that each had loved the other from the first, and each had thought the other did not care, until at last he could bear it no longer; so he had asked her, and got his answer. "You cannot know," he wrote, "what this is to me. It is my life—it is the making of my life; and if I should die to-night, I should not have lived in vain, for I have tasted joy, and death cannot rob me of that."

Of course the engagement must needs be long, because he was as yet in no position to support a wife; but he had been admitted to the bar, and he could soon make his way, with the stimulus he had now.

I was called out of town suddenly about that time, and I saw him for a few minutes only before I left New York. He was overflowing with happiness, and he could talk about nothing but the woman he loved — how beautiful she was! how clever! how accomplished! how devoted to his mother! In the midst of his rhapsody he was seized by a fit of violent coughing, and I saw the same danger signal in his cheeks which had preceded the breakdown in his Senior year. I begged him to take care of himself. With a light laugh he answered that he intended to do so—it was his duty to do so, now that he did not belong to himself.

In the fall, when I came back to the city, I found him in the office of a law firm the head of which had been an intimate of his father's. The girl he was to marry went one night a week to dine with her grandmother, and he came to me that evening and talked about her. As the cold weather stiffened his cough became more frequent, and long before Christmas I was greatly alarmed by it. He consulted a distinguished doctor, who told him that he ought to spend the winter in a drier climate—in Colorado, for example.

It was on Christmas eve that year that he brought me the frog that played the trombone. Ever since the first Christmas of our friendship we had made each other little presents.

"This is hardly worth giving," he said, as he placed the china shell on the corner of my desk, where it stands to this day. "But it is quaint and it caught my fancy. Besides, I've a notion that it is the tune of one of Heine's lyrics set by Schubert that the fellow is trying to play. And then I've a certain satisfaction in thinking that I shall be represented here by a performer of marvellous force of lung, since you seem to think my lungs are weak."

A severe cough seized him then, but when he had recovered his breath he laughed lightly, and said: "That's the worst one I've had this week. However, when the spring warms me up again I shall be all right once more. It wasn't on me that the spring poet wrote the epitaph:

> "It was a cough
> That carried him off;
> It was a coffin
> They carried him off in."

"You ought to go away for a month at least," I urged. "Take a run down South and fill your lungs with the balsam of the pines."

"That's what my mother wants me to do," he admitted; "and I've half promised to do it. If I go to Florida for January, can you go with me?"

I knew how needful it was for him to escape from the bleakness of our New York winter, so I made a hasty mental review of my engagements. "Yes," I said, "I will go with you."

He held out his hand and clasped mine firmly. "We'll have a good time," he responded, "just we two. But you must promise not to object if I insist on talking about her all the time."

As it turned out, I was able to keep all my engagements, for we never went away together. Before the new year came there was a change in my friend's fortunes. The man who had pretended to invest for them the proceeds of his father's life-insurance policy absconded, leaving nothing behind but debts. For the support of his mother and himself my friend had only his own small salary. A vacation, however necessary, became impossible, and the marriage, which had been fixed for the spring, was postponed indefinitely. He offered to release the girl, but she refused.

Through a classmate of ours I was able to get my friend a place in the law department of the Denver office of a great insurance company. In the elevated air of Colorado he might regain his strength, and in a new city like Denver he might find a way to mend his fortunes. His

mother went with him, of course; and it was beautiful to see her devotion to him. I saw them off.

"She bore the parting very bravely," he said to me. "She is braver than I am, and better in every way. I wish I were more worthy of her. You will go and see her, won't you? There's a good fellow, and a good friend. Go and see her now and then, and write and tell me all about her—how she looks and what she says."

I promised, of course, and about once a month I went to see the woman my friend loved. He wrote me every fortnight, but it was often from her that I got the latest news. His health was improving; his cough had gone; Denver agreed with him, and he liked it. He was working hard, and he saw the prospect of advancement close before him. Within two years he hoped to take a month off, and return to New York and marry her, and bear his bride back to Colorado with him.

When I returned to town the next October I expected to find two or three letters from my friend awaiting me. I found only one, a brief note, telling me that he had been too busy to write the month before, and that he was now too tired with overwork to be able to do more than say how glad he was that I was back again in America, adding that a friend at hand might be farther away than one who was on the other side of the Atlantic. The letter seemed to me not a little constrained in manner. I did not understand it; and with the hope of getting some light by which to interpret its strangeness, I went to call on her. She refused to see me, pleading a headache.

It was a month before I had a reply to my answer to his note, and the reply was as short as the note, and quite as constrained. He told me that he was well enough himself, but that his mother's health worried him, since Denver did not agree with her, and she was pining to be back in New York. He added a postscript in which he told me that he had dined a few nights before with the local manager of the insurance company, and that he had met the manager's sister, a wealthy widow from California, a most attractive woman, indeed. With needless emphasis he declared that he liked a woman of the world old enough to talk sensibly.

Another month passed before I heard from him again, and Christmas had gone and the New Year had almost come. The contents of this letter, written on Christmas eve, when the frog that played the trombone had been sitting on the corner of my desk for just a year, was as startling as its manner was strange. He told me that his engagement was broken off irrevocably.

If my own affairs had permitted it I should have taken the first train to Denver to discover what had happened. As it was I went again to call on the landlady's daughter. But she refused to see me again. Word was brought me that she was engaged, and begged to be excused.

About a fortnight later I chanced to meet on a street corner the classmate who had got my friend the Denver appointment. I asked if there was any news.

"Isn't there!" was the response. "I should think there was, and lots of it! You know our friend in Denver? Well, we have a telegram this morning: his health is shaky, and so he has resigned his position."

"Resigned his position!" I echoed. "What does that mean?"

"That's what we wanted to know," replied my classmate, "so we telegraphed to our local manager, and he gave us an explanation right off the reel. The manager has a sister who is the widow of a California millionaire, and she has been in Denver for the winter, and she has met our friend; and for all she is a good ten years older than he is, she has been fascinated by him—you know what a handsome fellow he is—and she's going to marry him next week, and take him to Egypt for his health."

"He's going to marry the California widow?" I asked, in astonishment. "Why, he's enga—" Then I suddenly held my peace.

"He's going to marry the California widow," was the answer,—"or she's going to marry him; it's all the same, I suppose."

Two days later I had a letter from Denver confirming this report. He wrote that he was to be married in ten days to a most estimable lady, and that they were to leave his mother in New York as they passed through. Fortunately he had been able to make arrangements whereby his mother would be able to live hereafter where she pleased, and in comfort. He

invited me to come out to Colorado for the wedding, but hardly hoped to persuade me, he said, knowing how pressing my engagements were. But as their steamer sailed on Saturday week they would be at a New York hotel on the Friday night, and he counted on seeing me then.

I went to see him then, and I was shocked by his appearance. He was thin, and his chest was hollower than ever. There were dark lines below his liquid eyes, brighter then than I had ever seen them before. There were two blazing spots on his high cheek-bones. He coughed oftener than I had ever known him, and the spasms were longer and more violent. His hand was feverishly hot. His manner, too, was restless. To my surprise, he seemed to try to avoid being alone with me. He introduced me to his wife, a dignified, matronly woman with a full figure and a cheerful smile. She had a most motherly manner of looking after him and of anticipating his wants; twice she jumped up to close a door which had been left open behind him. He accepted her devotion as a matter of course, apparently. Once, when she was telling me of their projects, how they were going direct to Egypt to remain till late in the spring, and then to return to Paris for the summer, with a possible run over to London before the season was over, he interrupted her to say that it mattered little where he went or what he did—one place was as good as another.

When I rose to go he came with me out into the hotel corridor, despite his wife's suggestion that there was sure to be a draught there.

He thrust into my hand a note-book. "There," he said, "take that; it's a journal I started to keep, and never did. Of course you can read it if you like. In the pocket you will find a check. I want you to get some things for me after I've gone; I've written down everything. You will do that for me, I know."

I promised to carry out his instructions to the letter.

"Then that's all right," he answered.

At that moment his wife came to the door of their parlor. "I know it must be chilly out in the hall there," she said.

"Oh, I'm coming," he responded.

Then he grasped my fingers firmly in his hot hand. "Good-by, old man," he whispered. "You remember how I used to think the frog that played the trombone was trying to execute a Heine-Schubert song? Well, perhaps it is—I don't know; but what I do know is that it has played a wedding march, after all. And now good-by. God bless you! Go and see my mother as often as you can."

He gave my hand a hearty shake, and went back into the parlor, and his wife shut the door after him.

I had intended to go down to the boat and see him off the next morning, but at breakfast I received a letter from his wife saying that he had passed a very restless night, and that she thought it would excite him still more if I saw him again, and begging me, therefore, not to come to the steamer if such had been my intention. And so it was that he sailed away and I never saw him again.

In the note-book I found a check for five hundred dollars, and a list of the things he wished me to get and to pay for. They were for his mother mostly, but one was a seal-ring for myself. And there was with the check a jeweller's bill, "To articles sent as directed," which I was also requested to pay.

The note-book itself I guarded with care. It was a pocket-journal, and my friend had tried to make it a record of his life for the preceding year. There were entries of letters received and sent, of money earned and spent, of acquaintances made, of business appointments, of dinner engagements, and of visits to the doctor. Evidently his health had been failing fast, and he had been struggling hard to keep the knowledge not only from his mother, but even from himself. While he had set down these outward facts of his life, he had also used the note-book as the record of his inward feelings. To an extent that he little understood, that journal, with its fragmentary entries and its stray thoughts, told the story of his spiritual experience.

Many of the entries were personal, but many were not; they were merely condensations of the thought of the moment as it passed through his mind. Here are two specimens:

"We judge others by the facts of life—by what we hear them say and see them do. We judge ourselves rather by our own feelings—by what we intend and desire and hope to do some day in the future. Thus a poor man may glow with inward satisfaction at the thought of the hospital he is going to build when he gets rich. And a wealthy man can at least pride

himself on the fortitude with which he would, if need be, bear the deprivations of poverty."

"To pardon is the best and the bitterest vengeance."

Toward the end of the year the business entries became fewer and fewer, as though he had tired of keeping the record of his doings. But the later pages were far fuller than the earlier of his reflections—sometimes a true thought happily expressed, sometimes, more often than not perhaps, a mere verbal antithesis, such as have furnished forth many an aphorism long before my friend was born. And these later sentiments had a tinge of bitterness lacking in the earlier.

"There are few houses," he wrote, in October, apparently, "where happiness is a permanent boarder; generally it is but a transient guest; and sometimes, indeed, it is only a tramp that knocks at the side door and is refused admittance."

"Many a man forgets his evil deeds so swiftly that he is honestly surprised when any one else recalls them."

Except the directions to me for the expenditure of the five hundred dollars, the last two entries in the book were written on Christmas morning. One of these was the passage which smote me most when I first read it, for it struck me as sadness itself when written by a young man not yet twenty-five:

"If we had nothing else to wish, we should at least wish to die."

At the time I did not seize the full significance of the other passage, longer than this, and far sadder when its meaning was finally grasped.

"The love our parents gave us we do not pay back, nor a tithe of it even. We may bestow it to our own children, but we never render it again to our father and our mother. And what can equal the love of a woman for the son she has borne? No peak is as lofty, and no ocean is as wide; it is fathomless, boundless, immeasurable; it is poured without stint, unceasing and unfailing. And how do we men meet it? We do not even make a pretence of repaying it, most of us. Now and again there may be a son here and there who does what he can for his mother, little as it is, and much as he may despise himself for doing it: and why not? Are there not seven swords in the heart of the Mater Dolorosa? And what sort of a son is he who would add another?"

Although I had already begun to guess at the secret of my friend's conduct, a mystery to all others, it was the first of these two final entries in his note-book which came flashing back into my memory one evening toward the end of March, ten weeks or so after he had bidden me good-by and had gone away to Egypt. I was seated in my library, smoking, when there came a ring at the door, and a telegram was handed to me. I laid my cigar down on the brownish-yellow shell, at the crinkled edge of which the green frog was sitting, reaching out his broken arms for the trombone whereon he had played in happier days. I saw that the despatch had come by the cable under the ocean, and I wondered who on the other side of the Atlantic had news for me that would not keep till a letter could reach me.

I tore open the envelope. The message was dated Alexandria, Egypt, and it was signed by my friend's widow. He had died that morning, and I was asked to break the news to his mother.



ARBITRATION.

BY F. R. COUDERT.

WAR, logically speaking, is an anachronism. It belongs to other ages and other forms of civilization than those in and under which we live. Its brutality, cruelty, and injustice jar against the humanizing tendencies of the nineteenth century. We are accustomed to look elsewhere than to the hazards of the battle-field for the solution of international problems, and have learned that there are better and cheaper methods of settling controversies than those which depend upon heavy artillery and needle-guns. Common schools, telegraphs, railroads, and universal suffrage are the handmaids of peace; they are the enemies of war. The *ultima ratio* of kings was based upon a blind and superstitious reverence for the royal majesty and its commands. But armies are no longer filled with unthinking and helpless creatures that killed, burned, ravaged, and destroyed because they were directed to do these things; these men constituted, in Napoleonic phrase, the *chair à canon*, or cannon food, and fed the roaring monster until it was gorged. But much of this is obsolete. Men want to know the reason for everything that they are called upon to do, and the newspaper gives it to them daily. A great monarch might say "I am the state," and tell the truth when he said it. Who dreamed to dispute his commands or to question his justice? Surely not the peasant and laborer whose wretched condition made the army a refuge where bread at least was dealt out, although there were exceptions even to this. Coarse as was the food that he ate, he did not always eat his fill, and he fought and hungered while the farm lay fallow, and the wife and children wore out their lives in the futile effort to do his work. He fought and he fought bravely, he died unnoticed or returned unrewarded, until the time arrived for his son to take his place, and thus in never-ending monotony he fulfilled his destiny, for the glory of others, and at his own expense.

In no respect is the evolution of our society more remarkable and more evident than in this one particular, viz., the ever-growing value attached to human life. The swelling buds of the fig-tree do not announce the approach of summer more accurately than the increased estimate attached to every individual existence testifies to our advancing civilization. No better or higher test can be found of a nation's moral status than this. In China the instinct of self-preservation is weak: there is so little in life worth preserving that the burden is laid down, under trifling temptation, as a galling encumbrance. The years that followed the Norman Conquest in England present a dark picture of a society in which life for the lower classes, at least, was not worth living. The English wars in France present the same spectacle. Legislation, which is the exponent of a nation's morality and temper, proves that the law-giver himself long held life but cheaply, for the death-penalty, with hideous accompaniments, smote the transgressor even when his sin was venial. What value would a military leader place upon the lives of men who had so little to lose by death? William III. is represented as a humane prince, and yet he violated the Treaty of Nimeguen to engage in a bloody but useless battle with Marshal Luxembourg. He ran no risk, he said, for peace having been declared he would have had to dismiss his troops. What are the pawns good for but to play the game? The long struggle between Spain and Holland, the religious wars in France and other countries of Europe, the chronic condition of general slaughter that was so long accepted as the normal condition of mankind—what do they testify to but the helpless state of men whose life was of little value to others or to themselves?

With a growing consideration for human life comes the element of pity to soften the human heart and guide its emotions to gentler methods. Compassion and sympathy find a fruitful soil in generous natures, and are well matched with manly courage. War, real old-fashioned war, if I may use the expression, is the negation of kindly impulse. Tenderness to an enemy was an evidence of weakness, or of a hero's temporary aberration. When Horace describes the warrior whose exploits he loved to depict, the model warrior of his day, the fearless

son of Thetis, he tells us what he would have done had Fate permitted him to enter Troy:

> Heu, nefas, heu!
> Nescios fari pueros Achivis
> Ureret flammis etiam latentem
> Matris in alvo.

No doubt he would have slaughtered his foes, men, women, and children, even babes unborn, with undistinguishing ferocity, and yet have been held the bravest of the brave. For such was war.

So Julius Cæsar, ages after this, when the manners of men had softened, sold the warriors of Gaul into slavery. He sold them by the hundreds and thousands, and paid his debts, or some of them, with the proceeds. This, too, was war, legitimate war, and he might rightfully do this as he might also drag the bravest of his foes behind his triumphal car, leaving him afterwards to die of starvation in a dungeon. There is no evidence that he was the less esteemed for acts like these. Certainly they were not used to sharpen Brutus's dagger.

But Time did not relax his kindly office. War continued to be cruel and wasteful, but glimpses of sunshine lighted up the darkness. Cities were still given to soldiers that they might plunder them, and prisoners were sometimes slain in cold blood. The natural instinct of destruction broke out as it ever will when uncontrolled, but the tendency has long since been to humanize war, if such inconsistent expressions may properly be used. To prevent unnecessary suffering and to regulate destructive agencies has been the effort of more recent times. To treat prisoners with humanity, to spare noncombatants, to respect private property, these innovations upon the ancient methods testify to the growth of new ideas, and prove that war, as our forefathers understood it, has lost its hold, or at least has adopted new forms. Perhaps the day is not far distant when this same sense of compassion will place war among the relics of a barbarous past, in the company of the thumb-screw, the scavenger's daughter, the torturer's knife, and the fires that burned the witches.

A free press is another great foe of war, not only when it raises its voice directly against violence between nations, but when it faithfully portrays the horrors that were never realized until men were brought face to face with their existence. The newspaper correspondent who writes from the bloody battle-field, and pictures with his pen the scenes which he has witnessed, does more to impress the masses with the uselessness and barbarity of war than the most eloquent preacher who ever thundered against horrors that he had not himself looked upon with his own eyes. Our fathers could not put their finger into the wounds of war and touch them with their hands, as we may do without leaving our peaceful pursuits. When Napoleon sent off his couriers to announce to his people that he had carried a new victory to the nation's credit, that he had captured thousands of prisoners and hundreds of flags, and dated his bulletins from Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, or Moscow, the people shouted for joy, the cannons roared, the Te Deums went up from Notre Dame, and little thought was given to the heartache of the mother who waited so anxiously, yearning through long weeks and months to know whether the brave boy that she loved had given his life with so many others for another feast of glory. The Grand Army Bulletin could not wait to give details; it was enough for it to say that victory had been faithful, and that Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, were to shine as new constellations in the firmament of national victories. To achieve these things men must die. "I have grown up on the field of battle," said Napoleon to Metternich. "A man like me cares little for the lives of a million men." Perhaps but for this absence of pity, this indifference to human life, Waterloo might not have followed so closely upon Austerlitz, and Sedan might not have challenged Jena's triumph.

Still another enemy of war is the growing influence of woman. She has a voice, and it must be hearkened to. If her heart must break, she will not allow it to break in unnoticed silence. She has taken her place in literature, art, science, journalism. That influence is all in favor of peace. The Amazon is an extinct species. Joan of Arc clad in armor and leading men into battle is confined to the stage; besides, her sad fate is no encouragement to female belligerency; the fragrance of her sweet life and hapless end must suffice; she cannot be a model for modern woman. The rôle of the man has been to make war or peace, as he elected; the part of the woman to send husband, lover, son to gain glory

or find death, while she watched, wept, and prayed. This distribution of parts was, no doubt, inevitable; but as hers was entirely uncompensated, she may well be excused if in the future she protests against conflicts in which she pays a great price and receives no reward. Roman matrons sent their sons and husbands to fight for Rome, with brave speeches and tearless eyes; but they were helpless to prevent and accepted the situation as best they might. Our American mothers would be quite as brave, even if less eloquent; but it is not their sole function to knit togas in the remote rooms of their lord and master's house. To this passive function and acceptance of fortune's frowns she is not confined to-day, much to the advantage of the world. The Roman poet described war as "bella detestata matribus"—wars hateful to mothers. So they ever have been. But what the mothers of the last decade of the nineteenth century really hate stands in some peril.

But the great and fatal argument against war is that *it does not pay*. There was a time when the force of this plea was not generally recognized. The mediæval spirit, with its chivalry and love of glory, survived long after the bodies of the old barons had turned to dust and their swords to rust. Passions were fierce, traditions strong, popular rights in embryonic feebleness. The hope of conquest, the quarrels of dynasties, religious differences, all tended to obscure the dawn of the coming era—the era of common-sense, which balances the good and the bad of any given course and adopts the more expedient. Did not Louis Napoleon, when Emperor of the French, once boastfully proclaim that the French nation was the only one that would go to war for an idea? Perhaps he was right. Alas! many thousand lives, many millions in money, a mutilated territory, and national pride most bitterly humbled eloquently attest that the mitrailleuse and the chassepot may not be safely trusted to disseminate ideas, however noble and however useful to mankind.

But the Anglo-Saxon race prefers to express its preferences and to make converts in other ways. It is now in the ascending period. Its influence upon the world is vast and growing. The United States is the leading nation of a hemisphere, and bids fair in a brief period to be the first of the civilized world in population and general prosperity. We have all the territory that we require, so that wars of conquest hold out no temptation. Our government is so free that revolution would border on the ridiculous. So far as we may now foresee, there is no reason to apprehend such aggression from other nations as to make armed resistance imperative. The people of these States have proved their ability on too many battle-fields to make their prudence suspicious. On the same principle that a tried duellist may refuse to fight because he has shown his mettle, sword in hand, nations with honorable records of brave deeds may be slow to wrath. When Germany a few years since became embroiled with Spain on the subject of the Caroline Islands, Prince Bismarck gracefully offered to submit the pending differences to the Pope. This was accepted, an award was made to the satisfaction of all concerned, and the war cloud passed away. Germany could afford to take this conciliatory step, for her duels had been many, and her prowess great.

One of the evidences to show that a tribe or nation is passing from barbarism to civilization is the readiness to substitute peaceful methods for those of war. There is no period known to history in which instances are not found of arbitration as a substitute for force, and we can only wonder when we consider the historical antiquity of the former that the latter should have maintained its hold so long, so constantly, and so fiercely.

We naturally expect to find that Greece adopted a system which would leave full scope and liberty for the artistic nature of her people, and afford leisure for the cultivation of those arts in which she excelled and in which she has not yet found a peer. This tendency found an expression in the Amphictyonic Council, which was frequently appealed to for the settlement of controversies not only respecting material interests, but to determine those nice questions somewhat vaguely spoken of as "questions involving the honor of the nation." Even where it was claimed that injury had been inflicted or insult offered, war was averted by the decrees of the council. Nay, Persia herself, far inferior as she was in all the polite arts to her brilliant

rival, is known to have submitted a dispute with the Assyrians to the King of India. The Carthaginians preferred arbitration to a war with Masinissa, King of Numidia, and so well was this practice settled in Greece that when Sparta and Argos made a treaty of alliance they sought to avoid the possibilities of armed collision in the future by providing, "In case a difference arises between the two contracting nations, the parties shall have recourse to the arbitration of a neutral city, *according to the custom of their ancestors.*" Such language would be worthy a place upon the statute-books of the most civilized nation of our day. So well satisfied was the moral sense of the ancients that war should be avoided and peace promoted that Thucydides declares it to be a crime to treat as an enemy one who is willing to arbitrate.

The Romans, in their pride of power, were not likely to resort to proceedings that placed them and their weaker enemies on a footing of equality. Cæsar relied more upon the Tenth Legion than upon abstract principles, even if these had the high sanction of Thucydides. It must be admitted that in the conflict with Vercingetorix he fared better with his cohorts at his back than if he had submitted his claims of conquest to an impartial tribunal. Rome was the mistress of the world, and her supremacy practically undisturbed. Her word was the law, and her sword its instrument; when she dealt out justice, it was grace; when she spared the weak, it was generosity; when she spoiled foreign nations, it was her right. But even she recognized that arbitration had its good side where others were concerned, for Pompey ordered the Parthians and Armenians to regulate their frontiers through the medium of arbitration. A Gothic tribe, the Gepidæ, once said to the Lombards, in language that might well be imitated by the remote posterity of both, "We are ready to put an end to our quarrels by recourse to arbitration; it is iniquitous to use violence towards those who are ready to submit the controversy to the decision of a judge." Even in the Middle Ages, when the light was so near going out, this instinctive groping after peaceful ways occasionally showed itself. In one case we see the kings of France and England, whose feuds cost the world so much, submitting to the decision of four lawyers a controversy touching a large sum of money. The Pope was selected as arbitrator at various times, and his decree was accepted with the reverence and submission due to his exalted office. But notwithstanding these and many instances which might be cited, the nineteenth century is the golden age of arbitration. Bloody conflicts have been repeatedly averted by the growing tendency to avoid physical strife. Men realize that the cost of war is so great that nations cannot afford to indulge in it. They sometimes allow sentiment to eliminate reflection, and delude themselves with the notion that honor requires bloodshed and burning towns to keep it clean, but on the whole, the disposition to allow a sober second thought time to whisper its words of wisdom is growing steadily. In 1870, Great Britain tendered her services to France and Germany as an arbitrator. France refused. The cry of *à Berlin!* drowned every other voice. A ransom of four thousand million francs, two lost provinces, and the final crash of Napoleon's dynasty were part of the price paid for rejecting this proposal.

First of all among the nations that may claim credit for fostering peace and promoting its blessings we find our own country. Her record in this respect is one to make her children proud. Her voice from the earliest days has been in favor of peace; she has preached it and its blessings from the beginning of our national existence; she has insisted upon the rights of weaker nations to respect, and the fame of Jefferson should be immortal if it rested upon nothing else than his vigorous championship of the privileges of neutrals. She has been ready at all times, whether her own interests were concerned or those of others, to promote arbitration and to discountenance war. We cannot overestimate the value of her conduct in this respect, and if the closing decade finds nations more ready with every passing year to permit reason to take the place of force, we may claim that it is in a large measure due to her influence. A brief review of the arbitrations in which she has been concerned may here be made, and must prove satisfactory to all who are proud of her services to humanity.

The first submission to arbitration recorded in our history is contained in the Jay Treaty, as it was called. No other

compact made by the United States was ever denounced so fiercely and opposed so violently. It was considered by many as a surrender to Great Britain. Unreasoning and unmeasured abuse was heaped upon it by the press, and it was long the chosen weapon of demagogues. This treaty contained a reference to a board of three commissioners who were to determine a question touching our northeastern boundary. The matter in doubt was the line designated by the river St. Croix. It was finally held that the treaty-making powers had by that designation intended to describe the Schoodic River.

The commission was also to determine the amount of compensation due certain citizens of Great Britain, which had been delayed by vexatious laws of some of the States. These laws were clearly in violation of the Treaty of Peace, but feeling ran so high that argument was silenced. The opposition to this feature of the treaty was especially fierce, but thanks to the firmness of the government and of the more reasonable element of the people, the arbitration was proceeded with. The case was one of those wherein it was said that our national honor was concerned, and that arbitration involved the loss of national self-respect. It does not seem to-day that the government forfeited its honor by accepting the decision of a tribunal rather than by resorting to the chances of a war. There were men even in those days who failed to recognize the logic of war, and refused to accept its verdict as proving anything but that one of the fighting parties was stronger than the other.

It is proper to add that, as a measure to decide disputed rights, this part of the treaty failed, one of the British commissioners, a Mr. McDonald, having persistently exhibited an insolent disregard of the feelings and opinions of his former fellow-subjects. His language was discourteous and offensive. Whether he designed it or not, he drove the American commissioners to a withdrawal. Perhaps this arrogant tone of assumed superiority was not, after the Treaty of Peace, unusual; perhaps it was not unnatural that the representatives of Great Britain should exhibit some rancor when dealing with men but lately rebels against their sovereign's authority. But fortunately, so far as the establishment of equal relations is concerned, the day was not distant when Andrew Jackson was to settle old scores, in his own fashion, at New Orleans. After this the atmosphere was cleared of much that was unpleasant, and the two nations could deal on equal and friendly terms. Since that day in January, 1815, many questions have arisen between the United States and Great Britain. They have always been settled in the same bloodless and inexpensive way. The indemnity to British subjects, which should have been determined by arbitration under the Jay Treaty, was finally agreed upon diplomatically, and £600,000 paid Great Britain.

Other and most important questions were also submitted to arbitration by the same Jay Treaty. They involved the rights of neutrals, the effect of prize-court decisions, and the rules in regard to contraband of war. Mr. Pinkney, the leading lawyer of his day, represented the government of the United States as one of its commissioners. He delivered opinions in the course of the proceedings which, according to Mr. Wheaton, were finished models of judicial eloquence, uniting powerful and comprehensive argument with a copious, pure, and energetic diction.

The Treaty of Ghent, signed on the 24th of December, 1814, and on its way to the United States when the battle of New Orleans was fought, was equally fruitful in arbitrations. The first question of difference referred was that which involved the title to Passamaquoddy Bay. Curiously enough, the arbitrators were two in number, it being stipulated that if they disagreed they should refer the points of difference to a friendly sovereign or state. They did agree, however, and made their award without foreign assistance.

The same Treaty of Ghent provided for the ascertainment of the northeastern boundary of the United States from the source of the river St. Croix along a certain described course to the river St. Lawrence. Here the commissioners failed to agree, and submitted their differences to the King of the Belgians, who made an award which both parties consented to ignore, as it did not profess to follow the line marked out in the treaty.

Even a brief notice of the various arbitrations to which the United States have been a party would extend this paper far beyond its intended limits. It may be

truly said, arguing from the frequency of instances, that a resort to arbitration has become the practice of the United States whenever its interests or the interests of its citizens clash with those of foreign powers. Experience has demonstrated the wisdom of these submissions, and has proved that upon the whole they resulted in a just determination of the questions at issue. It may be confidently asserted that the tribunals selected by great nations to pass upon conflicting rights are more likely to formulate just and equitable judgments than to violate the judicial duty imposed upon and accepted by them.

Professor Moore, of Columbia College, summarizes the result of his researches by saying that the government of the United States has entered into forty-seven agreements for international arbitration; that one of its representatives has seven times acted as arbitrator; and that it has erected thirteen tribunals under its own laws to determine the validity of international claims; the total, therefore, of the arbitrations or quasi-arbitrations to which it has been a party is sixty-seven. In many cases highly important questions of law, both public and private, were involved, although not infrequently, it may be added, the public mind was aroused, as in olden times, to the pitch of war. Professor Moore justly adds, that if the contending parties in some of these cases had resorted to force, they would, perhaps, never have realized how easily and honorably their differences might have been adjusted by reasonable methods.

Probably the most interesting and important of the arbitrations in which our country has been involved was that known as the Geneva Arbitration. The provisions under which it was formed are contained in the Treaty of Washington. The question to be decided was nominally one merely of money, but in reality much more than this lay beneath the surface of the discussion. Great Britain, by her conduct during the most trying period of the national history, had created general irritation among the people of the United States. She had sympathized almost openly with the rebellion, and had permitted her ports to be used for building and fitting out privateers. The commerce of the North had been driven from the seas, valuable property destroyed, and material encouragement offered the States in rebellion. The sensitiveness with which this unfriendly action, and still more unfriendly inaction, on the part of Great Britain was regarded threatened to burst into open resentment. The circumstances were such as to make the efforts of the peace-maker equally delicate and difficult. It is to the credit of President Grant that, warrior as he was, he preferred this peaceful method of solving international questions to the lottery of war. His words do him great honor, and should be kept in lasting remembrance by his people: "Though I have been trained as a soldier, and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found to prevent the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a court, recognized by all nations, will settle international differences instead of keeping large standing armies as they do in Europe."

To us of America the problem may seem easier than to any other nation in the world, because we have in permanent session a tribunal of arbitration which we call the Supreme Court of the United States. Sovereign States which have retained all of their sovereignty that was consistent with "a more perfect union" appear before that court and settle their differences, their boundaries, and their respective claims as easily, and acquiesce as readily in the result, as private individuals. Iowa sues Illinois* much as A sues B — takes out process, procures depositions, submits points of fact and of law, and leaves the rest to the court. Making due allowance for the distinction between the jurisdiction of this national court, dealing with members of the Union, and a court sitting to decide the rights of independent nations, we may still claim that the analogy between the two is marked enough to deserve consideration.

In 1876, even the bitterness of a contested election could not startle our people from their propriety. They made a court to suit the emergency; both sides submitted arguments and proofs to the tribunal; they accepted the result, and gave one of the most triumphant examples in the history of the world of the extent to which a free people may forbear in accepting the forms of law for the preservation of peace.

* See Iowa *vs.* Illinois, 147 U. S. Reports, p. 1.

But it is not only by instances of arbitration treaties that the United States have placed themselves upon record in favor of peace; they have sought to pave the way for the establishment of a system that would result in the avoidance of war. The idea was not a new one. As far back as the reign of Louis XIV. a simple abbé wrote a treatise which he called a "project of perpetual peace."* It was his idea—we might call it his hobby—and he rode his hobby so hard that he ran recklessly into the premises of royal majesty, and was thrown out of the Academy for his pains. He was laughed at and ridiculed two hundred years. The rare friends who ventured to follow timidly in his footsteps were seldom taken seriously; they were looked upon as harmless optimists whose theories were as refreshing as their conduct was inoffensive. But today the friends of peace, as they called themselves, may be said to cover the globe. As a French publicist recently put it: Suppose that upon a given day, at the same hour, a *plebiscitum* should call upon two hundred and seventy millions of Europeans from the Ural to the Atlantic, and from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and should ask them, do you want war? no one doubts that the answer would be a negative. And yet, if the next day a decree emanating from competent authority should say, march! in an instant these millions of men would fling aside their hoes, leave their homes, and rush forward, as if hypnotized, to destroy each other.†

To return to the United States and its efforts to establish a system of arbitration. As long ago as 1848 the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was made between the United States and Mexico, providing for arbitration as a general obligation on the part of the two countries. "If unhappily any disagreement should hereafter arise between the governments of the two republics, whether with respect to the interpretation of any stipulation in the treaty, or with respect to any other particular concerning the political or commercial relations of the two nations, the said governments, in the name of those nations, do promise to each other that they will endeavor, in the most sincere and earnest manner, to settle the differences so arising, and to preserve the state of peace and friendship in which the two countries are now placing themselves, using for this end mutual representations and specific negotiations. And if by these means they should not be enabled to come to some agreement, a resort shall not on this account be had to reprisals, aggression, or hostility of any kind by the one republic against the other until the government of that which deems itself aggrieved shall have maturely considered, in the spirit of peace and good neighborship, whether it would not be better that such difference should be settled by the arbitration of commissioners appointed on each side, or by that of a friendly nation."

Much more recently another great example was held out when the International American Conference was called. The result of long deliberations was the formulation of a proposed international treaty or plan of arbitration. This plan received the warm approval of President Harrison and of Mr. Blaine. It commences thus:

"The delegates from North, Central, and South America in conference assembled:

"Believing that war is the most costly, the most cruel, the most fruitless, and the most dangerous expedient for the settlement of international differences;

"Believing that the growth of moral principle in the world has awakened a public opinion in favor of the amicable adjustment of all questions of international interest by the intervention of impartial counsel;

"Animated by a realization of the great moral and material benefits that peace offers to mankind, and that the existing condition of the several nations is especially propitious for the adoption of arbitration as a substitute for armed struggles;

"Believing that the American republics, sharing alike the principles, the obligations, and the responsibilities of popular constitutional government, and bound together by vast and increasing mutual interests, may, within their own circle, do much to establish peace on earth and good-will to men;

"And considering it their duty to declare their assent to the high principles which tradition has authorized, public reason supports, and the whole of mankind proclaims, in protection of the weak

* The Abbé de Saint-Pierre.

† See a strong paper in *Le Correspondant* of June 10, 1893, by A. du Pradeix.

states, in honor of the strong, and to the benefit of all;

"Do solemnly recommend all the governments by which they are accredited to celebrate a uniform treaty of arbitration in the articles following."

President Harrison, in laying this proposition before Congress, gave it his unqualified and solemn endorsement. He said:

"I transmit herewith a letter from the Secretary of State, which is accompanied by three reports adopted by the Conference of American Nations, recently in session at Washington, relating to the subject of international arbitration. The ratification of the treaties contemplated by these reports will constitute one of the happiest and most hopeful incidents in the history of the Western Hemisphere."

Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, closed the proceedings in these eloquent terms:

"The extent and value of all that has been worthily achieved by your conference cannot be measured to-day. We stand too near it. Time will define and heighten the estimate of your work; experience will confirm our present faith; final results will be your vindication and your triumph.

"If in this closing hour the conference had but one deed to celebrate, we should dare call the world's attention to the deliberate, confident, solemn dedication of two great continents to peace, and to the prosperity which has peace for its foundation. We hold up this new *Magna Charta*, which abolishes war and substitutes arbitration between the American republics, as the first and great fruit of the International American Conference. That noblest of Americans, the aged poet and philanthropist, Whittier, is the first to send his salutation and his benediction, declaring, 'If in the spirit of peace the American Conference agrees upon a rule of arbitration which shall make war in this hemisphere wellnigh impossible, its sessions will prove one of the most important events in the history of the world.'"

All lovers of peace and advocates of arbitration will deplore the failure of this plan to receive the approval of Congress. In all that concerns the advancement of civilization and the benefit of mankind the United States should lead the world; and if this be really such an advance, let us hope that final consecration may soon be given the inchoate scheme.

It is proper to add that this advance on the highway that leads to peace is not confined to America. The same struggle against the prejudices of the past has been going on for many years in Europe. Kings rarely start upon their ventures of war without apology, and are gracious enough to make some demonstration of respect to the sentiment which provides against these destructive methods. Louis Napoleon had hardly been seated upon his uncle's throne when he captured the commercial and agricultural interests of the country by proclaiming that the Empire was peace. Before him Louis Philippe, who was indeed sincerely averse to war, proclaimed that Peace is the chief necessity of nations. And but a few months since the French Minister of War found leisure to say that the time has come when the voice of humanity should be substituted for that of cannon. He then returned to his other duties—that is, to multiply the men, guns, and the horses upon which he relied to insure peace.

Public men have officially come forward and joined hands to condemn war. The Parliamentary League, so called, is gaining constant acquisitions to its membership. Only five years ago forty members of the French and English parliaments came together in Paris as "friends of peace." The outlook was not encouraging. All Europe was, as it now is, armed to the teeth, and war seemed imminent. In October, 1891, the congress was held at Rome, and in four years the forty had reached fourteen hundred, all of them occupying a more or less conspicuous position in public life.*

A still nearer approach than the United States Supreme Court to a permanent international tribune is the Federal Court, which settles all disputes arising between the various cantons of Switzerland. These cantons, it will be remembered, are different in blood, customs, and jurisprudence. They are French, and governed by the French code; German, and governed by

* It is curious to note the details that make up the composition of this association, which is known as the "Permanent Parliamentary Committee in favor of Arbitration and Peace." There are but twenty-eight German representatives, while Great Britain sends two hundred and forty. France is represented by one hundred and eighty-one, Italy by three hundred and fifty-seven, Austria by forty-two, etc.

the German law; or Italian, in which last named the legislation and jurisprudence of Italy have been followed. And yet for centuries these states have submitted their controversies to a court which may be traced back through various modifications to the fourteenth century. So near an approach to the great court which sits in the philosopher's dreamland must give encouragement to those who abhor war as a crime and deride it as an absurdity. Calvo* claims that the Swiss system is a demonstration that the idea of a permanent tribunal for deciding controversies between people of different races is not the dream of a visionary, but quite practicable.

The latest instance of an arbitration between great nations is that at Paris between the United States and Great Britain. The question to be settled involved the right of the United States to protect its seal interests in the Bering Sea and the North Pacific Ocean. That the seals resort to the territory of the United States for the purpose of breeding and suckling was practically conceded; as was the further fact that unrestricted pelagic sealing (*i. e.*, killing at sea), being by its very nature indiscriminating, tends to exterminate the herd. Both parties conceded that this valuable race of animals is in danger of rapid extinction. The chief point of difference between the two nations arose out of the *claim of property* made by the United States and denied by Great Britain. This assertion and denial threatened to produce serious complications. The United States began by seizing the ships that were engaged in the depredations complained of, and in some instances caused them to be condemned under a statute prohibiting seal-killing at sea; but in view of the earnest protest and remonstrance of Great Britain it desisted from this summary course and consented to arbitration. What would have resulted from a persistent assertion of its rights by force, on the part of the United States, is of course a matter of conjecture. Mr. Phelps, Minister at the Court of St. James, was in favor of vigorous measures, and urged the continuation of the only course which, in his judgment, was consistent with self-respect. He felt and expressed entire confidence that Great Britain, knowing that she was in the wrong, would never go to war in defiance of the impregnable moral grounds on which the claims of the United States were based. This view was entitled to special consideration, emanating as it did from a profound jurist who had also proved himself an exceptionally skilful diplomat. But there certainly was some danger that the seizure of British vessels in the open sea might lead to a disturbance of the friendly relations between the two great powers, and that danger was not to be incurred except under circumstances of exceptional gravity. War between two such powers would set the hand on the dial far back, and would deal a severe blow to those who longed for peace and good-will among men. If the two leading Anglo-Saxon nations cannot control their temper and their judgment, if they cannot settle their disputes by rational processes, where is the hope of the world?

This made the Bering Sea controversy, and its submission to arbitration, especially significant and important. In proportion as the causes of irritation are more marked, and the appeal to national pride more stirring, just in that proportion is arbitration more difficult to secure, and more satisfactory when secured. The lesson is worth much to the world when a nation refuses to draw its sword under real provocation, and trusts its cause to a tribunal of wise and just men.

How such a tribunal should be constituted has been much discussed by writers. The fashion of referring international controversies to sovereigns has lost favor, and naturally, for the sovereign delegates others, of his own selection, to do the work of studying and practically deciding the case. Dr. Francis Lieber expresses the opinion that the best tribunal is the law faculty of some foreign university, or a tribunal of jurisconsults whose vast knowledge and unswerving fidelity to justice and to legal truth had earned them an international reputation. To such a court as is thus described the Bering Sea controversy was submitted. The United States claimed, with great confidence, that its cause was just; that it was based upon recognized principles of international law, upon sound rules of dealing as between nations, upon moral necessities long since admitted by the civilized world.

The decision of the High Tribunal in the Bering Sea controversy, while upholding the resistance of Great Britain to certain claims of exclusive right in the

* Calvo, iii., 477.

Bering Sea, has framed such regulations as practically put an end to pelagic slaughter and its destructive results. The United States reap the substantial fruits of the controversy, which was only initiated to preserve and protect the race of seals.

Taking the arbitration as a whole, it must afford a singularly gratifying spectacle to the haters of war. Two great nations have entered into a friendly discussion before an enlightened court to settle a dispute which threatened to produce an armed conflict. The forms of law, precious to both nations, have been carefully observed by court and counsel; an earnest desire to bring out all the facts and all the arguments fairly to be based upon such facts has been apparent. The tribunal itself was admirably constituted. It was a *judicial* body, composed of jurists of fame deservedly bestowed. The indirect results of this submission to peaceful methods must far outweigh in importance the immediate advantages which either party may claim to have received. When an honorable and satisfactory adjustment of international disputes is shown to be easy and economical by arbitration, war seems to be not only cruel but ridiculous.

Especial praise should be awarded to Baron de Courcel, the presiding officer of the court. His unvarying tact, his dignified and judicial bearing, his quick apprehension, and manifest anxiety to be just, entitle him to a high place in the respect of both nations. If it be true, as he himself expressed it, that "every international arbitration renders war less probable," he may well enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that he and his distinguished associates have made mankind their debtor.

VORBEI.

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

TO Margaret Shipley, as she drew off her long gloves and placed the napkin upon her lap, there was a certain malicious satisfaction in John Renwick being by her side. On his right was a lady whose deafness would have barred her from dinners if it had not been for her husband, whose genial manners and entertaining stories made him indispensable; so it looked as if during a long dinner John Renwick could do nothing better than devote himself to his neighbor on the left. Margaret could see between the silver candelabra and the tall chrysanthemums a dainty figure in pure white chiffon, a very young person with a soft mass of pale brown hair, great gray eyes, and a telltale little mouth which drooped very considerably. Now to her, thought Margaret, this dinner is a dreadfully mismanaged affair, a bitter failure, a mere dull succession of undistinguishable courses. She had watched the lithe young figure bound up the stairs, fling aside its wraps, and hasten into the parlor, trembling and vibrating with an intensity of emotional life which Margaret with a sigh acknowledged to herself could never again be hers. The composed, stately Miss Shipley trailed her long black silk after the fluffy white chiffon, and she could see John Renwick bend over the radiant girl before he received his orders to escort Miss Shipley to the dinner. The light was instantly quenched in the speaking gray eyes when he obediently offered his arm to Miss Shipley, murmuring some complimentary expression about the pleasure it afforded him, etc., etc. It would not have been John Renwick had he failed to do that.

Margaret ate her oysters savagely. "Little goose!" she thought; "doesn't she know he is not in earnest? Must she make herself miserable over the first pair of black eyes she meets?"

With the soup there came a change; her indignation was directed entirely against the man at her side. What right had he to flit about, season after season, from one débutante to another? What right had he to bend before the freshest bud just long enough to extract the first delicate perfume, and then hie away at the merest suggestion of the opened flower?

With the fish came an overwhelming compassion for the disconsolate little maid, stirring up in Margaret's breast a force of pent-up wrath against the indifferent cause of the suffering. Many things were brought back to Margaret as she watched the sad face before her, and yet it seemed impossible to realize that she herself had been just such a sensitive, fluttering bit of pink and white.

Could it be true that only seven winters ago she, too, would have cried all night over her pillow had John Renwick devoted himself to a prim old thing (alas, our youthful scorn of twenty-five!) and not to her?

"Let me see," she calculated rapidly, as she endeavored to solve the mystery of an entrée and at the same time respond to some light remark—"let me see. It was seven years ago, and I was not the first—they took good care that I should know that—and I was cut out by that Brownlow girl, who married from pique. There she is now, as faded and pale as a ghost. And there must have been plenty more. Why, the man's a perfect ogre!"

"You seem to have a personal grudge against that fillet, Miss Shipley," remarked Renwick, as he watched her thrust her knife into it viciously.

"I'm pretending it is somebody I know," she answered.

"I did not suspect you were capable of such very dangerous emotions," he said, smiling.

"Aren't you going to invite us again, Mr. Renwick?" asked a lady, leaning across the table. "We are all dying to have another peep at your beautiful rooms."

"Did you enjoy it?" he asked, in Margaret's ear.

"It was certainly a delightful dinner," she replied.

"I am glad that it met with your approval," he said. "Yes, Mrs. Brown, we must certainly have another."

"But it didn't meet with my approval at all," boldly exclaimed Margaret.

"Were the ducks overdone?" he asked.

"What could I have found so fascinating in that man?" she thought. "No; they were done to a turn. Even our Baltimore friend admitted that."

"Ah, I have it. The candle shades were not becoming."

"No; you haven't guessed it yet." She was thinking, "Why, I do believe I would have jumped across this table if he had asked me to do it then."

"May I ask, then, what was so unfortunate as to meet with your disapproval?"

The little maid was holding some yellow chrysanthemums to her face, and pretending in a listless way to admire them. "Oh, put them down," murmured Margaret. "Don't you know yellow is dreadfully unbecoming to you? Put them down instantly."

"Why," she said aloud, "of course you would never guess. I mean that I did not approve just because there was absolutely no flaw to be found in it. It was a perfect success, from oysters to coffee."

Renwick looked puzzled.

"I understand perfectly what Miss Shipley means," began Mrs. Brown, "and I agree with her entirely. A bachelor has no right to have everything so flawless. It is not complimentary to our sex to show us you can get on so admirably without us. Now in just a *faux pas* or two there would have been such a subtle compliment to our superior genius, don't you know."

"Yes," acknowledged Margaret, "that was it. And besides, the entire suite was too perfect. I object on principle to a bachelor living so comfortably. Why, what will become of our dearly cherished platitudes about the cheerless hall room, the undarned foot-gear, and all that?"

"So you think we are a bit too comfortable, we bachelors, do you?"

"Certainly. You men constantly lay the blame upon us, and say we are brought up too luxuriously, and you say you do not dare to make us give up so much and accept your humble homes. But do you want to know the real truth?"

"I am always anxious to learn, especially from so charming a teacher."

"It's you who are too selfish to give up what you have and live in any plainer style."

"No; I assure you we really can't afford it. It's becoming more and more of a luxury every year."

"Nonsense. You mean to say, ten thousand dollars a year for a bachelor means Fifth Avenue apartments, horses, T-cart, dinners, Persian rugs, and all that. For a family man it means merely respectable competency in a side street."

"Ha, ha! how you put it!"

"But it is gospel truth," assented the hostess. "I'm sure there is nothing for us to do but to make a raid on your swell bachelor apartment and force you back to the hall room."

"But I assure you," said Renwick, with a shrug, "I am really quite disconsolate. I think I should accept the hall room as a positive improvement upon what I have now." His remark was greeted with a

derisive laugh. "Really I fear I cannot remain where I am," he added.

"Indeed! after all these years?"

"Yes; they have changed janitors."

"What! the perfect, the ubiquitous Nobles has gone?"

"Gone," responded Renwick, gravely.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Why, he was the most wonderful man. He could do anything, from cooking a delicious dinner even to dusting a room as a woman would do it."

"Yes," said Margaret; "I peeped into the corners, and they really were swept."

"You may well condole with me," said Renwick. "They have put a marvel of incapacity into his lamented place."

"Good!" cried the hostess. "Good!" she repeated, clapping her hands.

"What! you are all arrayed against me? That is very unkind. Besides, I sha'n't be able to give any more dinners."

"Oh, but there is more chance now that you will see the follies of benighted bachelorhood, and may mend your ways."

"Yes, old fellow," spoke up a young Benedict from the corner, "as long as you must leave the Balfour, it's comparatively easy to take the great step, you know."

"There's one thing sure," laughed another: "now's your last chance. Once get comfortably settled again and you'll never reform. Remember, you are no longer sweet seventeen."

The poor little maid was wofully pale. Alas! what was all this? In her young philosophy of life men fell in love and married—marriage was but the necessary, the inevitable sequence of love. Margaret read these thoughts from the expressive face. How long ago it seemed to her since she, too, had shrunk from this light badinage on subjects that had been to her as sacred! This little girl interested her strangely. Why should she not try to open Renwick's eyes to the real mischief he was inflicting? She was quite sure that at heart he was not a bad fellow; only careless and thoughtless. She would try.

It was skilfully managed on her part that she rose from the table in the midst of a conversation that he would be in duty bound to continue with her after the cigars. He came to her where she had selected the quietest corner of the dimly lighted conservatory. Her heart ached when the white chiffon fluttered by, and the great gray eyes looked at her at once wistfully and reproachfully. "Forgive me," she murmured, as the little figure passed on. "It is for you that I do it. It may do no good, but I am going to try."

"She has worn uncommonly well," thought Renwick, as he sank into a low chair by Margaret's side and regarded her with interest. The low-cut black silk, edged with fluffy ostrich bands, became her well. It was a cool, fine face, well set upon the shoulders. There was an atmosphere of elegant composure about her that pleased him. But Margaret had not always felt so thoroughly composed when he was near her. In that past which now seemed a dream to her this corner in the conservatory with this man by her side would have been little short of paradise to her; her heart would have beaten so turbulently that speech would have been difficult, almost painful.

The pungent sweet odor of an orange-plant behind her stirred her deeply. With what an irresistible power a remembered odor can sweep aside the years and make the past live again! She tried to imagine it was all the same, that nothing had changed; tried to imagine that her heart did beat turbulently; tried to imagine that her cheeks were flushed; tried to imagine her entire being vibrating and pulsating in the ecstasy of her youthful ardor.

"I wonder why women do not oftener wear black in the evening?" Renwick's voice broke in upon her reverie. A little shiver ran through her as she looked up and realized in one swift glance how utterly indifferent he was to her, how irrevocably lifeless was her first young love.

"Perhaps they are afraid it will be taken as mourning for their past youth," she replied, with a low sigh.

"Oh, Miss Shipley, how unnecessarily cruel you are to yourself! You know in your heart that you were never half so beautiful as you are now."

"Ah, it's well I am sophisticated enough to accept your pretty compliments without taking them too seriously," she said, lightly.

"There you are! You women nowadays are growing to be the most sceptical, the most critical, the most cynical—"

"And who have made us so?" she interrupted, impulsively. "Whose fault is it? Is not a single season enough to teach

us in mere self-defence to be self-contained, to be sceptical, to be cynical?"

"Aren't you a little hard on us?"

"Hard on you?" she laughed, and there was bitterness in her laugh. "Why, I know a girl that was the most inexperienced, the most credulous, the most romantic, the most fervent, the most poetic girl—" She hesitated.

"And?"

"And now she is so sophisticated, so sceptical, so practical, and so self-questioning that she wonders if she will ever again be capable of a real, fervent, spontaneous emotion."

Renwick looked at her closely. "Why, what terrible power of darkness wrought all this?"

"Oh, merely a self-sufficient young man, who was enough of an epicure to enjoy only the fresh young loveliness of those that stand on the threshold of the social world."

"Is it so very dreadful, then, when they have passed it?"

"Very dreadful, very dreadful indeed."

"I suppose this young man thought that a certain amount of disenchantment was necessary, and so—and so—"

"And so he might as well be the one to dispel the enchantment, thereby performing a deed of charity and securing his own unselfish pleasure at the same time!"

"Well, it does seem as if a girl is bound to have her first love-affair. We men never flatter ourselves. We merely reflect that to a girl entering society everything is *couleur de rose*. We are conscious of assuming heroic proportions when the light is turned on us. We merely do as the stage hero does after his great speech, when he steps forward into the rays of the calcium-light."

"But," she said, "the stage hero is more honest; he fools no one. We know he is conscious of the red light, of the bravos, and the applause. But you know how very real it all is to our poor little novice. You know her sincerity, her earnestness, her frankness. Tell me, have you never taken advantage of that frankness? Have her very grave confessions never served merely to amuse you?"

"They have," he answered. "Yes; that has always been her chief charm to me. She is so ready to lay bare the depths of her childish little heart, so ready to discuss with grave eyes and bated breath the solemn problems of love and marriage, of soul and personal magnetism, and—"

"And, in short, everything that the more sophisticated girl would lightly avoid."

Renwick nodded.

Margaret continued, scornfully: "I have heard of your elegant men of leisure, who order their champagne to be poured away in waste until the very heart of it lies imprisoned in the glass. And so you consistently treat the innocent young girls who enter society bubbling over with verve and spirits, and, what is more, with unquestioning, unrestrained faith and trust. You insinuate yourself, and lo! all this treasure is before you to quaff at your will. Neither are you satisfied until you have drained all its delight, just as you drain the heart of the wine."

There was a pause. Then Margaret said, in a low tone: "You spoke of the *couleur de rose* of a girl's first season. If I could only paint you the ineffable gloom of the gray that succeeds it!"

In the opposite corner a slight figure in white chiffon sank wearily upon a sofa. She sat there before them, wan and haggard. In her nervous, restless hands were some withered roses, which she broke and scattered. Silently they watched the delicate petals fall, one by one, crushed upon the floor.

Renwick walked home that night convinced that Margaret had recited a bit from her own history. He went a step farther, and blunderingly inferred that she was still in love with him. Notwithstanding our saws and our maxims to the contrary, there are times and tides in a man's life when the belief that a woman loves him first turns his thoughts towards her. It flattered Renwick to think that she had been so constant to him during seven long years. Indeed, it was no mean triumph for him, for he could recall half a dozen fellows who had been dismissed from their devotions to her. He liked her family. One by one its members passed in review before his mind, and one by one they were solemnly stamped with his approval. It would be a thoroughly delightful family to marry into. There would be no mother-in-law, and her father was a courtly old gentleman of exquisite manners and fine reserve; there was one brother who had

married one of the prettiest women in New York, and the other brother was one of the best all-round athletes in town. He was conscious, in an amused sort of way, how different it had been when he fell in love with her seven years ago. Then he had not cared whether her parents were Hindoo or African. He had enjoyed being with her, and he had not cared to look any farther into the future. She was pretty, naïve, romantic, and susceptible, and he had plunged into the delights of a fresh flirtation, permitting himself to be carried along with the tide of his emotions, assured that it would land him safe and dry at the end of the season—if not sooner. He had been carried on thus before; he knew that he would not be wrecked, nor washed too forcibly against the rocks of passion. It had never occurred to him that perhaps this same tide, if she abandoned herself to it also, might leave her on a waste and barren isle, crushed and helpless.

To-night, for the first time, he had been shown the other side—her side. He had been quite frank with her: the brittle hearts of the very young girls had seemed to him to be made for the breaking—as if a heart cemented with experience was a safer and more serviceable organ for future wear and tear. He never fancied that they took it so seriously. Perhaps Margaret had been peculiarly sensitive. It was impossible to believe that all girls suffered so. A vision of the desolate little figure in white chiffon came before him: the great gray eyes, the throat trembling with suppressed sobs, the faded petals upon the floor. "What brutes we are!" he exclaimed, as he put the latch-key in the door.

The following day Renwick sat over his breakfast, grumbling and dissatisfied. The omelet was burned, the chops underdone, and the coffee execrable. "Hang it all!" he exclaimed. "It's come to this—either he or I have got to go."

His cousin Walter ran in for a minute, and laughed at his grumbling.

"Get married, man; get married. That's the only thing left when the glorious freedom of a bachelor yields nothing better than burned omelet and burned chops."

Renwick did not take the advice so pleasantly as he would have a few weeks ago, or even a few days ago. He had always replied to such teasings in the past with a careless laugh and shrug. It had seemed so impossible to imagine himself as really married and settled down. Somehow, to-day he did not laugh; he did not even smile; instead, he growled, bearishly, "Why don't you take your own advice?"

"Well, perhaps I am about to," was the reply.

Renwick looked up quickly. "What, really?"

"Yes," said Walter, gravely; "and, what's more, I think you used to be a bit sweet on her yourself." But he declined to commit himself further.

Renwick smiled grimly when his cousin left. "Humph!" he said to himself; "not very apt to be my style. Used to be sweet on her. Well, I guess I'm quite over it now. We are not apt to fall in love with the same kind of girl. Who on earth is going to take him?.... Awfully good fellow, and all that sort of thing.... make a capital husband.... but he's so frightfully in earnest; no life in him.... It's about time he settled down.... getting horribly gray," and he smoothed his own jet locks with complacency.

A few more days of burned omelets and underdone chops, and Renwick was a fit and willing sacrifice for the altar of Hymen. Of course he would not have put it in just that way. He was honestly in love this time—for the first time in his life: his early flirtations ought never to have been dignified with the name of love-affairs. Oh no! This time he was mastered by an entirely different kind of love. It never occurred to him that possibly there is but one kind of love, but that there are many different circumstances under which one falls in love. This time love had come to him at a moment particularly propitious to the god of marriage.

Four weeks after the dinner he proposed to Margaret Shipley. She could have cried as she saw the apples of Sodom plucked and heaped into her unwilling hands. "Oh," she exclaimed, passionately, "why do you come to me now? There was a time when your indifference nearly killed me. I think I would have willingly gone to purgatory with you if you had asked me then."

Renwick answered, gently, "I know that very precious time has been wasted, but we shall try to make it all up."

She did not seem to hear him. "I

could have given you," she went on, dreamily, "what no man can have now —the first, unquestioning love of my girlhood."

"Do not regret that," he said, stepping forward; "I do not want that. I would rather have the reasoning, mature love that you can give me now."

Then she understood. She started back from him. "But I have no love of any kind to give you now. It is all dead. You killed it yourself. That is why it all seems so dreadful to me—this love offered to me so long after it was looked for—longed for. I told you that, once fled, the *couleur de rose* never comes back. Why do you try to revive it?"

"Because I love you."

"But you loved me then; at least I think you must have—for a time—and yet you never wanted to marry me. You have loved other girls too, and you have not wanted to marry them."

"It is strange," assented Renwick; "I wonder if I can make a woman understand it? I did love you; I have loved other women, as you say—that is, I suppose it was a kind of love. Yet I give you my word that you are the only woman that I ever wanted to marry. Marriage always seemed utterly apart from me, somehow."

"Ah, I see," she said. "Nobles has gone, and you have been forced to take the advice of your friends."

"That is a taunt," he said, hotly; "and yet, say what you please. Who can tell just what enters into the composition of love? You know it defies all analysis. Who cares what considerations, what complex emotions, go to make it up? I only know, only care, that I love you now, and that I want to marry you, and it will be the aim of my life to make you forget that I was ever unkind to you."

"And I know that I do not love you, and do not care to marry you."

He was just a trifle angry now. "But I thought—I thought—"

Margaret made a quick gesture. "I see. You thought I still did love you?"

Renwick nodded. "You imagined," she continued, "that I was speaking for myself the other night. I understand. It was very magnanimous of you."

"There's no magnanimity about it, but I confess I did misunderstand you."

"Oh, you men! It is impossible for you to believe that a woman can be disinterested. I assure you my heart was really bleeding for that poor little thing you were playing with. It brought back to me my own girlhood, and perhaps I did speak too strongly. But I never thought you would interpret it into a plea for myself."

"I swear that there is not a particle of generosity about me—you ought to know that. No, I honestly love you."

"And I do not love you. How strange that I should live to say that to you!"

"Do you love any one else?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, slowly. "Yes; that is—I suppose it is love. At least it is the only kind of love that men like you leave us capable of feeling after you have done with us. A woman's love is not phœnixlike. If it ever does rise from its ashes it is as a mere ghost of what it was. With wan, cold hands it may beckon to the future, yet it looks back upon the bed of gray cinders that once were glowing coals. Perhaps it is as they tell me, perhaps it is a more reasoning love, a love more durable, more fit for this earth. Perhaps it may be so, God grant it, but sometimes it seems to me that its very name is a profanation."

So she loved some one else. He thought of Walter's words: "Some one you used to be a bit sweet on yourself."

"My God," he exclaimed, "it can't be Walter!"

She did not reply. "Can it be Walter?" he repeated, incredulously. "Why, you and I used to make fun of him so. We used to amuse ourselves laughing at him, with his pale, serious face, his inflamed eyes, and his clumsy spectacles. We used to dub him the 'Owl,' don't you remember? The Owl! ha, ha!"

"*Used to! used to!*" broke in Margaret. "Don't bring up what used to be. Have I not told you that everything is changed with me? Have I not told you that nothing is that used to be?"

Some one entered the room just then, with a quick, buoyant step. It was Walter. With hands outstretched eagerly, he crossed to Margaret. He stopped suddenly as he recognized his cousin. Renwick looked from one to the other. "I don't understand—" he began.

Margaret took Walter's outstretched hand, not eagerly, not impetuously, but with a shadow of thought upon her face.

She turned to Renwick. "Now do you understand?" she asked, quietly.

RIDERS OF TURKEY.

BY COLONEL T. A. DODGE, U.S.A.

MUCH of what has been said anent the Arab in Syria applies to the Arab of western Asia Minor. He has not so marked characteristics; neither has his steed; but both resemble the Syrian. Where the horse is at his best, so, barring the lack of what we call civilization, is the Arab. But whatever may be said in favor of the Arab, we can never forget that he has ruined, agriculturally, financially, socially, morally, every country he has conquered. Even the breeding of the Arabian horse cannot make up for this wholesale havoc. The Moors, who at one time accomplished so much, and left their impress on so many lands, seem to have been the exception which proves the rule. Morocco of to-day, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, are all a desert in comparison to what we know from history that they have been in other days. Nor, with the character of the Arab, does it seem probable that any improvement will be made. Whether this is not due to religious causes rather than social ones it may be hard to say. The Turk has accomplished the same devastation.

The Mohammedan must, however, be given credit for exemplary fidelity in some matters, as, *e. g.*, his annual fast during the month of Ramazan. From an hour before sunrise until the sun has set, he may neither eat nor drink nor smoke. And, strange to say, for a solid month he honestly does this thing, though he makes merry all through the night as a compensation. In Constantinople, should a man openly break his fast he would be arrested, and fined or imprisoned. The fast is not obligatory on weak men, or on women or youth. But when a lad grows to be twelve or thirteen his soul rests not till he has won permission to keep Ramazan. On working-men it is hard, especially when Ramazan comes in the hot months, as, being by the Moslem lunar calendar made a shifting feast, it does about a third of the time. On the soldiers it is still more hard, though in war-time Ramazan is more honored in the breach than in the observance—as was Sunday during our civil war in the way of battles.

There is not much in Syria proper which distinguishes it from Palestine; but the further north you go, the further away you get from the perfect type of horse; the further east you go, the more you lose the stanchness which characterizes the Arabian. You might call the Arabian Desert the centre point from which the horse has got distributed; at too great a distance, without special efforts to keep it pure, the stock gets diluted or lost. If you wander, for instance, towards Kurdistan you will find a tough little horse; but he is no longer the Arabian of the desert. He is more of a runt. There is the same peculiar family resemblance of the common unbred horse of almost all countries which there is everywhere of the *vin du pays*. The bronco and Medoc express the types, which vary as the inhabitants vary. Better care produces a better article. We see the little mean Texan grow fat and handsome when put into the stable of the polo-playing swell; we should again see him, not less tough, but the very picture of wretchedness, if put for a month into the hands of an Indian or a Mexican. We see the excellent Chianti of Italy degenerate into the vile resin-flavored *κρασὶ ῥετσινάτο* of Greece. So with the horse or wine of the country everywhere.

Some of the oddest equine habits which horseman has ever imagined are to be found in lands abutting on the home of the Arabian, but where he himself is not to be found; though, indeed, the Arab himself has enough of oddities. The Kurds ride a tree covered with plaited straw, quite flat and padded with blankets. This they never remove from their horses, except occasionally to dry it out. The horse is kept saddled day and night, summer and winter. This seems incredible, but is literally true. In Turkistan the horse, under his saddle, is covered with the biblical number of blankets, seven, which he likewise wears at all times, and which are supposed to sweat him out and keep him in condition. The habits of the horsemen in such countries vary in a most curious fashion. The Kurds ride their straw padlike saddle with very short stirrups, and employ a severe bit. The Circassians ride also in a straw-covered saddle, but with an exceptionally

high cantle and pommel, and with extra long stirrups, forked-radish or cowboy style. The Cossack, again, rides with short stirrups, as well as the Persian, and neither he nor the Circassian uses, as a rule, a bit, but a simple rope halter. Wherever the Arabian is in his glory, you find substantially the same seat, already described; as soon as you wander away from the type, you find as great a variety of habits as of dress.

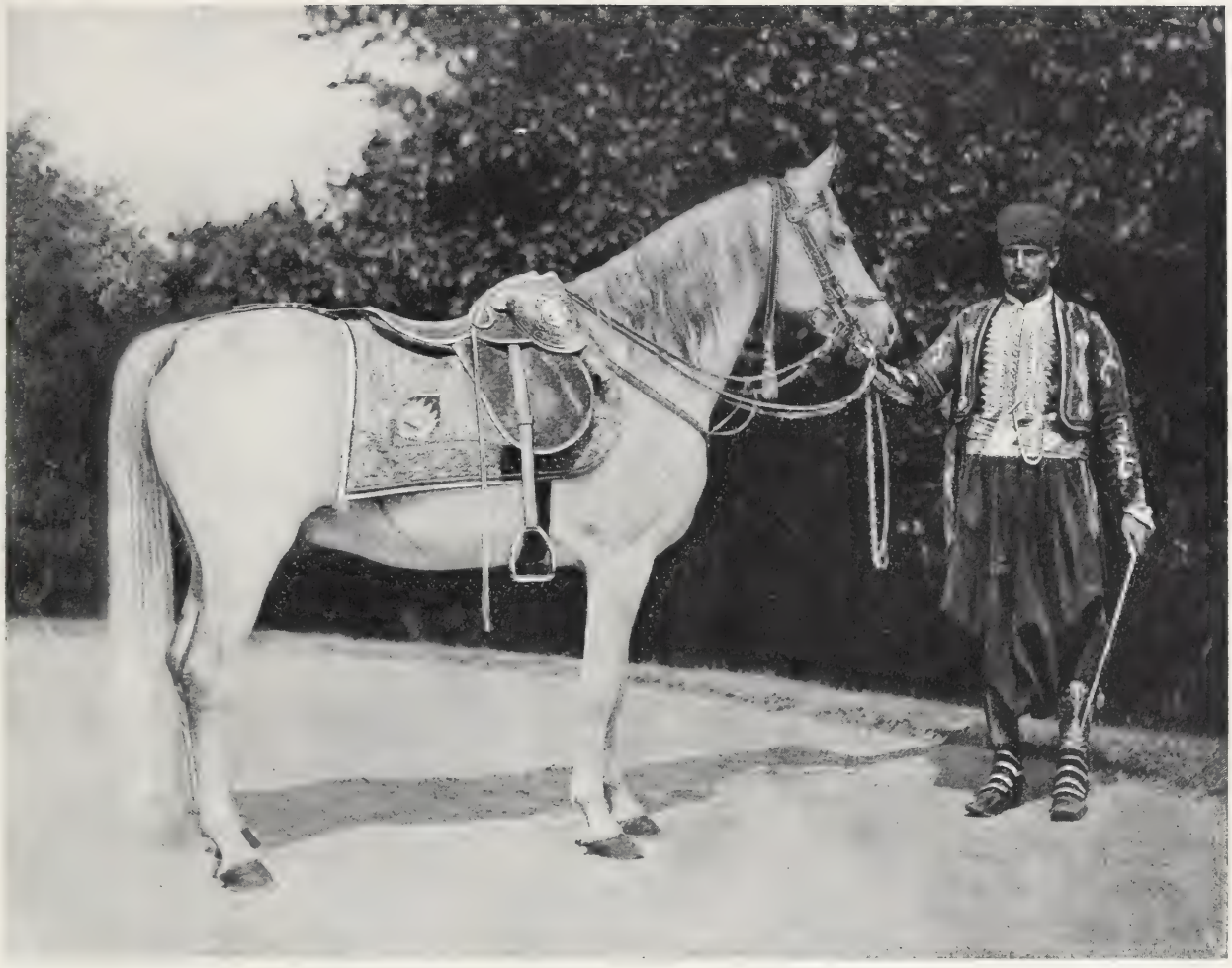
The Persian horse, although a neighbor, appears to be a creature of quite different blood. He is taller and leggier than the Arabian, and has comparatively little stamina. The Kurds and Turcomans use a horse which is the produce of an Arabian sire on a Persian dam, and this creature appears to gain the endurance of the desert blood which it sadly needs. One does not expect much from Persians, and the horse corresponds to one's expectations.

One is always led to believe that the Arabian you find in Constantinople, in the imperial stables or among the rich or high in power, is the *crème de la crème*. But in truth, while you do find some very splendid specimens of horseflesh in the capital of the Sublime Porte, most of the best of them are not pure Arabs. I have rarely seen a finer lot of mounts than at the Selamlik one beautiful Friday last April, when his Imperial Majesty, accompanied by his ministers and generals, and escorted by a *corps d'élite*, went from the palace to mosque. And, by-the-way, let me here put in a word about the Sultan. This ruler is currently imagined to allow his ministers to do all his work, while he himself lives a life of luxurious indolence. The very reverse is the rule. The one man in all the Turkish dominions who works morning, noon, and night, whose mind never rests from effort to carry his people through the difficulties which beset bad system and lack of means, is the monarch. The ministers work little, the Sultan incessantly. Not only is this well known, but an intimate of mine is an aide-de-camp in daily attendance on his Majesty, and my ideas, gleaned from him, have given me a hearty respect for the personality of the present bearer of the crescent. Since his accession he has scarcely left his palace; here he labors with honest fidelity to effect the impossible, for the bad Turkish customs are like the laws of the Medes and Persians. The system is as rotten as the people are hard to teach. Moreover, the Sultan is the simplest and most plainly dressed man in his dominions. The unpretentious courtesy of his personal bearing, his apparent lack of egotism, his rather pale, nervous, fatigued-looking face, are dignity itself. I have never seen a more patriarchal ceremony or one of higher tone than the quiet procession of Selamlik.

To come back to the horses. I could not recognize in many of them the characteristics of desert blood; I suspected the truth, and was, on inquiry, told that they were largely imported. The Arabian is not considered heavy enough for the Turkish cavalry; a Hungarian horse is bought or bred for the army, and to a considerable extent crossed with Arabian blood. It seems most natural to use the Arabian as the sire; but the experiment is being tried of putting Arabian mares to the stallion from Hungary—the latter being largely impregnated by the English thoroughbred. This horse is for the men. Many of the officers—in Turkey all swells have military rank—import well-bred ones from various countries; and though you see a number of typical and very beautiful Arabians, especially in the Sultan's stud, you are out of the domain of the unalloyed article. And as to general grading, one may see a lot of saddle-beasts ridden in and about our Southern towns any day which, in every saddle quality, are superior to what I saw at Selamlik. The New York Horse Show is not approached in its exhibit of high-grade saddle-beasts by anything to be found in the Orient.

His Imperial Majesty, however, rides chiefly Arabians; and in the Selamlik procession there were led after his carriage a number of these, all white, gorgeously caparisoned, and with a rich blanket thrown over them, so that, should he choose to return to the palace on horseback, he might have his selection. The beauty of these seemed to elicit universal but injudicious admiration: they were more to be admired for their sleek, well-groomed appearance, and for their look of extreme docility, than for any qualities they showed in the procession. A fine team of white Hanoverians in a low-hung phaeton was also on hand, should his Majesty choose to drive himself back to the palace, as on this occasion he did.

The Turkish seat is no longer Oriental.



THE SULTAN'S RIDING-HORSE.

It has become exclusively military. This is natural enough in a military autocracy. The English saddle, or some modification of it, and the extra-long stirrup-leather—which is a simple perversion of the useful or appropriate in a flat saddle—is the regular thing. The short seat has become so universal that it has invaded the imperial stables, and the stud grooms all ride, in their fancy liveries, *à la militaire*. This is as much to be condemned as the Frenchman in gala uniform "riding to cover."

On the whole, I do not like the flat saddle for the soldier. It does not, it is not intended to give an upright seat. The knee is back of instead of gripping the stirrup-leather; and the knee-pad on the saddle-flap might as well be on the horse's ears for any good it is with such long leathers. The flat saddle is cut for an entirely different seat. Hunting produced the English saddle; its use by a military man is a mere fad. I have seen many more "unmilitary" seats, if there still be such a thing, since the introduction of the English saddle than before. It seems to breed a loosish seat—I by no means mean a bad one, but a free and easy method—the very best in its place, but quite too slipshod for a soldier. A man naturally leans forward in a flat saddle, rather than sits erect, and so long as we insist on a soldier being well "set up," why not make him ride erect as well? The perfect seat and method for a soldier, I maintain, is the one which enables him to preserve an upright, well "set up" position in the saddle, to ride solely with one hand—at need without any—to have his right arm at all times free, and on occasion both. I have nowhere seen so near an approach to this seat and method as in the officers of our own regular cavalry. It is quite possible for the soldier to have it and yet not hang down his arm like a pump-handle, and stick out his thumb, as the merry caricaturist will have it that he does. And as to effectiveness, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. It would puzzle the cavalry of any nation to follow



A HUNGARIAN THOROUGHBRED.

some of our best squadrons in pursuit of a band of bucks on the war-path, or to hold head to them when caught.

Constantinople is now a European city. I refer to style, not geography. It is fast losing all its Orientalism. The fez is the only thing left which is universal. A crowd is still a "sea of fezzes." But the leg-gear has begun to yield to the convenience of "pants," and these are always the first step in the downfall of national costumes and customs. Alas! that the landing-place of our Puritan ancestors should have descended to a three-dollar pair!

The Turkish cavalryman rides a gelding. The line of demarcation between the stallion and gelding in common use appears to be the Ægean Sea. The Hungarian gelding is a larger, bonier horse than the Arabian, averaging, perhaps, 15.1, generally dark in color, with fairly good points, but poor tail and head. He is considered serviceable. The Arabian cannot be said to be highly regarded in Turkey, except as a pleasure-horse. Carriage horses are frequently bought among the Russian trotting stock. The Turkish cavalry looks well as a body, but many of the men ride poorly. There are a great many Germans among the officers. But the arm is of recent creation.

At another great ceremony, the visit of the Sultan to the Treasury in the Old Seraglio, on the 15th Ramazan, to pray on the mantle of Mohammed, I had a chance to size up the general run of the horses of Constantinople. The world and his wife (or rather his wives) was present. Everything on four legs turned out. The average struck me as very low. Among some exceedingly good ones there were all too many weedy, wretched little ponies under thirteen hands high. The harems of the whole town were on hand, and all the attendants and the eunuchs rode trashy stock of the meanest description. The livery-stables were emptied; and I doubt whether you could have found so many poor specimens of the equine race in any American city, which is saying a great deal. The every-day hack of Constantinople is plainly an offshoot of Arabia; but I was not impressed by the influence of desert blood on the horse under civilized conditions. The average size, weight, and serviceability would have been far greater in America. During the day I saw but one or two clean, fine-bred Arabians among the many thousands out. The army and bureaucrats appear to monopolize the good horses; and there was but a small force of cavalry on duty to

line the streets through which his Majesty passed.

Many men in Constantinople ride an English saddle, but still cling to the enormous Oriental blanket which comes back over the horse's loins, and is made of a long hairy woollen fabric, generally red and white. It is extremely ugly. The saddle and blanket do not match. They represent the transition stage. The plate-shoe throughout Turkey in Europe has been almost driven out by the Frank shoe. The plate they used to employ in Turkey, unlike the plate of the desert, had as many as six nails inside and six outside; sometimes only five, or five outside and four inside, well distributed.

The Sultan's stables contain many fine Arabians. Some are extremely old. I saw one (shown in the accompanying engraving) which had carried no less than four Sultans — Abd-ul-Mejid, 'way back in 1860; and Abd-ul-Aziz, Murad, and Abd-ul-Hamid since. I was presented with an interesting series of pictures of them. Not a few have the curious cuts on barrel, haunch, and arm which, by a queer superstition, are often put upon Arabians "to make them run faster." Others explain the cuts in a different way. The cut on the barrel is a long and semicircular one from below upward, made by the heel armed with a sharp rowel. Into the cut, they say, is rubbed powdered glass to make an ugly scar, much as the German student indulges in unlimited *Kneipen*, to make the cuts received at *Pauken* heal up slowly and into rough and therefore much-esteemed scars. On a white horse such a scar is peculiarly distressing. The other cuts are straight horizontal ones half-way up the buttock and arm. There



A VERY OLD ARABIAN.



OLD ARAB BUYER OF THE SULTAN'S HORSES IN SYRIA.

seems to be neither rhyme nor reason in the trick. We brand a bronco to mark ownership. These cuts are a mere outcome of silly superstition.

Here is the counterfeit presentment of an old Arab who belongs to the imperial stables, and who is sent from time to time to the desert to bring back horses. Most of the stud grooms dress in a special costume, as unlike Arabs as can well be imagined, much ornamented and handsome enough in its way. The jacket and leggear are the Syrian, and highly wrought in gold. The feet are encased in boots. The fez, as with every one in Turkey, from Sultan to sweep, is worn.

The Greek approaches more to the European than to the Oriental civilization, but in his equestrianism he may be added to the latter. There is, perhaps, no odder-looking rider than a Greek on a pack-saddle. This is made so as to be equally adapted to pack or riding, and is fairly good for the one, wretched for the other. Unlike those of all other peoples, this saddle, instead of being placed in the middle of the back, or towards the rump, is made to fit so that the centre of gravity lies directly over the place where the English pommel is. When the Greek rides this horror of a saddle he is perched directly over the horse's withers, with his legs hanging 'way in front of the animal's. The saddle comes no further rearward than the middle of the back. The seat, owing to its width, is so uncomfortable that the man is apt to ride sidewise, not astride.

Just where this trick originated it is hard to say. The common Oriental habit is to get the load too far to the rear. In fact, with donkeys it is usual to ride on the weakest part of the back, just over the kidneys, because the place where the beast is most limber is the easiest to the man. With the Greek we have the fore legs loaded down to a dangerous extent, while the haunches have less than their fair share of work. A stumbler would be far from a luxury with the freight all in the bows, to speak nautically.

The Greek dress, until you get used to it, is too ladylike to be pleasing. The close-falling kilt of Scotland is natural enough. But as, in Greece, it is made in such ample folds and starched to so stiff an extent that it stands out absolutely like a ballet-girl's skirts, one never gets rid of a certain feeling of hermaphroditism, so to speak, until one has been long among the people. It is bad enough when the Greek wears his picturesque leggings; but when, as in Albania, he wears what the old Rollo books used to call pantalettes, one's ideas are turned topsy-turvy even more than they are in Tunis, where one sees a pretty Jewess in tight trousers and a short sack-coat. In either case one has to sit down and reflect for a moment, or pull one's self together in some other fashion.

The Greek is a high-tuned fellow. Though the blood of the modern Greek is rather Albanian—as also is his dress—

than traceable to the heroic Hellene of twenty centuries ago, no prince can be more proud of his lineage, which he believes to be purity itself. The Greek peasant will strut by you with the most kingly air; he looks down with a kindly but ill-disguised contempt upon the American tourist who could buy up a whole village of his ilk and scarcely know he owned it. He has many really fine qualities, this same Greek, coupled to some we are not wont to admire, such as inordinate vanity. And in his wonderful garb, on a hard-trotting horse, so near the withers that he gets threefold the motion he would get if he sat in the middle of the back, he is truly a spectacle for gods and men.

The Greek rides the veriest runt of a horse, though it has endurance. The fine little Thessalian chunk of the era of Phidias, which was certainly "alive and kicking" in the days of Alexander—for was it not he that won the battles of the great Macedonian?—has long since disappeared. No wonder. The forests were all chopped down eons ago; as a consequence the brooks and rivers dried up, and the land gradually became a desert. This is the condition everywhere in the East. It is a treeless, waterless waste. Any American who has travelled throughout the Orient must assuredly return home an advocate for forestry laws, an enemy to the ruthless lumberman who is fast sapping the sources of our noble rivers, and well equipped to vote for making public reservations of such essential forest stretches as the Adirondacks or the wilderness around Moosehead Lake. It is only a question of time, if the destruction of our forests continues, when the Hudson River will cease to be navigable, when the beautiful granite streams of the White Mountains will be torrents in winter and dry beds in summer. O for another Peter the Hermit to preach a crusade on the preservation of our forests!

As soon as the land dried up, so did all that it produced and nourished. To-day



MODERN GREEK COSTUME.

Greece is fit, on all its hill-sides, to feed nothing but sheep and goats. The latter eat every shoot of vegetation. Trees cannot grow. The Greek complains that he has no water for irrigation; but he will not work for the future; he will not only not plant trees, but will not preserve those which themselves strive to grow. As soon as a pine-tree struggles up, as many do, to a size big enough to produce resin, he scores it to death to secure enough of its life-blood to preserve his wine, heedless of the fact that if he would let a few

grow bigger they would produce resin in abundance, and water besides.

So died out the noble little Thessalian, whom Homer has immortalized in the horses of Diomed with flowing manes, and Phidias on the frieze of the Parthenon; who has written his name in history on the pages which narrate the heroism at the Granicus, the struggle for life at Arbela, the charges seven times repeated at the Hydaspes. By-the-way, it is rather curious that, accurate as are the horses of Phidias in the sequence of step which the photograph alone has revealed to us moderns, they are faulty in projecting the fore feet so far beyond the head. No horse can hold his head so high as to throw his fore feet far beyond it. In no photograph, even of high-headed horses, are the fore feet in any gait even out to a line dropped perpendicularly from the horse's nose. But, for all that, Phidias came nearer giving us the anatomically correct action of the horse than any one prior to mechanical Muybridge ever succeeded in doing.

On the Adriatic coast, in Albania and Dalmatia, the horse of the country is the same small mean runt you meet with in every poverty-stricken land. He is not without his advantages. He eats little, needs and gets no grooming, stabling, or care, has a vast deal of endurance, of blows, neglect, and ill treatment, and carries as big a load for his size as a bronco. But the bronco can run and keep it up. The little country brute of the Adriatic coast can barely work out of a walk. Nor has he any gaits. He is a poor lot—much like the population which breeds him.

The origin of the best strain of Arabian blood has been related by some romancer. While Mohammed was fighting his way to greatness he was once compelled to lead his corps of 20,000 cavalry for three days without a drop of water. At last, from a hill-top, they descried the silver streak of a distant river. Mohammed ordered his trumpeter to blow the call to dismount and loose the horses. The poor brutes, starving for water, at once sprang into a mad gallop towards the longed-for goal. No sooner loosened than came the alarm—false, as it happened—of a sudden ambush. "To horse!" was blown, and repeated by a hundred bugles. But the demand was too great; the parched throats were not to be refused; the stampede grew wilder and wilder as 20,000 steeds pushed desperately for the river-banks. Of all the frantic crowd but five mares responded to the call. To these duty was higher than suffering. They turned in their tracks, came bravely back, pleading in their eyes and anguish in their sunken flanks, and stood before the Prophet. Love for their master and a sense of obedience had conquered their distress, but their bloodshot eyes told of a fearful torment—the more pathetic for their dumbness. The danger was over; the faithful mares were at once released; but Mohammed selected these five for his own use; and they were the dams of one of the great races of the desert. From them have sprung the best of Arabian steeds. It can, however, scarcely be claimed that the average horse of the Orient comes up to this ideal. He must have been bred from the 19,995.

On the whole, the horse of the Orient must be summed up as not of the high grade which is generally claimed. The splendid specimens are less splendid than our prize-winners or well-known sires; the common herd is common enough. The average is exceedingly attractive, but not as good performers as our own equal class. Beyond the borders of civilization they are not higher than the bronco; in the busy haunts of men they average distinctly lower than our own for the purposes of our varied commercial demands. The exceptional specimens, which partake of the peculiar grace of carriage of the Arabian, are more pleasing than with us; but, to the horseman's eye, their points will perhaps score for less. Size being taken into consideration throws the balance clearly to our side.

The rider of the Orient is what man is everywhere when he lives in daily communion with his horse. But he is not an intelligent horseman. If you want to select a score of men who, after short practice at every style of riding, could show the best performance at racing, hunting, polo-playing, road-riding, herding, cavalry drill or work, escort duty, fantasīya-riding, or anything it is usual to perform in the West or the Orient, those men are far and away easier to find in the States than in any country where the influence of the Arabian horse is still predominant.



"HE WOULD LOUNGE OVER TO MY NEIGHBORHOOD."

EM'LY.

BY OWEN WISTER.

AS I am indebted to her for gaining me a friend whose prejudice against me might never have been overcome but for her, I shall presently tell her story, and how her misadventures came to bring the Virginian and me to an appreciation of one another.

She was a hen, and she lived in Wyoming. With hundreds, sometimes thousands, of cattle at hand, the rarest thing on a ranch is butter. Milk would be as rare but that it may be bought in cans, condensed, for twenty-five cents. The next rarest thing is eggs. That is because chickens require the sort of attention that belittles the man who carries a deadly weapon at his belt and rides wild horses. Nevertheless, my host the Judge kept chickens. In his early Eastern days he had followed cock-fighting, and bred and even handled his own birds. This evil practice served the good end of adding the omelet and sometimes the custard to his desolate bill of fare when he came to seek his fortune on the plains. He had become permanently interested in domestic fowls, and the meals at his ranch were renowned; the passing traveller tied his horse to the fence and sat down to table tolerably certain of finding a variation from the eternal sow-belly, beans, and coffee.

The long fences of Judge Henny's home ranch begin upon Sunk Creek soon after that stream emerges from its cañon through the Bow-Leg. It was a place always well cared for by the owner, even in the days of his bachelorhood. The placid regiments of cattle lay in the cool of the cottonwoods by the water, or slowly moved among the sage-brush, feeding upon the grass that in those forever-departed years was plentiful and tall. The steers came fat off his unenclosed range, and fattened still more in his large pasture; while his small pasture, a field some eight miles square, was for several seasons given to the Judge's horses, and over this ample space there played and prospered the good colts he raised from Paladin, his imported stallion. After he married, his wife's influence became visi-

ble in and about the house. Shade trees were planted, flowers attempted, and to the chickens was added the much more troublesome turkey. I, the visitor, was pressed into service when I arrived, green from the East. I took hold of the "farmyard," and began building a better chicken-house, while the Judge was off creating meadow-land in his gray and yellow wilderness. When any cowboy was unoccupied, he would lounge over to my neighborhood and silently regard my carpentering. Then he would retire to the bunk-house, and presently I would overhear laughter. But this was only in the morning. In the afternoon on many days of the summer which I spent at the Sunk Creek Ranch I would go shooting, or ride up towards the entrance of the cañon and watch the men working on the irrigation ditches. Pleasant systems of water running in channels were being led through the soil, and there was a sound of rippling here and there among the yellow grain; the green thick alfalfa-grass waved almost, it seemed, of its own accord, for the wind never blew; and when at evening the sun lay against the plain the rift of the cañon was filled with a violet light, and the Bow-Leg Mountains became transfigured with hues of floating and unimaginable color. The sun shone in a sky where never a cloud came, and noon was not too warm nor the dark too cool. And so for two months I went through these pleasant uneventful days, improving the chickens, an object of mirth, living in the open air, and basking in the perfection of content.

It was my first taste of Wyoming, and I was justly called a tenderfoot. Mrs. Henny had in the beginning endeavored to shield me from this humiliation; but when she found that I was inveterate in laying my inexperience in Western matters bare to all the world, begging to be enlightened upon rattlesnakes, prairie-dogs, owls, blue and willow grouse, sage-hens, how to rope a horse or tighten the front cinch of my saddle, and that my spirit soared into enthusiasm at the mere sight of so ordinary an animal as an antelope, she let me rush about with my fire-arms, and made no further effort to stave off the ridicule that my blunders perpetually earned from the ranch hands, her own humorous husband, and any chance visitor who stopped for a meal or staid the night.

I was not called by my name after the feeble etiquette due a stranger in his first few hours of arrival had died away. I was known simply as "the tenderfoot," and a special cowboy was assigned to guide me in my rambles and prevent my calamitously passing into the next world. We were between the spring and the beef round-up, and so for the moment he was unoccupied. But I am sure he cursed this novel job that had fallen to him, although he betrayed no feelings whatever. A more silent man than he was at first I have never seen. During his odious duty of companioning me over the trackless country which made the ranch like an island in the sea, he would not speak an unnecessary syllable. He would show me the lower ford, which I could never find for myself, generally mistaking a quicksand for it. He would tie my horse properly. He would recommend me not to shoot my rifle at a white-tail deer in the particular moment that the outfit wagon was passing behind the animal on the further side of the brush. There was seldom a day that he was not obliged to hasten and protect me from battle or murder or sudden death. In his eyes I must have appeared a truly abominable thing. Yet never once did he lose his patience; and his gentle slow voice and apparently lazy manner remained the same, whether we were sitting at lunch together up in the mountains during a hunt, or whether he was bringing me back my horse, which had run away again because I had again forgotten to throw the reins over his head and let them trail.

"He'll always stand if yu' do that," the Virginian would say. "See how my hawse stays right quiet yondeh."

After such admonition he would say no more to me. I do not think he could have been older than twenty-three. For though utterly a man in countenance and in his self-possession and incapacity to be put at a loss, he was still boyishly proud of his wild calling, and wore his leathern shaps and jingled his spurs with obvious pleasure. Furthermore, the manner in which his black hair was brushed when he came over from the bunk-house to see what I wanted, and also to sun himself in the presence of a woman — for Mrs. Henny would come out and ask him questions—these were indications of unabated youth. In spite of what I feared must be his opinion of me, the tenderfoot,

I liked him after the first week, and found his silent company agreeable.

I discovered that he had spells of talking one night after coming home from duck-shooting. We had found several in a beaver dam, and I had killed two as they sat close together, but they floated against the breastwork of sticks out in water some four feet deep, where the escaping current might carry them down the stream. The Judge's red setter did not accompany us because she was expecting a family.

"We don't want her along anyways," the cow-puncher had explained to me. "She runs around mighty irresponsible, an' she'll stand a prairie-dog 'bout as often as she'll stand a bird. She's a triflin' animal."

My anxiety to own the ducks caused me to pitch into the water with all my clothes on, and subsequently crawl out a slippery, triumphant, weltering heap. The Virginian's serious eyes had rested upon this spectacle of mud, and expressed nothing, as usual.

"They ain't overly good eatin'," he observed, tying the birds to his saddle. "They're divers."

"Divers!" I exclaimed. "Why didn't they dive?"

"I reckon they was young ones and hadn't experience."

"Well," I said, crestfallen, but attempting to be humorous, "I did the diving myself."

But the Virginian made no comment. He handed me my double-barrelled English gun, which I was about to leave deserted on the ground behind me, and we rode home in our usual silence, the mean little white-breasted, sharp-billed divers dangling from his saddle.

A few hours later I happened to be passing the bunk-house, where all the cowboys were going to bed. I heard the Virginian's gentle voice evidently achieving some narrative to an attentive audience, and just as I came by the open window where he sat on his bed in shirt and drawers, his back to me, I heard his concluding words: "And the hat on his haid was the one mark showed yu' he weren't a snappin'-turtle."

The anecdote met with instantaneous success, and I hurried away into the dark.

The next morning I was occupied with the chickens. Two hens were fighting to sit on some eggs that a third was daily laying, and which I did not want hatched; and for the third time I had kicked Em'ly off seven potatoes she had rolled together and was determined to raise I know not what sort of family from. She was shrieking about the hen-house as the Virginian came in to observe (I suspect) what I might be doing now that could be useful for him to mention in the bunk-house.

He stood awhile, and at length said, "We lost our best rooster when Mrs. Henny come to live hyeh."

I paid no attention.

"He was a right smart Dominicker," he continued.

I felt a little ruffled about the snapping-turtle, and showed no interest in what he was saying, but continued my functions among the hens. This unusual silence of mine seemed to elicit unusual speech from him.

"Yu' see, that rooster he'd always lived round hyeh when the Judge was a-bachin', and he never seen no ladies or any persons wearing female gyarments. You 'ain't got rheumatism, seh?"

"Me? No."

"I reckoned likely them little old divers yu' got damp goin' afteh—" He paused.

"Oh no; not in the least, thank you."

"Yu' seemed sort o' grave like this mawnin', and I'm sure glad it ain't them divers."

"Well, the rooster?" I inquired, finally.

"Oh, him! He weren't raised whar he could see petticoats. Mrs. Henny she come hyeh from the railroad with the Judge afteh dark. Next mawnin' early she walked out to view her new home, and the rooster was a-feedin' by the doh, and he seen her. Well, seh, he screeched that awful I run out of the bunk-house, and he jus' went over the fence and took down Sunk Creek hollerin' right along. He 'ain't been heard from, and it's nigh a yeah. He's sure forsook us."

"There's a hen over there now that has no judgment," I said, indicating Em'ly. She had got herself outside the house, and was on the bars of a corral, her vociferations reduced to an occasional squawk. I told him about the potatoes.

"I never knowed her name before," said he.

"I gave it to her myself after I came to notice her particularly. There's an old maid at home who's charitable and belongs to the Cruelty to Animals, and she

never knows whether she had better cross in front of a street car or wait. I named the hen after her. Does she ever lay eggs?"

The Virginian had not "troubled his haid" over the poultry.

"Well, I don't believe she knows how. I think she came near being a rooster."

"She's sure manly-lookin'," said the Virginian. We had walked toward the corral, and he was now scrutinizing Em'ly with interest.

She was an egregious fowl. She was huge and gaunt, with great yellow beak, and she stood straight and alert in the manner of responsible people. There was something wrong with her tail. It slanted far to one side, one feather in it twice as long as the rest. Her eye was intensely bright, but somehow had an outraged expression. It was as if she went about this world perpetually scandalized over the doings that fell beneath her notice. Her legs were blue, long, and remarkably stout.

"She'd ought to wear knickerbockers," mused the Virginian. "She'd look a heap better'n some of them college students. And she'll set on potatoes, yu' say?"

"She thinks she can hatch out anything. I've found her with onions, and last Tuesday I caught her on two balls of soap."

In the afternoon the tall cow-puncher and I rode out to get an antelope.

After an hour, during which he was completely taciturn, he said, "I reckon this lonesome country ain't healthy for a fowl. It ain't for some men. They tell how them old trappers in the mountains gets skewed in the haid mighty often, an' talks out loud when there ain't nobody nigher'n a hundred miles." He fell silent again, riding beside me, easy and indolent in the saddle. His long figure looked so loose and inert that the swift light spring he made to the ground seemed an impossible feat. He had seen an antelope where I saw none.

"Take a shot yourself," I urged him, as he motioned me to be quick. "You never shoot when I'm with you."

"I ain't hyeh for that," he answered. "Now you've let him get away on yu'."

The antelope had in truth departed.

"Why," he said to my protest, "I can hit them things any day. Lonesome is what does it," he resumed. "When I come out hyeh first and went on the round-up, it used to hit me when I'd wake nights and see them stars 'stead o' the ceilin'. And a man home, he don't never know a little bit how big out-doors can be. Them Virginia mountains back thar, why it's jus' nothin' bein' out all night in them. It's night-herdin' hyeh learns yu'. You go a-ridin' and a-ridin' round them cattle bedded down so quiet, and hear 'em breathin' under the great big sky, and if it don't sometimes come over yu' all at onced! And then yu' gets to likin' it better'n anything you've tried before in all your days. I wouldn't live East now. I don't expect Em'ly's got a strong haid."

"I fear she has not," said I.

"Mighty hon'able intentions," he observed.. "If she can't make out to lay anything, she wants to hatch somethin' and be a mother anyways."

"I wonder what relation the law considers a hen is to the chicken she hatched but did not lay?" I inquired.

The Virginian made no reply to this frivolous suggestion. He was gazing over the wide landscape gravely and with apparent inattention. He invariably saw game before I did, and was off his horse and crouched among the sage while I was still getting my left foot clear of the stirrup. I succeeded in killing an antelope, and we rode home with the head and hind quarters.

"Who lives nearest here?" I asked him.

"Over yonder, side of the Bow-Laig, there's the Balaam outfit. That's on Butte Creek. Gettin' an early start this end, yu' might make it in by the second evenin'. I reckon Ten Sleep ain't quite so far; that's north. But the land's bein' took up all over now, and I expect they'll be runnin' their wire fences acrossed everywheres. I'm hopin' they ain't goin' to spoil a cow-puncher's business; but us or wire fences has sure got to go."

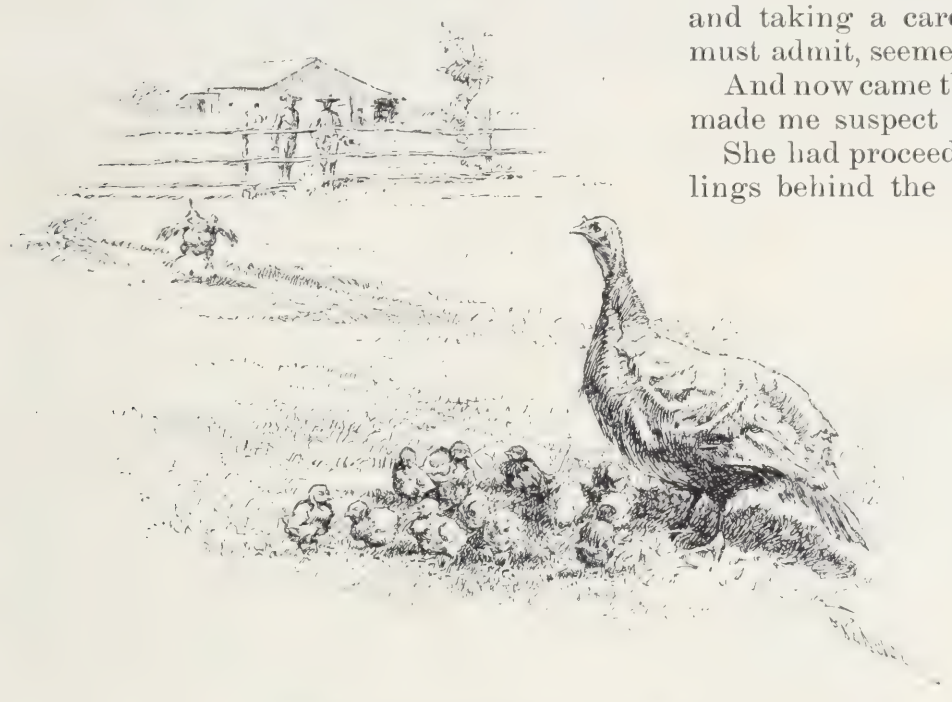
His words had no note of melancholy, yet they gave me a regretful sense that in such a battle the field would belong to the fences, and that the cowboy and civilization could not exist together.

"And so this last fortress of romance in the United States will be abandoned," I said to Judge Henny.

But the Judge was an optimist concerning cattle ranches. He saw an endless vista of range pasture never to be exhausted, and a steady twenty per cent. upon his venture. "Besides," he concluded, "we Americans are not in for

romance, but prosperity." And this sound common-sense left me nothing to reply. "The buffalo'll be gone in another year, if it isn't gone already, and a good thing too. Then we can deal with the Indians, and Wyoming can look forward to being a State."

I was a new-comer at that time, and unfamiliar with the aspirations of this thinly settled community. Therefore I treated the whole thing from the picturesque and not the human stand-point. So I left serious problems, and continued to divert myself with the poultry. I had told the Virginian that I proposed to keep a specimen of every class of chattel which I found Em'ly treating as eggs.



"EM'LY FLEW OVER THE GRASS."

"I don't mind her any more," I said; "I'm sorry for her."

"Same as yu' feel," said the cow-puncher, "for a good girl no feller'll take an' she gettin' on."

But Em'ly's egg-industry was terminated abruptly one morning, and her unquestioned energies diverted to a new channel. A turkey which had been sitting in the root-house appeared with twelve children, and a family of bantams occurred almost simultaneously. Em'ly was importantly scratching the soil inside Paladin's corral when the bantam tribe of newly born came by down the lane, and she caught sight of them through the bars. She crossed the corral at a run, and intercepted two of the chicks that were trailing somewhat far behind their real mamma. These she undertook to appropriate, and assumed a high tone with the bantam, who was the smaller, and hence obliged to retreat with her still numerous family. I interfered, and put matters straight; but the adjustment was only temporary. In an hour I saw Em'ly immensely busy with two more bantams, leading them about and taking a care of them which, I must admit, seemed perfectly efficient.

And now came the first incident that made me suspect her to be demented.

She had proceeded with her changelings behind the kitchen, where one of the irrigation ditches ran under the fence from the hay field to supply the house with water. Some distance along this ditch, inside the field, were the twelve turkeys in the short recently cut stubble. Again Em'ly set off instantly like a deer. She left the dismayed bantams behind her. She crossed the ditch with one jump of her stout blue legs, flew over the grass, and was at once among the turkeys, where, with an instinct of maternity as undiscriminating as it was reckless, she attempted to huddle some of them away. But this other mamma was not a bantam, and in a few moments Em'ly was entirely routed in her attempt to acquire a new variety of family.

This spectacle was witnessed by the large Virginian and myself, and it overcame him. He went speechless across to the bunk-house by himself, and sat on his bed, while I took the abandoned bantams back to their own circle.

I have often wondered what the other fowls thought of all this. Some impression it certainly did make upon them. The notion may seem out of reason to those who have never closely attended to other animals than man; but I am convinced that any community which



"THEY YAPPED AT HER."

shares some of our instincts will share some of the resulting feelings, and that birds and beasts have conventions, the breach of which startles them. If there be anything in evolution, this would seem inevitable. At all events the chicken-house was upset for the two following days. Em'ly disturbed now the bantams and now the turkeys, and several of these latter had died, though I will not go so far as to say this was the result of her misplaced attentions. Nevertheless, I was seriously thinking of locking her up till the broods should be a little older, when another event happened, and all was suddenly at peace.

The Judge's setter came in one morning, wagging her tail. She had had her puppies, and she now took us to where they were, housed in between the floor of a building and the hollow ground. Em'ly was seated on the whole litter.

"No," I said to the Judge, "I am not surprised. She is capable of anything."

In her new choice of offspring this hen had at length encountered an unworthy parent. The setter was bored by her own puppies. She found the hole under the house a dark, doleful residence compared with the dining-room, and our company more sprightly and sympathetic than that of her children. A much-petted contact with our superior race had developed her dog intelligence above its natural level, and turned her into an unnatural, neglectful mother, who was constantly neglecting her nursery for worldly pleasures. At certain periods of the day she repaired to the puppies and fed them, but came away when this perfunctory ceremony was accomplished, and was glad enough to have a governess bring them up. She made no quarrel with Em'ly, and the two understood each other perfectly. I have never seen among animals any arrangement so civilized and so perverted. It made Em'ly perfectly happy. To see her sitting all day jealously spreading her wings over some blind puppies was sufficiently curious; but when they became large enough to come out from under the house and toddle about in the proud hen's wake, I longed for some distinguished naturalist. I felt that our ignorance made us inappropriate spectators of such a phenomenon. Em'ly scratched and clucked, and the puppies ran to her, pawed her with their fat limp little legs, and retreated beneath her feathers in their games of hide and seek. Conceive, if you can, what confusion must have reigned in their infant minds as to who the setter was!

"I reckon they think she's the wet-nurse," said the Virginian.

When the puppies grew to be boisterous, I perceived that Em'ly's mission was approaching its end. They were too heavy for her, and their increasing scope of playfulness was not in her line. Once or twice they knocked her over, upon which she arose and pecked them severely, and they retired to a safe distance and, sitting in a circle, yapped at her. I think

they began to suspect that she was only a hen after all. So Em'ly resigned with an indifference which surprised me, until I remembered that if it had been chickens, she would have ceased to look after them by this time.

But here she was again "out of a job," as the Virginian said.

"She's raised them puppies for that triflin' setter, and now she'll be huntin' around for somethin' else useful to do that ain't her business."

Now there were other broods of chickens soon to arrive in the hen-house, and I did not desire any more bantam and turkey performances. So, to avoid confusion, I played a trick upon Em'ly. I went down to Sunk Creek and fetched some smooth oval stones. She was quite satisfied with these, and passed a quiet day with them in a box. This was not fair, the Virginian asserted.

"You ain' goin' to jus' leave her fooled that-a-way?"

I did not see why not.

"Why, she raised them puppies all right. 'Ain't she showed she knows how to be a mother anyways? Em'ly ain' goin' to get her time took up for nothin' while I'm around hyeh," said the cow-puncher.

He laid a gentle hold of Em'ly, and tossed her to the ground. She, of course, rushed out among the corrals in a great state of nerves.

"I don't see what good you do meddling," I protested.

To this he deigned no reply, but removed the unresponsive stones from the straw.

"Why, if they ain't right warm!" he exclaimed, plaintively. "The poor deluded son of a gun!" And with this inaccurate reference to a lady he sent the stones sailing like a line of birds. "I'm regular gettin' stuck on Em'ly," continued the Virginian. "Yu' needn't to laugh. Don't yu' see she's got sort o' human feelin's and desires? I always knowed hawses was like people, and my collie, of course. It is kind of foolish, I expect, but that hen's sure goin' to have a real aigg di-rectly, right now, to set on." With this he removed one from beneath another hen. "We'll have Em'ly raise this hyeh," said he, "so she can put in her time profitable."

It was not accomplished at once, for Em'ly, singularly enough, would not consent to stay in the box whence she had been routed. At length we found another retreat for her, and in these new surroundings, with a new piece of work for her to do, Em'ly sat on the one egg which the Virginian had so carefully provided for her.

Thus, as in all genuine tragedies, was the stroke of Fate wrought by chance and the best intentions.

Em'ly began sitting on Friday afternoon near sundown. Early next morning my sleep was gradually dispersed by a sound unearthly and continuous. Now it dwindled, receding to a distance; again it came near, took a turn, drifted to the other side of the house; then, evidently, whatever it was, passed my door close, and I jumped upright in my bed. The



"I JUMPED UPRIGHT IN MY BED."

high, tense strain of vibration, nearly but not quite a musical note, was like the threatening scream of machinery, though weaker, and I bounded out of the house in my pajamas.

There was Em'ly, dishevelled, walking wildly about, her one egg miraculously hatched within ten hours. The little lonely yellow ball of down went cheeping along behind, following its mother as best it could. What then had happened to the established period of incubation? For an instant the thing was like a portent, and I was near joining Em'ly in her horrid surprise, when I saw how it all was. The Virginian had taken an egg from a hen which had already been sitting for three weeks.

I dressed in haste, hearing Em'ly's distracted outcry. It steadily sounded, with-

out perceptible pause for breath, and marked her erratic journey back and forth through stables, lanes, and corrals. The shrill disturbance brought all of us out to see her, and in the hen-house I discovered the new brood making its appearance punctually.

But this natural explanation could not be made to the crazed hen. She continued to scour the premises, her slant tail and its one preposterous feather waving as she aimlessly went, her stout legs stepping high with an unnatural motion, her head lifted nearly off her neck, and in her brilliant yellow eye an expression of more than outrage at this overturning of a natural law. Behind her, entirely ignored and neglected, trailed the little progeny. She never looked at it. We went about our various affairs, and all through the clear sunny day that unending metallic scream pervaded the premises. The Virginian put out food and water for her, but she tasted nothing. I am glad to say the little chicken did. I do not think the hen's eyes could see, except in the way sleep-walkers do.

The heat went out of the air, and in the cañon the violet light began to show. Many hours had gone, but Em'ly had never ceased. Now she suddenly flew up in a tree and sat there, with her noise still going; but it had risen lately several notes into a slim, acute level of terror, and was not like machinery any more, nor like any sound I ever heard before or since. Below the tree stood the bewildered little chicken, cheeping, and making tiny jumps to reach its mother.

"Yes," said the Virginian, "it's comical. Even her aigg acted different from anybody else's." He paused, and looked across the wide mellowing plain with the expression of easy-going gravity so common with him. Then he looked at Em'ly in the tree and the yellow chicken. "It ain't so d—— funny," said he.



"ENTIRELY IGNORED."

We went in to supper, and I came out to find the hen lying on the ground, dead. I took the chicken to the family in the hen-house.

The time arrived for me to return East, and the Judge himself drove me to the railroad across the Bow-Leg Mountains, and south by way of Balaam's ranch on Butte Creek. The Virginian and I were now become thorough friends, and I was sorry to leave him, sorry to think I might not see him again.

"Oh, you'll be around hyeh next season, I expect," said he.

"Well, good-by," I answered, "and don't forget Em'ly."

"I ain't likely to," said the cow-puncher. "She's just one of them plumb parables."

APOLLO IN PICARDY.

BY WALTER PATER.

"CONSECUTIVE upon Apollo in all his solar fervor and effulgence," says a writer of Teutonic proclivities, "we may discern even among the Greeks themselves, elusively, as would be natural with such a being, almost like a mock sun amid the mists, the northern or ultra-northern sun-god. In hints and fragments the lexicographers and others have told us something of this Hyperborean Apollo, fancies about him which evidence some knowledge of the Land of the Midnight Sun, of the sun's ways among the Laplanders, of a hoary summer breathing very softly on the violet beds, or, say, the London-pride and crab-apples, provided for those meagre people, somewhere amid the remoteness of their icy seas. In such wise Apollo had already anticipated his sad fortunes in the middle age as a god definitely in exile, driven north of the Alps, and even here ever in flight before the summer. Summer, indeed, he leaves now to the management of others, finding his way from France and Germany to still paler countries, yet making or taking with him always a certain seductive summer-in-winter, though also with a divine or titanic regret, a titanic revolt in his heart, and consequent inversion at times of his old beneficent and properly solar doings. For his favors, his fallacious good-humor, which has in truth a touch of malign magic about it, he makes men pay sometimes a terrible price, and is, in fact, a devil!"

Devilry, devil's work:—traces of such, you might fancy, were to be found in a certain manuscript volume taken from an old monastic library in France at the Revolution. It presented a strange example of a cold and very reasonable spirit disturbed suddenly, thrown off its balance, as by a violent beam, a blaze, of new light, revealing, as it glanced here and there, a hundred truths unguessed at before, yet a curse, as it turned out, to its receiver, in dividing hopelessly against itself the well-ordered kingdom of his thought. Twelfth volume of a dry enough treatise on mathematics, applied, still with no relaxation of strict method, to astronomy and music, it should have concluded that work, and therewith the second period of the life of its author, by drawing tight together the threads of a long and intricate argument. In effect, however, it began, or in perturbed manner, and as with throes of childbirth, seemed the preparation for, an argument of a wholly novel and disparate species, such as would demand a new period of life also, if it might be, for its due expansion. But with what confusion, what baffling inequalities! How afflicting to the mind's eye! It was a veritable "solar storm," this illumination, which had burst at the last moment upon the strenuous, self-possessed, much-honored monastic student, as he sat down peacefully to write the last formal chapters of his work ere he betook himself to its well-earned practical reward as superior, with lordship and mitre and ring, of the abbey whose music and calendar his mathematical knowledge had qualified him to reform. The very shape of Volume Twelve, pieced together of quite irregularly formed pages, was a solecism. It could never be bound. In truth, the man himself, and what passed with him in one particular space of time, had invaded a matter which is nothing if not entirely abstract and impersonal. Indirectly the volume was the record of an episode, an interlude, an interpolated page of life. And whereas in the earlier volumes you found by way of illustration no more than the simplest indispensable diagrams, the scribe's hand had strayed here into mazy borders, long spaces of hieroglyph, and as it were veritable pictures of the theoretic elements of his subject. Soft wintry auroras seemed to play behind whole pages of crabbed textual writing, line and figure bending, breathing, flaming, into lovely "arrangements" that were like music made visible; till writing and writer changed suddenly, "to one thing constant never," after the known manner of madmen in such work. Finally, the whole matter broke off with an unfinished word, as a later hand testified, adding the date of the author's death, "*deliquio animi.*"

He had been brought to the monastery as a little child; was bred there; had never yet left it, busy and satisfied through youth and early manhood; was grown almost as necessary a part of the community as the stones of its material abode,

as a pillar of the great tower he ascended to watch the movement of the stars. The structure of a fortified mediæval town barred in those who belonged to it very effectively. High monastic walls intrenched the monk still further. From the summit of the tower you looked straight down into the deep narrow streets, upon the houses (in one of which Prior Saint-Jean was born) climbing as high as they dared for breathing-space within that narrow compass. But you saw also the green breadth of Normandy and Picardy, this way and that; felt on your face the free air of a still wider realm beyond what was seen. The reviving scent of it, the mere sight of the flowers brought thence, of the country produce at the convent gate, stirred the ordinary monkish desires, sometimes with efforts, to be sent on duty there. Prior Saint-Jean, on the other hand, shuddered at the view, at the thoughts it suggested to him; thoughts of unhallowed wild places, where the old heathen had worshipped "stocks and stones," and their wickedness might still survive them in something worse than mischievous tricks of nature, such as you might read of in Ovid, whose verses, however, he for his part had never so much as touched with a finger. He gave thanks, rather, that his vocation to the abstract sciences had kept him far apart from the whole crew of miscreant poets.—Abode of demons.

Whither, nevertheless, he was now to depart, sent to the Grange or *Obedience* of Notre-Dame De-Pratis by the aged Abbot (about to resign in his favor) for the benefit of his body's health, a little impaired at last by long intellectual effort, yet so invaluable to the community. But let him beware! whispered his dearest friend, who shared those strange misgivings, let him "take heed to his ways" when he came to that place. "The mere contact of one's feet with its soil might change one." And that same night, disturbed perhaps by thoughts of the coming journey with which his brain was full, Prior Saint-Jean himself dreamed vividly, as he had been little used to do: saw the very place in which he lay (he knew it! his little inner cell, the brown doors, the white breadth of wall, the black crucifix upon it) alight, alight softly, and looking, as he fancied, from the window, a low circlet of soundless flame, waving, licking daintily up the black sky, but harmless, beautiful, closing in upon that round dark space in the midst, which was the earth. He seemed to feel upon his shoulder just then the touch of his friend beside him. "It is hell-fire!" he said.

The Prior took with him a very youthful though devoted companion—Hyacinthus, the pet of the community. They laughed admiringly at the rebellious masses of his black hair, with blue in the depths of it, like the wings of the swallow, which refused to conform to the monkish pattern. It only grew twofold, crown upon crown, after the half-yearly shaving. And he was as neat and serviceable as he was delightful to be with. Prior Saint-Jean, then, and the boy started before daybreak for the long journey, onward till darkness, a soft twilight rather, was around them again. How unlike a winter night it seemed, the further they went through the endless, lonely, turf-grown tracts, and along the edge of a valley at length—*vallis monachorum*, monksvale—taken aback by its sudden steepness and depth, as of an immense oval cup sunken in the grassy upland, over which a golden moon now shone broadly. Ah! there it was at last, the white Grange, the white gable of the chapel apart amid a few scattered white gravestones, the white flocks crouched about on the hoarfrost, like the white clouds packed somewhat heavily on the horizon, and *nacrés* as the clouds of June, with their own light and heat in them, in their hollows, you might fancy.

From the very first, the atmosphere, the light, the influence of things, seemed different from what they knew; and how distant already the dark buildings of their home! Was there the breath of surviving summer blossom on the air? Now and then came a gentle, comfortable bleating from the folds, and themselves slept soundly at last in the great open upper chamber of the Grange: were awakened by the sound of thunder. Strange, in the late November night! It had parted, however, with its torrid fierceness: modulated by distance, seemed to break away into musical notes. And the lightning lingered along with it, but beautiful, glancing softly: was, in truth, an aurora, such as persisted month after month on the northern sky as they sojourned here. Like Prospero's enchanted island, the whole place was "full of noises." The wind, it might be, passing over metallic strings, but that they were

audible even when the night was breathless.

So like veritable music, however, were they on that first night that, upon reflection, the Prior climbed softly the winding stair down which they appeared to flow, to the great *solar* among the beams of the roof, where the farm produce lay stored. A flood of moonlight now fell through the unshuttered dormer-windows; and, under the glow of a lamp hanging from the low rafters, Prior Saint-Jean seemed to be looking for the first time on the human form, on the old Adam fresh from his Maker's hand. A servant of the house, or farm laborer, perhaps! — fallen asleep there by chance on the fleeces heaped like golden stuff high in all the corners of the place. A serf! But what unserflike ease! how lordly, or godlike, rather, in the posture! Could one fancy a single curve bettered in the rich, warm, white limbs; in the haughty features of the face, with the golden hair, tied in a mystic knot, fallen down across the inspired brow? And yet what gentle sweetness also in the natural movement of the bosom, the throat, the lips, of the sleeper! Could that be diabolical, and really spotted with unseen evil, which was so spotless to the eye? The rude sandals of the monastic serf lay beside him apart, and all around was of the roughest, excepting only two strange objects lying within reach,—even in their own renowned treasury Prior Saint-Jean had not seen the like of them,—a harp, or some such instrument, of silver-gilt once, but the gold had mostly passed from it, and a bow, fashioned somehow of the same precious substance. The very form of these things filled his mind with inexplicable misgivings. He repeated a befitting collect, and trod softly away.

It was, in truth, but a rude place to which they were come. But after life in the monastery, the severe discipline of which the Prior himself had done much to restore, there was luxury in the free, self-chosen hours, the irregular fare, in doing pretty much as one pleased, in the sweet novelties of the country: to the boy Hyacinth especially, who forgot himself, or, rather, found his true self for the first time. Girding up his heavy frock, which he laid aside erelong altogether to go in his coarse linen smock only, he seemed a monastic novice no longer; yet, in his natural gladness, was found more companionable than ever by his senior, surprised, delighted, for his part, at the fresh springing of his brain, the spring of his footsteps over the close greensward, as if smoothed by the art of man. Cause of his renewed health, or concurrent with its effects, the air here might have been that of a veritable paradise, still unspoiled. "Could there be unnatural magic," he asked himself again, "any secret evil, lurking in these tranquil vale-sides, in their sweet low pastures, the belt of scattered woodland above them, in the rills of pure water which lisped from the open down beyond?" Making what was really a boy's experience, he had a wholly boyish delight in his holiday, and certainly did not reflect how much we beget for ourselves in what we see and feel, nor how far a certain diffused music in the very breath of the place was the creation of his own ear or brain.

That strange enigmatic owner of the harp and the bow, whom he had found sleeping so divinely, actually waited on them the next morning with all obsequiousness, stirred the great fire of peat, adjusted duly their monkish attire, laid their meal. It seemed an odd thing to be served thus, like St. Jerome by the lion, as if by some imperiously beautiful wild animal tamed. You hesitated to permit, were a little afraid of, his services. Their silent tonsured porter himself, contrast grim enough to any creature of that kind, had been so far seduced as to permit him to sleep there in the Grange, as he loved to do, instead of in ruder, rougher quarters; and, coaxed into odd garrulity on this one matter, told the new-comers the little he knew, with much also that he only suspected, about him; among other things, as to the origin of those precious objects, which might have belonged to some sanctuary or noble house, found thus in the possession of a mere laborer, who is no Frenchman, but a pagan, or gypsy, white as he looks, from far south or east, and who works or plays furtively, by night for the most part, returning to sleep awhile before daybreak. The other herdsmen of the valley are bond-servants, but he a hireling at will, though coming regularly at a certain season. He has come thus for any number of years past, though seemingly never grown older (as the speaker reflects) singing his way meagrely from farm to farm, to the sound of his harp. His name?—It was scarcely a

name at all in the diffident syllables he uttered in answer to that question, on first coming there; of names known to them came nearest to a malignant one in Scripture, Apollyon. Apollyon had a just discernible tonsure, but probably no right to it.

Well skilled in architecture, Prior Saint-Jean was set, by way of a holiday task, to superintend the completion of the great monastic barn then building. The visitor admires it still; perhaps supposes it, with its noble aisle, though set north and south, to be a desecrated church. If he be an expert in such matters, he will remark a sort of classical harmony in its broad, very simple, proportions, with a certain suppression of Gothic emphasis, more especially in that peculiar Gothic feature, the buttresses, scarcely marking the unbroken, windowless walls, which rise very straight, taking the sun placidly. The silver-gray stone, cut, if it came from this neighborhood at all, from some now forgotten quarry, has the fine, close-grained texture of antique marble. The great northern gable is almost a classic pediment. The horizontal lines of plinth and ridge and cornice are kept unbroken, the roof of sea-gray slates being pitched less angularly than is usual in this rainy clime. A welcome contrast, the Prior thought it, to the sort of architectural nightmare he came from. He found the structure already more than half-way up, the low squat pillars ready for their capitals.

Yes! it must have so happened often in the middle age, as you feel convinced, in looking sometimes at mediæval building. Style must have changed under the very hands of men who were no wilful innovators. Thus it was here, in the later work of Prior Saint-Jean, all unconsciously. The mysterious harper sat there always, at the topmost point achieved; played, idly enough, it might seem, on his precious instrument, but kept, in fact, the hard-taxed workmen literally in tune, working for once with a ready will, and, so to speak, with really inventive hands—working expeditiously, in this favorable weather, till far into the night, as they joined unbidden in a chorus, which hushed, or rather turned to music, the noise of their chipping. It was hardly noise at all, even in the night-time. Now and again Brother Apollyon descended nimbly to surprise them, at an opportune moment, by the display of an immense strength. A great cheer exploded suddenly as, single-handed, he heaved a massive stone into its place. He seemed to have no sense of weight.—"Put there by the devil!" the modern villager assures you.

With a change, then, not so much of style as of temper, of management, in the application of acknowledged rules, Prior Saint-Jean shaping only, adapting, simplifying, partly with a view to economy, not the heavy stones only, but the heavy manner of using them, turned light. With no pronounced ornamentation, it is as if in the upper story ponderous root and stem blossomed gracefully, blossomed in cornice and capital and pliant archline, as vigorous as they were graceful, and rose on high quickly. Almost suddenly tie-beam and rafter knit themselves together into the stone, and the dark, dry, roomy place was closed in securely to this day. Mere audible music, certainly, had counted for something in the operations of an art held, at its best (as we know), to be a sort of music made visible. That idle singer, one might fancy, by an art beyond art, had attracted beams and stones into their fit places. And there, sure enough, he still sits, as a final decorative touch, by way of apex on the gable which looks northward, though much weather-worn, and with an ugly gap between the shoulder and the fingers on the harp,* as if, literally, he had cut off his right hand and put it from him.—King David, or an angel! guesses the careless tourist. The space below has been lettered. After a little puzzling you recognize there the relics of a familiar Latin verse, inscribed as well as may be in Greek characters: *Nisi Dominus œdificaverit domum*, and the rest. Prior Saint-Jean caused it to be so inscribed, absurdly, during his last days there.

And is not the human body, too, a building, with architectural laws, a structure, tending by the very forces which primarily held it together to drop asunder in time? Not in vain, it seemed, had Prior Saint-Jean come to this mystic place for the improvement of his body's health. Thenceforth that fleshly tabernacle had housed him, had housed his cunning, overwrought, and excitable soul the better, day by day, and he began to

* Or sundial, as some maintain, though turned from the south.

feel his bodily health to be a positive quality or force, the presence near him of that singular being having surely something to do with its making. He and his fascinations, his music, himself, might at least be taken for an embodiment of all those genial influences of earth and sky, and the easy ways of living here, which made him turn, with less of an effort than he had known for many years past, to his daily tasks, and sink so regularly, so immediately, to wholesome rest on returning from them. It was as if Brother Apollyon himself abhorred the spectacle of distress, and mainly for his own satisfaction charmed away other people's maladies. The mere touch of that ice-cold hand, laid on the feverish brow, when the Prior lapsed from time to time into his former troubles, certainly calmed the respiration of a troubled sleeper. Was there magic in it, not wholly natural? The hand might have been a dead one. But then, was it surprising, after all, that the methods of curing men's maladies, as in very deed the fruit of sin, should have something strange and unlooked-for about them, like some of those Old Testament healings and purifications which the Prior's biblical lore suggested to him? Yet Brother Apollyon, if their surly *Janitor*, in his least kindly moments, spoke truly, himself greatly needed purification, being not only a thief, but a homicide in hiding from the law. Nay, once, on his annual return from southern or eastern lands, he had been observed on his way along the streets of the great town literally scattering the seeds of disease till his serpent-skin bag was empty. And within seven days the "black death" was there, reaping its thousands. As a wise man declared, he who can best cure disease can also most cunningly engender it.

In short, these creatures of rule, these "regulars," the Prior and his companion, were come in contact for the first time in their lives with the power of untutored natural impulse, of natural inspiration. The boy experienced it immediately in the games which suited his years, but which he had never so much as seen before; as his superior was to undergo its influence by-and-by in serious study. By night chiefly, in its long, continuous twilights, Hyacinth became really a boy at last, with immense gayety; eyes, hands, and feet awake, expanding, as he raced his comrade over the turf, with the conical Druidic stone for a goal, or wrestled lithely enough with him, though as with a rock; or, taking the silver bow in hand for a moment, transfixed a mark, next a bird on the bough, on the wing, shedding blood for the first time, with a boy's delight, a boy's remorse. Friend Apollyon seemed able to draw the wild animals, too, to share their sport, yet not altogether kindly. Tired, surfeited, he destroys them when his game with them is at an end: breaks the toy: deftly snaps asunder the fragile back. Though all alike would come at his call, or the sound of his harp, he had his preferences: warred in the night-time, as if on principle, against the creatures of the day. The small furry thing he pierced with his arrow fled to him nevertheless caressingly, with broken limb, to die palpitating in his hand. In this wonderful season the migratory birds, from Norway, from Britain beyond the seas, came there, as usual, on the north wind, with sudden tumult of wings; but went that year no farther, had built their nests by Christmas-time, filled that belt of woodland around the vale with the chatter of their business and love quarrels. In turn, they drew after them strangers no one here had ever known before, the like of which Hyacinth, who knew his bestiary, had never seen even in a picture. The wild-cat, the wild-swan—the boy peeped on these wonders as they floated over the vale, or glided with unwonted confidence over its turf, under the moonlight, or that frequent continuous aurora which was not the dawn. Even the modest rivulets of the hill-side felt that influence, "lisped" no longer, but babbled as they leapt, like mountain streams, exposing their rocky bed. Were they angry, as they ran red sometimes with blood-drops from the stricken bird caught there by rock or bough, as it fell with rent breast among the waves?

But say, think, what you might against him, the pagan outlaw was worth his hire as a herdsman; seemingly loved his sheep; was an "affectionate shepherd"; cured their diseases: brought them easily to the birth, and if they strayed afar would bring them back tenderly upon his shoulders. Monastic persons would have seen that image many times before. Yet if Apollyon looked like the great carved figure over the low doorway of their place of penitence at home, that could be but

an accident, or perhaps a deceit, so closely akin to those soulless creatures did he still seem to the wondering Prior—immersed in, or actually a part of, that irredeemable natural world he had dreaded so greatly ere he came hither. And was he after all making terms with it now, in the seductive person of this mysterious being—man or demon—suspected of murder; who has an air of unfathomable evil about him as from a distant but ineffaceable past, and a sort of heathen understanding with the dark realm of matter; who is bringing the simple people, the women and lovesick lads, back to these caves and cromlechs and blasted trees, resorts of old godless secret-telling? And still he has all his own way with beasts and man, with the Prior himself, much as all alike distrust him.

Most conspicuous in the little group of buildings, a feudal tower of goodly white stone, cylindrical and smoothly polished without to hinder the ascent of creeping things, and snugly plastered within to resist the damp, was the pigeon-house—a veritable feudal tower, a veritable feudal *plaisance* of birds, which the common people dared not so much as ruffle. About a thousand of them were housed there, each in its little chamber, encouraged to grow plump and breed in perfect self-content. From perch to perch of the great axle-tree in the centre, monastic feet might climb, gentle monastic hands pass round to every tiny compartment in turn. The arms of the monastery were carved on the key-stone of the doorway, and the tower finished in a conical roof, with becoming aerial *gaillardise*—pretty dormer-windows for the inmates to pass in and out, little balconies for brooding in the sun, little awnings to protect them from rough breezes, and a great weather-vane, on which the birds crowded for the chance of a ride. If the peasants of that day, whose small fields they plundered, noting all this, perhaps envied the birds dumbly, for the brethren, on the other hand, it was a constant delight to watch the feathered brotherhood, which supplied likewise their daintiest fare. Who, then, what hawk, or wild-cat, or other savage beast, had ravaged it so wantonly, so very cruelly destroyed the bright creatures in a single night—broken backs, rent away limbs, pierced the wings? And what was that object there below? The silver harp, surely, lying broken likewise on the sanded floor, soaking in the pale milky blood and torn plumage.

Apollyon sobbed and wept audibly as he went about his ordinary doings next day, for once fully, though very sadly, awake in it; and towards evening, when the villagers came to the Prior to confess themselves, the Feast of the Nativity being now at hand, he too came along with them in his place meekly, like any other penitent, touched the lustral water devoutly, knew all the ways, seemed to desire absolution from some guilt of blood heavier than the slaughter of beast or bird. The Prior and his attendant, on their side, are reminded that by this time they have wellnigh forgotten the monastic duties still incumbent upon them, especially in that matter of the "Offices." On the vigil of the feast, however, Brother Apollyon himself summoned the devout to Midnight Mass with the great bell, which had hung silent for a generation, wedged in immovably by a beam of the cradle fallen out of its place. With an immense effort of strength he relieved it, hitched the bell back upon its wheel; the thick rust cracked on the hinges, and the strokes tolled forth betimes, with a hundred querulous, quaint creatures, bats and owls, circling stupidly in the waves of sound, but allowed to settle back again undisturbedly into their beds. People and priest, the Prior, vested as well as might be, with Hyacinth as "server," come in due course, all alike amazed to find that frozen neglected place, with its low-browed vault and narrow windows, alight and as if warmed with flowers from a summer more radiant far than that of France, with ilex and laurel—gilt laurel—by way of holly and box. Prior Saint-Jean felt that he had never really seen flowers before. Somewhat later they and the like of them seemed to have grown into and over his brain; to have degraded the scientific and abstract outlines of things into a tangle of useless ornament. Whence were they procured? From what height, or hellish depth, perhaps? Apollyon, who entered the chapel just then, as if quite naturally, though with a bleating lamb in his bosom ("dropped" thus early in that wonderful season) by way of an offering, took his place at the altar's very foot, and drawing forth his harp, now restrung, at the right moment, turned to real silvery music the hoarse *Gloria in Excelsis* of those rude worshippers, still shrinking from him,

while they listened in a little circle, as he stood there in his outlandish attire of skins strangely spotted and striped. With that, however, the Mass broke off unconsummated. The Prior felt obliged to desist from the sacred office, and had left the altar hurriedly.

But Brother Apollyon put his strange attire aside next day, and in a much-worn monk's frock, drawn forth from a dark corner, came with them, still like a penitent, when they turned once more to their neglected studies somewhat sadly. See them, then, after a collect for "Light," repeated by Hyacinth, skull-cap in hand, seated at their desks in the little *scriptorium*, panelled off from their living-room on the first floor, while the Prior makes an effort to recover the last thought of his long-suspended work, in the execution of which the boy is to assist with his skilful pen. The great glazed windows remain open: admit, as if already on the soft air of spring, what seems like a stream of flowery odors, the entire moonlit scene, with the thorn bushes on the vale-side prematurely bursting into blossom, and the sound of birds and flocks emphasizing the deep silence of the night.

Apollyon then, as if by habit, as he had shared all their occupations of late, had taken his seat beside them, meekly enough, with the manner of a mere suppliant at first for the crumbs of their high studies. But, again, straightway he surprises by more than racing forward incredibly on the road to facts, and from facts to luminous doctrine; Prior Saint-Jean himself, in comparison, seeming to lag incompetently behind. He can but wonder at this strange scholar's knowledge of a distant past, evidenced in his familiarity (it was as if he might once have spoken them) with the dead languages in which their text-books are written. There was more surely than the utmost merely natural acuteness in his guesses as to the words intended by those crabbed contractions, of their meaning, in his sense of allusions and the like. An ineffaceable memory, it might rather seem, of the entire world of which those languages had been the living speech, awake vividly once more under the Prior's cross-questioning, and now more than supplementing his own laborious search. And at last something of the same kind happened with himself. Had he, on his way hither from the convent, passed unwittingly through some river or rivulet of Lethe, which had carried away from him all his so carefully accumulated intellectual baggage of fact and theory? The hard and abstract laws, or theory of the laws, of music, of the stars, of mechanical structure, in hard and abstract *formulæ*, adding to the abstract austerity of the man, seemed to have deserted him; to be revived in him again, however, at the contact of this extraordinary pupil or fellow-inquirer, though in a very different guise or attitude towards himself, as matters no longer to be reasoned upon and understood, but to be seen rather, to be looked at and heard. Did not he *see* the angle of the earth's axis with the ecliptic, the deflections of the stars from their proper orbits, with fatal results here below, and the earth—wicked, unscriptural truth!—moving round the sun, and those flashes of the eternal and unorbed light such as bring water, flowers, living things, out of the rocks, the dust? The singing of the planets: he could hear it, and might in time effect its notation. Having seen and heard, he might erelong speak also, truly and with authority, on such matters. Could one but arrest it for one's self, for final transferrence to others, on the written or printed page—this beam of insight, or of inspiration!

Alas! one result of its coming was that it encouraged delay. If he set hand to the page, the firm halo, there a moment since, was gone, had flitted capriciously to the wall; passed through the window to the wall of the garden; was dancing back in another moment upon the innermost walls of one's own miserable brain, to swell there—that astounding white light! rising steadily in the cup, the mental receptacle, till it overflowed, and one lay faint and drowning in it. Or one rose above it, as above a great liquid surface, hung giddily over it—light, simple, and absolute, ere one fell. Or there was a battle between light and darkness around one, with no way of escape from the baffling strokes, the lightning flashes: flashes of blindness, one might rather call them. In truth, the intuitions of the night (for they worked still, or tried to work, by night) became the sickly nightmares of the day, in which Prior Saint-Jean slept, or tried to sleep, or lay sometimes in a trance without food for many hours, from which he would spring up suddenly to crowd, against time, as much as he could

into his book with pen or brush; winged flowers, or stars with human limbs and faces, still intruding themselves, or mere notes of light and darkness from the actual horizon. There it all is still in the faded gold and colors of the ancient volume—"Prior Saint-Jean's folly"—till on a sudden the hand collapses, as he becomes aware of that real, prosaic, broad daylight lying harsh upon the page, making his delicately toned auroras seem but a patch of gray, and himself for a moment, with a sigh of disgust, of self-reproach, his old unimpassioned monastic self once more.

The boy, for his part, was grown at last full of misgiving, and ponders how he may get the Prior away, or escape by himself, find his way back to the convent and report his master's condition, his strange loss of memory for names and the like, his illusions about himself and others. And he is more than ever distrustful now of his late beloved playmate, who quietly obstructs any movement of the kind, and has undertaken, at the Prior's entreaty, to draw down the moon from the sky, for some shameful price, known to the magicians of that day.

Yet Apollyon, at all events, would still play as gayly as ever on occasion. Hitherto they had played as young animals do; without playthings, namely, applying hand or foot only to their games. But it happened about this time that a grave was dug, a grave of unusual depth, to be ready in that fiery plaguesome weather, the first heat of veritable summer come suddenly, for the body of an ancient villager then at the point of death. In the drowsy afternoon Hyacinth wakes, rouses Apollyon, to see the strange thing he has found at the grave-side, among the gravel and yellow bones cast up there. He had wrested it with difficulty from the hands of the half-crippled grave-digger, at eighty still excitable by the mere touch of metal. The like of it had indeed been found before, within living memory, in this place of immemorial use as a graveyard—"Devil's penny-pieces," people called them. Five such lay hidden already in a dark corner of the chapel, to keep them from superstitious employment. To-day they came out of hiding at last. Apollyon knew the use of the thing at a glance; had put an expert hand to it forthwith; poises the *discus;* sets it wheeling. How easily it spins round under one's arm, in the groove of the bent fingers, slips thence smoothly as a knife flung from its sheath, as if for a course of perpetual motion! *Splendescit enudo;* it seems to burn as it goes. It is heavier many times than it looks, and sharp-edged. By night they have scoured and polished the corroded surfaces. Apollyon promises Hyacinth and himself rare sport in the cool of the evening—an evening, however, as it turned out, not less breathless than the day. In the great heat Apollyon flung aside, as if forever, his last sorry remnant of workman's attire, and challenged the boy to do the same. On the moonlit turf there, crouching, right foot foremost, and with face turned backwards to the disk in his right hand, his whole body, in that moment of rest, full of the circular motion he is about to commit to it, he seemed—beautiful, pale, spectre—to shine from within with a light of his own, like that of the glow-worm in the thicket, or the dead and rotten roots of the old trees. And as if they had a proper motion of their own in them, the disks, the quoits, ran, amid the delighted shouts and laughter of the boy, as he follows, scarce less swift, to score the points of their contact with the grass. Again and again they recommence, forgetful of the hours; while the death-bell cries out harshly for the grave's occupant, and the corpse itself is borne along stealthily not far from them, and, unnoticed by either, the entire aspect of things has changed. Under the overcast sky it is in darkness they are playing, by guess and touch chiefly; and suddenly an icy blast of wind has lifted the roof from the old chapel, the trees are moaning in wild circular motion, and their devil's penny-piece, when Apollyon throws it for the last time, is itself but a twirling leaf in the wind, till it sinks edgewise, sawing through the boy's face, uplifted in the dark to trace it, crushing in the tender skull upon the brain.

His shout of laughter is turned in an instant to a cry of pain, of reproach; and in that which echoed it—an immense cry, as if from the very heart of ancient tragedy, over the Picard wolds—it was as if that half-extinguished deity, its proper immensity, its old greatness and power, were restored for a moment. The villagers in their beds wondered. It was like the sound of some natural catastrophe.

The storm which followed was still in possession, still moving tearfully among

the poplar groves, though it had spent its heat and thunder. The last drops of the blood of Hyacinth still trickled through the thick masses of dark hair, where the tonsure had been. An abundant rain, mingling with the copious purple stream, had colored the grass all around where the corpse lay, stealing afar in tiny channels. So it was when Apollyon, reduced in the morning light to his smaller self, came with the other people of the Grange to gaze, to inquire, and found the Prior already there, speechless. Clearly this was no lightning stroke! and Apollyon straightway conceives certain very human fears that, coming upon those antecedent suspicions of himself, the boy's death may be thought the result of intention on his part. He proposes to bury the body at once, with no delay for religious rites, in the still uncovered grave, the bearers having fled from it in the tempest.

And next day, fulfilling his annual custom, he went his way northward, without a word of farewell to Prior Saint-Jean, whom he leaves in fact under suspicion of murder. From the profound slumber which had followed the excitements of yesterday, the Prior awoke amid the sound of voices, the voices of the peasants singing no Christian song, certainly, but a song which Apollyon himself had taught them, to dismiss him on his journey. For, strange or not as it might be, they loved him, perhaps in spite of themselves; would certainly protect him at any risk. Prior Saint-Jean arose, and looked forth—with wonder! A brief spell of sunshine amid the rain had clothed the vale with a marvel of blue flowers, if it were not rather with remnants of the blue sky itself, fallen among the woods there. But there, too, in the little courtyard, the officers of justice are already in waiting to take him, on the charge of having caused the death of his young server by violence, in a fit of mania, induced by dissolute living in that solitary place. One hitherto so prosperous in life would, of course, have his enemies.

The monastic authorities, however, claim him from the secular power, to correct his offence in their own way, and with friendly interpretation of the facts. Madness, however wicked, being still madness, Prior, now simple Brother, Saint-Jean, is detained in a sufficiently cheerful apartment, in a region of the atmosphere likely to restore lost wits, and whence indeed he can still see the country—*vallis monachorum*. The one desire which from time to time fitfully rouses him to animation again for a few moments is to return thither. Here, then, he remains in peace, ostensibly for the completion of his great work. He never again set pen to it, consistent and clear now on nothing save that longing to be once more at the Grange, that he may get well, or die, and be well so. He is like the damned spirit, think some of the brethren, saying, "I will return to the house whence I came out." Gazing thither daily for many hours, he would mistake mere blue distance, when that was visible, for blue flowers, for hyacinths, and wept at the sight; though blue, as he observed, was the color of Holy Mary's gown on the illuminated page, the color of hope, of merciful omnipresent deity. The necessary permission came with difficulty, just too late. Brother Saint-Jean died, standing upright with an effort to gaze forth once more, amid the preparations for his departure.

A REMINISCENCE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

BY DANIEL ROBERTS.

IT happened to me, when a young man of twenty-two to twenty-four years of age, to reside in Morgan County, Illinois —for the most part at Jacksonville, the county-seat. This embraced the period from about April, 1833, to August, 1835. During this time I was associated in law practice with Murray McConnel, who, years afterwards, was murdered in his office. Samuel D. Lockwood was then judge of the Supreme Court presiding in the First Circuit, and Rockwell was clerk of the court, both of whom afterwards removed from Jacksonville to Chicago, and died there. William Thomas was then a leading lawyer of Jacksonville, and an excellent citizen. To him is due the credit of introducing a novel and unique system of special pleading in defence in actions of slander, as thus: "This defendant says *actio non*, etc., because he says that he did not speak the words set forth in the plaintiff's declaration in manner and form as therein al-

leged, *but the words which he did speak were true*," etc. This form took well for a time, but has not as yet got crystallized as such in the form books.

General Joseph Duncan was then Governor of the State, and Colonel John J. Hardin was Attorney-General by appointment of the Governor, under the law as it then was. They both resided at Jacksonville. Hardin afterwards, as Colonel of the First Illinois Volunteers, was killed at Buena Vista in the Mexican war. Stephen A. Douglas, a boy originally from Brandon, Vermont, had arrived in the county, and spent the winter of 1833–4 in teaching school at Winchester, then in Morgan County, some sixteen miles from Jacksonville. Early in 1834 he came to Jacksonville, and was admitted to the county bar, though scarce twenty-one years of age, and fastened his professional sign on the outer wall of the old brick court-house, in which he took an office, situate, as was then the fashion, in the centre of the public square, in association with the town market-house.

Clients were rare visitants at his office, nor was he a close keeper of his office for either business or study; but he was out among "the boys," assuming the part of politician from the start, a germinating and budding Senator and President. The population of central and southern Illinois was largely an emigration from the States south of it—Kentucky, Tennessee, etc.—and of that class that made up the Jackson Democracy of that day. Morgan County was Democratic, while the lawyers of Jacksonville were Henry Clay Whigs. Young Douglas took in the situation at a glance, and with a ready instinct doffed his Eastern dress and manners, and assumed a suit of Kentucky jeans and an arm-in-arm intimacy, in street and saloon, with men of that uniform and of the Jackson stripe. Social and friendly in manner, ready of speech and in debate, with perfect confidence in himself, he soon became a favorite with the Jackson men, and was put forward as their champion in political meetings and conventions. I remember it was in 1834 that Benjamin Mills, of Galena, a graceful speaker, appeared in the court-house at Jacksonville, and made a taking public address in advocacy of his own election to Congress as a Henry Clay Whig. William L. May, of Carrollton, was the Jackson candidate. At the close of this address, "Little Douglas," as he was called, was thrust, not unwillingly, to the platform, for he was on hand for a purpose. His attempted reply and counter-attack were so spirited as greatly to arouse the enthusiasm of his party friends, and to inspire a stout Kentuckian standing near me to cry out, "Hit him again, little fellow! Give him a pair of gaffs." It was a match of game-cocks with my Kentucky friend, and his heart went out for the little chap, the Bantam cock of the fight.

It is said of Douglas in his biography, as given in *Appleton's Encyclopædia*, that "he was remarkably successful at the bar, as may be inferred from the fact that within a year from his admission, while not yet twenty-two years of age, he was elected by the Legislature Attorney-General of the State." This cannot be a true inference, for at that time, as matter of fact, Douglas had almost no practice at the bar and no reputation as a lawyer, his election as Attorney-General to the contrary notwithstanding. That this mere boy should by any legal attainments or professional skill have been able to depose Colonel Hardin, a mature man and skilled lawyer and eloquent speaker, intrenched as he was under the statute law of his appointment, and have put himself in Colonel Hardin's place of his own force, seems quite incredible. The result points more naturally to some influences and motives outside any professional or other special deservings of Douglas as the originating and efficient cause of this result.

To the people of Morgan County of that day this cause and the mode of its working were well understood and notorious. They were of this sort: John Wyatt, a farmer then residing in the southern part of the county, was State Senator; his friendship Douglas had been careful to cultivate. Wyatt was a fierce Jackson Democrat and a man of much rough force of character. He was fiercely and openly hostile, both politically and personally, to Colonel Hardin, and had determined upon his removal from the office of Attorney-General; but in order to effect this the law must be so changed as to legislate Hardin out of office and make the office elective by the Legislature. At the session of the Legislature, then held at Vandalia, in the winter of 1834–5, a strongly Democratic body, Senator Wyatt succeeded in securing the

required change in the law, and thereupon sent for his young friend Douglas to come at once to Vandalia and present himself as candidate for the office, announcing, "If I can only beat John Hardin, and *beat him with little Douglas*, it will be too good." On this invitation the young man started for Vandalia. I myself, with a companion, went there later by horseback ride, stopping overnight on the way at a way-side inn, where we enjoyed the display, new to us, of a prairie fire, and the exhilarating fun of leaping our horses back and forth through the light flames. Arrived at Vandalia, I there met young Douglas, who had in so short a time made himself acquainted and familiar with the members of the Legislature, and had become quite a pet with them, sitting on their knees even, and in every way making himself agreeable by assimilation.

And here, by-the-way, was my first experience and enjoyment of the plantation song and chorus as conducted by Lieutenant-Governor Anderson, a native Tennesseean, with a score or more honorable members to troll the responsive refrain, while he, with resounding voice, bore the main burden of a famous Tennessee corn-shucking song:

"As I went down to Shinbone Alley,
Chorus. A-Hoozen John, a-Hooza;
As I went down to Shinbone Alley,
Chorus. Long time ago,
'Twas there I met little Johnny Gladdon," etc.,

for the song was of indefinite length—a hundred verses, more or less.

Well, the result of the legislative canvass was that Douglas was elected Attorney-General, Hardin's seat having been legislated from under him. John Wyatt, Senator, had got his revenge, and was glorious and boastful. He had beaten John Hardin, and with "little Douglas."

I remember as though it were but yesterday when Douglas, on a bright Sunday morning, mounted on a three-year-old mare colt furnished him by his friend Wyatt, set out from the court-house square for Springfield to assume his duties in court as Attorney-General. He was not a striking figure on horseback. His weight was about 130 pounds avoirdupois, and his short legs allowed his feet to reach scarcely below the saddle skirts. He had stored in his saddle-bags a book on criminal law which I had lent him; it was his whole library. And this was the first stage of the political journey towards Washington and the White House of Douglas, the "Little Giant." In August, 1835, I came back to Vermont *on a visit*, which has lasted to this hour.

A SUMMER DAY.

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

FAR-FLASHING in the bright gulf of the sky
The unavailing clouds float, and the air
Burns quivering in the steady flame-fierce glare,
Down-beating, from the sun's throne, on the dry
Thirst-fevered fields, and on the roads that lie
Choked in the hot dust, while, only here and there,
High in the glistening sycamores, or where
The willows are, a languid breath goes by.

But no touch stirs the river's quiet deeps;
Therefrom the wooded hill looms, green and dense;
Therein its huge inverted image sleeps;
The locust's whizzing music, shrill and tense,
Sounds from the dusky elm, whose shadow creeps
Across that wide and glassy indolence.

EDITOR'S STUDY

I.

THERE never has been so fair an opportunity for the exercise of the Mind-Cure as in this country in the last few months. The disease has been real in its disastrous effects, and yet in the opinion of all the financial and economic doctors it has not been organic. The cotton has blossomed, the corn has ripened, the wheat has matured, and the pig has taken on his usual amount of adipose tissue. The weather has not been worse than usual, the public health has been as good as imperfect sewerage permits, clothing and food have been extraordinarily cheap, and, to descend to particulars, the watermelon has never been bigger or sweeter. And yet in the midst of health and of plenty there has come a paralysis in the body-politic. In the opinion of the wise nothing has been the matter except want of confidence, though there is disagreement as to what caused this mental infirmity. The mind of the nation is alone responsible for the disasters of the nation. If the mind is cured, business will resume its accustomed channels and the industries will revive. In short, if we will stop thinking that anything is wrong, nothing will be wrong. It is so with physical disease, and it should be true also of mental disease. The arguments against the reputed action of mind upon matter can scarcely apply to the action of mind upon mind. The operations of the Mind-Cure are not always clear, except to its professors; but one theory is that the mind of the healer acts indirectly upon the disease of the patient; that is, it acts through the patient's mind. If the patient has toothache, the operating mind does not, as we understand it, pull the tooth, nor directly soothe it, as the application of laudanum would, but it convinces the mind of the patient that he has no toothache. It does not do this by pressing the mind of the patient directly upon the tooth, so that the pain is "willed" away, but by directing the patient's mind to something else, something agreeable, as, for instance, to the contemplation of a sound tooth, his own or another's. Do not let the mind dwell upon the disagreeable, and the disagreeable will practically disappear, whether it is a bodily pain or a mental ailment. In this roundabout way it comes to pass that if you think you are well, you are well.

Now, whatever scepticism there may be about this theory as applied to actual physical disorganization, the scepticism should not extend to cases of want of public confidence, which are simply mental states. And we may go further than this, and say that scepticism cannot interfere. For faith is not required. The universal testimony of all those who owe their soundness and sanity to Mind-Cure is that they submitted to it without the least faith in it. If this is true, there is a weight of responsibility resting upon the professional Mind-Curists of the country which cannot well be measured. They have had a great opportunity. The trouble has been mental, simply want of confidence, and upon this the Mind-Cure professor can always operate successfully, and that without a tax upon anything except his mind, for it is well known that he can give absent treatment as well as present treatment. It may be said that there are not enough Mind-Curists, and consequently there is not enough supply of mind to deal with such a general want of confidence. But this is an evasion. There are able Mind-Curists enough to operate upon the few great business centres, and if they are cured the work is done. It must be that the Mind-Curists have not put forth their powers. It may be that the principles upon which they act are thoroughly comprehended only by a few persons, but there are a great number of women who are sufficiently adept for such a plain case as this, and who collectively might have exercised their influence. That they neglected to do this is evident from the fact that want of confidence continued. They cannot escape responsibility by the excuse of lack of the right sort of material to operate on. For surely there could not be a more flexible and impressionable kind of mind to operate on than the great mass in this country that is able to believe that sixty cents are a dollar. And, indeed, their field is still

more extensive, in the majority of a nation that thinks it can long prosper by cutting itself off from the vital currents and the commercial sympathy of the world in its persistence in the violation of the moral order by the demoralizing device of Legal Tender. The people have been quick to follow the bad example of the government. And the Mind-Curists are inert.

II.

Within a few years the gymnasium has become an important and prominent adjunct to educational institutions. At Yale the building devoted to physical training is, in dignity, size, and architectural excellence, one of the most important of the university. Its position in the educational scheme is emphasized not only by its size and elegance, but by the cost and luxury of its interior finish and appointments. From the spacious entrance hall broad marble staircases lead to the upper stories. In the lower story are the Turkish and other baths, and the pools for the practice of stationary rowing in the winter. Above, the vast halls for gymnastics proper and for other training of the body are furnished with a completeness that testifies to the ingenuity and the scientific method that have recently raised physical culture to a science. And the exercise in this physical school is not haphazard; it is presided over by a physician and directed by experts. The opportunity for physical training is of the best, and the fact that it is popular in the university is testified to by the daily presence of great numbers of the undergraduates. This building and the clubs for out-of-door games are not the only evidences that physical training is popular at Yale: military companies for frequent drill, under a West Point officer, are found in both the academic and scientific departments. It is evident that physical culture is an integral part of the education of this university, as it is now of most other colleges and universities.

III.

There are, however, many who still see with apprehension the proportions which physical training has assumed in our higher institutions of learning, and doubt the utility of the great attention paid to athletics, especially in the intercollegiate games. There are those still living who remember when students passed their courses of study and came forth well equipped for the struggle of life without these artificial aids, at least without any scientific training in the sports of youth. The farmer's boy and the sons of manufacturers, traders, and professional men, even the lads from the cities, came up to college with sufficient stock of health to carry them through the curriculum. If the hard student broke down occasionally after he got his honors, there was no suspicion that his invalidism was not providential. In fact, a generation or so ago most boys were brought up to take some share in the industries of their parents, even when they were preparing for college. It is not so very long ago that work for well-to-do boys went out of fashion. The not distant predecessors of the students who now occupy luxurious steam-heated suites of rooms used to saw their own wood and back it up stairs, and the labors of the Greek heroes about which they read they could fully appreciate. Indeed, in days still remembered, college presidents made daily sturdy if unheroic attacks on their own wood-piles. To work with the hands was once not beneath the dignity of the scholar. A good proportion of the giants of those days who became famous in the law, in the pulpit, and in the Senate-House were stalwart men whose boyhood had been hardened and invigorated by manual labor. There are those who look back to those days with regret, and query whether modern athletics will produce a race of men like the old civic heroes.

But the question is not a practical one. Manners have changed, the whole social order has changed, and the modern scheme of education has to adapt itself to the new conditions. That athletics is a necessary part of the scheme of education can no longer be doubted, for it remains true as it was before the change that somehow a sound vigorous body is essential to the best mental training and achievement. And it is the true scientific idea that health and bodily vigor are not accidental, but can be cultivated and developed more or less in every person, and that by this cultivation not only the physical but the moral and intellectual standard of the race is raised. Yes, even the spiritual, for the delusion of weak-kneed and weak-backed saints has passed away.

It is not proposed here to touch the much-discussed questions whether too

much time and money are not spent in our colleges on athletics, whether they have not an artificial importance, and whether they are not a distraction, especially in the time consumed in training for intercollegiate and other games, from the accepted object of college life. We will consider, rather, another objection raised to the great expense of gymnasiums and games, namely, that they are of service only to the select few who take to athletics seriously and constantly as a preparation for public trials of skill. The answer to this objection must be from observation, and not theoretical. In the first place, it is true, as a rule, that those who are foremost in athletics are foremost in the college in all that prophesies success in life, and they are generally not laggards in the class-room. In the second place, those who devote themselves to athletics with an almost professional zeal must be Spartans in their habits. Not only is every sort of dissipation forbidden them, but they must live lives of absolute abstemiousness and temperance, of rigid self-denial, of regularity, of discipline. They do not fast and keep vigils to emaciate the body and keep it under, but they exercise the highest self-control in order to develop the body to its highest strength and grace, and this not in a "training" spurt of a month or two, but practically in their entire college course if they are to keep their position. This habit of self-control, this subordination of all indulgence, is of the highest educational value to them. But not to them alone. They set the standard of conduct in college. And the standard is that of health, of manliness, of self-control. The hero of the college is not the self-indulgent sybarite or *flâneur*, who loves ease and luxury, who dabbles with his books in an affectation of cynical culture, and sets the example of a man of fashion, but the student who wins trophies for his *alma mater* by the oar or on the green field. It is he who sets the fashion and gives the tone to college life, and it is a vigorous tone and a manly fashion. To this standard every man in college is more or less desirous of attaining, even though he does not expect to become a great athlete or a public competitor in the games. And so it comes about that the gymnasium is thronged and that there are plenty of volunteers for the military drill.

With this manliness goes a sense of honor that makes the college games real trials of skill and endurance, and sets a standard for the country of fairness and honorable competition far removed from many public games and races that have not even the merit of being games of chance.

IV.

This might be a very agreeable world to live in if everybody were not trying eagerly to get what belongs to somebody else, but it might not be so interesting. The method of doing this changes from age to age. It is now called competition, and there has been a very innocent exhibition of one form of it at the World's Fair in Chicago. It there assumes the form of a friendly rivalry for trade, for gaining possession of the paying markets of the world. These markets, however, are not gained or controlled by the peaceful comparison of goods on adjacent counters. These counters are not exactly masked batteries, but behind them are guns and ships, and the counter sells most which is backed by most guns and ships, which are the greatest known present makers of markets. This is only a roundabout way of saying that the industrial nation which commands the sea has most control over the markets of the world. These reflections obtruding themselves upon a peaceful exhibition will not seem forced to those who have read *The Influence of Sea Power upon History* and *The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire*, by Captain A. T. Mahan, of the United States navy, the most striking and suggestive volumes that have appeared in many years touching the development and strength of national power. England owes her greatness, as the United Netherlands formerly owed their supremacy, to the control of the sea, and the plans of the greatest military genius of the age came to naught because France neglected this indispensable ally. France was one of the richest of lands, capable of self-support in a high degree, and never in the world has there been such an exhibition of national energy and self-sacrifice as in the wars of the Republic and Empire against the world in arms. But without external resources—that is, without the trade and colonial sources of wealth which could only be had and maintained by power at sea—she became completely exhausted and collapsed. The great com-

merce with lands protected or overawed by a British navy meantime brought wealth to the little island opposite fertile France, whose actual defence from invasion was in the British squadrons that swept all known seas.

The lesson of this long story to the United States is not far to seek, but it is deeper than appears upon the surface. It is not only that without sea power a nation must take a low rank in this competing world, but that lacking this it lacks one vital element of internal prosperity. It is that it cannot properly develop itself if it permits itself to be hemmed in and shut off from the markets and exchanges of the world, any more than it can prosper financially if it puts itself out of commercial sympathy with the world by forced laws and immoral legal-tender acts. No nation ever had within its borders more elements of self-dependence, but recent events are sufficient to teach the most obtuse that the United States is no exception to the rule that no nation can live to itself. If nations were without selfishness and greed, commerce could freely seek its profits without distinguishing flags, and without the protection of men-of-war. But the world is not yet at peace to this extent. And it will be a long time before it comes to pass that the nation that has not the most powerful navy has not the biggest commerce.

There are other thoughts suggested by Captain Mahan's work which are not at all practical. What a spectacle is here raised for us of the conduct of the world during the Christian era! What a continual scramble it has been of the strong against the weak, and of well-matched bullies as well, for the possession of land and the control of trade! To wrest islands, cities, even continents, from their possessors has been the object of the statesmanship of the world, either under the plea of civilization or of national necessity. The scramble has never ceased, except when treaties are arranged to give the combatants breathing-spells, and it goes on to-day wherever there is any possession or trade that is coveted by anybody. To a supernatural being looking down upon the earth the sight must be pathetically humorous. Wherever there is a fishing station, or a coffee ranch, or a palm-tree island, or an elephant jungle, or a desert roamed by nomads, or a peaceful community unable to defend itself, or a Naboth's vineyard (on the Rhine or elsewhere) contiguous to a great man's estate, there is somebody advancing on it and planting a flag in the name of civilization and the Great Jehovah.

V.

There is a tone of boastfulness in the term Sea Power, after all, as applied to man. The sea is the enemy of the land. Not content with usurping three-quarters —is it?—of the earth's surface, it is constantly eating away the remainder, restless and untiring, nibbling away at the shores, pounding at the rocky barriers, swallowing in its insatiate maw the detritus of the mountains which the streams —sent to the highlands for that purpose— bring it. The refuse and sand it flings back are nothing to that which it keeps. It is no legend that it has engulfed many an island—Atlantis or other stepping-stones from one continent to another— and that its appetite for land is not slaked. Mobile, inconstant, hungry, always encroaching, it is still the highest representative of life, and the earth would stagnate without it. Being the liveliest representative of life, it is of course the great destroyer, and it is unsubdued. Men conquer the land, but never the sea; they cannot make highways over it, nor bridge it, nor put anything stable upon it. The greatest Sea Power has only slight power over the sea. When it will, it scatters fleets and smashes navies, the proudest of them that have sent to the bottom all rivals. These occasions are its holidays, but when it is playful it whisks away lonely ships in a sudden whim of cruelty. It is always cruel and always treacherous, as dangerous in its calms as in its storms, and quite impartial in its slaying. It is pitiful to see how the courage of intrepid men, who brave it either for profit or for honor, is mocked at. Man has a conceit that by his skill and invention he has conquered the sea—he can go where he will. But when he has mastered it by his contrivances, an iceberg, a whirl in the air, a sunken reef, sends the master to the bottom. It has no more respect for an ironclad than for a dory—perhaps less. The only great ship that was really safe was Noah's ark, and that went to sea on land. The nations may bully each other at sea, and one may rule the wave as against

rivals, but the sea rules all. It sleeps not nor slumbers, is always attacking and wearing away, and nothing calls for so much constant energy and expense as the so-called mastery of it by man.

And yet how beautiful it is, seen, say, from the New England coast on a summer day! No wonder that it is pleased to have men fight and slay each other for its possession! It invites and lures by all the feminine arts. It shines and dimples, promises rest and refreshment, carriage to a mysterious horizon and to purple islands, and a sure return on its inflowing gentle tide. Always it calls and calls and beckons. It flings up strange weeds, and drives shoreward curious fish, and makes lavish promises of all delights. This is a mood, and if no white boat trusts it and goes out for it to toss and play with, and return or engulf at its pleasure, it will darken and rave, and lash the shore in anger, casting up refuse, but never the treasures that lie in its depths, never the lives that it has taken. There are ten thousand summer idlers along the coast who love the sea. And the sea cares no more for their sentiment than it did for the prayers of the wrecked sailors in the recent gale. This is the real Power of the world, incapable of control and inaccessible to pity.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 5th of September.—Charles F. Crisp, of Georgia, was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives at the opening of the special session of Congress on August 7th. President Cleveland transmitted to Congress on the 8th a message in which he asked for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Bill. A bill for unconditional repeal was introduced by Representative William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, and passed without amendment by the House on August 28th by a vote of 240 to 110.

The decision of the Bering Sea Tribunal of Arbitration in Paris was announced on August 15th. The American claim to exclusive jurisdiction in the sea was denied; regulations for the protection of the seals were adopted; a close season from May 1st to July 31st was established; and a protected zone sixty miles in width around the Seal Islands was placed under the charge of the United States.

The financial depression continued. Toward the end of the month demonstrations of the unemployed became frequent in large cities. Labor day on September 4th was observed more generally than usual.

During the month cholera was epidemic in parts of Russia, where the number of deaths was estimated to be about 1750 per week. Late in the month cholera appeared in England, and a single fatal case was reported in Jersey City.

Ten men were killed in a fight between French and Italian working-men at Aigues-Mortes, France, on the 17th. The promptness with which the French police quelled the disturbance, and the assurance of the Italian government of its friendship for France, prevented international trouble.

The French elections on August 20th resulted in a gain of 63 seats for the Republicans.

Third reading of Mr. Gladstone's Home-rule Bill for Ireland was passed in the House of Commons on September 1st by a vote of 301 to 267.

DISASTERS.

August 12*th.*—Six people were killed and many wounded in riots between Hindoos and Mohammedans at Bombay. British troops found difficulty in quelling the riots.

August 13*th.*—Fire destroyed $1,000,000 worth of property at Minneapolis, and made 1500 people homeless.

August 20*th.*—An explosion in a coal-pit at Dortmund, Westphalia, killed fifty miners.

August 24*th.*—Fire at South Chicago burned 250 houses, made 7000 persons homeless, and destroyed property worth $1,000,000.—Seventeen men were drowned by the loss of the collier *Panther* and the barge *Lykens Valley* in Long Island Sound.—A heavy storm swept the Atlantic seaboard of the United States from Florida to Maine, and extended as far as Halifax. It was followed on the 28th by a still more severe storm, in which 1500 persons were said to have lost their lives. They were chiefly negroes in the Sea Islands, who were drowned by the unexpectedly high tide. The damage was greatest in Georgia and the Carolinas, where it is estimated that ten millions of dollars worth of property was destroyed.

August 27*th.*—Sixteen persons were killed and forty injured in a collision on the Long Island Railroad near Long Island City.

OBITUARY.

August 10*th.*—At Boston, George Makepeace Towle, the historian.

August 13*th.*—At Peekskill, the Rev. Dr. T. M. Peters, Archdeacon of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York.

August 16*th.*—Jean Martin Charcot, at Morvan, France, aged sixty-eight years.

August 22*d.*—August Ernst Carl Johann Leopold Alexander, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, at Coburg, aged seventy-five years. He was succeeded immediately by his nephew, Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh.

September 2*d.*—At South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Robert A. Lamberton, President of Lehigh University, aged sixty-nine years.

September 5*th.*—At Beverly, Massachusetts, Jerome Bonaparte, aged sixty-one years.



A NEW READING OF A FAMOUS PICTURE.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.
"Oh, look—grandpapa! Poor things....they're burying the baby!"

EDITOR'S DRAWER

HER GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GHOST.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

WE had been talking of ghosts, in which my old mammy had taught me to believe.

"I was not a particle superstitious in my early days, but I had a singular experience once," she said, in her calm, soft voice. "You know my people all came from Gloucester County, and the old family place is there. It was too expensive to keep up after the war, the house being one of the large old-fashioned colonial brick mansions, and my father having no taste for country life (or rather, perhaps, I should say he was not able to support the family and educate us in the country after the neighborhood was broken up). So he removed first to a city in Virginia, and then to New York. He never would sell the place, but at every sacrifice kept it just as it was, with the old furniture and all in it, renting some of the fields out, and getting a neighbor to look after it, as well as to take care of Uncle Benny, the old butler, who still lived. He always talked of going back there, telling us stories of it in his childhood, when the large grounds were kept up, and the house was constantly full of visitors. I got thus an accurate idea of the house, except that I always pictured it as being of immense size, and I knew every room and crevice in it as well as if I had been brought up there, instead of never having seen it since I left it at three years old. I knew as well as if I had lived there the old garret where the trunks and chests used to stand; the wide stairway, with the landings and turned balusters; the big hall, with its settle around the large fireplace; and the drawing-rooms, with the straight-backed chairs, and the long mirrors coming down to the floor, and the old family portraits on the walls, from one of which the faded lady with the brown ringlets and the black dress used to come down on summer evenings and rock in the big rosewood rocking-chair, so that every one could hear her all over the house. She was the daughter of my father's great-grandfather, and having lost her husband soon after her marriage, came home to live with her father. When he died, which was not long afterwards, she lived with her little boy all alone in the house, and used to spend hours by herself in the drawing-room, sitting in the rocking-chair, weeping or looking vacantly before her. Her servants used to take her orders for her there. Finally she was induced to leave; but one day when the old butler went into the parlor she was sitting in her rocking-chair as usual, only paler than ever. She did not seem to know him, and asked who he was, and then sent him to look for her carriage, saying she was going away. There was no carriage in sight, nor had any been seen to drive up, and when he went back she was dead in her chair. How she got there no one knew. My father always said I looked like her.

"My father died suddenly, you know, without ever having fulfilled his wish to go back there to end his days. I was seized immediately with an irresistible desire to see the place, and I wrote to his old friend and neighbor that I should come down on a particular day to see it. He wrote me that he would be delighted to see me, and would meet me at the wharf some miles off. The impulse to go, however, was so strong that I could not wait till the day I had appointed; so I packed up and set out at once. I thus arrived at the wharf two or three days before I was expected, and there was no one to meet me. The man who kept the little store there, however, learning where I was going, kindly agreed to send me over to my destination, and called a boy to hitch up a horse to a buggy; and when I asked him what I should pay him, declined to receive pay, saying that he was in my father's company during the war, and never charged neighbors anything, and the horse wasn't doing anything, anyhow.

"I however insisted on paying something, and he finally named a price, which was so low that I, who was used to city charges, felt all day as if I had robbed him. The hitching up of the horse took some time, but I did not mind it, for my new friend said dinner was ready, and I must come over and get some. I saw that he wanted me, and I went over to the little house back in a yard behind the store. There I was received by a motherly woman, who made me welcome, and was set down to a plain but substantial dinner. My hosts seemed to know all about the gentleman to whose house I was going, and assured me that he would be very glad to see me. I asked them if they had ever been to the old place. The man said he had, and that it had been a fine place once. The woman gave a little half-nervous laugh. 'I ain' ever been there,' she said, 'and I don't want to go.' I asked her why. 'Too many ghosts there,' she laughed, as if half ashamed of her superstition. Her husband pooh-poohed it, but she stuck to her point. 'They say that old lady can be seen there any time in broad daylight, and that old negro too; and they'd be sure to be there now the place has been shut up so long.' I said that I was not afraid of ghosts.

"In a short time I was on the way in a little

rickety, high-pitched buggy, which made as much noise as a coach, with my host's son Tommy, a sleepy-looking, shock-headed boy of fourteen, as my driver. I found that Tommy did not believe in ghosts; but he admitted that he did not like graveyards at night, though he did not mind them in the day, and he didn't care to go around old deserted houses even in the daytime. He had never been to our old place, and would not care to go by himself, though he would not admit that he was afraid to do so.

"We had been on the road over an hour, most of the time driving through what seemed to me an unbroken forest, with only a cabin now and then to break the monotony, though Tommy occasionally pointed to dim roads going off into the woods, and indicated them as Mrs. So-and-So's place. There were so many of these proprietresses that finally I inquired if they were all widows. He seemed much amused, and I learned that it was a local custom to credit the places to the ladies. Presently he pointed to a road almost grown up. 'That's your place,' he said. Suddenly an irresistible impulse seized me, and I asked him if he would mind going in there with me. He said not, though he was evidently surprised and a little startled; and as we drove along the old road, washed into gullies and grown up in weeds, he intimated that we should probably see the lady in black and her old negro. We had to go up and down several hills, though none very high, and cross one or two fields which were in a partial state of cultivation, which he said was done by renters. Then we came to the last hill, on which the house stood.

"The grounds were really quite extensive, or had been, for the fence around the house and yard had once enclosed several acres. It was now all broken down, and many of the trees were gone, so that the old house, standing up stark in the hot sunlight, looked gaunt and bare. I remembered that my father had had a tenant at one time in the yard, and that



"I BECAME GRADUALLY CONSCIOUS OF A PRESENCE."

he had turned him off because he cut down so many of the yard trees.

"The grass was very short, which my companion explained by stating that the house field was rented as a pasture, and the sheep and cows liked to graze around an old house spot. 'That's the graveyard,' he said, pointing to a group of tombstones, some still standing, and others lying about, off to one side under a clump of trees which I knew had once been in the garden. I made him drive across the grass to it, but did not get out there. A small flock of sheep were lying down among the old tombs. The place did not appear very terrifying, and as I wished to be left to wander about quite alone, I told my companion that he could drive back down the road a few hundred yards and wait for me. He seemed to be relieved, for he had hardly taken his eyes from the old door since we drove up, as if he momentarily expected the ghostly lady and her sable butler to walk out on us, and he accepted my proposal with alacrity, though he evidently regarded me as demented. He drove over towards the house, and I sprang out, and he rattled off across the grass and was soon out of sight, though for some little time I could hear his vehicle. I stood and gazed at the house with a strange feeling. It filled me with emotion; I was fascinated by it. Here was where my father was born, and had lived; and where I was born, the last of my branch of the family. The silence and softness of the warm summer afternoon settled down about me, and I walked about on the short grass under the trees almost as if I were in a trance. The sound of a cat-bird from time to time in a clump of locust bushes seemed to fill all the quiet air, and when it ceased the stillness was almost painful; the sunlight glistened in wavering billows above the ground. I observed that several of the window-shutters were open —blown back, I judged, in some wind. I went up the steps and walked to the front door; but it was fastened. I put my eye close to the windows beside the door and peeped in. I could see the wide hall dimly lighted through the large fan-shaped transom over the door. The big fireplace had the old brass andirons in it, and the settle beside it, and there were several old chairs ranged back along the walls. I could see the end of the wide staircase where it came down. I went around and tried a door at the side, and found it either unlocked or so shrunken that the bolt did not catch, and I could push it open. This let me into a narrow passageway which I knew led into the hall; so, leaving the door slightly ajar, I went in. The place was oppressively close, and I went over to the front door to try to open it, instinctively stepping softly to prevent any sound of my footsteps. It was fastened by a bar across, and I found it so difficult to undo that I let it alone, and went to the door of the drawing-room or parlor on the right, one window-shutter of which I knew had blown open.

"I found the door unlocked, and entered. The room was large and high-pitched, and filled with old-fashioned stiff black furniture. A half-dozen old portraits, more or less faded, hung on the walls in frames dim with age and neglect. At the windows hung old-fashioned yellow brocaded satin curtains very much worn, and two long pier-glasses in gilt frames reached from the floor almost to the ceiling, and repeated everything in the room. It was too dim to see much, so I pulled back a curtain to let in a little more light—it was thick with dust—and opened the window to get the air. Among the pictures the most striking one was that of a lady in deep black which hung over the old mantel-piece. I knew at once that she was my ghostly great-grandmother; but I was struck by two things. She was not half as old as I had always imagined her to be; indeed, hardly more than a girl, and even in the dim light I could see the resemblance to myself. This picture fascinated me. Whichever way I turned, those large melancholy eyes followed me, until I forgot everything else and could look only at them. The light was not good on it where it hung, and I climbed upon a chair and tried to take the picture down to place it in a better light; as I did so, the cord, rotted with age, gave way, and it came near falling. I caught it, however, and stepping down, set it on a chair against the wall opposite the window, and pulling up a large rocking-chair, took my seat where I could see it well. As I sat there a strange feeling came over me. To think that I, sitting alone in that old house, was the last survivor of my family. Suddenly I felt a singular nearness to the woman in the frame before me. Of all who had lived there only two could come back. At least she could come back to me, if only in the imagination. She too had suffered; she too had sat right there in her loneliness, where I sat now in my loneliness. If I might but die there in that chair, as she had died, and be at rest. How long I sat there I do not know, but I seemed in a little while to have changed places with the woman in the chair. She was in the rocking-chair and I was in that by the wall. I became gradually conscious of a presence. I opened my eyes, and they fell on the long mirror to my right. In it I saw through the open door a man—an old negro man he seemed, though the shadow of the door on his face prevented my seeing him plainly. He wore a curious-looking old beaver hat, and had a very serious expression on his face. His hand was on the knob, and he pushed the door silently wider open as if to enter. At sight of me he stopped short, with a startled look on his face, and the next moment took off his hat and bowed low. 'Your sarvent, Mistis,' he said, in a low voice. I was afraid to move. Was he a burglar or what? I tried to speak, but my throat and tongue were dry, and though I made a motion with my lips, there was no

sound. I did not dare to take my eyes from the mirror. Presently, with an effort, I said, without moving, 'What do you want?' 'I am the butler, ma'am,' he said, with another low bow, his voice sounding very far away. 'Do you live here?' 'Yes, ma'am; dat is, I did live heah,' he said, with some hesitation. Thinking that if he had any malicious intention it might be well to let him know that I had a companion not far off, I said, as quietly as I could, 'It is time for me to go. Do you see my vehicle out there?' He seemed to bow. I turned quickly towards the door; but the door was shut. For the first time my nerves seemed shaken. What was he? After a moment's hesitation I roused myself and came out into the hall. It was empty. I made my way out by the same door by which I had entered. It stood slightly ajar as I had left it. In the sunlight my courage revived, and I went over to the old graveyard where the sheep lay in the sunshine and let me walk among them, only one or two jumping up and running off quickly a few paces, sneezing, with their noses to the ground. The cat-bird still sang in the clump of bushes among the tombs. Of course the one tomb which interested me more than all the others was that of my great-grandmother. It lay behind the bushes in which the cat-bird sang. She had died at the age of twenty-two, just my age then. A sheep path led through a break in the fence out towards the road, and I took it and passed out that way. I found my driver almost in a fit over my long absence. He was sure that I had been caught by a ghost. I did not tell him what I had seen.

"On my arrival my host received me with great cordiality, and offered to drive me over to the old place that evening; but the hot sun had given me a headache. Old Uncle Benny was even more delighted to see me. He appeared almost startled at my looks.

"'Lord, Master! You is like old mistis,' he exclaimed. 'Am I? Like my grandmother?' 'Norm; like you' pa's grandma—like dat one whar hang on de wall, an' walk all 'bout dyah, and come down and set in her big cheer in de parlor.' 'But you never saw her?' I said. ''Ain't I? Yes, 'm! I is, too. Done see her and talk to her too. You know my grandaddy he wuz de butler dyah in her time, jes like I wuz in you' pa's time, an' dee say I is jes like him; maybe dat's de reason she so frien'ly to me. I done see her right in broad daylight; I see her settin' in her big cheer, an' I see her when she come out an' tuck her kerrige to drive back to the grabeyard. You know she so proud she hab her kerrige eben to drive her from de grabeyard to de house, and you is jes like her.' I said, 'Yes, that my father always said I was like her.'"



IN SLUMBERLAND.

You seem to be sleeping, my dear little lad,
You're quiet as quiet can be,
But you can't deceive me—I know by your smile
You're climbing some tall fairy tree.

And once in a while, sir, you giggle, you do,
Your face is the picture of joy,
From which I take in what some others may not—
You're at play with some elfin boy.

With Brownies delightful and funny toy dogs
You are romping all Nodland through.
Ah, dear little fellow! I do wish that I
Could share in that romping with you.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CONFIDENCE.

THEY were conversing on the subject of marksmanship, when one of them ventured to speak of that "fairy story" of William Tell and the apple.

"Fairy story?" quoth the other. "Then you do not believe the tale?"

"I do not," replied the first.

"Well, I do," said the second. "I see no reason why the story should not be a true one. It wasn't any great shakes of a shot, anyhow. If you'll stand off the same distance with an apple on your head, I'll wager that I can split it in halves nine times out of ten."

"I'll do it," said the first.

His friends tried to dissuade him, but he was not to be dissuaded. Finally the ambitious marksman himself withdrew his wager.

"I might hit you in the head and kill you," he said.

"No," observed the other, quietly; "you couldn't come near enough to the apple to hit me."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

PAT had had his photograph taken. It was a head-and-shoulder photograph, the genial Celt preferring that to a full-length pose, owing to a patch in his best trousers. When the proofs came he showed them, with a little pride, to his wife.

"Phat's thim?" asked the good woman.

"Phottygraphs," answered Pat.

"Of what?" queried Mrs. Pat.

"Me, sure," Pat rejoined. "Phat ilse?"

"Hivin knows," the wife replied. "Phat's happened yure legs?"

A SENSIBLE CONCLUSION.

IN the German section of the art exhibit at the World's Fair there is a large painting called "After the Attack of Lützen." It represents a wounded soldier, pale and exhausted, lying back in a chair near a window.

Two women, apparently mother and daughter, paused before the picture.

"My! don't he look sick?" said the girl.

"I should say. You'd better look him up in the catalogue, Maria."

Maria proceeded to look him up, and read off, "'After the Attack of Lützen.'"

"Ain't that an awful picture, though, mother?"

"Well, I should say as much. That Lützen must be a terrible wearin' kind of disease." And they passed on to the next picture.

A LAY ALIBI.

THE town of Watsonville, California, was the scene of an incident, a few years back, which would seem to point a moral somewhat akin to that conveyed in that unkind saying about the fellow who tries to be his own lawyer or doctor. The client (and attorney) in this case was of Irish extraction, named for convenience Michael Murphy. Michael was one day walking down the main street of Watsonville carrying a partial load of something stronger than water. When opposite the Watson House, the leading hotel in the place, he came face to face with a Chinaman. The spirit of Dennis Kearney and the Sand Lots sprang at once into full flame in Michael's breast, and as he came closer to the Celestial he struck him full in the face and knocked him flat in the mud. The latter got up, and after some remonstrance went to a magistrate and entered complaint against Michael. The latter was, of course, arrested, but was released on bail, pending a hearing the next day. He employed his leisure hunting up a lawyer, and stated his case to him. The latter showed pretty plainly that he did not think Michael had much of a case; the assault had been committed in broad day on the leading street in the town, and in front of the hotel, from the porch of which several men had witnessed the whole transaction.

"I'm afraid you have no case, Michael," said the lawyer. "I guess you had better pay your fine, and charge it to experience."

"Well, now, Mr. ——," said Michael, "down in New Yahrk the byes had something they used whin they were in trouble. I think they called it a allybye. Can't you thry that?"

"An alibi, Michael? Well, I hardly care to try the case, but you can conduct your defence yourself. Have you a friend you can call?"

"Yis; Tim Maginnis."

"Well, Michael, the other side will present their case, and when they are through call your friend Tim. Ask him first his name. Then ask him his occupation. Then, in order to make it impressive, ask him if he understands the nature of an oath. When these are all answered ask him this, and be sure you get it right: '*Where was I, Mr. Maginnis, when the Chinaman was struck in front of the Watson House?*'"

"Yis, yis," said Michael, much relieved.

The next day the case came off exactly as the lawyer had said. The Chinaman swore to his complaint, and produced witnesses of repute who saw the assault. When they had concluded Michael appeared, nothing daunted. He called out for "Tim Maginnis" in a loud voice, and the witness came forward and took the oath.

"What's your name?" said Michael.

"Tim Maginnis, sor."

"What's your occupation, Mr. Maginnis?"

"Hod-carrier, sor."

"Mishter Maginnis, do you undershtand the nature of an oath?"

"Yis, sor; I think I do."

"Well, now, Mishter Maginnis, if you undershtand the nature of an oath, will ye plaze tell his honor the magisthrate *where I was whin I sthruck the Chinyman a-front of the Watson House?*"

It is needless to make the verdict in the case a part of this record.



A VALUABLE SUGGESTION.

BY-STANDER (*to the bridegroom*). "Say, Lem, yer orter wear 'spendahs on you' gloves to hol' 'em up."

A CLEAN CONSCIENCE.

He said his conscience was most clean,
Although he'd quite abused it;
His meaning really was, I ween,
That he had never used it.

FULL INSTRUCTIONS.

THE late William J. Gibbons, of Wilmington, Delaware, was known in his day for a number of things, and not the least of these was his great fondness for a joke. He was president of a company having considerable trade with the Amazon and other South American rivers. Part of their work was the building of boats for these rivers, called in the language of the shop "knock-downs," that is, boats set up in the yard of the company and bolted together in shape, and then taken down, packed aboard sailing vessels, and shipped to their destination, where they were put together finally and for good. On one occasion this operation was performed according to programme, and the captain of the schooner that was to take the boat was about receiving his final orders. Among these was an order not on the regular programme, to stop at a certain wharf near the mouth of the Christiana Creek, and take aboard about two tons of dynamite. The captain was a little disturbed when he learned the nature of his diversion, and said:

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Gibbons, about the infernal stuff. What will we do if it should go off?"

Quick as thought came the answer:

"*Present my regards to Saint Peter, please.*"

But the dynamite went all right.



THE LOST JOKE.

